The Hymnal

Faith Lutheran Church
Stockton, California

The Hymnal

and

Order of Service

Authorized by

The Evangelical Lutheran
Augustana Synod

Lectionary Edition

Rock Island, Illinois
Augustana Book Concern

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Preface

The need of an English hymnal specially adapted to the Augustana Synod began to be felt thirty-five or forty years ago, and in 1895 the Synod instructed the Theological Faculty to prepare such a book. Most of the members responded readily, as did also some of the college professors and not a few others, men and women, pastors and laymen.

In a few years quite a number of translations had been attempted, and in 1899 Dr. C. W. Foss was appointed to edit and revise this and other acceptable material. At the Synodical meeting in St. Paul that year a text edition of 355 hymns was therefore submitted. It was promptly adopted and a music edition ordered. This was prepared by the editor and revised by Dr. Alfred Ostrom. The completion of the work was officially reported to the Synod in 1901.

But according to the editor himself, as well as Dr. O. Olsson, reporting to the Synod in behalf of the Theological Faculty, this Hymnal was intended to serve only for the time being, until a more adequate book could be prepared. The need for such a book was felt from the beginning, and it is a tribute to the compilers of the first Hymnal that it has served its purpose as long and as well as it has. Naturally the need was most keenly felt in the exclusively English churches, and the Association of those churches kept the matter constantly before the Synod. In 1910 the Association appointed a Hymnal Committee which is still in existence (1925), though the personnel has varied considerably during the intervening years.

In 1913 the Synod elected a Hymnal Committee of its own, consisting of Dr. Adolf Hult, Dr. C. J. Södergren, and Rev. Luther Malmberg, with instructions to coöperate with the committee of the Association. In 1917 Mr. E. W. Olson was added to this Committee, in 1920 Rev. C. A. Wendell, and in 1922 Rev. E. E. Ryden. An Advisory Committee was also elected the latter year, consisting of Dr. Mauritz Stolpe and the following musicians: Per Olsson, H. Brase, Filmore Ohman, Arvid Samuelson, Gustaf Lundholm, A. D. Bodfors, Samuel Thorstenberg, and J. Victor Bergquist. In 1924 Rev. P. N. Sjogren, Rev. Victor E. Beck, Dr. S. G. Hägglund, Rev. N. E. Kron, and Rev. E. C. Bloomquist were elected as an "Advisory Committee on Criticism of the Hymnal." Dr. Adolf Hult has withdrawn, and Rev. Luther Malmberg has taken up work in another Synod.

For a number of years no definite progress was reported, and when the demands for a new book had become quite compelling, the Committee was reorganized. Mr. E. W. Olson was chosen to edit the work. He was released from his ordinary duties at the Augustana Book Concern and gave all his time to the Hymnal. But that was only a few months before the meeting of the Synod, in 1922, and the only thing the Committee could do was to propose a supplement to the existing Hymnal and ask for an extension of time. The Synod rejected the plan and insisted on a complete new Hymnal at the earliest date possible.

The result was a very busy year. Dr. C. W. Foss and Rev. I. O. Nothstein were chosen editors and took up the work with all possible energy, gathering material both for the text and the music. The Committee met once a month, except during the summer, often spending two days at each meeting. Thus the work on the Hymnal text was completed in time for the meeting of the Synod in Rockford, Ill., in 1923. The Synod accepted the work and instructed the Committee to publish it, at the same time authorizing such minor modifications as the Committee might deem advisable.

A vast amount of work remained to be done. The tunes had to be reexamined and finally passed upon, the new Liturgy adopted by the Synod had to be prepared, the Passion History (which is a mosaic of Holy Scripture) had to be revised word for word in conformity with the American Standard version of the Bible, various indexes had to be prepared, and a mass of minor details attended to. In order to facilitate the work, the Committee adopted a division of labor. Dr. Foss and Rev. Nothstein continued in the capacity of editors. The choice of tunes, the editing of the music for the Liturgy, and much other work was intrusted to Rev. E. E. Ryden, Dr. C. J. Södergren and Rev. C. A. Wendell; the revision of the Passion History and much critical work to Mr. E. W. Olson; the editing and paragraphing of the Pericopes to Rev. C. A. Wendell; the rubrics for the same, as well as the revision of the Collects, and a brief account of the Church year, to Dr. C. J. Södergren; and the preparation of the various indexes to Rev. I. O. Nothstein. One by one these undertakings were reported to the Committee and passed upon by that body. The Liturgy has been prepared by a special Committee, chosen by the Synod and consisting of the following members: Dr. E. F. Pihlblad, Dr. Abel Ahlquist, Dr. Adolf Hult, Rev. J. W. Johnson, Rev. E. E. Ryden, and Prof. I. M. Anderson. As the Hymnal Committee did not feel competent to pass on the technicalities of the music, Prof. Gerhard Alexis was elected, with the approval of the Board of Directors of Augustana Book Concern, to do this work. He was assisted by Prof. Peter Johnson. Both of them have also contributed original compositions, as have some other of our best known organists.

The list of original tunes incorporated into this Hymnal follows: Gerhard Alexis: 485, 557, 569, 609, 677, 681, 615 (harmony); J. Victor Bergquist: 432, 437, 533, 605, 656; Dr. Adolf Hult: 380 (arranged), 426; Peter Johnson: 88, 141, 189, 210, 229, 231, 318, 505, 506, 556; C. S. Malmstrom: 537; Rev. S. M.

Miller: 168, 615; Dr. August Norrbom: 564; Dr. C. J. Södergren: 263; Ralph A. Strom: 382, 399, 548, 623. The following new hymns (text) will be found in this book: Rev. Gustav Erikson: 578; Anna Hoppe: 6, 14, 15, 42, 55, 69, 73, 79, 82, 83, 87, 138, 152, 171, 176, 177, 185, 192, 193, 194, 393, 394; Rev. S. M. Miller: 140, 168, 615; E. W. Olson: 43, 323, 444, 605 (2, 3); Rev. E. E. Ryden: 141, 189, 256, 495, 556, 581, 590; Dr. George H. Trabert: 142, 247; Rev. C. A. Wendell: 496, 560, 680. In addition, this work contains translations from Swedish sources to the number of one hundred and nineteen.

To the best of its ability the Committee has tried to follow the instructions of the Synod, at the same time giving respectful attention to suggestions and criticisms offered by individual members of the Synod. At the instance of the Synod, translations from the Swedish "Psalmbok" have been solicited through the Church press, and as far as possible the results have been used. In accordance with definite instructions by the Synod, choice hymns from other sources have also been selected. Every effort has been made to find suitable tunes, not too heavy for the average congregation to sing, nor too light for becoming dignity at our public worship. Practically all the best loved chorals will be found in the Hymnal, and so will a large number of other tunes which have endeared themselves to Christian hearts.

Grateful acknowledgment is rendered in every instance where hymns and tunes are used by permission of the owners of the copyright, and the utmost care has been taken to guard against infringement of such rights. Should any case of such trespass inadvertently have occurred in this work, the publishers will be glad to make the proper amends.

It is not without regret that the Committee herewith brings its work to a close, for it has truly been a labor of love. If the wishes of the Synod have been reasonably well fulfilled; if our people will find the book serviceable; and above all, if it can serve, in some small degree, the purpose of the Lord Jesus Christ, for love of Whom we have labored, the Committee will feel abundantly satisfied.

Rock Island, Ill., April 23, 1925.

C. W. Foss,
I. O. Nothstein,
E. W. Olson,
E. E. Ryden,
C. J. Södergren,
C. A. Wendell.

Contents

	PAGE
ARRANGEMENT OF HYMNS	VIII
THE HYMNAL	1–557
ORDER OF SERVICE	559–678
The Service—Morning	561
The Introits	581
The Holy Communion with the Full Service	594
The Holy Communion without the Full Service	615
Matins on Christmas Day	626
Matins on Easter Sunday	631
Vespers	636
The Litany and Prayers for Special Occasions	646
Holy Baptism	657
Confirmation	665
The Solemnization of Marriage	668
The Burial Service	671
GENERAL MORNING AND EVENING PRAYERS	679
ORDER OF SERVICE FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL	684
THE COMMON SERVICE	688–729
Morning	688
The Holy Communion	700
The Introits	707
Vespers	717
Order for Public Confession	724
Psalms for Responsive Reading	730
LECTIONARY	739–867
The Church Year	741
Gospel and Epistle Texts for the Church Year	743
Minor Festivals of the Church Year	848
The Passion of Our Lord	859
INDEXES	869–943
Scripture Themes for the Church Year	871
Psalms	877
Authors, Translators, and Sources of Hymns	878
Composers and Sources of Tunes	885
Tunes	889
Metres	897
Subjects	903
Scripture References	907
Hymns for Church Seasons and Special Services	909
First Words of Stanzas	917
First Lines of Hymns	932
Pericopes and Other Scripture Passages	944

Arrangement of Hymns

CHURCH YEAR
- Advent 1–23
- Christmas 24–47
- St. Stephen's Day 48
- New Year 49–58
- Sunday after New Year 59
- Epiphany 60–79
- Septuagesima Sunday 80
- Sexagesima Sunday 81–82
- Quinquagesima Sunday 83
- Lent 84–97
- Palm Sunday 98
- Holy Week 99–121
- Easter 122–136
- Sundays after Easter 137–144
- Ascension 145–153
- Pentecost 154–162
- Trinity Sunday 163–168
- Trinity Season 169–199
- Minor Festivals 200–215

THE MEANS OF GRACE
- The Word 216–224
- Baptism 225–233
- The Lord's Supper 234–250

CONFIRMATION 251–260

THE CHURCH
- General 261–272
- Laying of Corner-stone 273–275
- Dedication 276–281
- The Ministry 282–287
  - Ordination 285
  - Installation 286–287

WORSHIP
- Prayer and Praise 288–344
- Opening of Service 345–353
- Close of Service 354–364

MISSIONS
- Foreign 365–379
- Foreign and Home 380–381
- Home and Inner 382–384
- Inner and Charities 385–394

WAY OF SALVATION
- Invitation to Repentance 395–403
- Repentance 404–416
- Faith and Justification 417–444
- Sanctification 445–497

CHRISTIAN CONDUCT AND SERVICE 498–512

HOPE AND ASPIRATION 513–526

FAMILY LIFE
- Marriage 527–530
- Dedication of New Home 531–532
- The Home 533
- Prayers 534–540
- Grace at Meals 541–542

OCCASIONAL
- Morning 543–549
- Evening 550–565
- Citizenship 566–568
- Thanksgiving Day 569–573
- Harvest Home 574
- Day of Humiliation 575–577
- New Year's Watch 578
- Anniversary 579
- Dedications
  - Home for Aged 580
  - Altar 581
  - Hospital 582
  - Bell 583
  - Organ 584
  - Burial Grounds 585
- For Travelers 586–587
- Processional 588–589
- Recessional 590

LAST THINGS
- Death and Burial 591–609
  - Of Children 607–609
- Resurrection and Judgment 610–615
- Heaven 616–631

CHILDREN'S HYMNS 632–663

DOXOLOGIES 664–670

SENTENCES AND RESPONSES 671–682

The Hymnal

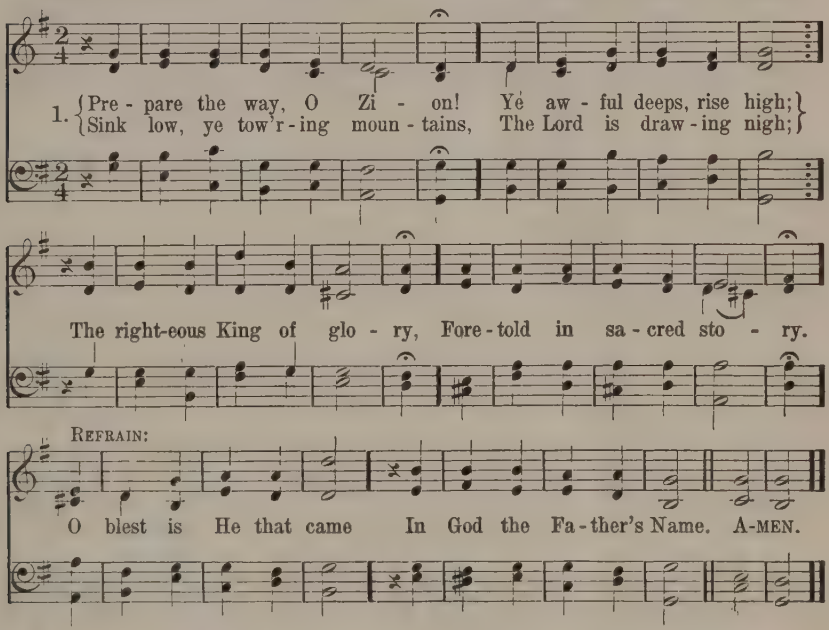
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly;
in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another
with psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,
singing with grace in your hearts unto God.

Col. 3. 16.

The Hymnal

1. Prepare the Way, O Zion!

Bereden väg för Herran. 7 6, 7 6, 7 7, 6 6. Old Swedish Melody, prior to 1560.


1. Pre - pare the way, O Zi - on! Yé aw - ful deeps, rise high;
Sink low, ye tow'r - ing moun - tains, The Lord is draw - ing nigh;
The right-eous King of glo - ry, Fore - told in sa - cred sto - ry.
REFRAIN:
O blest is He that came In God the Fa - ther's Name. A-MEN.

2 O Zion, He approacheth,
Thy Lord and King for aye!
Strew palms where He advanceth,
Spread garments in His way.
God's promise faileth never,
Hosanna sound forever!

3 Fling wide thy portals, Zion,
And hail thy glorious King;
His tidings of salvation
To every people bring,
Who, waiting yet in sadness,
Would sing His praise in gladness.

4 He cometh not with warriors,
And not with pomp and show,
Yet smiteth He with terror
Sin, death, and every foe.
The Spirit's sword He wieldeth,
Not e'en to death He yieldeth.

5 Give heed, thou sinful people,
Thy King and Saviour own:
The kingdom He hath founded
Is not an earthly one;
No power can overthrow it,
Nor earthly wisdom know it.

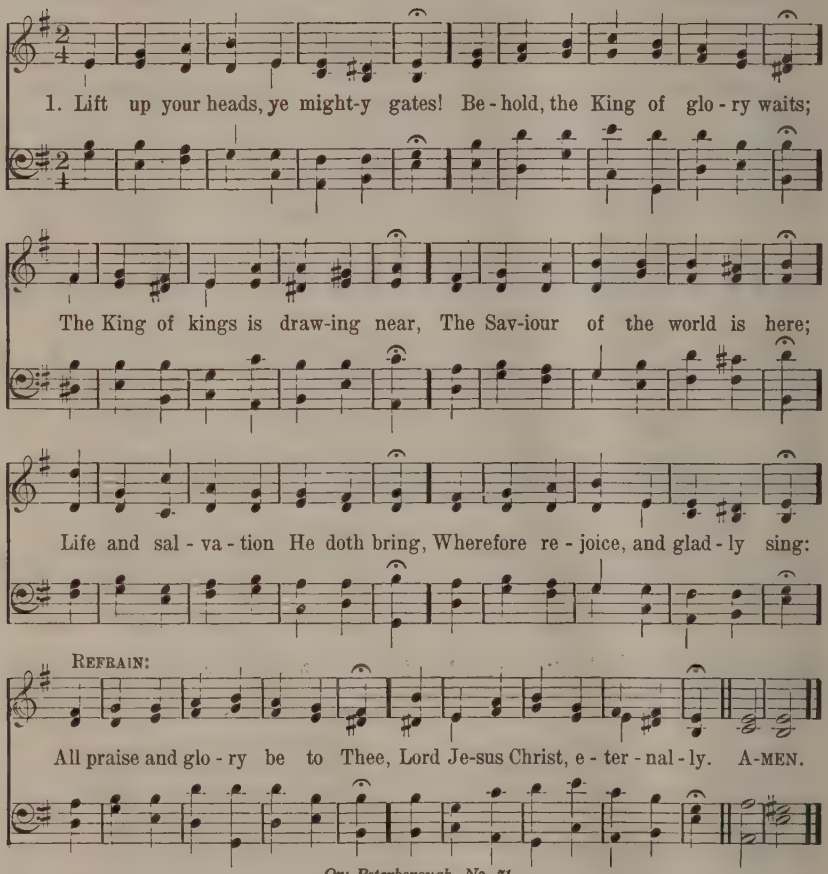
6 The throne which He ascendeth
Is fixed in heaven above:
His sanctified dominion
Is light alone and love.
His praise be ever sounding
For grace and peace abounding.

7 Jerusalem is fallen,
And closed its temple-door;
Its sacrifices ended;
Its scepter is no more.
Christ's kingdom never ceaseth,
Its glory still increaseth.

Frans Mikael Franzèn, 1812.

2. Lift Up Your Heads, Ye Mighty Gates!

Gör porten hög. L. M. D. Koralbok, 1697.


1. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold, the King of glo-ry waits;
The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here;
Life and sal-va-tion He doth bring, Wherefore re-joice, and glad-ly sing:
REFRAIN:
All praise and glo-ry be to Thee, Lord Je-sus Christ, e-ter-nal-ly. A-MEN.

Or: Peterborough, No. 71.

2 The Lord is just, a Helper tried,
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness,
His scepter, pity in distress:
The end of all our woe He brings;
Wherefore the earth is glad and sings:

3 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest!
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King in triumph comes!
The cloudless Sun of joy He is,
Who bringeth pure delight and bliss.

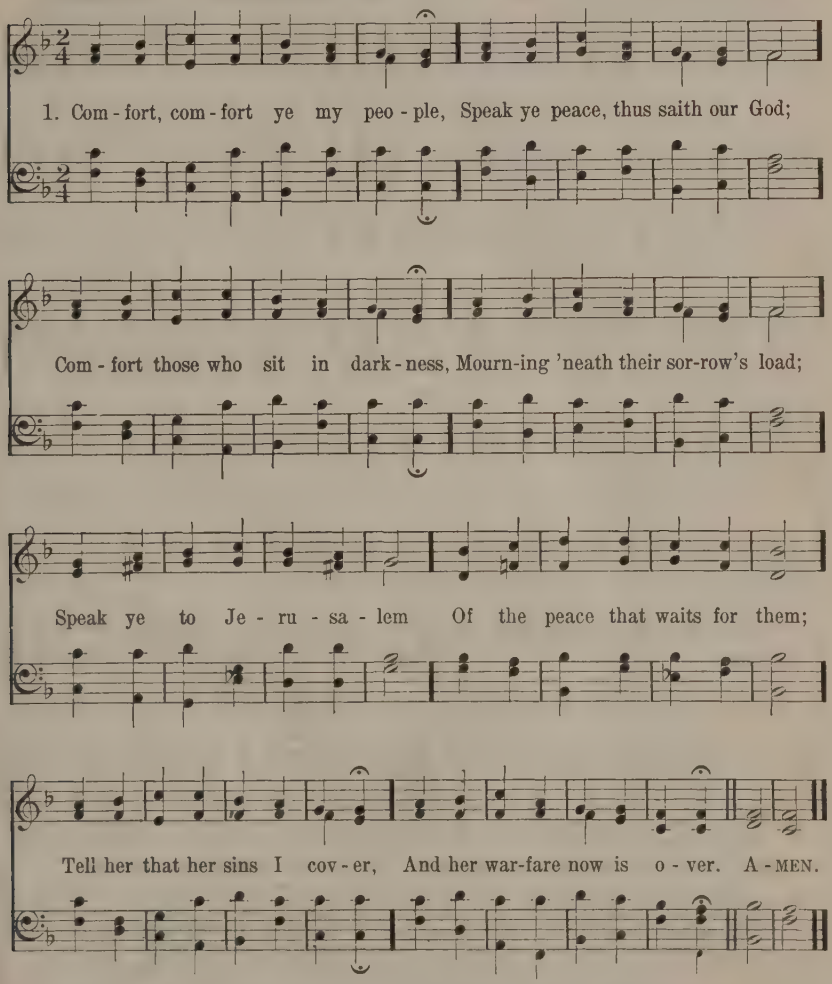
4 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy:
So shall your Sovereign enter in,
And new and nobler life begin.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee; here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thine inner presence know,
Thy grace and love on me bestow.
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until our glorious goal be won.

Georg Weissel, 1633.

3. Comfort, Comfort Ye My People.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.


1. Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, Mourn-ing 'neath their sor-row's load;
Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them;
Tell her that her sins I cov - er, And her war-fare now is o - ver. A - MEN.

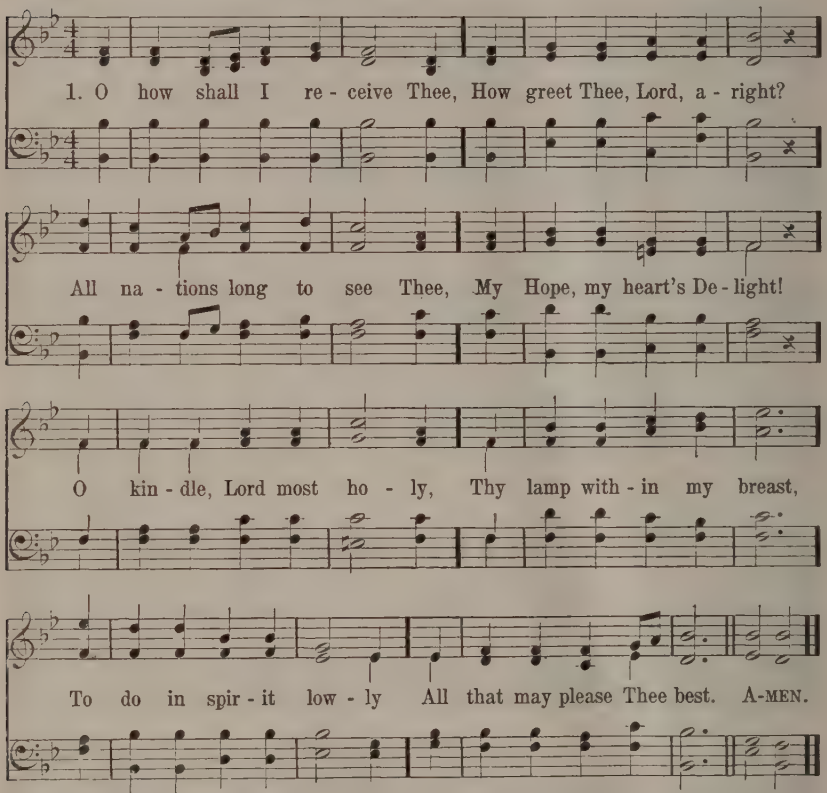
2 For the herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
O that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet Him,
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

3 Make ye straight what long was crooked,
Make the rougher places plain:
Let your hearts be true and humble,
As befits His holy reign,
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token
That His Word is never broken.

Johannes Olearius, 1671.

4. O How Shall I Receive Thee?

O, du mitt hjärtas trängtan. 7 6, 7 6. D. JOHAN CHRISTIAN FREDRICK HAEFFNER, 1808.


1. O how shall I re - ceive Thee, How greet Thee, Lord, a - right?
All na - tions long to see Thee, My Hope, my heart's De - light!
O kin - dle, Lord most ho - ly, Thy lamp with - in my breast,
To do in spir - it low - ly All that may please Thee best. A-MEN.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My heart, its powers renewing,
An anthem shall prepare.
My soul puts off her sadness
Thy glories to proclaim;
With all her strength and gladness
She fain would serve Thy Name.

3 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou com'st to set me free;
I stood, my shame bemoaning,
Thou com'st to honor me.
A glory Thou dost give me,
A treasure safe on high,
That will not fail nor leave me
As earthly riches fly.

4 Love caused Thine incarnation,
Love brought Thee down to me;
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty.
O love beyond all telling,
That led Thee to embrace,
In love all love excelling,
Our lost and fallen race!

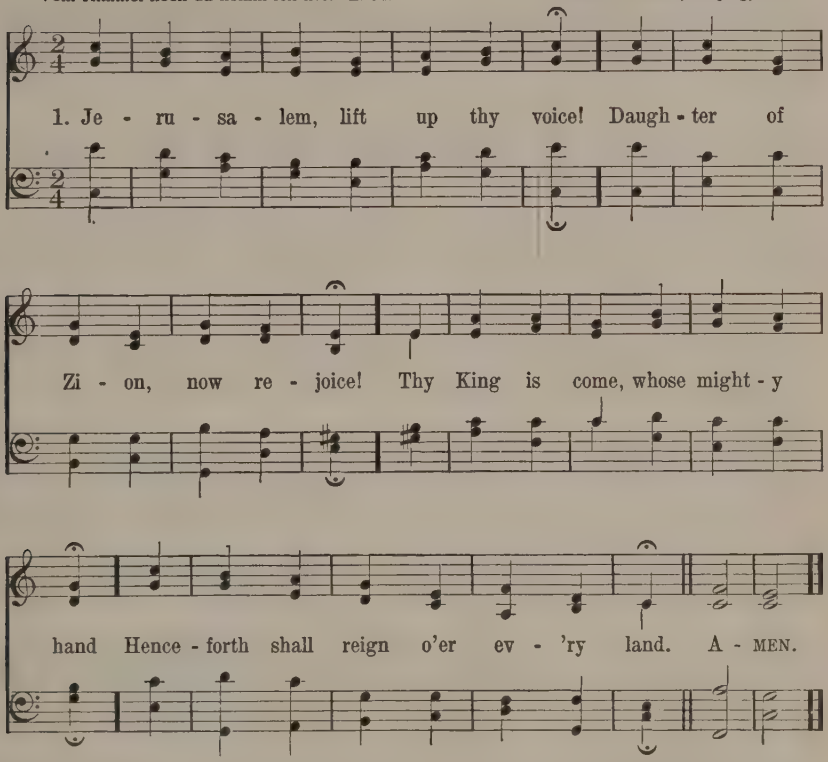
5 Rejoice then, ye sad-hearted,
Who sit in deepest gloom,
Who mourn o'er joys departed,
And tremble at your doom:
He who alone can cheer you,
Is standing at the door;
He brings His pity near you,
And bids you weep no more.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

5. Jerusalem, Lift Up Thy Voice!

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her. L. M.

VALENTIN SCHUMANN'S
Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, lift up thy voice! Daugh - ter of
Zi - on, now re - joice! Thy King is come, whose might - y
hand Hence - forth shall reign o'er ev - 'ry land. A - MEN.

2 He comes to every tribe and race,
A Messenger of truth and grace:
With peace He comes from heaven above
On earth to found His realm of love.

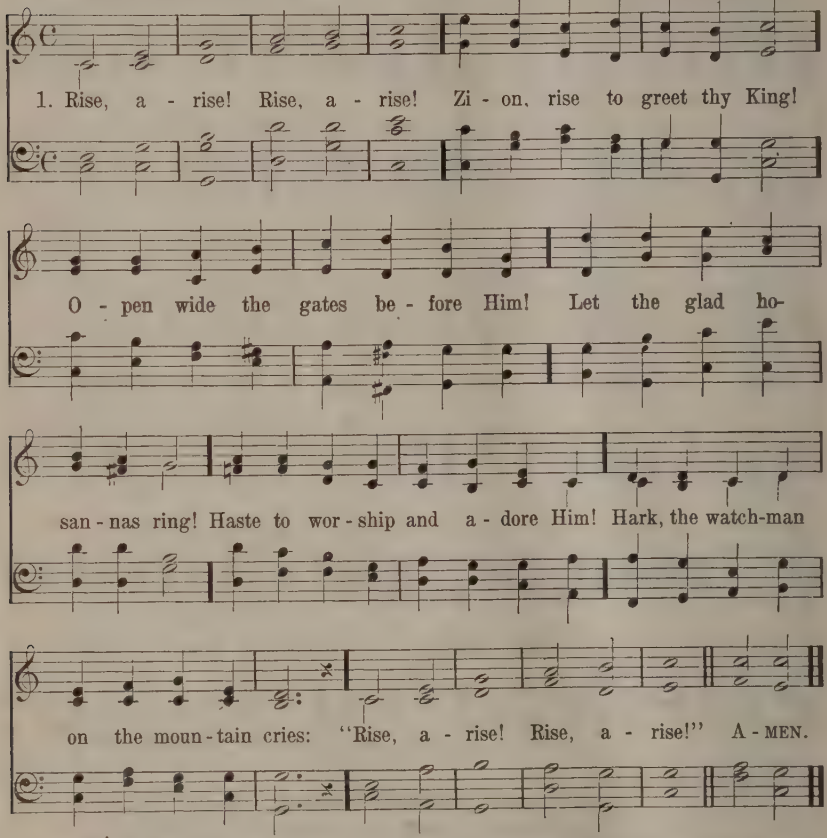
3 In God's eternal covenant,
He comes for our salvation sent.
The star of hope moves on before,
And hosts assemble to adore.

4 Let all the world with one accord
Now hail the coming of the Lord:
Praise to the Prince of heavenly birth
Who bringeth peace to all the earth!

Johan Olof Wallin, 1814.

6. Rise, Arise! Rise, Arise!

Fahre fort, fahre fort. 6 7, 8 7, 8 9 6. From the German, 1704.


1. Rise, a - rise! Rise, a - rise! Zi - on, rise to greet thy King!
O - pen wide the gates be - fore Him! Let the glad ho-
san - nas ring! Haste to wor - ship and a - dore Him! Hark, the watch-man
on the moun - tain cries: "Rise, a - rise! Rise, a - rise!" A - MEN.

2 Weep no more! Weep no more!
Zion, dry thy bitter tears!
Cast away all gloom and sadness,
For the Shiloh now appears,
Who shall turn thy grief to gladness!
Day has dawned! Arise! The night is o'er!
Weep no more! Weep no more!

3 O rejoice! O rejoice!
Christ doth come, as long foretold!
The Messiah long expected,
The incarnate Word behold!
Though by kings of earth rejected,
Hail Him Lord of all with mighty voice!
O rejoice! O rejoice!

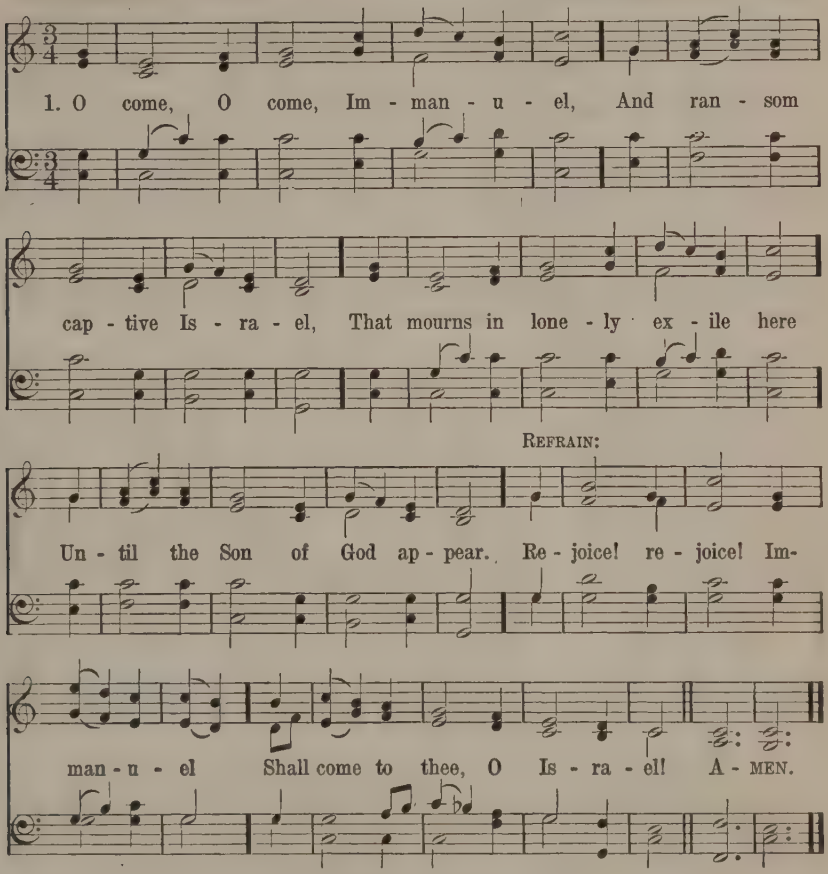
4 Crown Him King! Crown Him King!
His exalted Name confess!
From His heavenly throne descending,
Jesus, Lord of righteousness,
Bringeth joy and peace unending!
O let heart and tongue His praises sing!
Crown Him King! Crown Him King!

5 Worship Him! Worship Him!
Worship at His sacred feet!
Hail the Son of God thy Saviour!
Haste, thy longed for Bridegroom greet!
Come, receive His kingly favor!
Zion, haste, thy lamp of faith to trim!
Worship Him! Worship Him!

Anna Hoppe, 1920.

7. O Come, O Come, Immanuel.

St. Petersburg. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. DIMITRI BORTNIANSKY, (1752–1828).


1. O come, O come, Im - man - u - el, And ran - som
cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here
REFRAIN:
Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Im-
man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el! A - MEN.

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

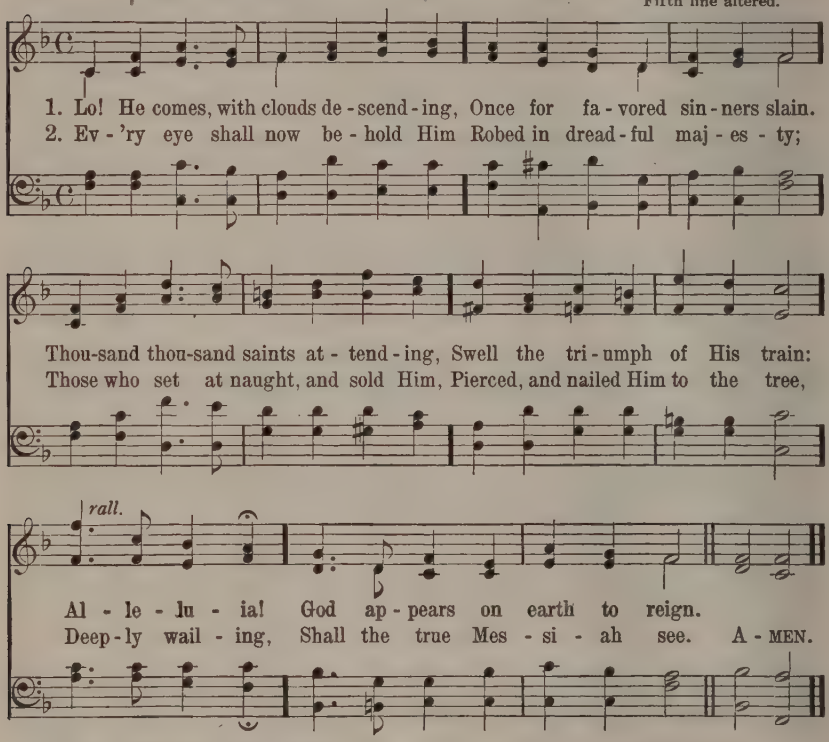
3 O come, Thou Dayspring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here:
And drive away the shades of night,
And pierce the clouds and bring us light.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

Latin Antiphons, XI Century.
Tr. John Mason Neale, 1861.

8. Lo! He Comes, with Clouds Descending.

Kensington New. 8 7, 8 7, 4 7. JAMES TILLEARD, 1866. Fifth line altered.


1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fa - vored sin - ners slain.
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold Him Robed in dread - ful maj - es - ty;
Thou-sand thou-sand saints at - tend - ing, Swell the tri - umph of His train:
Those who set at naught, and sold Him, Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
rall.
Al - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign.
Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see. A - MEN.

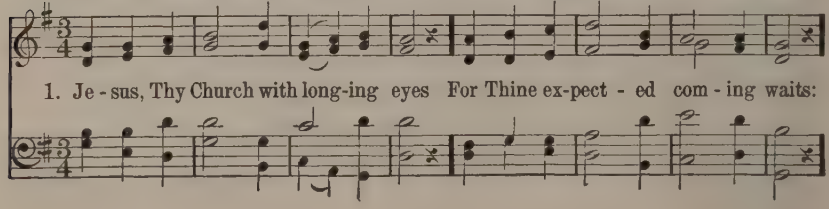
3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear,
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air;
Alleluia!
See the Day of God appear.

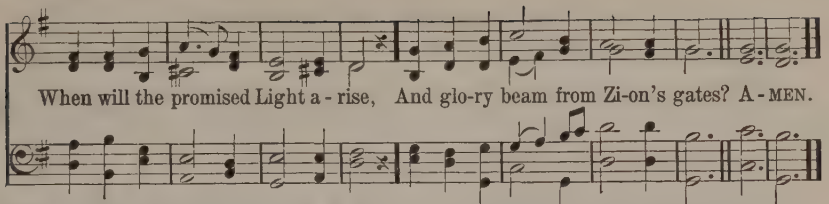
4 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own;
O come quickly,
Alleluia! come, Lord, come!

John Cennick, 1750.

9. Jesus, Thy Church with Longing Eyes.

O Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht. L. M. NÜRNBERGER GESANGBUCH, 1676.





2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
And wintry clouds o'ercast the sky,
Thy words with pleasure we recall,
And deem that our redemption's nigh.

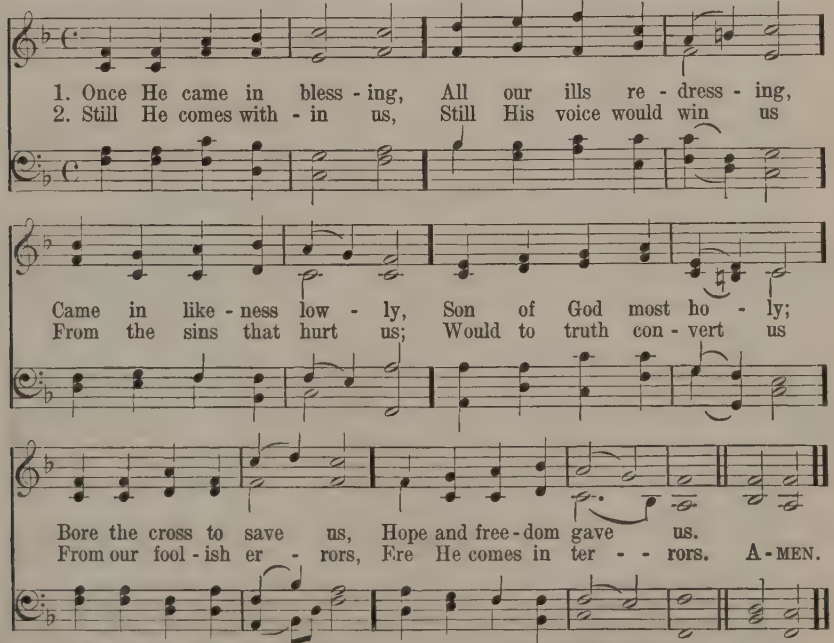
3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
Man's rooted enmity subdue,
And crown Thy gospel with success.

4 O come, and reign o'er every land;
Let Satan from his throne be hurled;
Let nations bow to Thy command,
And grace revive a dying world.

5 Teach us in watchfulness and prayer
To wait for the appointed hour;
And fit us by Thy grace to share
The triumph of Thy conquering power.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

10. Once He Came in Blessing.

Gottes Sohn ist Kommen. 6 6, 6 6, 6 6. Trochaic. MICHAEL WEISSE, 1531.

1. Once He came in bless - ing, All our ills re - dress - ing,
2. Still He comes with - in us, Still His voice would win us
Came in like - ness low - ly, Son of God most ho - ly;
From the sins that hurt us; Would to truth con - vert us
Bore the cross to save us, Hope and free - dom gave us.
From our fool - ish er - rors, Ere He comes in ter - - rors. A - MEN.

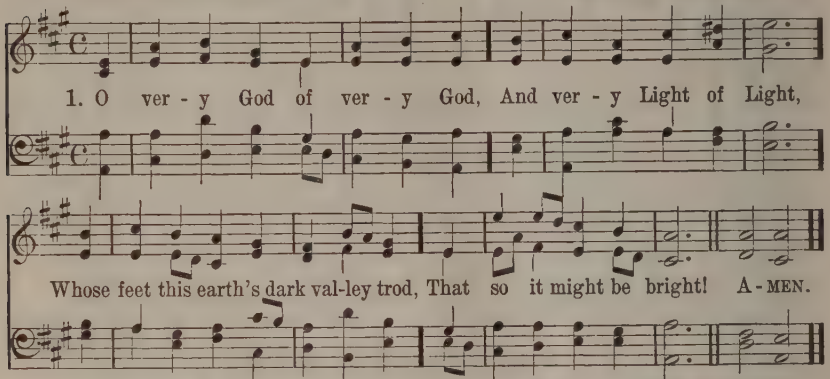
3 Thus if Thou hast known Him,
Not ashamed to own Him,
Nor dost love Him coldly,
But will trust Him boldly,
He will now receive thee,
Heal thee, and forgive thee.

4 He who well endureth,
Bright reward secureth;
Come, then, O Lord Jesus,
From our sins release us;
Let us here confess Thee,
Till in heaven we bless Thee.

John Horn (Roh), 1544.

11. O Very God of Very God.

Nottingham (St. Magnus). C. M. JEREMIAH CLARKE, (1670-1707).



2 Our hopes are weak, our foes are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and O we long
For Thee, our Sun, to rise!

3 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past.

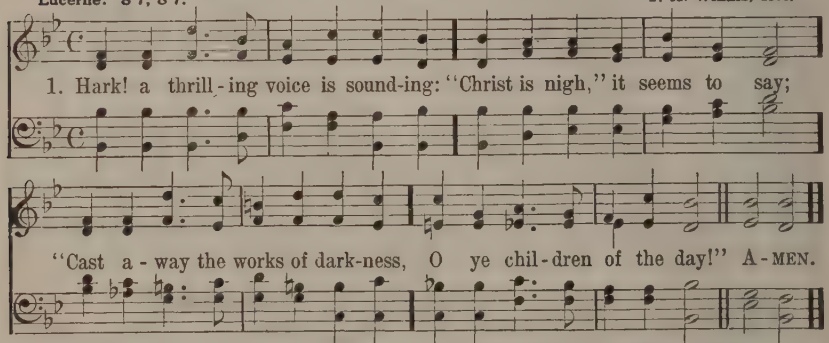
4 O guide us till our path be done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing on Thy wings.

John Mason Neale, 1846.

12. Hark! a Thrilling Voice Is Sounding.

Lucerne. 8 7, 8 7. T. A. WILLIS, 1876.


1. Hark! a thrill - ing voice is sound-ing: "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil - dren of the day!" A - MEN.

2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, our Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo, the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all, to be forgiven.

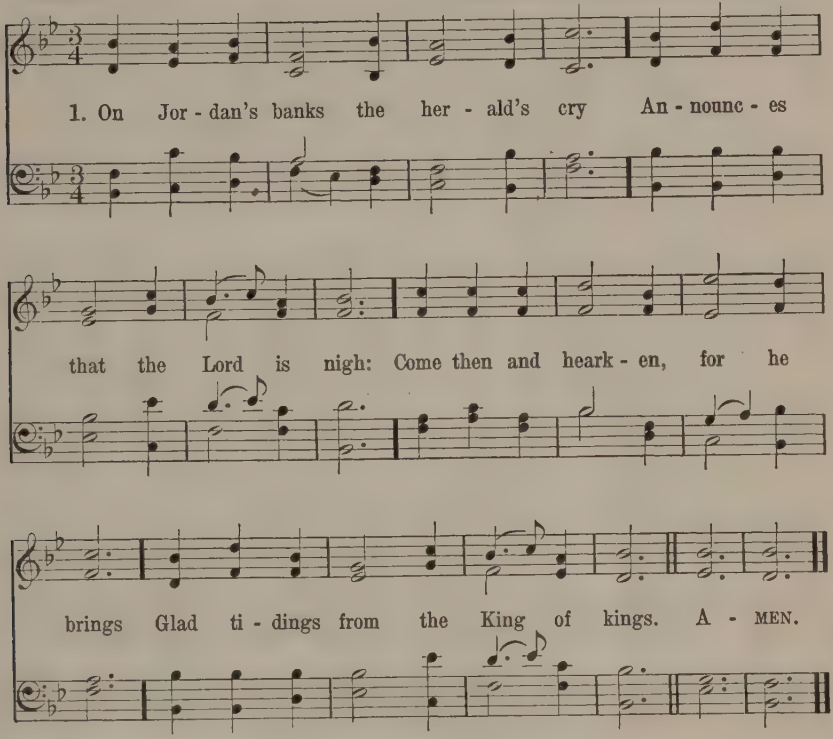
4 So, when next He comes in glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
May He then as our Defender
On the clouds of heaven appear.

5 Honor, glory, might, and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
With the everlasting Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One.

Latin Hymn of V Century.
Tr. Edward Caswall, 1849, a.

13. On Jordan's Banks the Herald's Cry.

Mendon. L. M. German Melody: arr. by SAMUEL DYER, 1828.


1. On Jor - dan's banks the her - ald's cry An - nounc - es
that the Lord is nigh: Come then and heark - en, for he
brings Glad ti - dings from the King of kings. A - MEN.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin,
Make straight the way for God within,
And let us all our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,
Our Refuge and our great Reward.
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

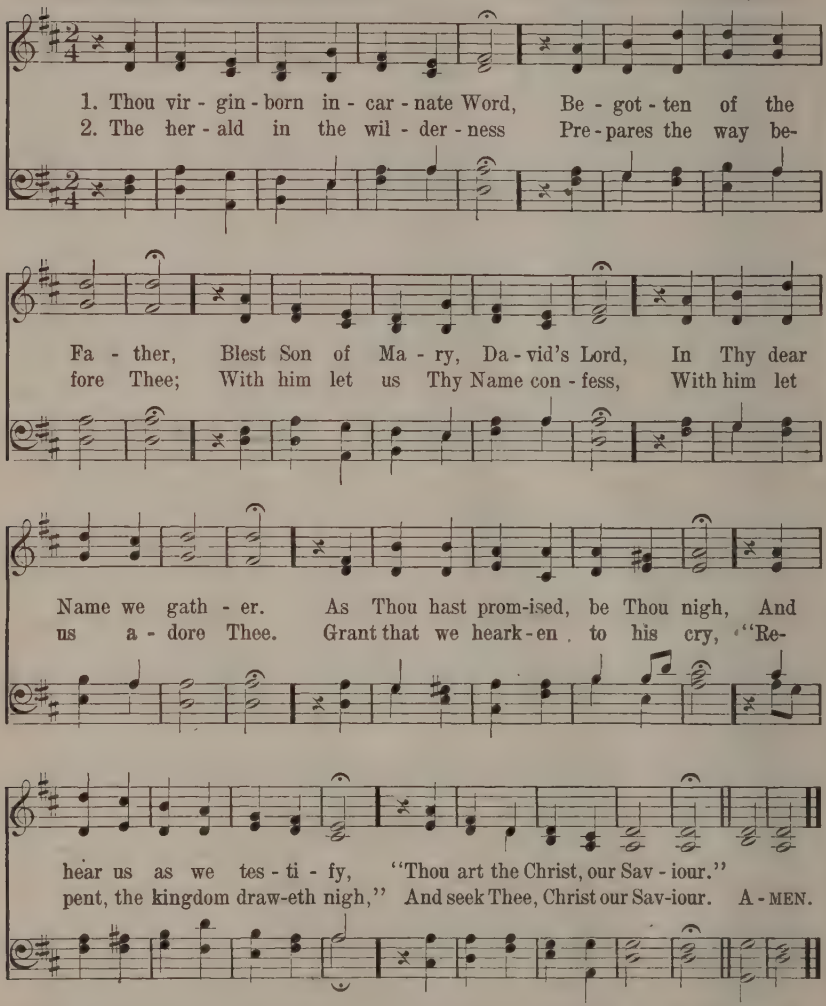
4 Stretch forth Thy hand, to health restore,
And make us rise, to fall no more:
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee
Whose advent sets Thy people free,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost, forevermore.

John Chandler. 1837.

14. Thou Virgin-born Incarnate Word.

Mitt hjerta, Jesu! denna dag. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Koralbok, 1884.


1. Thou vir - gin - born in - car - nate Word, Be - got - ten of the
2. The her - ald in the wil - der - ness Pre - pares the way be-
Fa - ther, Blest Son of Ma - ry, Da - vid's Lord, In Thy dear
fore Thee; With him let us Thy Name con - fess, With him let
Name we gath - er. As Thou hast prom-ised, be Thou nigh, And
us a - dore Thee. Grant that we heark - en to his cry, "Re-
hear us as we tes - ti - fy, "Thou art the Christ, our Sav - iour."
pent, the kingdom draw-eth nigh," And seek Thee, Christ our Sav-iour. A - MEN.

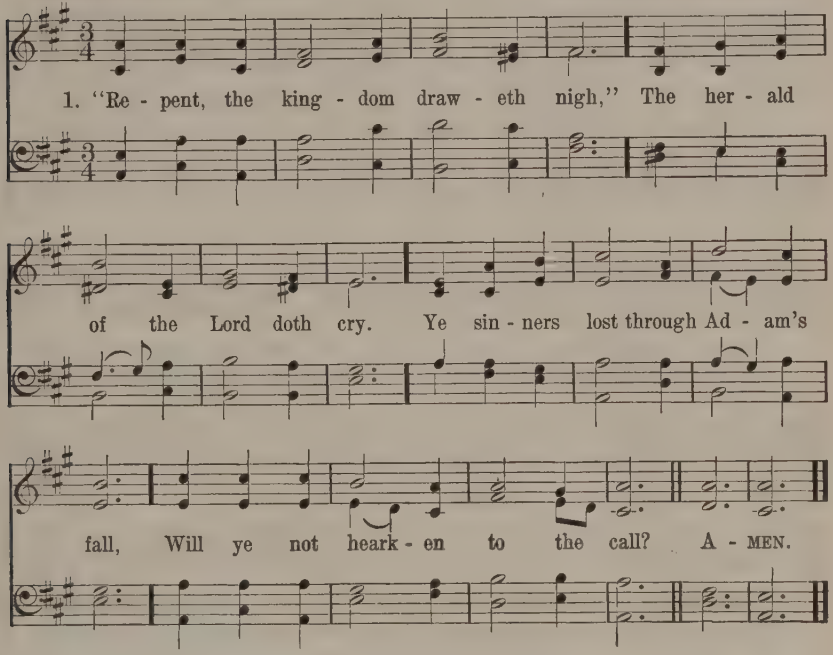
3 Thou art indeed God's holy Son,
Beloved of Him so dearly.
The mighty works that Thou hast done
Reveal Thy Godhead clearly:
The blind can see, the sick are healed,
The lips once dumb are now unsealed,
All power is Thine, dear Jesus!

4 Thou art our Peace, our Righteousness,
The Rock of our salvation.
Clothed in Thy garb of holiness,
We fear no condemnation.
Thy blood has cleansed away our sin,
Through Thee eternal life we win,
O crucified Redeemer!

Anna Hoppe, 1920.

15. "Repent, the Kingdom Draweth Nigh."

Breslau. L. M. Hymnodus Sacer, Leipzig, 1625.


1. "Re - pent, the king - dom draw - eth nigh," The her - ald
of the Lord doth cry. Ye sin - ners lost through Ad - am's
fall, Will ye not heark - en to the call? A - MEN.

2 Repent! The gracious call believe,
Haste His forgiveness to receive.
The Prince of Life, incarnate Word,
Life and salvation can afford.

3 Divine Redeemer, glorious King!
Repentant hearts to Thee we bring.
Thy holy blood for us was spilt,
Cleanse us from all the stains of guilt.

4 Drawn by Thy Spirit, through Thy Word,
Thine invitation we have heard.
In answer to Thy sweet request,
We come to Thee, O Christ, for rest.

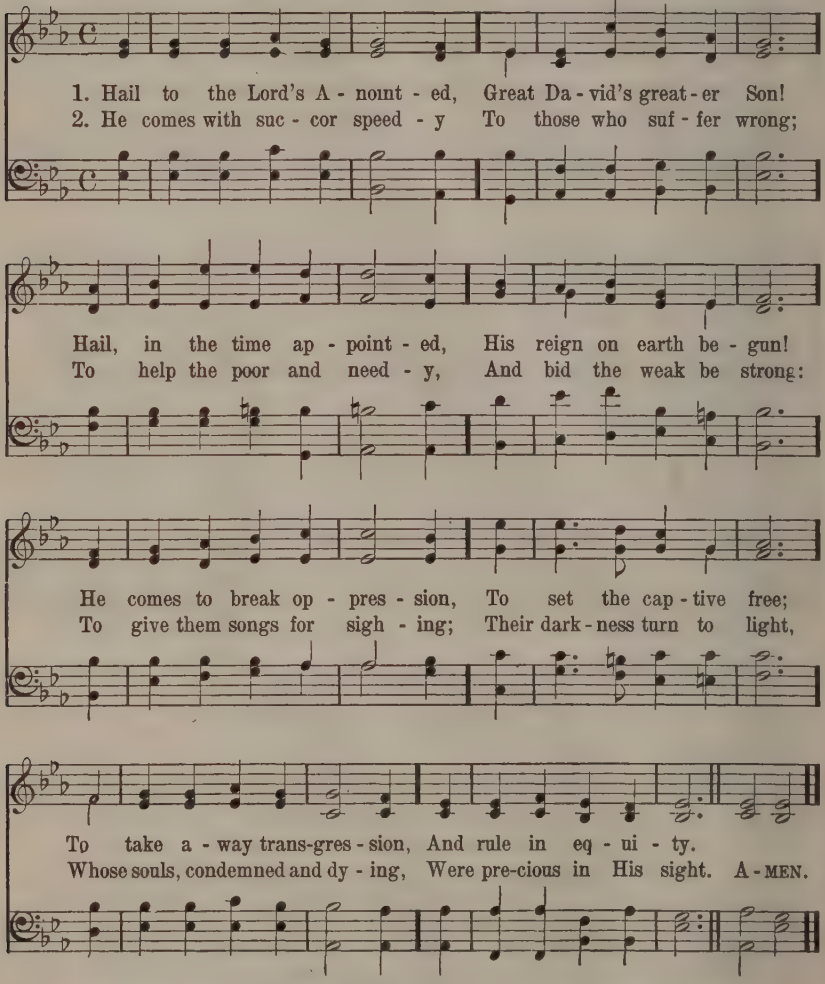
5 Thy pardon, full, complete, and free,
Removes sin's awful penalty.
Our Father's love is now restored;
Thou hast redeemed us, dearest Lord.

6 Let us Thy Name forever bless,
On earth Thy gospel truth confess,
Till saved by grace, through faith in Thee,
The gates of paradise we see.

Anna Hoppe, 1921.

16. Hail to the Lord's Anointed!

Aurelia. 7 6, 7 6. D. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, 1864.


1. Hail to the Lord's A - nount - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong;
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong:
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To give them songs for sigh - ing; Their dark - ness turn to light,
To take a - way trans-gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty.
Whose souls, condemned and dy - ing, Were pre-cious in His sight. A - MEN.

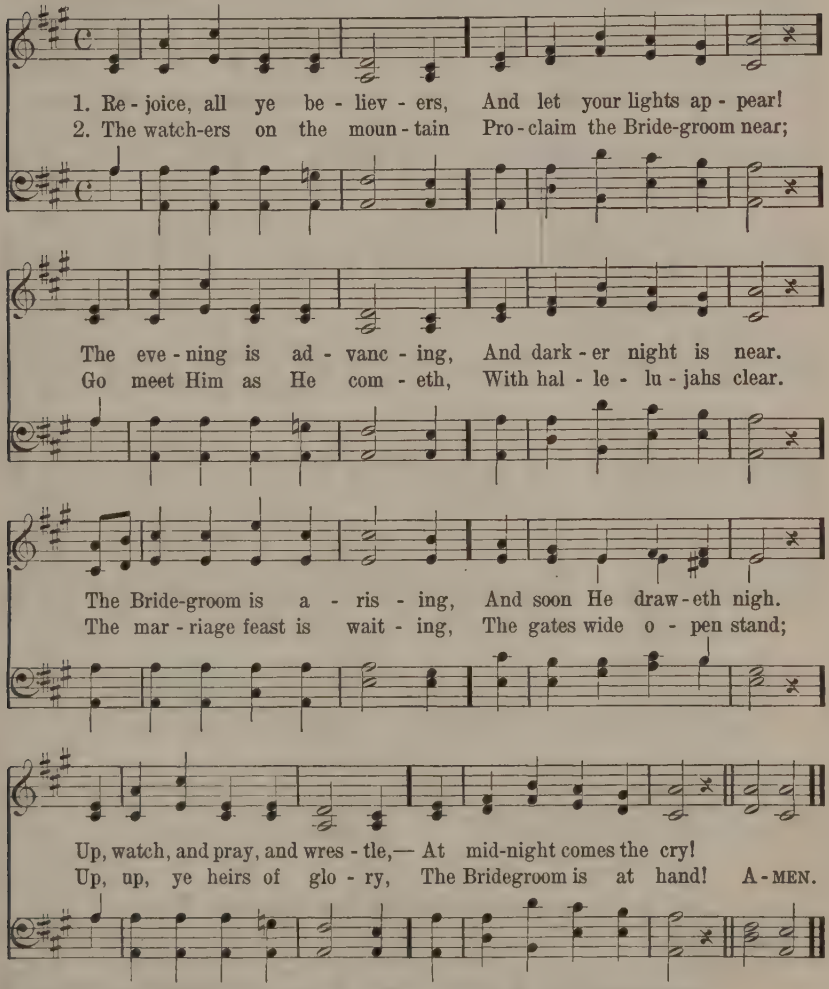
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand forever,—
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821.

17. Rejoice, All Ye Believers.

Haf trones lampa färdig. 7 6, 7 6. D. Swedish Folksong.


1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear!
2. The watch-ers on the moun - tain Pro - claim the Bride-groom near;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
Go meet Him as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh.
The mar - riage feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand;
Up, watch, and pray, and wres - tle,— At mid-night comes the cry!
Up, up, ye heirs of glo - ry, The Bridegroom is at hand! A - MEN.

3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever,
Where sorrow is no more.
Around the throne of glory
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold!

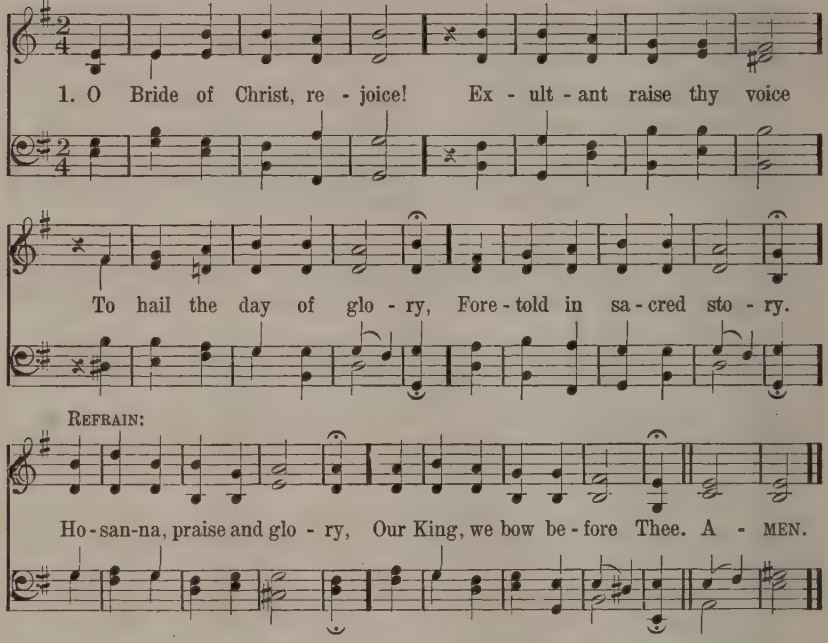
4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee!

Laurentius Laurentii, 1700.

18. O Bride of Christ, Rejoice!

Auf meinen lieben Gott. 66, 77, 77.

Secular Melody.
J. REGNART, 1574.


1. O Bride of Christ, re - joice! Ex - ult - ant raise thy voice
To hail the day of glo - ry, Fore - told in sa - cred sto - ry.
REFRAIN:
Ho - san - na, praise and glo - ry, Our King, we bow be - fore Thee. A - MEN.

2 Let shouts of gladness rise
Triumphant to the skies.
Here comes the King most glorious
To reign o'er all victorious.

3 He wears no kingly crown,
Yet as a king He's known;
Though not arrayed in splendor,
He still makes death surrender.

4 Thy heart now open wide,
Bid Christ with thee abide;
He graciously will hear thee,
And be forever near thee.

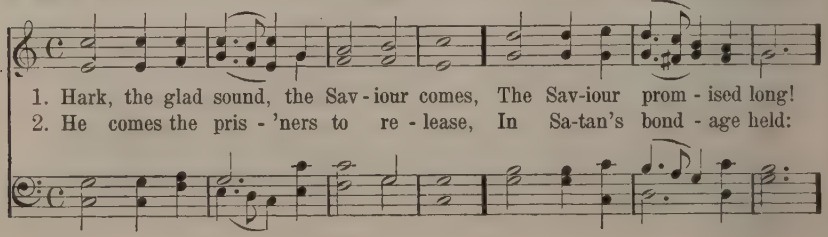
5 E'en babes with one accord
With thee shall praise the Lord,
And every gentile nation
Respond with exultation.

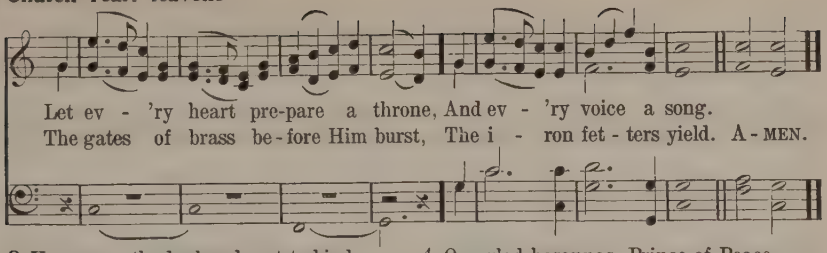
Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

19. Hark, the Glad Sound, the Saviour Comes.

Henry. C. M.

S. B. POND, 1835.


1. Hark, the glad sound, the Sav - iour comes, The Sav-iour prom - ised long!
2. He comes the pris - 'ners to re - lease, In Sa-tan's bond - age held:



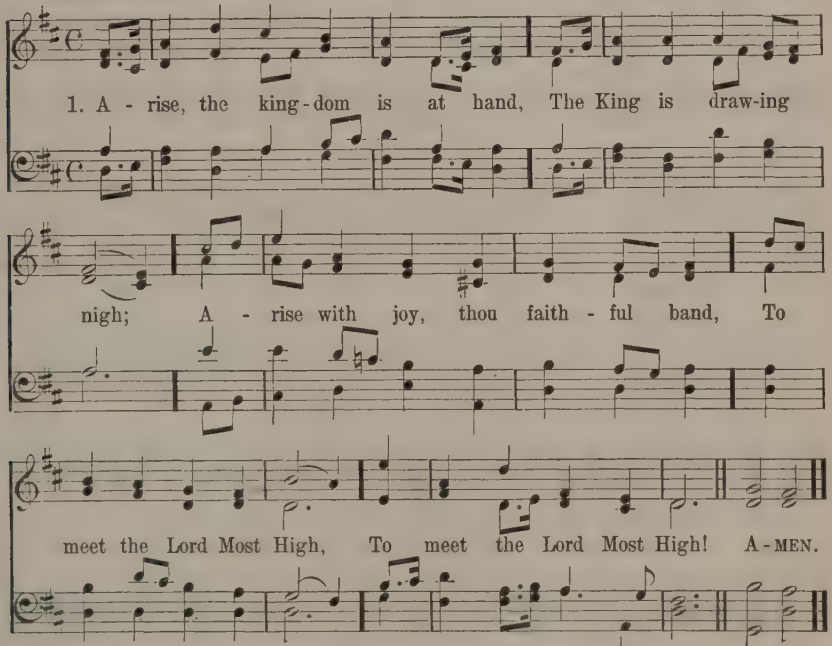
3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of His grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name!

Philip Doddridge, 1735.

20. Arise, the Kingdom Is at Hand.

Christmas. C. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HÄNDEL, 1728.


1. A - rise, the king-dom is at hand, The King is draw-ing
nigh; A - rise with joy, thou faith - ful band, To
meet the Lord Most High, To meet the Lord Most High! A - MEN.

2 Look up, ye souls weighed down with care,
The Sovereign is not far;
Look up, faint hearts, from your despair,
Behold the Morning Star!

3 Look up, ye drooping hearts, to-day!
The King is very near:
O cast your griefs and fears away,
For, lo, your Help is here!

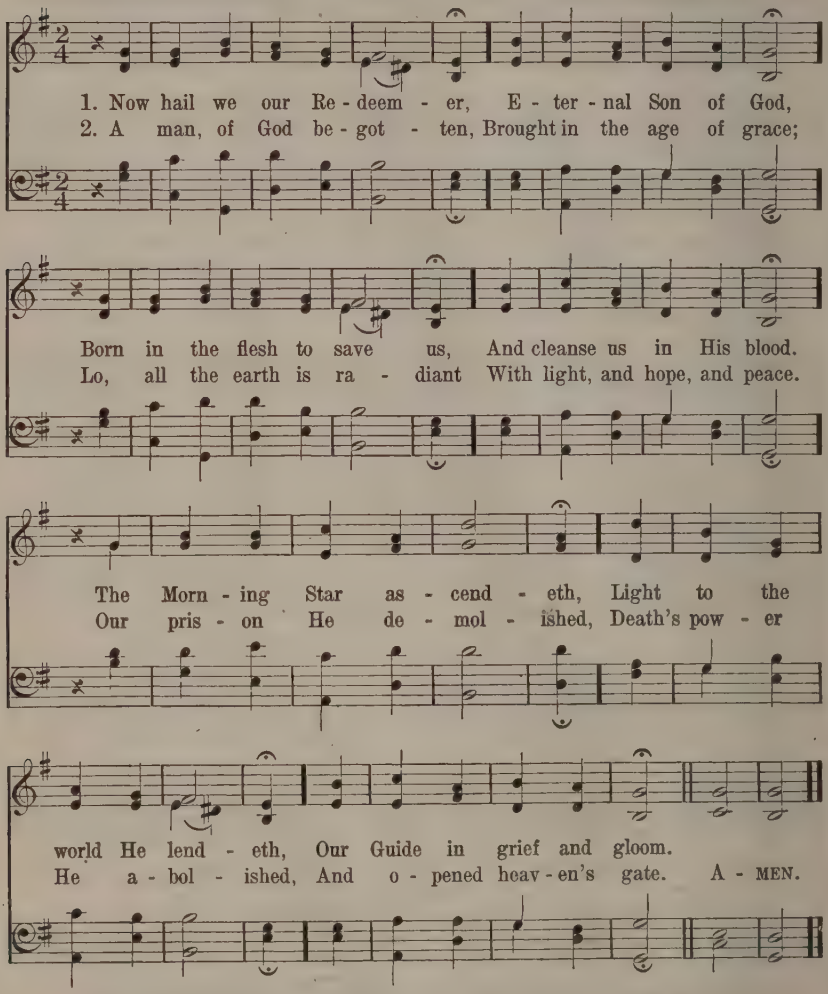
4 Hope, O ye broken hearts, at last!
The King comes on in might;
He loved us in the ages past,
When we lay wrapped in night.

5 Now fear and wrath to joy give place,
Our sorrows now are o'er,
Since God hath made us, in His grace,
His children evermore.

Johann Rist, 1651.

21. Now Hail We Our Redeemer.

Förlossningen är vunnen. 7 6, 7 6, 7 7 6. German Enchiridion, 1524.


1. Now hail we our Re - deem - er, E - ter - nal Son of God,
2. A man, of God be - got - ten, Brought in the age of grace;
Born in the flesh to save us, And cleanse us in His blood.
Lo, all the earth is ra - diant With light, and hope, and peace.
The Morn - ing Star as - cend - eth, Light to the
Our pris - on He de - mol - ished, Death's pow - er
world He lend - eth, Our Guide in grief and gloom.
He a - bol - ished, And o - pened heav - en's gate. A - MEN.

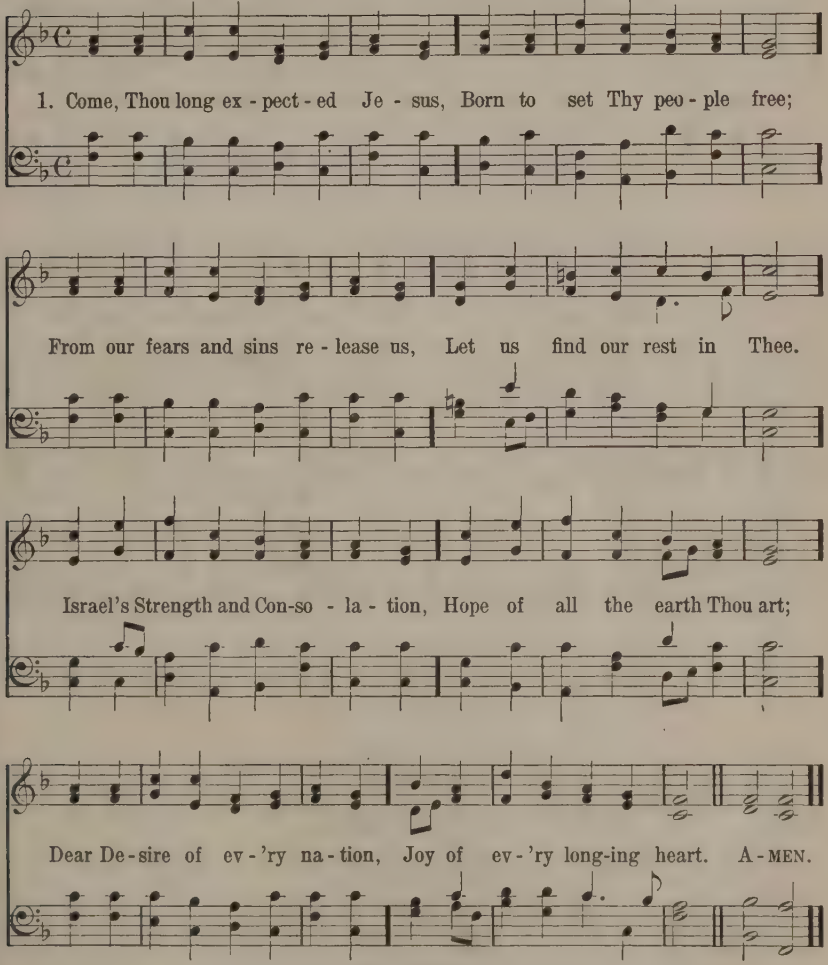
3 O Jesus, grant us mercy,
And grace on us bestow,
To walk by Thine own guidance,
Thy saving truth to know.
For Thee our hearts are yearning,
From worldly pleasures turning
Unto Thy righteousness.

4 Into Thy hand the Father
Gave all, that we might be
In bonds of faith united,
And dedicate to Thee,
A people through Thy merit
Entitled to inherit
Thy realm eternally.

Ambrose, (340–397).
Olavus Petri, 1536.

22. Come, Thou Long Expected Jesus.

St. Hilary. 8 7, 8 7. D. Origin uncertain.

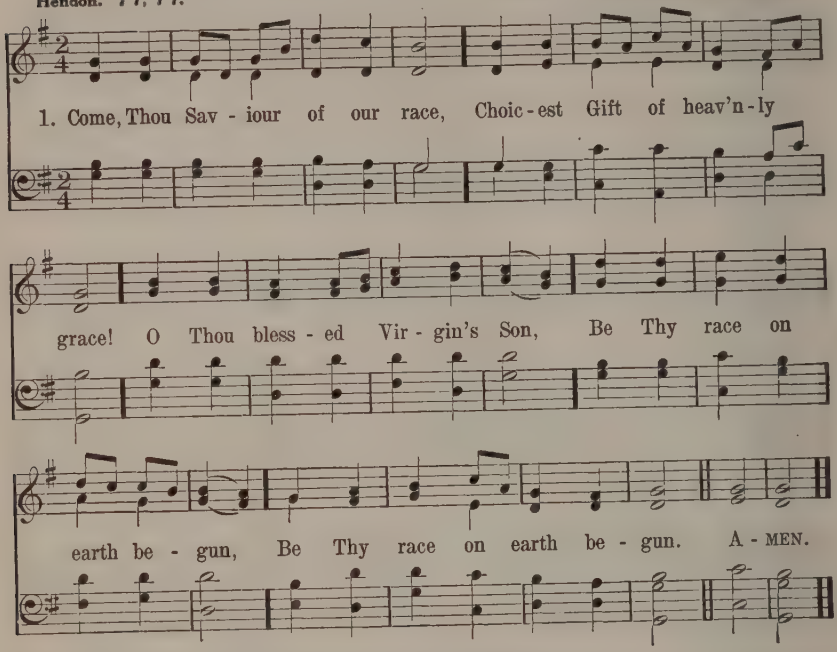

1. Come, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
From our fears and sins re - lease us, Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's Strength and Con-so - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Dear De-sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry long-ing heart. A - MEN.

2 Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

23. Come, Thou Saviour of Our Race.

Hendon. 7 7, 7 7. HENRI ABRAHAM CESAR MALAN, 1827.


1. Come, Thou Sav - iour of our race, Choic - est Gift of heav'n - ly
grace! O Thou bless - ed Vir - gin's Son, Be Thy race on
earth be - gun, Be Thy race on earth be - gun. A - MEN.

2 Not of mortal blood or birth,
He descends from heaven to earth:
By the Holy Ghost conceived,
God and man by us believed.

3 Wondrous birth! O wondrous Child
Of the virgin undefiled!
Though by all the world disowned,
Still to be in heaven enthroned.

4 From the Father forth He came,
And returneth to the same;
Captive leading death and hell,—
High the song of triumph swell!

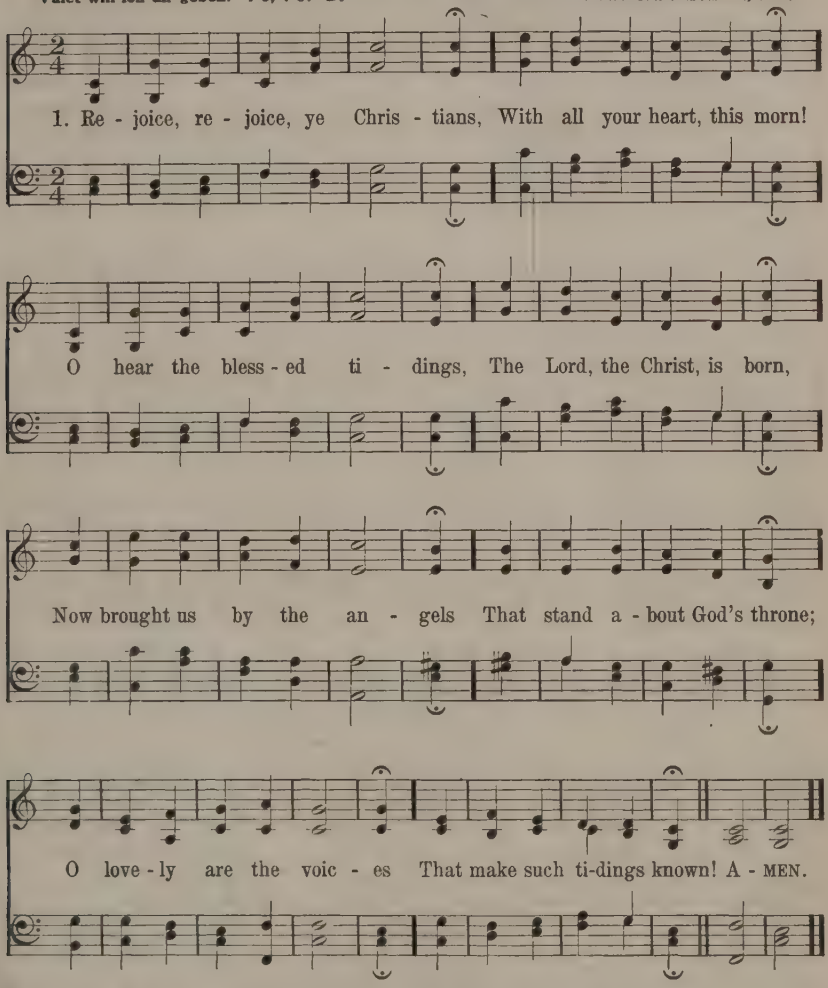
5 Equal to the Father now,
Though to dust Thou once didst bow,
Boundless shall Thy kingdom be;
When shall we its glories see?

6 Brightly doth Thy manger shine!
Glorious in its light divine:
Let not sin o'ercloud this light,
Ever be our faith thus bright.

Ambrose, (340–397).
Martin Luther, 1524.

24. Rejoice, Rejoice, Ye Christians.

Valet will ich dir geben. 7 6, 7 6. D. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.


1. Re - joice, re - joice, ye Chris - tians, With all your heart, this morn!
O hear the bless - ed ti - dings, The Lord, the Christ, is born,
Now brought us by the an - gels That stand a - bout God's throne;
O love - ly are the voic - es That make such ti-dings known! A - MEN.

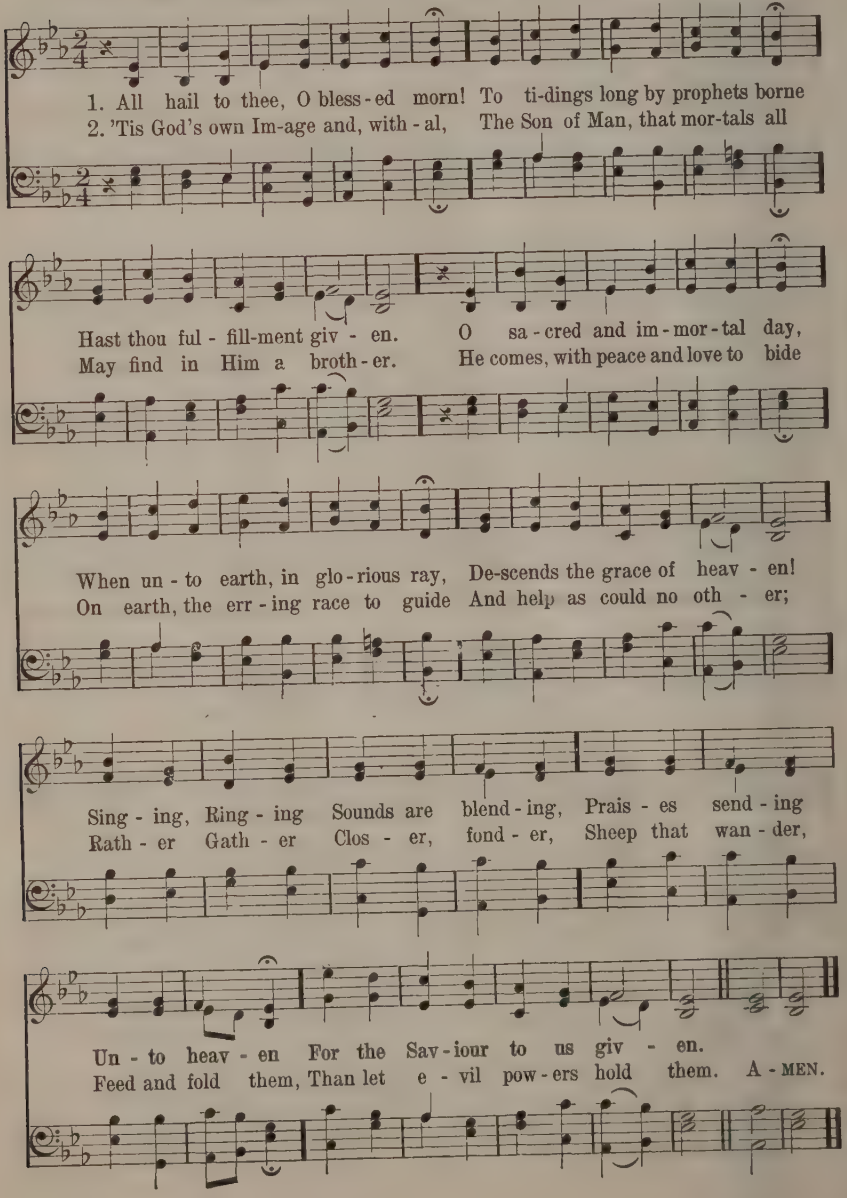
2 O hearken to their singing!
This Child shall be your Friend;
The Father so hath willed it,
That thus your woes should end.
The Son is freely given,
That in Him ye may have
The Father's grace and blessing,
And know He loves to save.

3 Nor deem the form too lowly
That clothes Him at this hour;
For know ye what it hideth?
'Tis God's almighty power.
Though now within the manger
So poor and weak He lies,
He is the Lord of all things,
He reigns above the skies.

Magdeburg Geistliche Lieder, 1540.

25. All Hail to Thee, O Blessed Morn!

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern. 8 8 7, 8 8 7, 8 8 8. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.


1. All hail to thee, O bless-ed morn! To ti-dings long by prophets borne
2. 'Tis God's own Im-age and, with-al, The Son of Man, that mor-tals all
Hast thou ful-fill-ment giv-en. O sa-cred and im-mor-tal day,
May find in Him a broth-er. He comes, with peace and love to bide
When un-to earth, in glo-rious ray, De-scends the grace of heav-en!
On earth, the err-ing race to guide And help as could no oth-er;
Sing-ing, Ring-ing Sounds are blend-ing, Prais-es send-ing
Rath-er Gath-er Clos-er, fond-er, Sheep that wan-der,
Un-to heav-en For the Sav-iour to us giv-en.
Feed and fold them, Than let e-vil pow-ers hold them. A-MEN.

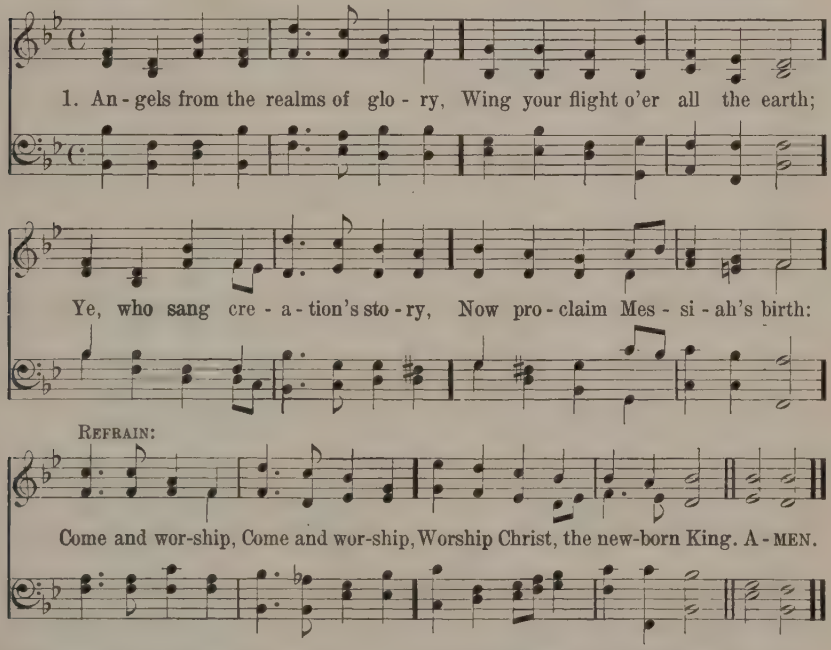
3 He tears, like other men, will shed,
Our sorrows share, and be our aid,
Through His eternal power;
The Lord's good will unto us show,
And mingle in our cup of woe
The drops of mercy's shower;
Dying,
Buying
Through His passion
Our salvation,
And to mortals
Opening the heavenly portals.

4 He comes, for our redemption sent,
And by His glory heaven is rent
To close upon us never;
Our blessèd Shepherd He would be,
Whom we may follow faithfully
And be with Him forever;
Higher,
Nigher
Glory winging,
Praises singing
To the Father
And His Son, our Lord and Brother.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1814.
Based on German Hymn of 1621.

26. Angels from the Realms of Glory.

Regent Square. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. HENRY SMART, 1867.


1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
REFRAIN:
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A - MEN.

2 Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light:

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:

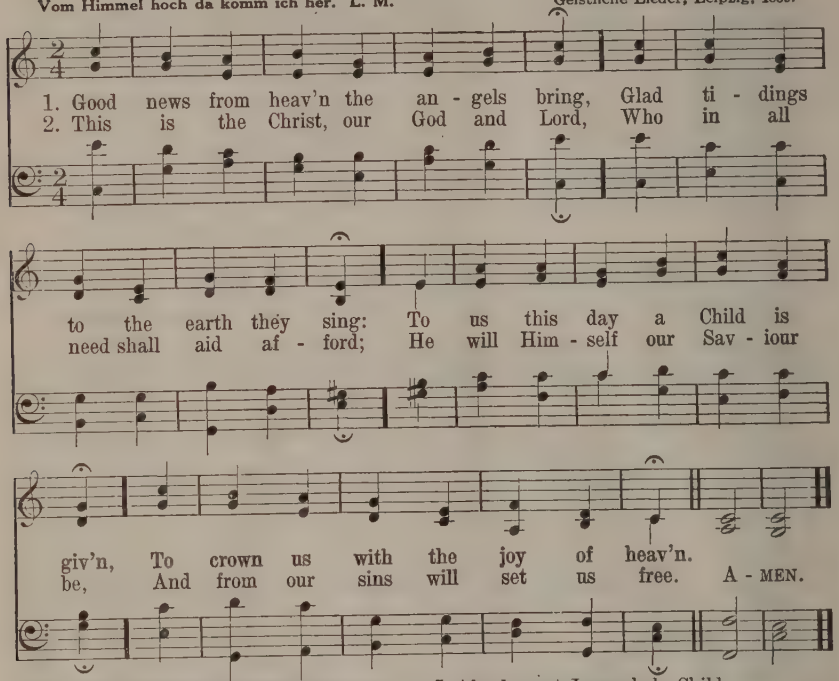
5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains.

James Montgomery, 1816.

27. Good News from Heaven the Angels Bring.

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her. L. M.

VALENTIN SCHUMANN'S Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539.


1. Good news from heav'n the an - gels bring, Glad ti - dings
2. This is the Christ, our God and Lord, Who in all
to the earth they sing: To us this day a Child is
need shall aid af - ford; He will Him - self our Sav - iour
giv'n, To crown us with the joy of heav'n.
be, And from our sins will set us free. A - MEN.

3 All hail, Thou noble Guest, this morn,
Whose love did not the sinner scorn:
In my distress Thou com'st to me,
What thanks shall I return to Thee?

4 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for Thee.

5 Ah, dearest Jesus, holy Child,
Make Thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

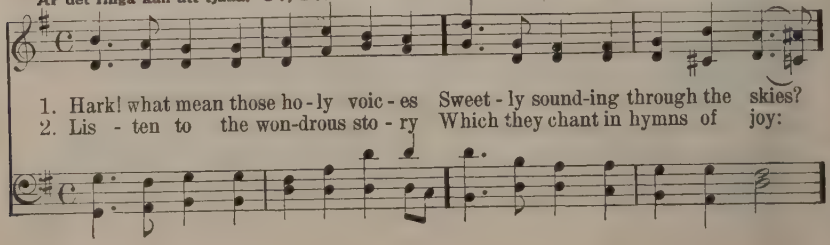
6 Praise God upon His heavenly throne,
Who gave to us His only Son;
For this His hosts, on joyful wing,
A blest New Year of mercy sing.

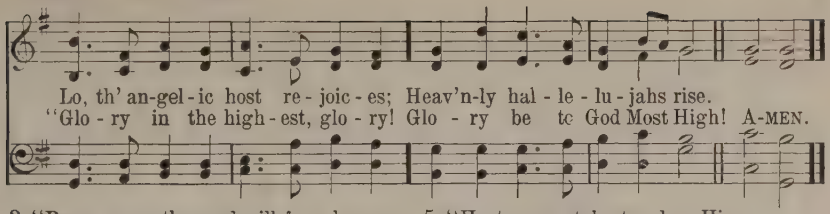
Martin Luther, 1535.

28. Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?

Är det ringa kall att tjäna. 8 7, 8 7.

English Melody. From Ahnfelts Sånger.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet - ly sound-ing through the skies?
2. Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:



3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing.
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him:
Learn His Name, and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God Most High!'"

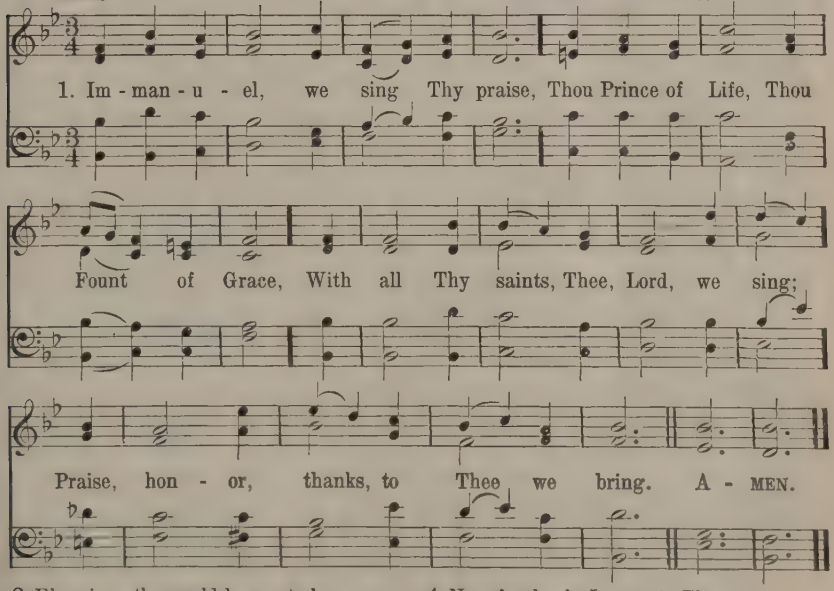
6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory,
Till it cover all the earth!

John Cawood, 1819.

29. Immanuel, We Sing Thy Praise.

Germany. L. M.

From LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, (1770-1827).
In COTTERILL'S Psalmody, 1831.


1. Im-man-u-el, we sing Thy praise, Thou Prince of Life, Thou
Fount of Grace, With all Thy saints, Thee, Lord, we sing;
Praise, hon-or, thanks, to Thee we bring. A-MEN.

2 E'er since the world began to be,
How many a heart hath longed for Thee!
And Thou, O long expected Guest,
Hast come at last to make us blest!

3 Now art Thou here: we know Thee now:
In lowly manger liest Thou:
A Child, yet makest all things great;
Poor, yet the earth Thy robe of state.

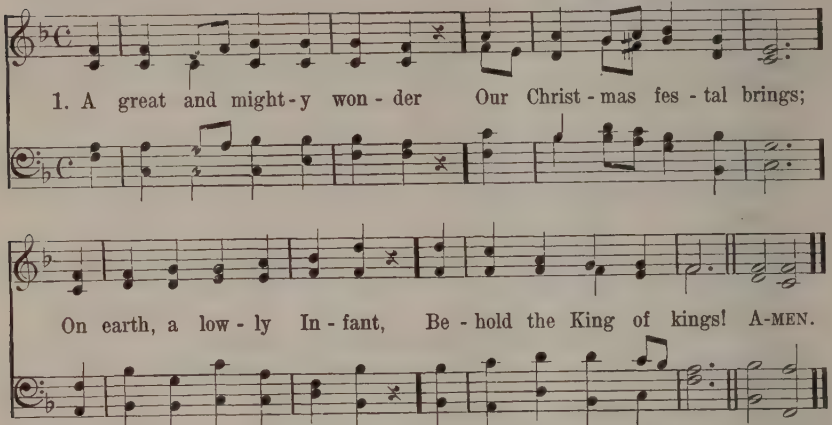
4 Now fearlessly I come to Thee:
From sin and grief O set me free!
Turn wrath away, dread death destroy,
And turn my sorrow into joy.

5 Thou art my Head, my Lord divine:
I am Thy member, wholly Thine;
And by Thy Spirit's gracious power
Will seek to serve Thee evermore.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

30. A Great and Mighty Wonder.

Kocher. 7 6, 7 6. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT, 1799.



2 The Word is made incarnate,
Descending from on high;
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds, from the sky.

3 And we, with them triumphant,
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth, to men!"

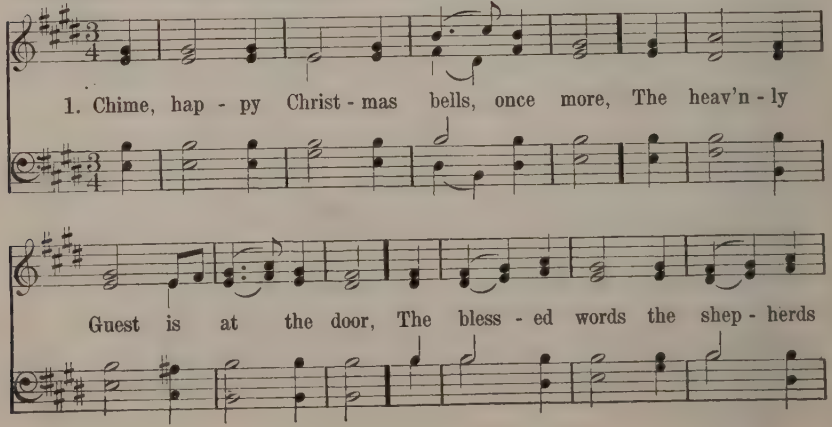
4 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour and the Lord!

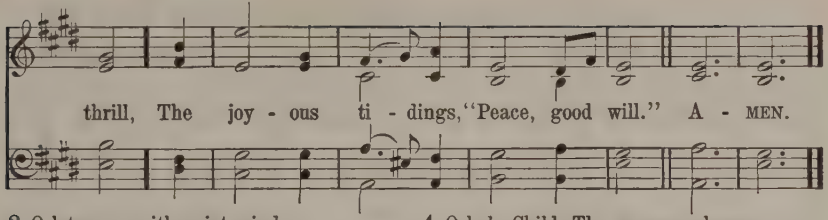
5 All idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His scepter,
Our Lord and God for aye.

From the Greek of Anatolius.

31. Chime, Happy Christmas Bells, Once More.

Det kimer nu til julefest. (Emmanuel.) L. M. Danish. C. BALLE, 1860.





2 O let us go with quiet mind,
The gentle Babe with shepherds find,
To gaze on Him who gladdens them,
The loveliest flower of Jesse's stem.

3 The lowly Saviour meekly lies,
Laid off the splendor of the skies;
No crown bedecks His forehead fair,
No pearl, nor gem, nor silk is there.

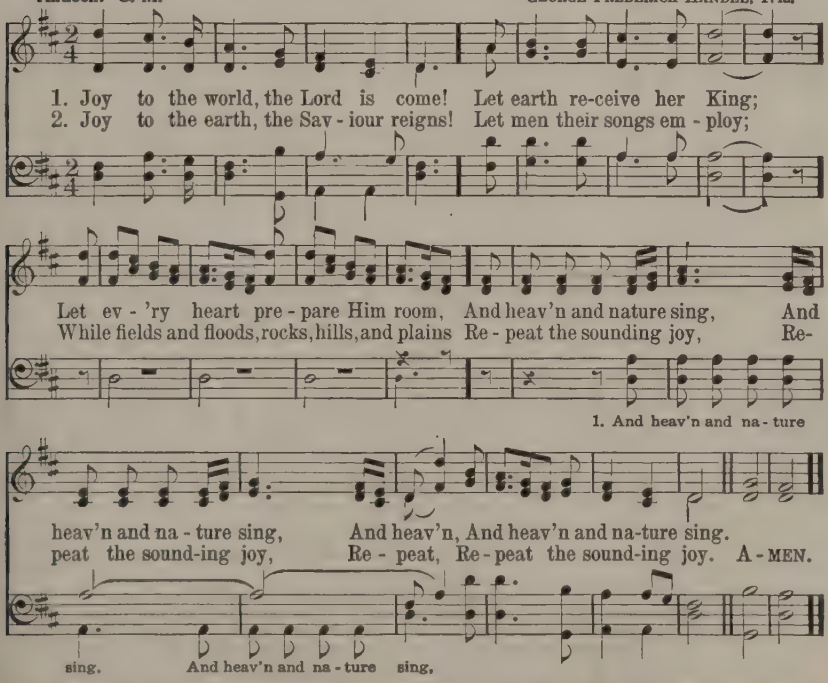
4 O holy Child, Thy manger gleams
Till earth and heaven glow with its beams,
Till midnight turns to brightest noon,
And Jacob's Star outshines the sun.

5 Come, Jesus, glorious heavenly Guest,
Keep Thine own Christmas in our breast,
Then David's harp-strings, hushed so long,
Shall swell our jubilee of song.

Nicolai Frederik Severin Grundtvig, (1783-1872).

32. Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!

Antioch. C. M. GEORGE FREDERICK HÄNDEL, 1742.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the earth, the Sav - iour reigns! Let men their songs em - ploy;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Re - peat the sounding joy, Re-
1. And heav'n and na - ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound-ing joy. A - MEN.
sing. And heav'n and na - ture sing,

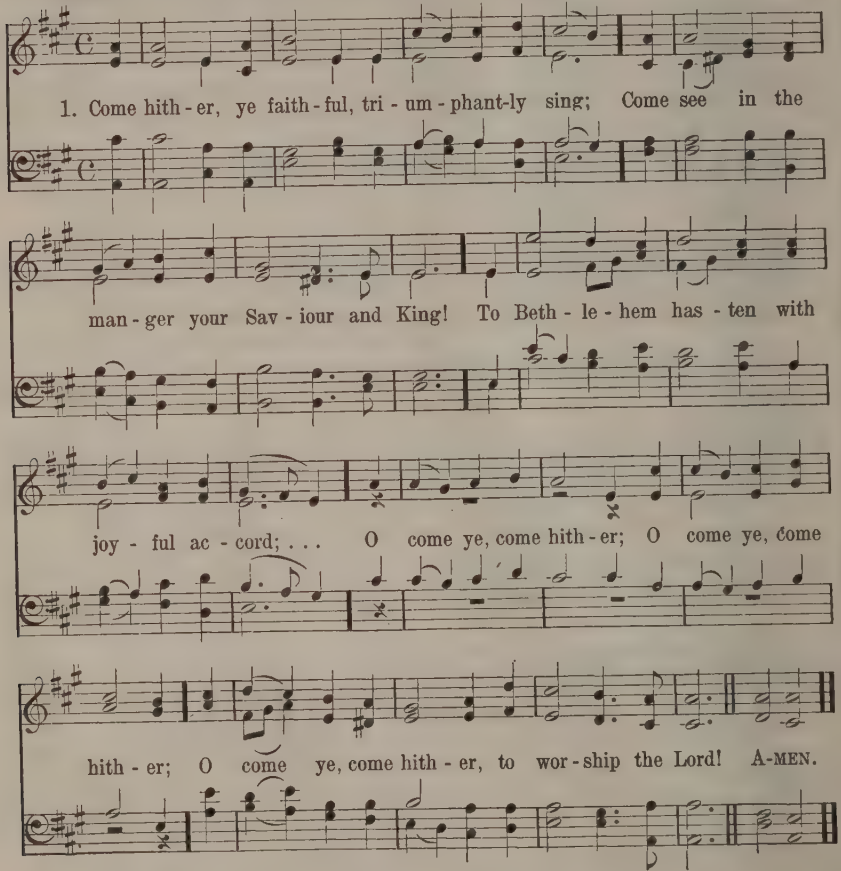
3 No more let sin and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Where'er the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

33. Come Hither, Ye Faithful, Triumphantly Sing!

Adeste Fideles (Portuguese Hymn). 11, 11, 11, 11. JOHN F. WADE'S Cantus Diversi, 1751.


1. Come hith - er, ye faith - ful, tri - um - phant-ly sing; Come see in the
man - ger your Sav - iour and King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten with
joy - ful ac - cord; . . . O come ye, come hith - er; O come ye, come
hith - er; O come ye, come hith - er, to wor - ship the Lord! A-MEN.

2 True Son of the Father, He comes from the skies;
The birth by a virgin He does not despise;
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

3 Hark, hark to the angels, all singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest all glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten with joyful accord;
O come ye, come hither, to worship the Lord!

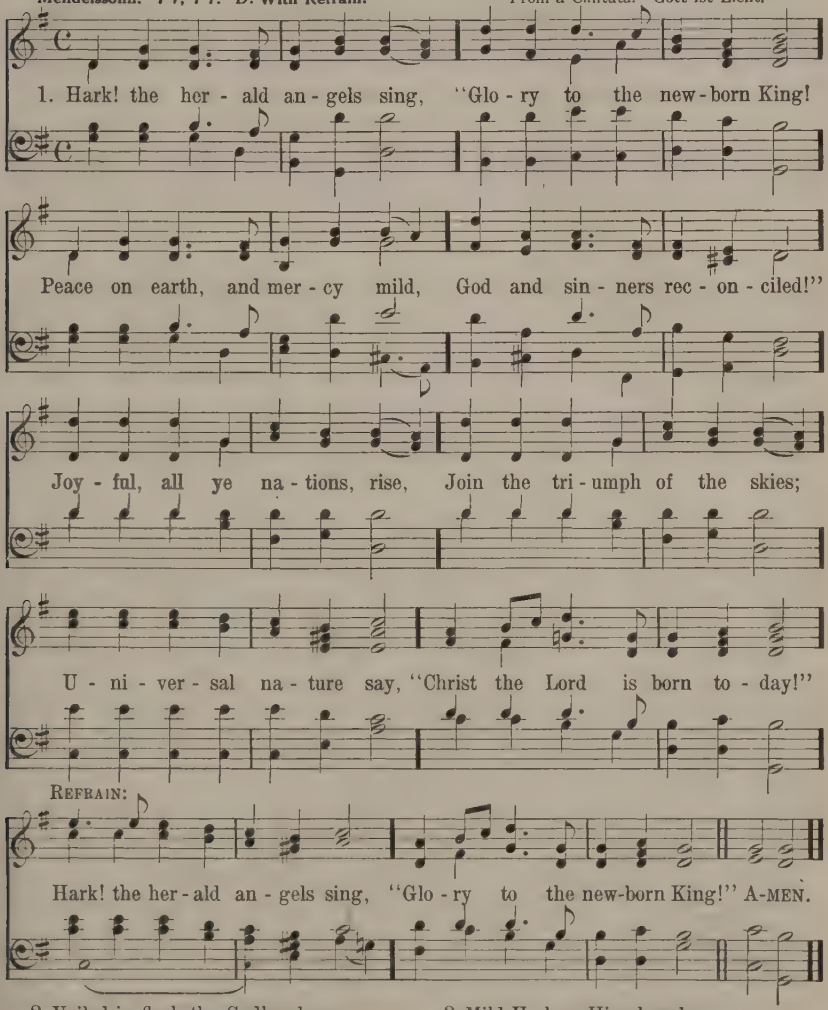
4 To Thee, then, O Jesus, this day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honor through heaven and earth.
True Godhead incarnate, omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten to worship the Lord!

From the Latin of the XVII century.

34. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Mendelssohn. 7 7, 7 7. D. With Refrain.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1840.
From a Cantata: "Gott ist Licht."


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King!
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
U - ni - ver - sal na - ture say, "Christ the Lord is born to - day!"
REFRAIN:
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!" A-MEN.

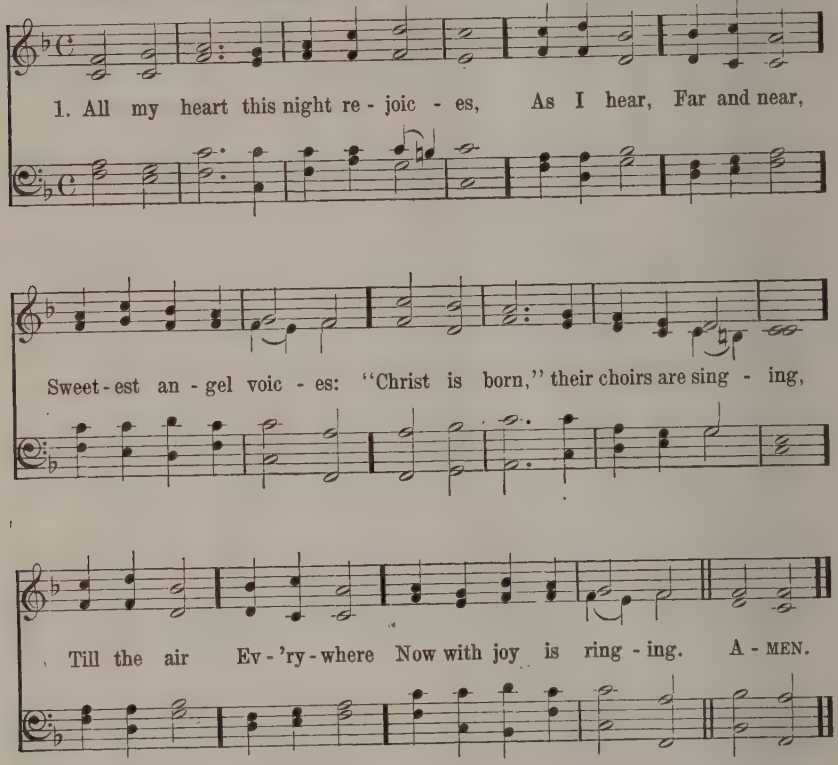
2 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as Man with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Immanuel.
Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

3 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth
Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
O to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart!

Charles Wesley, 1739.

35. All My Heart This Night Rejoices.

Warum sollt ich mich denn grämen. 8 3, 3 6. D. JOHANN GEORG EBELING, 1666.


1. All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, Far and near,
Sweet - est an - gel voic - es: "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air Ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - MEN.

2 Come and banish all your sadness,
One and all,
Great and small,
Come with songs of gladness;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the star
That from far
Bright with hope is burning.

3 Hither come, ye heavy-hearted,
Who for sin,
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near,
One is here
Mighty for their healing.

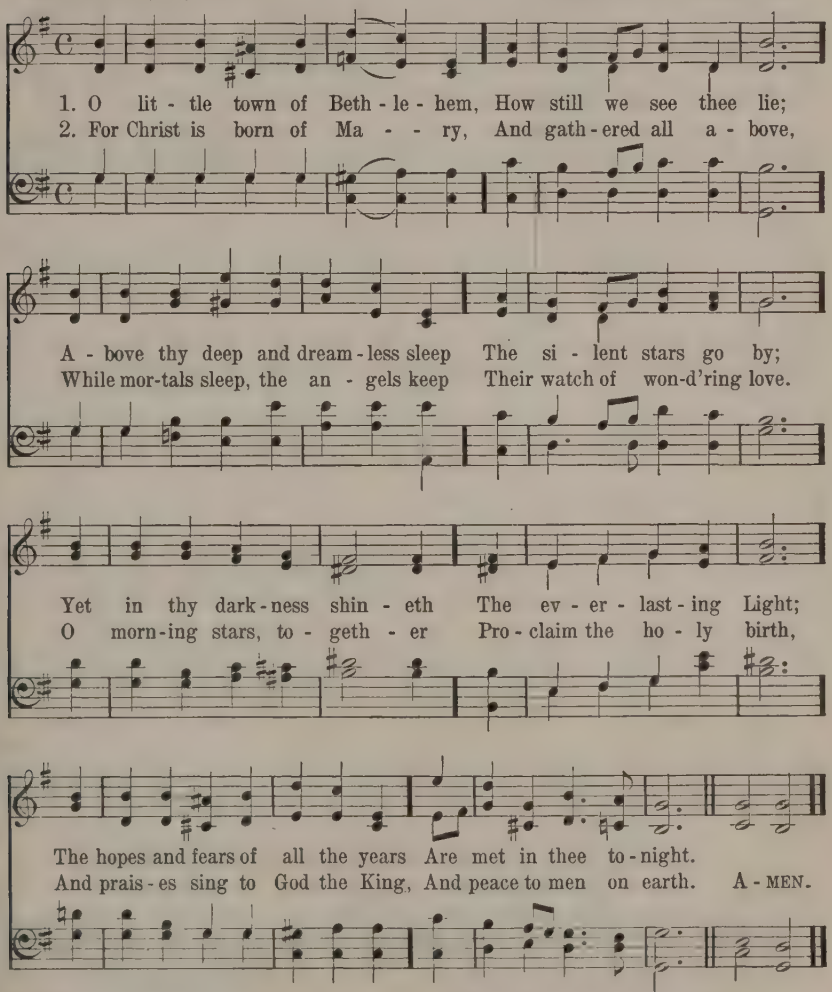
4 Hither come, ye poor and wretched,
Know His will
Is to fill
Every hand outstretchèd;
Here are riches without measure,
Here forget
All regret,
Fill your hearts with treasure.

5 Faithfully Thee, Lord, I'll cherish,
Live to Thee,
And with Thee
Dying, shall not perish,
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high,
In the joy
That can alter never.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

36. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

St. Louis. 8 6, 8 6, 7 6, 8 6. LEWIS HENRY REDNER, 1868.


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
Yet in thy dark - ness shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth. A - MEN.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous Gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

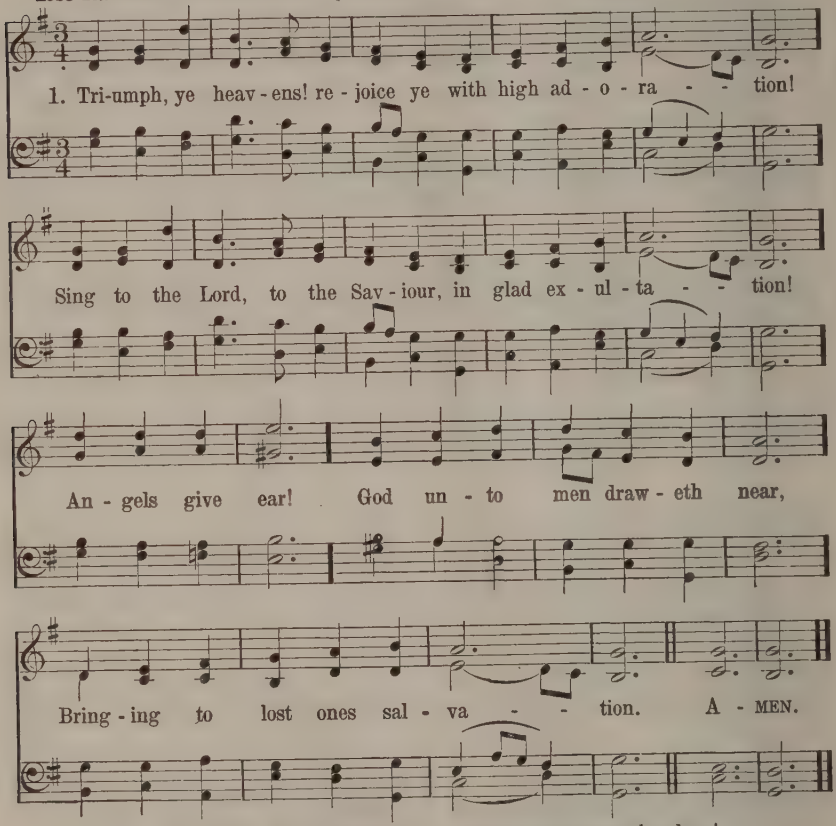
4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel!

Phillips Brooks, 1868.

37. Triumph, Ye Heavens!

Lobe den Herren. 14 14, 4 7 8.

Stralsund Gesangbuch. 1665.
Present form since 1708.


1. Tri-umph, ye heav-ens! re-joice ye with high ad-o-ra-tion!
Sing to the Lord, to the Sav-iour, in glad ex-ul-ta-tion!
An-gels give ear! God un-to men draw-eth near,
Bring-ing to lost ones sal-va-tion. A-MEN.

2 God in man's nature! O mystery past comprehending!
Now is the temple thrown wide and the incense ascending!
Christ is the way!
We who were once far away,
Now at His footstool are bending.

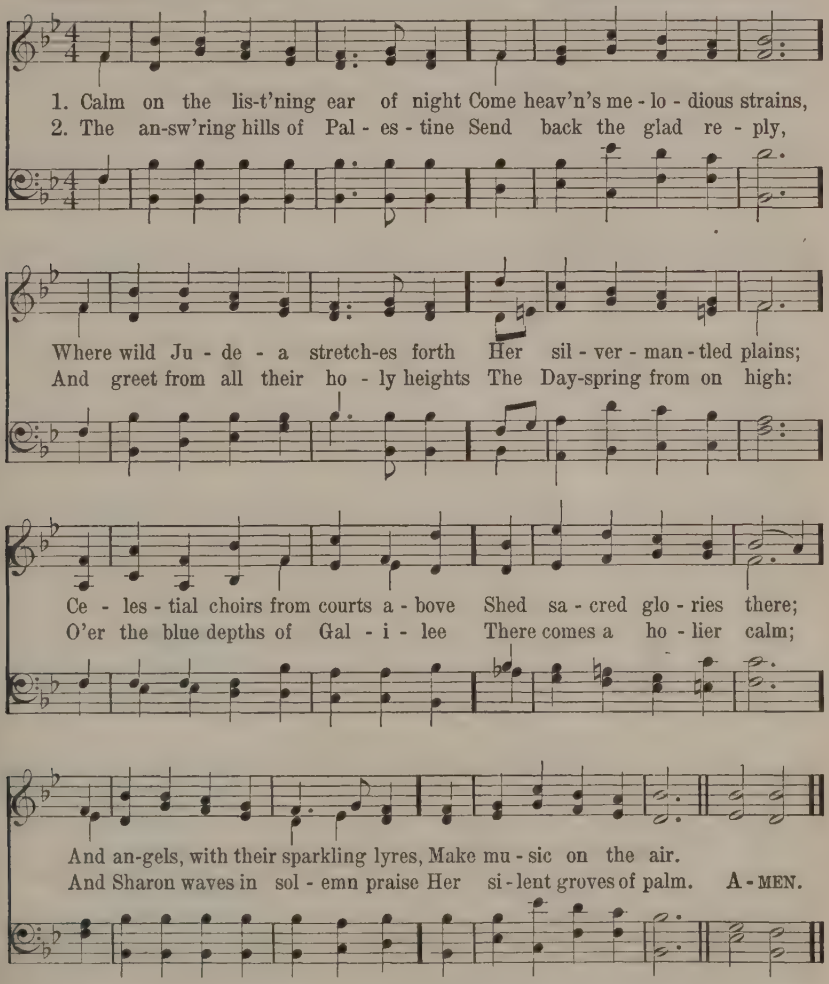
3 Hast Thou, O Holy One, deigned of my need to be thinking?
Chosen me, called me, the waters of life to be drinking?
Shall not my mind
Fullness of blessing here find,
Deep in humility sinking?

4 Faithful Immanuel! let me Thy glories be telling;
Ever, my Saviour, be Thou in mine inmost heart dwelling.
With me abide;
Teach me to stay at Thy side,
Where the love-fountain is welling.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735.

38. Calm on the Listening Ear of Night.

Bethlehem (New). C. M. D. GOTTFRIED WILHELM FINK, 1842.


1. Calm on the lis-t'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me - lo - dious strains,
2. The an-sw'ring hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply,
Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es forth Her sil - ver - man - tled plains;
And greet from all their ho - ly heights The Day-spring from on high:
Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove Shed sa - cred glo - ries there;
O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee There comes a ho - lier calm;
And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu - sic on the air.
And Sharon waves in sol - emn praise Her si - lent groves of palm. A - MEN.

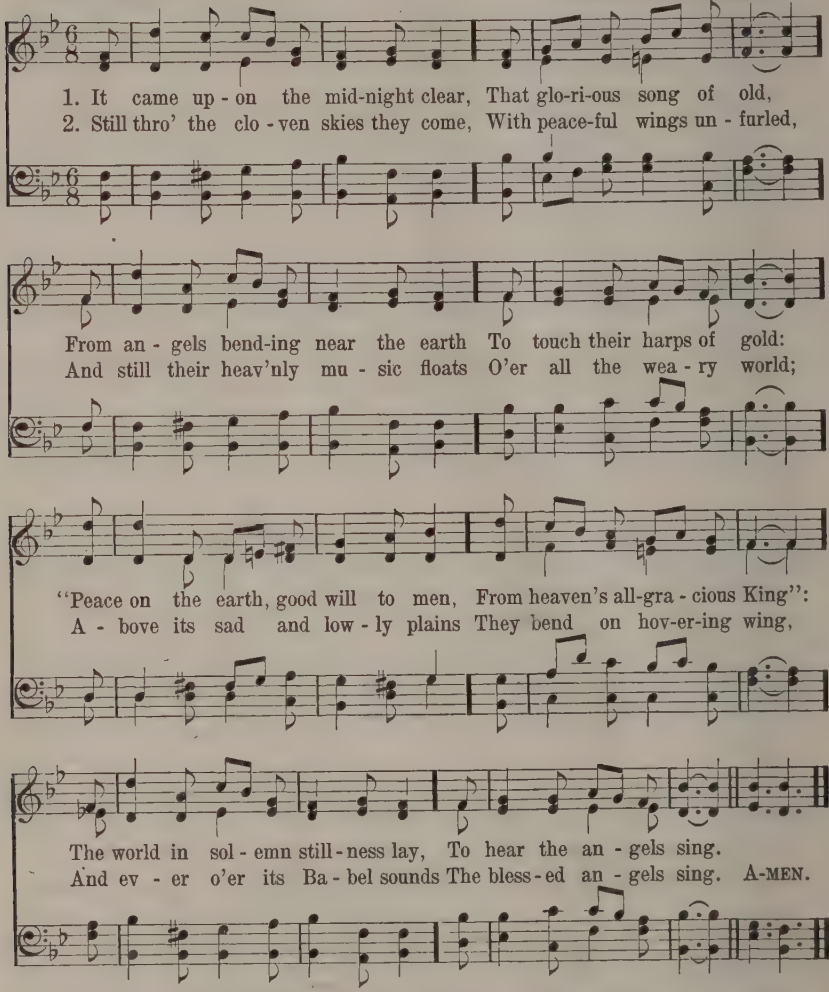
3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good will to men,"
From heaven's eternal King.

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled,
When burst upon that listening night
The high and solemn lay,
"Glory to God; on earth be peace":
Salvation comes to-day.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1834.

39. It Came upon the Midnight Clear.

Carol. C. M. D. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, 1850.

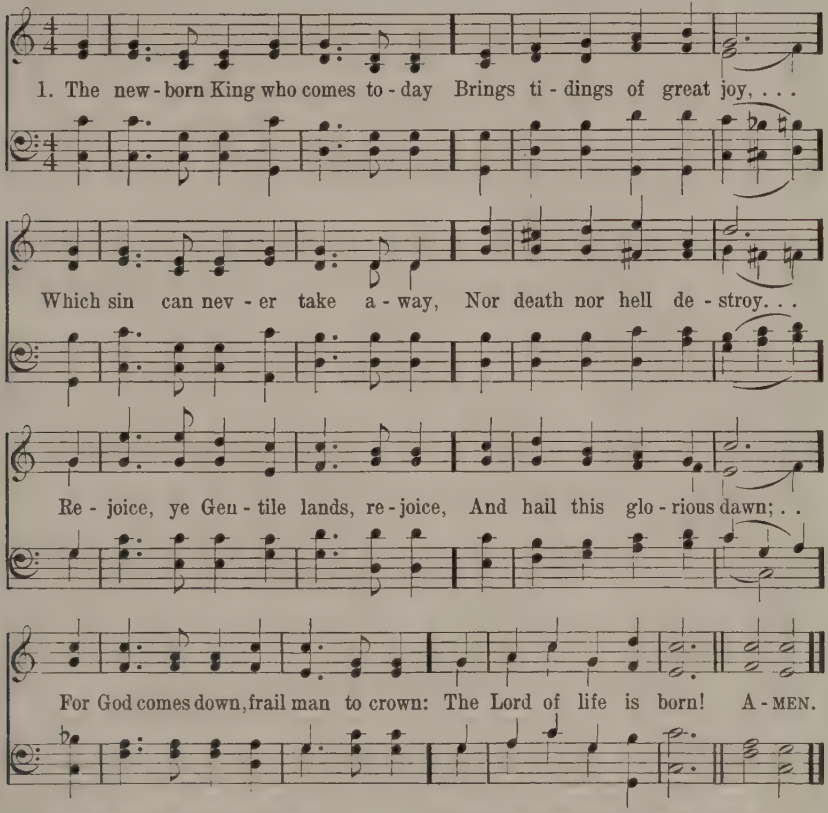

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo-ri-ous song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all-gra - cious King":
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov-er-ing wing,
The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless - ed an - gels sing. A-MEN.

3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears, 1850.

40. The Newborn King Who Comes To-day.

Materna. C. M. D. SAMUEL AUGUSTUS WARD, 1882.

1. The new-born King who comes to-day Brings ti-dings of great joy, . . .
Which sin can nev-er take a-way, Nor death nor hell de-stroy. . .
Re-joice, ye Gen-tile lands, re-joice, And hail this glo-rious dawn; . .
For God comes down, frail man to crown: The Lord of life is born! A-MEN.

2 He comes not as a king of earth,
In pomp and pride to reign;
He seeks a poor and humble birth,
But free from sinful stain;
Rejoice, ye Gentile lands, rejoice,
Glad hymns of triumph sing:
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
He comes, your God and King!

3 For us He leaves His Father's throne,
His sapphire throne on high,
And comes to dwell on earth alone,
For fallen man to die.
Rejoice, ye Gentile lands, rejoice,
All hail Messiah's dawn;
Our God comes down, earth's joy and crown:
The King of Love is born.

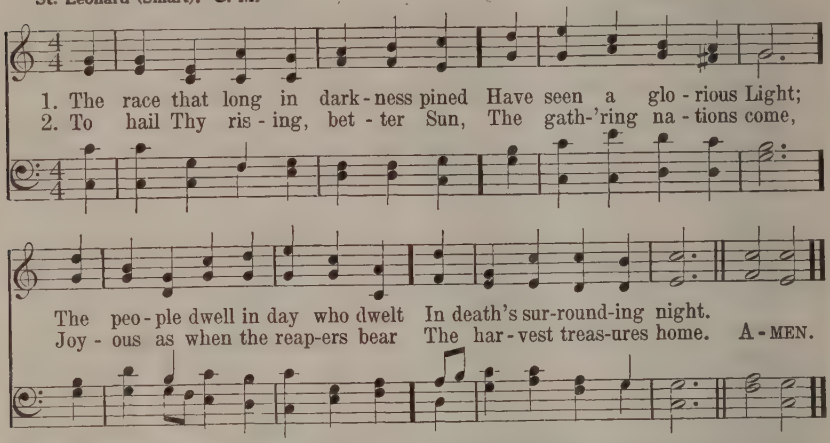
4 Glad Gentiles in their eastern home
His radiant star behold;
To God, their King, they joy to bring
Sweet incense, myrrh, and gold.
Rejoice, ye Gentile lands, rejoice,
In heaven your praises sing,
Before Him fall, the Lord of all,
Your Maker and your King!

5 We join your song, celestial throng,
Whose anthems never cease;
We tune our lyres, with angel choirs,
To hail the Prince of Peace!
Rejoice, ye Gentile lands, rejoice,
All hail Immanuel's morn;
For God comes down, frail man to crown:
To us a Child is born.

Unknown.

41. The Race That Long in Darkness Pined.

St. Leonard (Smart). C. M. HENRY SMART, 1867.


1. The race that long in dark-ness pined Have seen a glo-rious Light;
2. To hail Thy ris-ing, bet-ter Sun, The gath-'ring na-tions come,
The peo-ple dwell in day who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night.
Joy-ous as when the reap-ers bear The har-vest treas-ures home. A-MEN.

3 For Thou our burden hast removed,
And quelled the oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughtered squadrons fell
In Midian's evil day.

4 To us a Child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

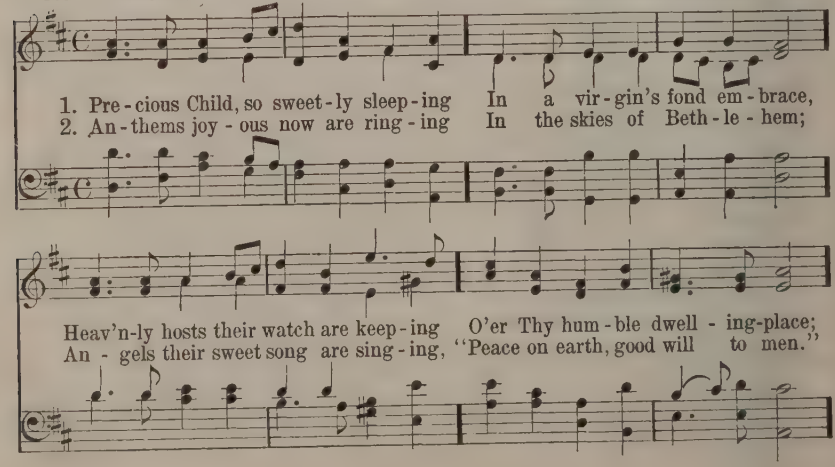
5 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

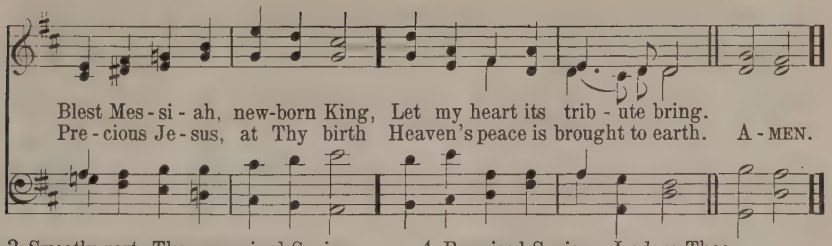
6 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

John Morison, 1781.

42. Precious Child, So Sweetly Sleeping.

Prescott. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. ROBERT PRESCOTT STEWART, 1868.


1. Pre-cious Child, so sweet-ly sleep-ing In a vir-gin's fond em-brace,
2. An-thems joy-ous now are ring-ing In the skies of Beth-le-hem;
Heav'n-ly hosts their watch are keep-ing O'er Thy hum-ble dwell-ing-place;
An-gels their sweet song are sing-ing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."


Blest Mes - si - ah, new-born King, Let my heart its trib - ute bring.
Pre - cious Je - sus, at Thy birth Heaven's peace is brought to earth. A - MEN.

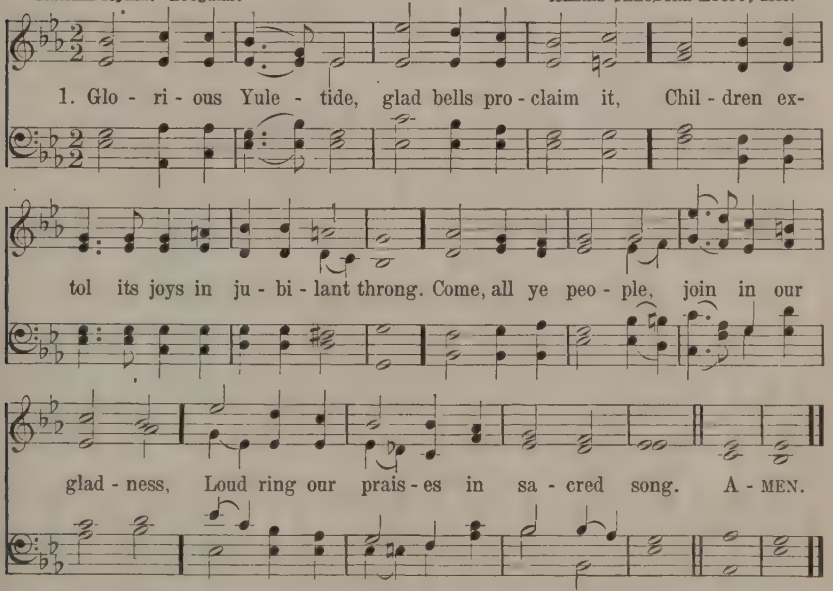
3 Sweetly rest, Thou promised Saviour,
By the prophets long foretold;
Brightly beams the Father's favor,
Now all men His love behold.
Virgin-born Immanuel,
Let my tongue Thy praises tell!

4 Promised Saviour, I adore Thee,
Son of David, Son of God!
What can mortals bring before Thee?
All is Thine on earthly sod.
Take my heart and let it be
Filled with love, dear Child, to Thee.

Anna Hoppe, 1920.

43. Glorious Yuletide, Glad Bells Proclaim It.

Russian Hymn. Irregular. ALEXIS THEODORE LYOFF, 1833.


1. Glo - ri - ous Yule - tide, glad bells pro - claim it, Chil - dren ex-
tol its joys in ju - bi - lant throng. Come, all ye peo - ple, join in our
glad - ness, Loud ring our prais - es in sa - cred song. A - MEN.

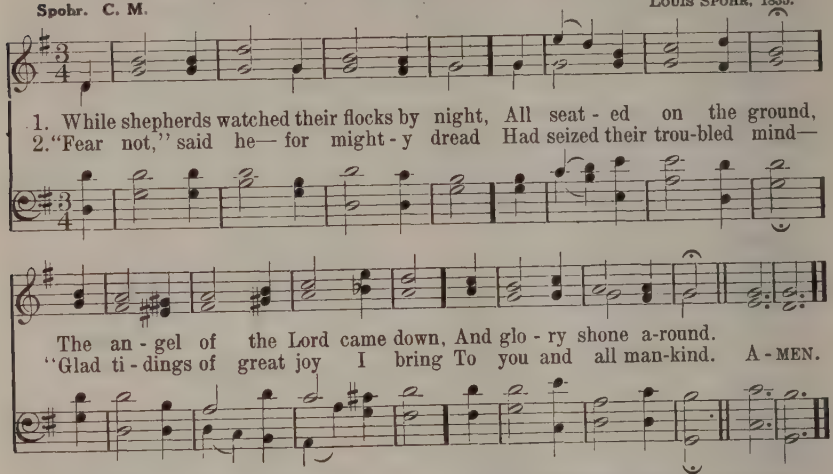
2 Onward to Bethlehem, follow the shepherds,
Gather around the lowly manger and stall.
Join with the angels, welcome the Saviour
Born in the flesh to be Lord of all.

3 Onward to Bethlehem, follow the wise men,
Come from afar their gifts and homage to bring.
Sweeter than incense, prized more than jewels.
Hearts true and loyal unto the King!

Ernst William Olson, 1920.

44. While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.

Spohr. C. M. LOUIS SPOHR, 1835.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,
2. "Fear not," said he— for might - y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind—
The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a-round.
"Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind. A - MEN.

3 "To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

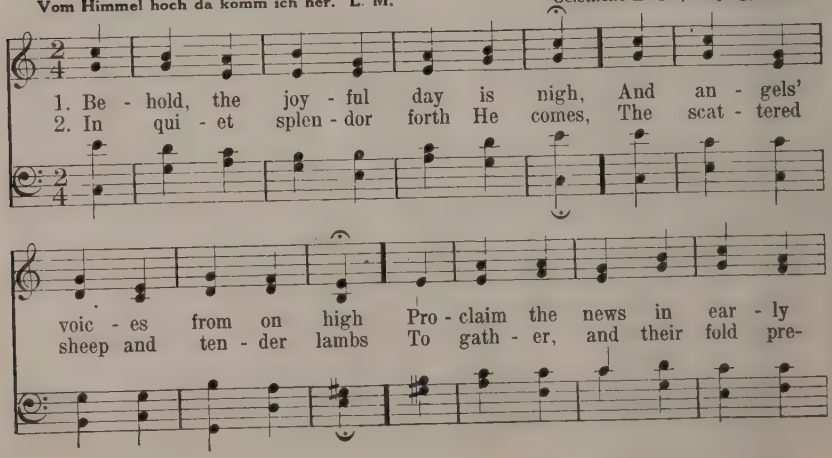
5 Thus spake the Seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

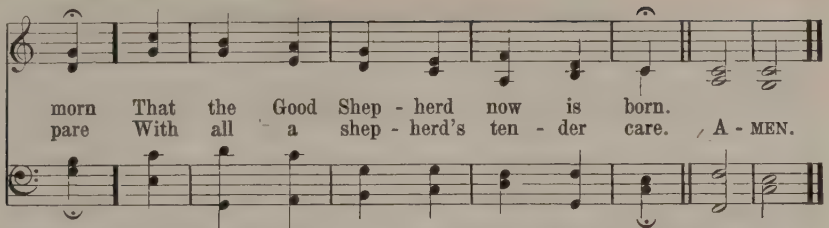
6 "All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate, 1702.

45. Behold, the Joyful Day Is Nigh.

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her. L. M. VALENTIN SCHUMANN'S Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539.


1. Be - hold, the joy - ful day is nigh, And an - gels'
2. In qui - et splen - dor forth He comes, The scat - tered
voic - es from on high Pro - claim the news in ear - ly
sheep and ten - der lambs To gath - er, and their fold pre-



3 The gentle Shepherd we behold
Who, not with silver and with gold,
But by His suffering and His death,
Will save us from eternal wrath.

4 His Church, though small its seed may be,
Shall grow into a mighty tree,
With fruitful branches spreading o'er
The earth till time shall be no more.

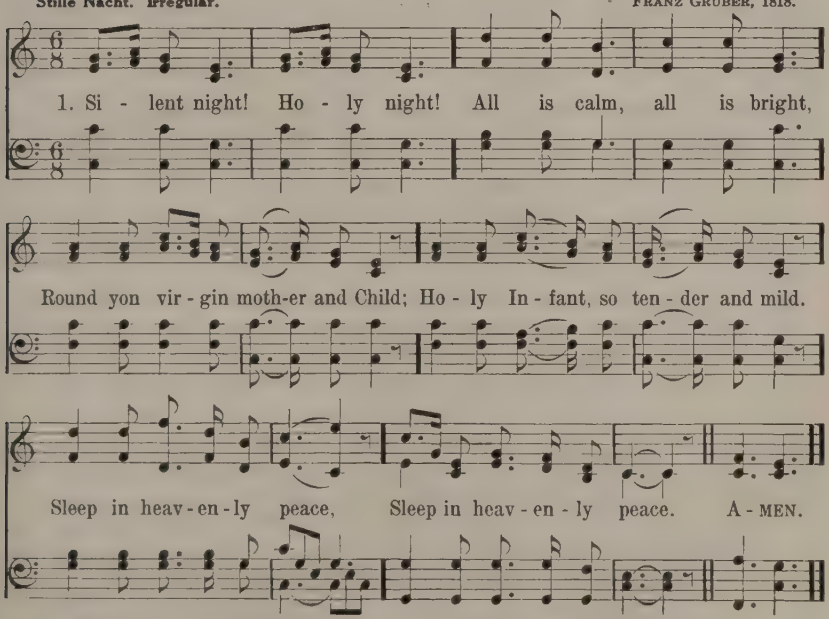
5 Arise and shine, thy Light is come,
O humankind, O Christendom;
Thy glory and thy peace is here;
The Saviour of the world draws near.

6 All praise and glory be to Thee
For wisdom, power, and majesty;
And for Thy grace and mercy, Lord,
Forever be Thy Name adored.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1814.

46. Silent Night! Holy Night!

Stille Nacht. Irregular. FRANZ GRUBER, 1818.


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon vir - gin moth-er and Child; Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild.
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace. A - MEN.

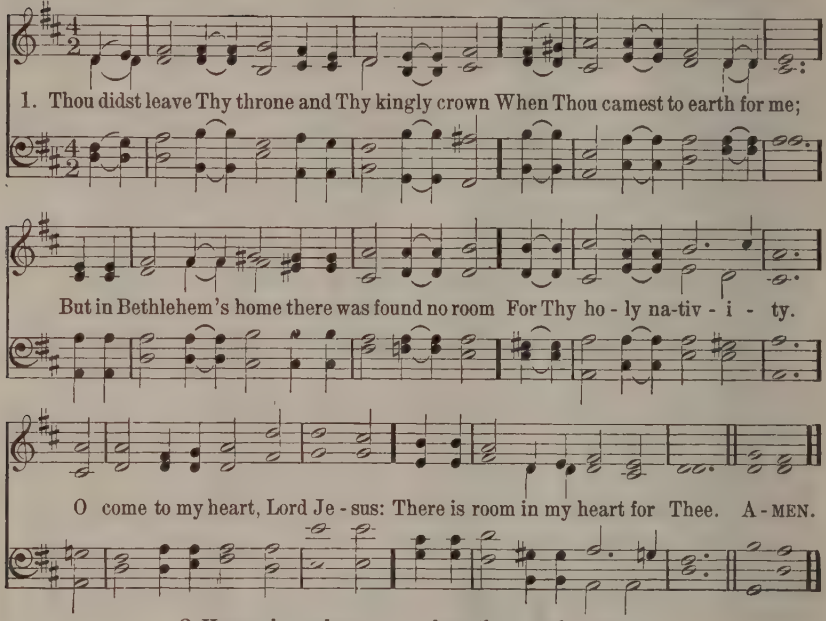
2 Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight:
Glories stream from heaven afar;
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia,
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Joseph Mohr, 1818.

47. Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

Margaret. Irregular. TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1876.


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na-tiv - i - ty.
O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus: There is room in my heart for Thee. A - MEN.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus:
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the bird had its nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the mountains of Galilee.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus:
There is room in my heart for Thee.

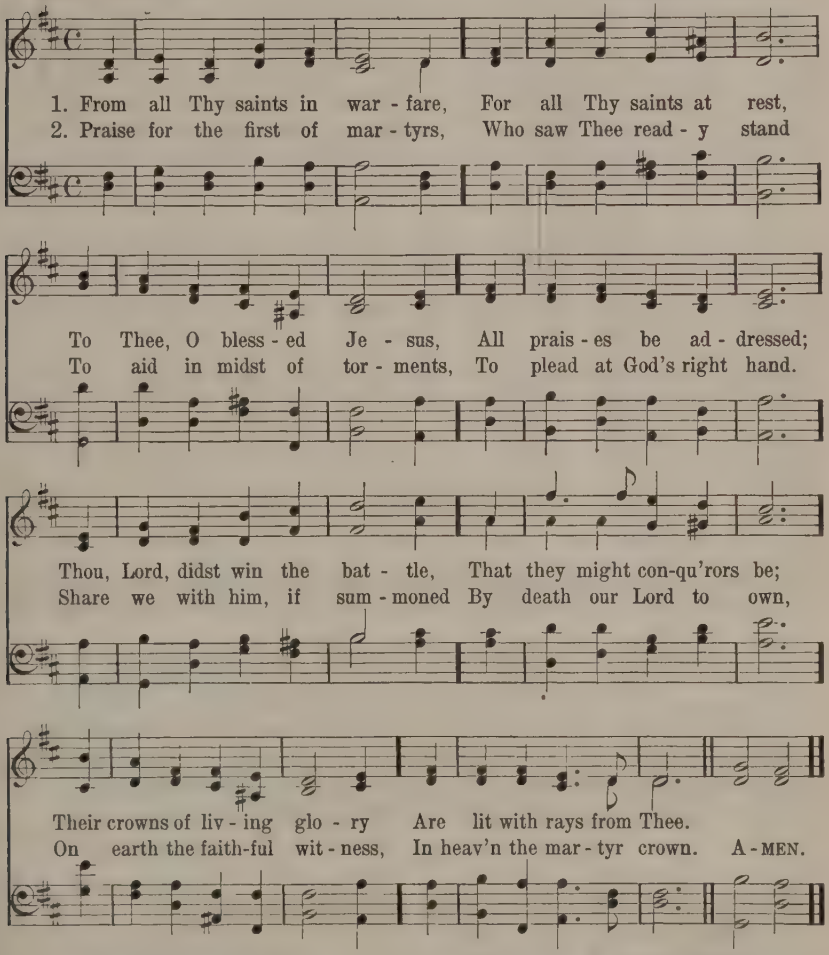
4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy children free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus:
There is room in my heart for Thee.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest to call for me.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1864.

48. From All Thy Saints in Warfare.

Ewing. 76, 76. D. ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.


1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,
2. Praise for the first of mar - tyrs, Who saw Thee read - y stand
To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dressed;
To aid in midst of tor - ments, To plead at God's right hand.
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle, That they might con-qu'rors be;
Share we with him, if sum - moned By death our Lord to own,
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee.
On earth the faith-ful wit - ness, In heav'n the mar - tyr crown. A - MEN.

3 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song,
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

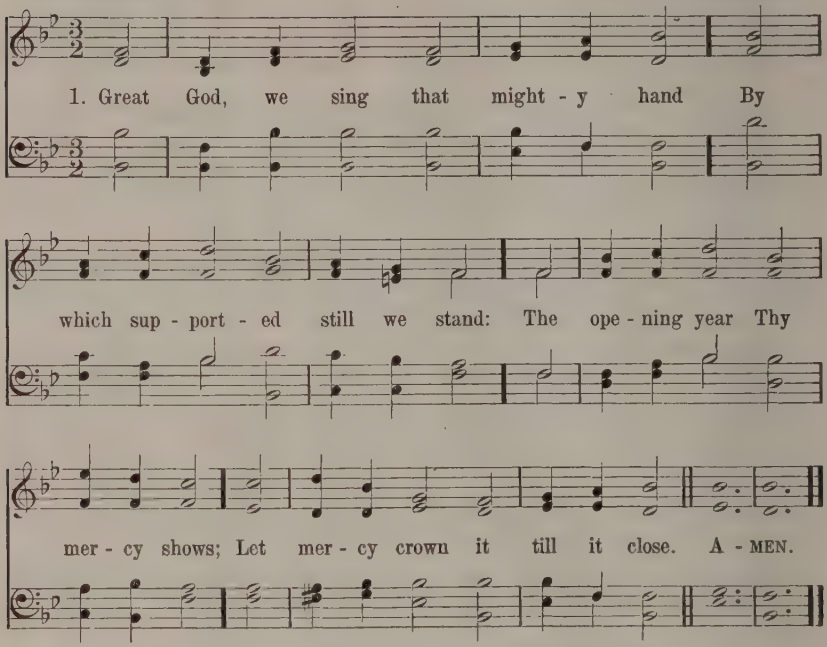
4 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Horatio Nelson, 1864.

Other suitable hymns for this day are those for All Saints' Day. For hymns suitable for the Sunday after Christmas see Candlemas.

49. Great God, We Sing That Mighty Hand.

Hebron (Mason). L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.


1. Great God, we sing that might - y hand By
which sup - port - ed still we stand: The ope - ning year Thy
mer - cy shows; Let mer - cy crown it till it close. A - MEN.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before Thy feet.

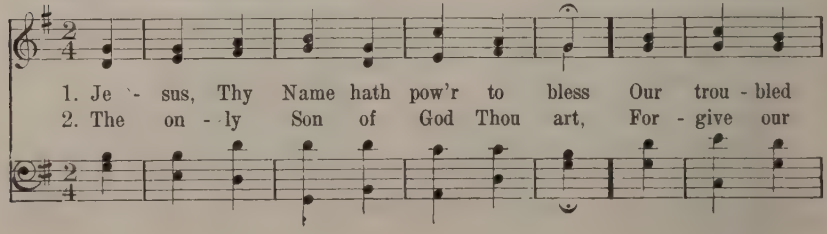
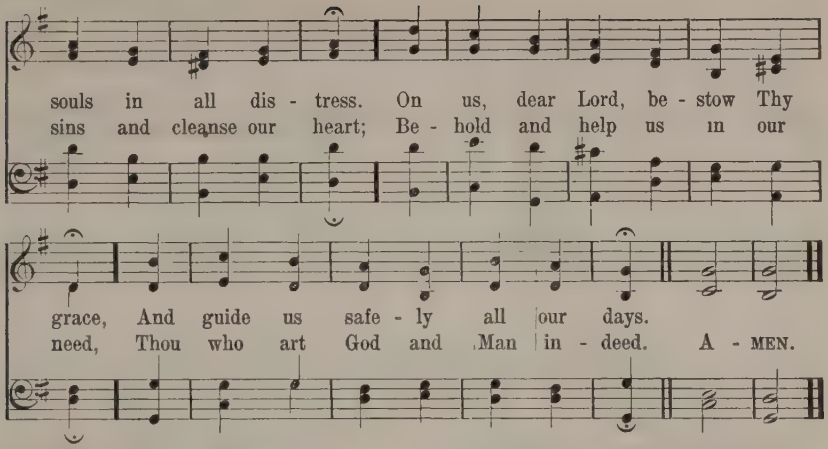
4 In scenes exalted or deprest,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

50. Jesus, Thy Name Hath Power to Bless.

Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein. L. M. Genevan French Psalter, 1542.



souls in all dis - tress. On us, dear Lord, be - stow Thy
sins and cleanse our heart; Be - hold and help us in our
grace, And guide us safe - ly all our days.
need, Thou who art God and Man in - deed. A - MEN.

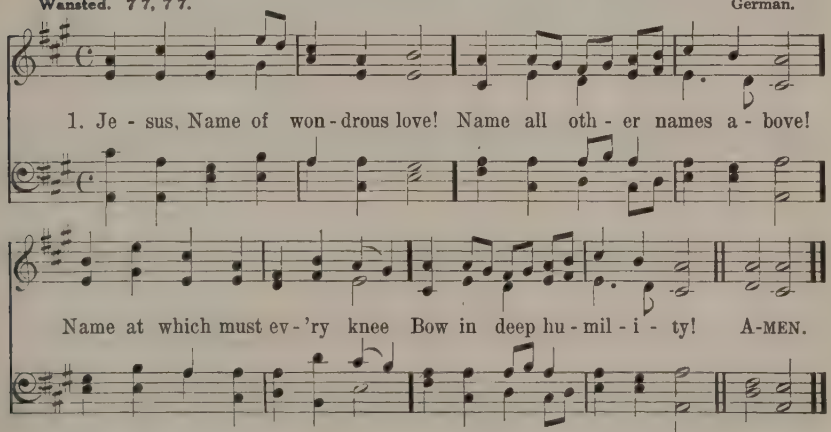
3 In Thee is all our righteousness,
In Thee all peace and blessedness.
Who trusteth in Thy holy Name
Shall be redeemed from sin and shame.

4 We praise Thee for Thy living Word,
And for Thy sacraments, O Lord.
Grant us Thy peace in all our strife,
And after death eternal life.

Basilius Förtsch, 1612.

51. Jesus, Name of Wondrous Love.

Wansted. 7 7, 7 7. German.



2 Jesus, Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave:
"Jesus shall His people save."

3 Jesus, Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below!

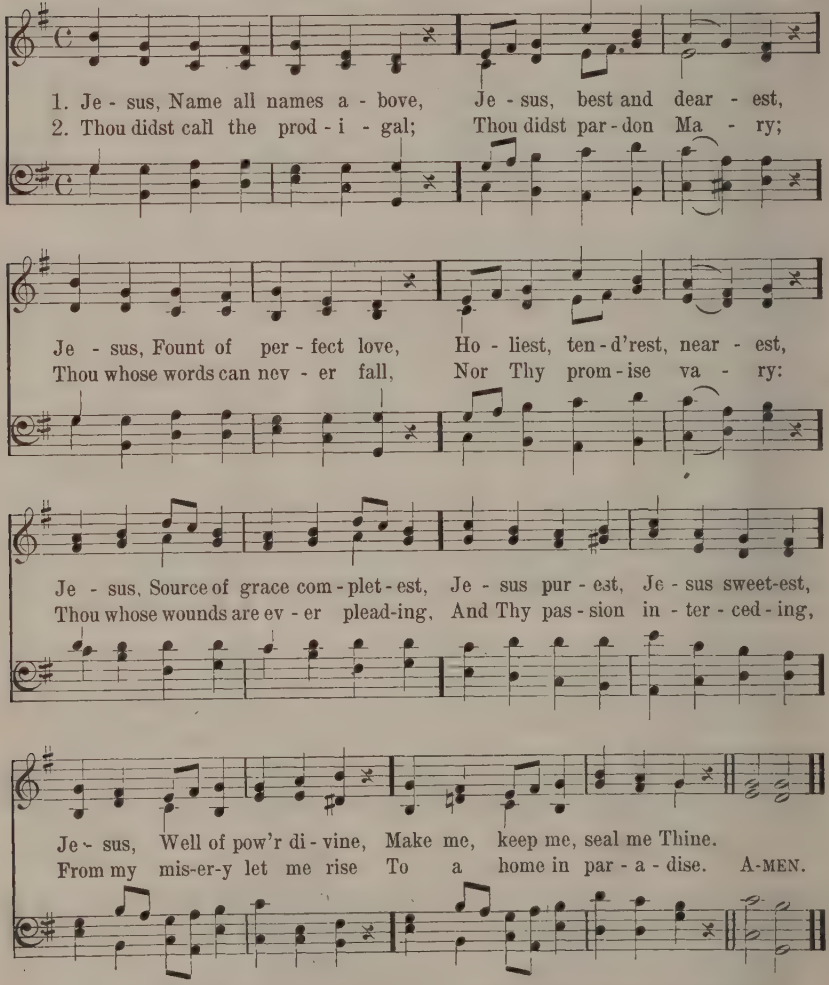
4 Jesus, only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus, Name of wondrous love!
Human Name of Him above!
Pleading only this, we flee
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

William Walsham How, 1854.

52. Jesus, Name All Names Above.

Underbar en stjärna blid. 7 6, 7 6, 8 8, 7 7. ANTON PETER BERGGREEN, d, 1880.


1. Je - sus, Name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est,
2. Thou didst call the prod - i - gal; Thou didst par - don Ma - ry;
Je - sus, Fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, ten - d'rest, near - est,
Thou whose words can nev - er fall, Nor Thy prom - ise va - ry:
Je - sus, Source of grace com - plet - est, Je - sus pur - est, Je - sus sweet-est,
Thou whose wounds are ev - er plead-ing, And Thy pas - sion in - ter - ced - ing,
Je - sus, Well of pow'r di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.
From my mis-er-y let me rise To a home in par - a - dise. A-MEN.

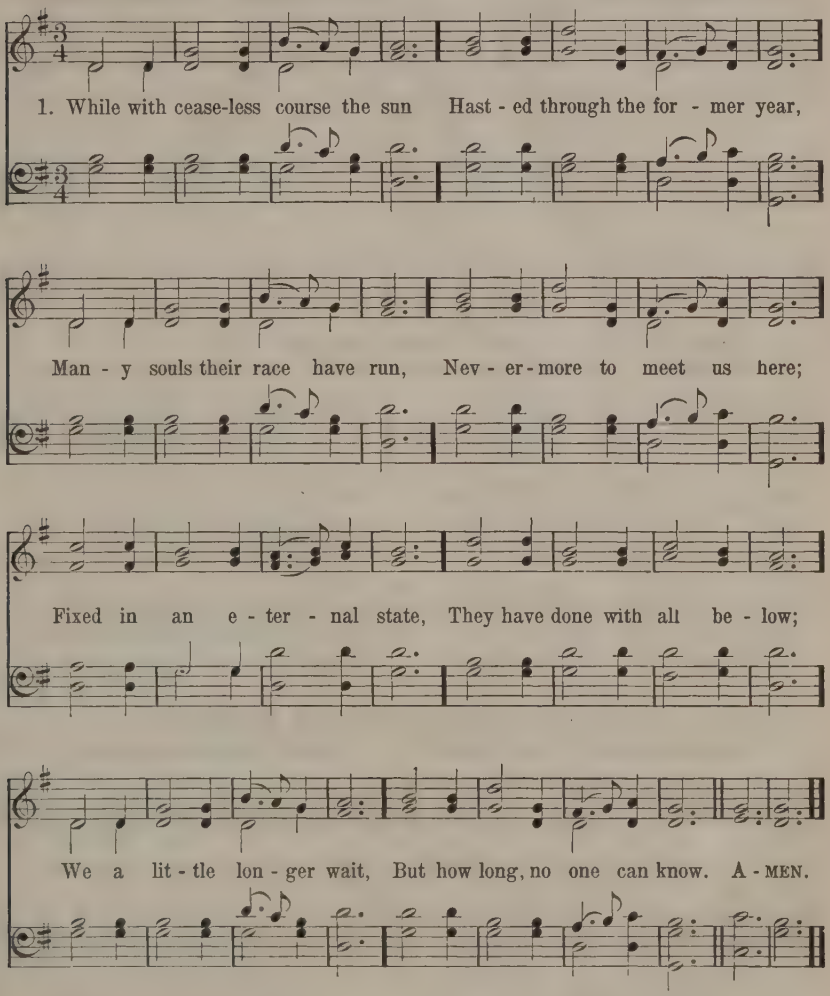
3 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression,
Bitter was Thine agony,
Steadfast Thy confession;
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment;
Let not all Thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary be in vain.

4 When I reach death's bitter sea,
And its waves roll higher,
Jesus, come, be near to me,
As the storm draws nigher:
Jesus, leave me not to languish,
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish!
Tell me,—"Verily, I say,
Thou shalt be with Me to-day!"

Theoctistus of the Studium (b. about 390).

53. While with Ceaseless Course the Sun.

Wells. 7 7, 7 7. D. MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.


1. While with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,
Man - y souls their race have run, Nev - er - more to meet us here;
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;
We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how long, no one can know. A - MEN.

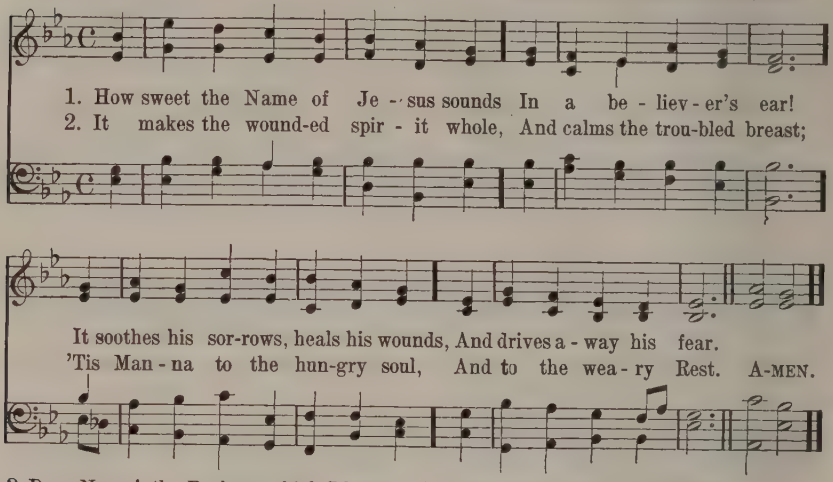
2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream:
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy Word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

John Newton. 1774.

54. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

St. Peter. C. M. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.


1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou-bled breast;
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis Man - na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry Rest. A-MEN.

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place;
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled:
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

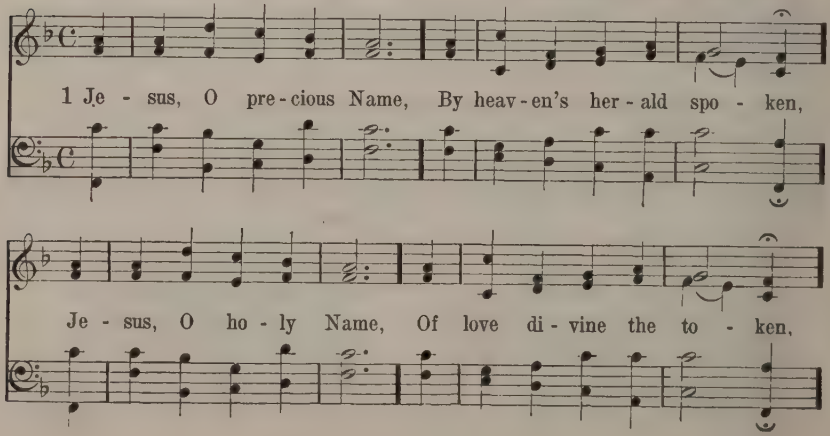
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

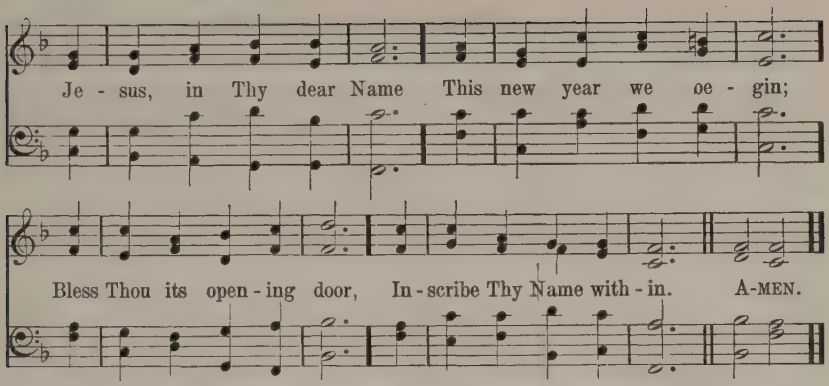
6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

55. Jesus, O Precious Name.

O Gott, du frommer Gott. 6 7, 6 7, 6 6, 6 6. JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL, 1710.



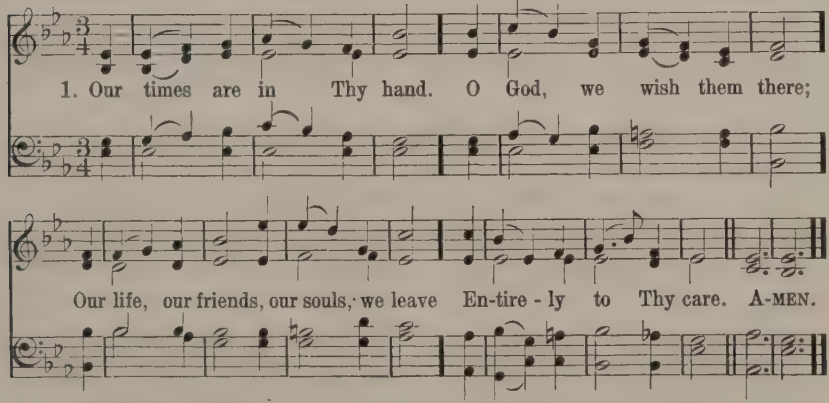


2 Jesus, O precious Name,
In Thee our hopes are centered,
In Thee, O mighty Name,
This new year we have entered.
Though seasons come and go,
Thou, Lord, art still the same;
Immovable is still
That solid Rock, Thy Name.

3 Jesus, O precious Name,
Thou bringest peace and gladness,
Jesus, O worshiped Name,
Dispelling all our sadness,
In hallowed temple halls
Thy sacred echo rings,
While heaven's ransomed host
Thy praise in glory sings.

Anna Hoppe, 1918.

56. Our Times Are in Thy Hand.

Glezen S. M. E. K. GLEZEN.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand;
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

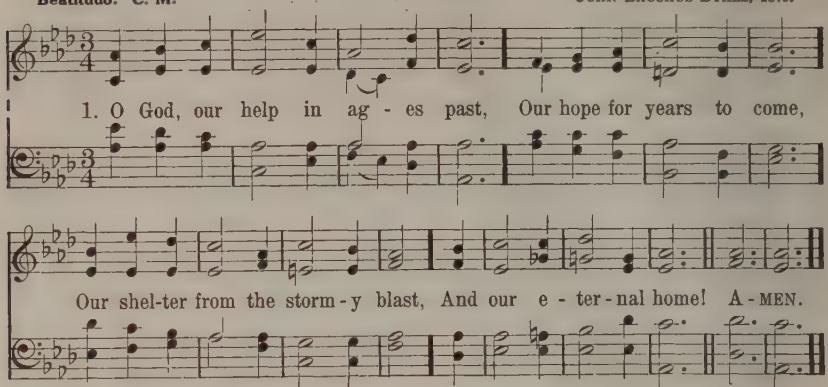
4 Our times are in Thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified;
The hand our many sins have pierced
Is now our guard and guide.

5 Our times are in Thy hand:
We'll always trust in Thee,
Till we have left the weary land
And all Thy glory see.

William Freeman Lloyd, 1841, a.

57. O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

Beatitudo. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.



2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

58. Help Us, O Lord, Behold, We Enter.

98, 98, 88. [*Tune of No. 59.*]

1 Help us, O Lord, behold, we enter
Upon another year to-day;
In Thee our hopes and thoughts we center,
Renew our courage for the way:
New life, new strength, new happiness
We ask of Thee, O hear and bless!

2 May every plan and undertaking
This year be all begun with Thee;
When I am sleeping or am waking,
Still let me know Thou art with me;
Abroad do Thou my footsteps guide,
At home be ever at my side.

3 Be this a time of grace and pardon;
Thy rod I take with willing mind,
But suffer naught my heart to harden,
And let me now Thy mercy find;
In Thee alone, my God, I live,
Thou only canst my sins forgive.

4 And may this year to me be holy;
Thy grace so fill my every thought,
That all my life be pure and lowly
And truthful as a Christian's ought;
So make me, while yet dwelling here,
Faithful and blest from year to year.

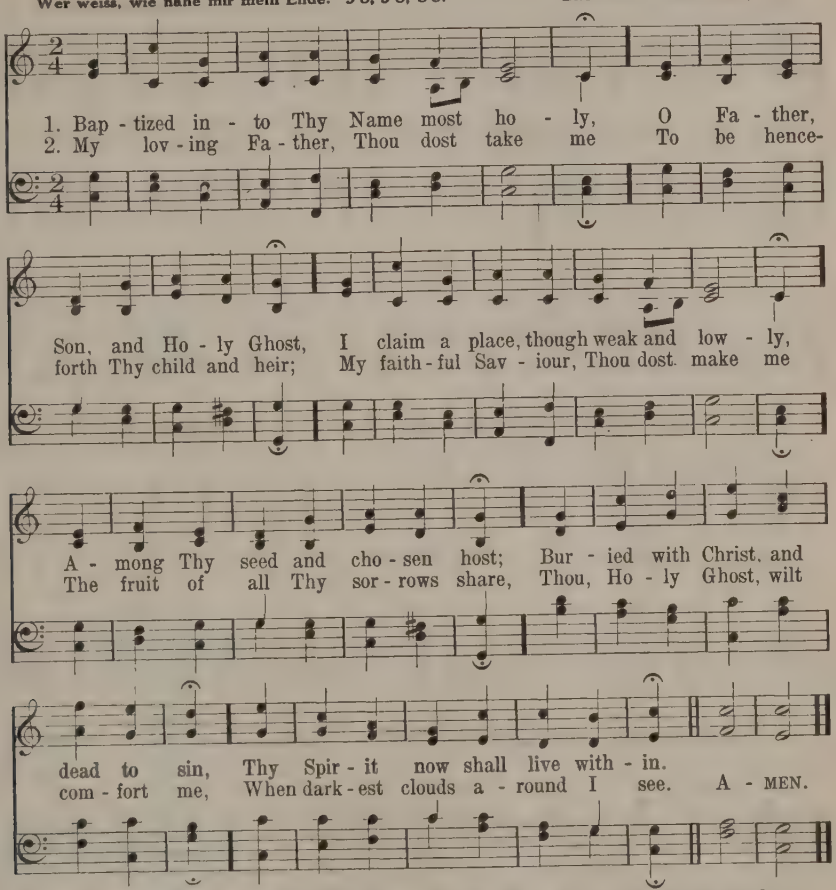
5 Jesus, be with me and direct me;
Jesus, my plans and hopes inspire;
Jesus, from tempting thoughts protect me;
Jesus, be all my heart's desire;
Jesus, be in my thoughts all day,
Nor suffer me to fall away.

6 Grant, Lord, that when the year is over,
For me in perfect peace it close.
In all things care for me, and cover
My head in time of fear and woes;
So may I, when my years are gone,
Appear with joy before Thy throne.

Johann Rist, 1642.

59. Baptized into Thy Name Most Holy.

Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende. 98, 98, 88. BRONNER'S Choral-Buch, 1715.


1. Bap - tized in - to Thy Name most ho - ly, O Fa - ther,
2. My lov - ing Fa - ther, Thou dost take me To be hence-
Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, I claim a place, though weak and low - ly,
forth Thy child and heir; My faith - ful Sav - iour, Thou dost make me
A - mong Thy seed and cho - sen host; Bur - ied with Christ, and
The fruit of all Thy sor - rows share, Thou, Ho - ly Ghost, wilt
dead to sin, Thy Spir - it now shall live with - in.
com - fort me, When dark - est clouds a - round I see. A - MEN.

3 And I have vowed to fear and love Thee,
And to obey Thee, Lord, alone;
I felt Thy Holy Spirit move me,
And freely pledged myself Thine own,
Renouncing sin to keep the faith,
And war with evil unto death.

4 My faithful God, Thou failest never,
Thy covenant will e'er abide;
O cast me not away forever,
Should I transgress it on my side;
If I have sore my soul defiled,
Yet still forgive, restore thy child.

5 Yea, all I am, and love most dearly,—
To Thee anew I give the whole;
O let me make my vows sincerely,
Take full possession of my soul,
Let naught within me, naught I own,
Serve any will but Thine alone.

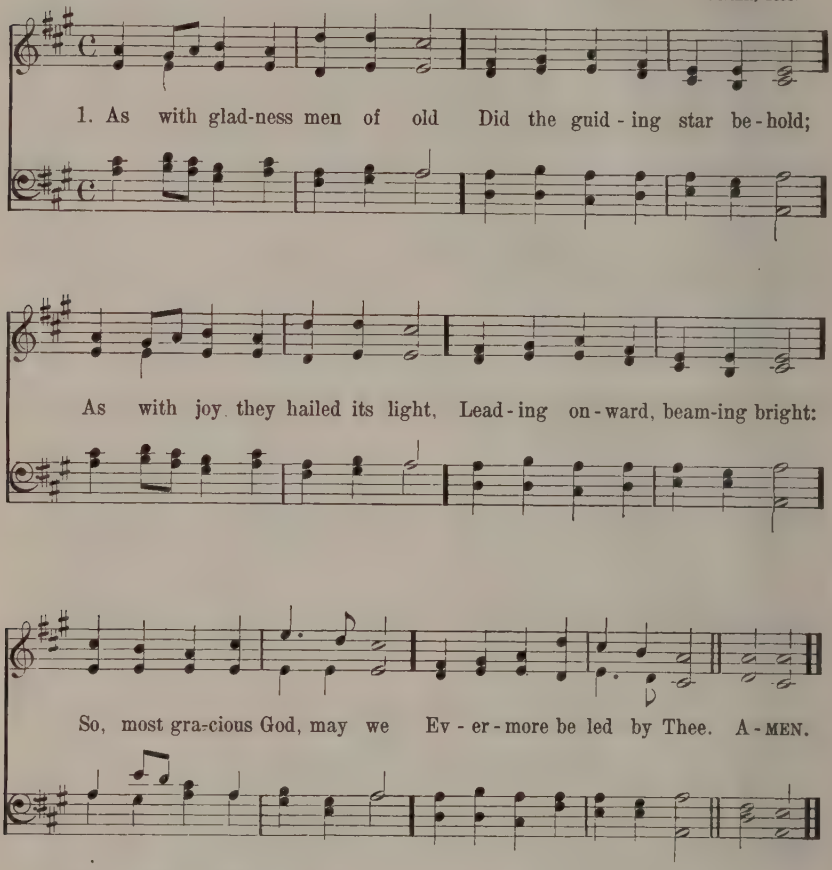
6 And never let my purpose falter,
O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
But keep me faithful to Thine altar,
Till Thou shalt call me from my post;
To Thee I thus will live and die,
And praise Thee evermore on high.

Johann Jacob Rambach, 1734.

For other hymns suitable for this Sunday see Baptism and Trinity.

60. As with Gladness Men of Old.

Dix. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.


1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright:
So, most gra-cious God, may we Ev-er-more be led by Thee. A-MEN.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we, with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

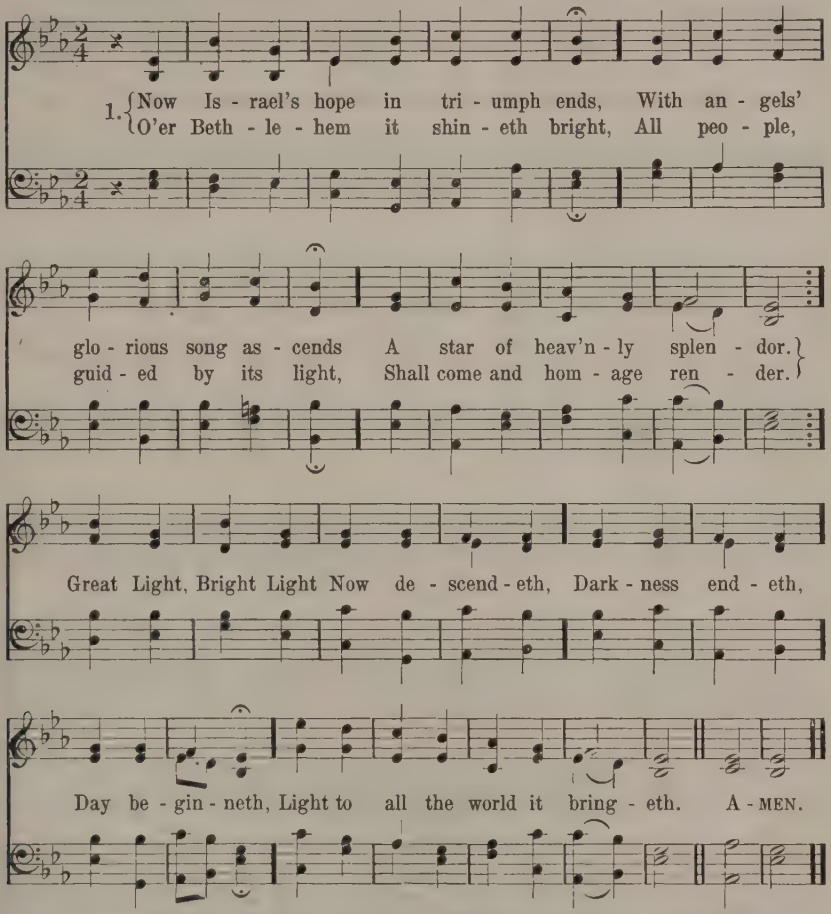
4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light:
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix, 1860.

61. Now Israel's Hope in Triumph Ends.

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern. 8 8 7, 8 8 7, 8 8 8. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.


1. Now Is - rael's hope in tri - umph ends, With an - gels'
O'er Beth - le - hem it shin - eth bright, All peo - ple,
glo - rious song as - cends A star of heav'n - ly splen - dor.
guid - ed by its light, Shall come and hom - age ren - der.
Great Light, Bright Light Now de - scend - eth, Dark - ness end - eth,
Day be - gin - neth, Light to all the world it bring - eth. A - MEN.

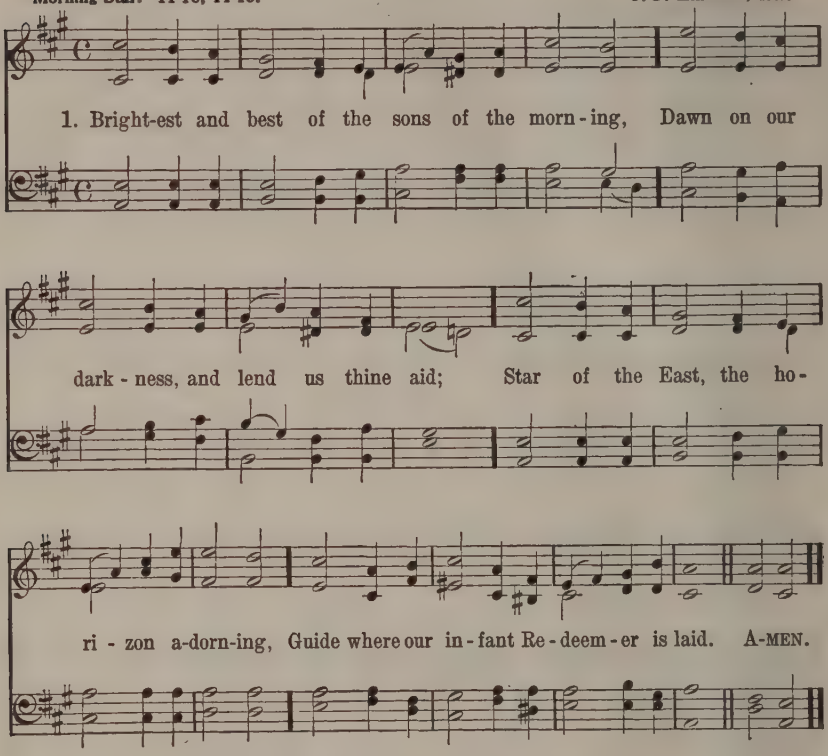
2 Among us dwells in truth and grace
The hidden God, who loves our race;
He brought us all salvation.
The glory of the Son we see,
The only Son's true majesty,
And bow in adoration.
Draw near,
And hear,
Every nation,
Now salvation
God bestoweth,
And His love and mercy showeth.

3 Rejoice, my soul, and bless His Name
Who to the lost and fallen came
To open heaven's portals.
Rejoice that God will mercy show,
The broken covenant renew
With us poor sinful mortals.
Now be
Glory
Ever given
God in heaven;
Peace unending
Be to earth from heaven descending.

Samuel Johan Hedborn, 1811.

62. Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

Morning Star. 11 10, 11 10. J. P. HARDING, 1861.


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

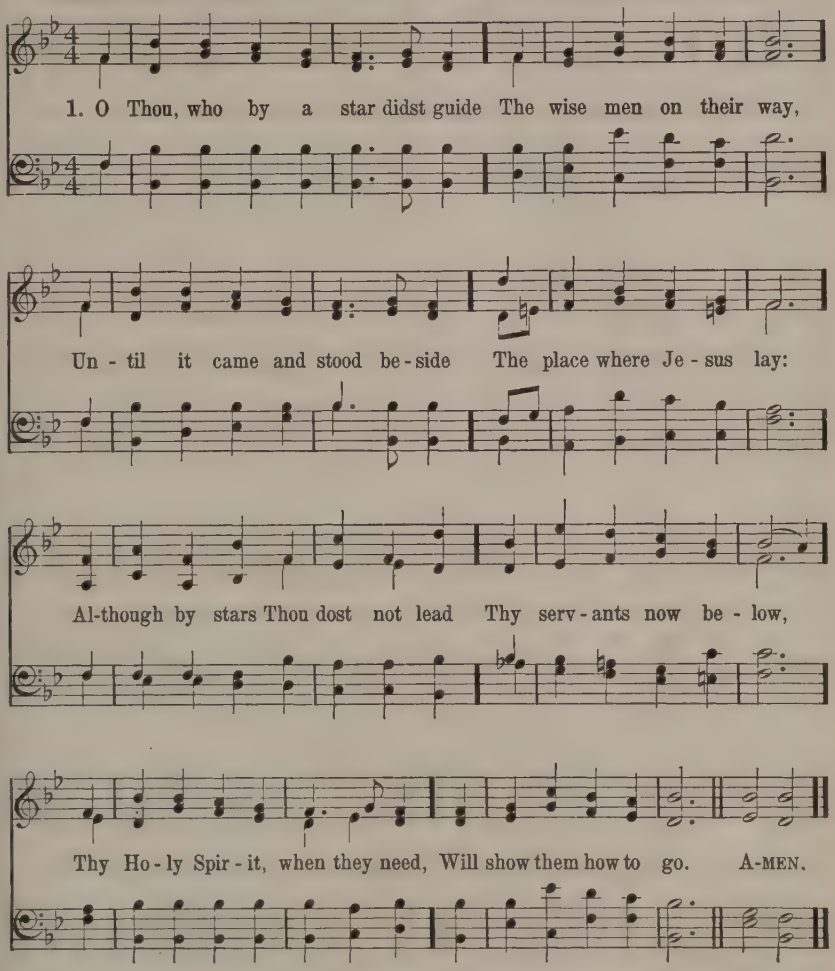
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

63. O Thou, Who by a Star Didst Guide.

Bethlehem (New). C. M. D. GOTTFRIED WILHELM FINK, 1842.


1. O Thou, who by a star didst guide The wise men on their way,
Un - til it came and stood be - side The place where Je - sus lay:
Al-though by stars Thou dost not lead Thy serv - ants now be - low,
Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, when they need, Will show them how to go. A-MEN.

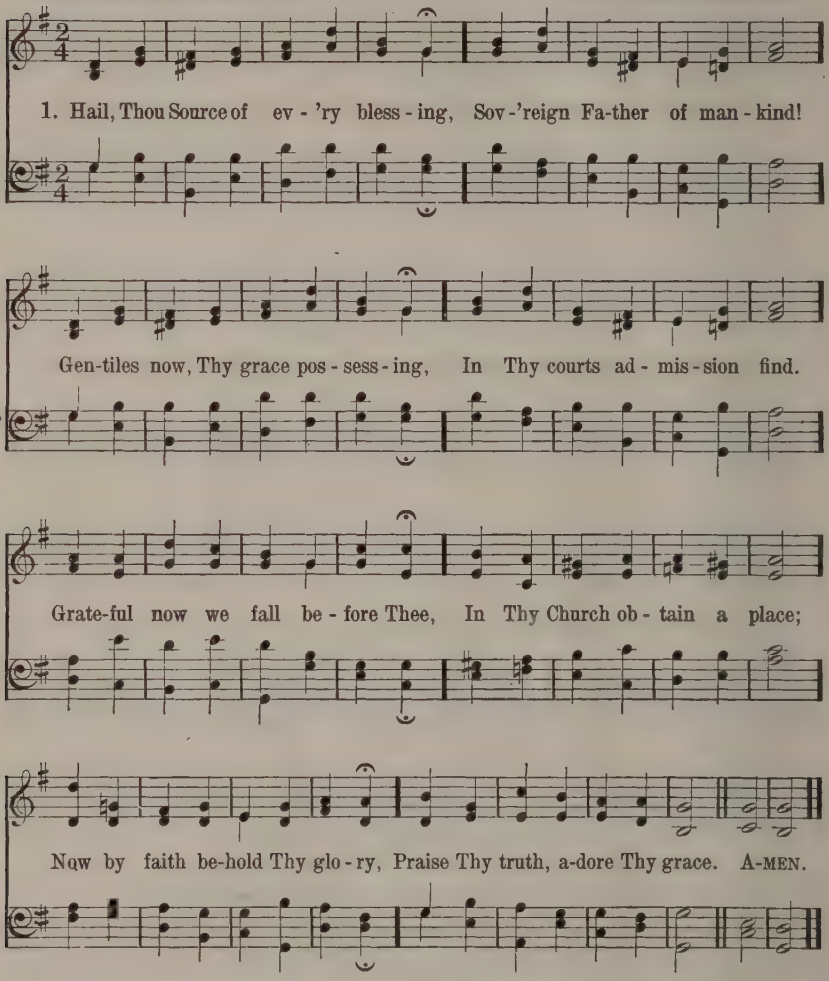
Or: St. Leonard, No. 219.

2 As yet we know Thee but in part,
But still we trust Thy Word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.
O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face,
Hereafter as Thou art.

John Mason Neale, 1842.

64. Hail, Thou Source of Every Blessing.

Jesus är min vän den bäste. 8 7, 8 7. D. GUSTAF DÜBEN, 1674.

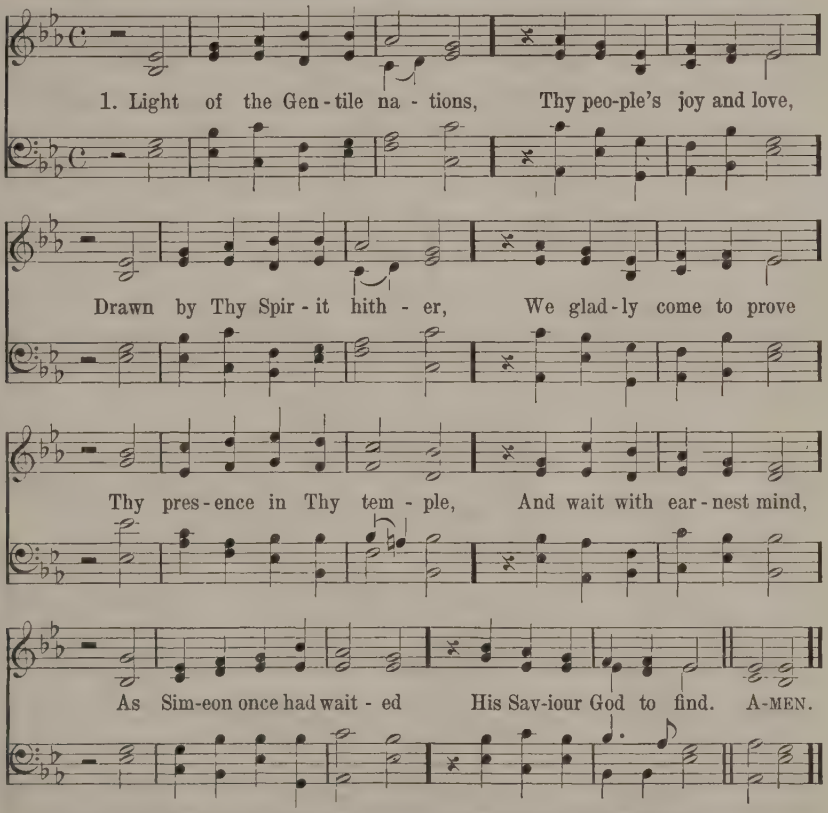

1. Hail, Thou Source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Sov - 'reign Fa-ther of man - kind!
Gen-tiles now, Thy grace pos - sess - ing, In Thy courts ad - mis - sion find.
Grate-ful now we fall be - fore Thee, In Thy Church ob - tain a place;
Now by faith be-hold Thy glo - ry, Praise Thy truth, a-dore Thy grace. A-MEN.

2 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.
Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the star of mercy shine;
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

3 Hail, Thou all-inviting Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

Basil Woodd, 1813.

65. Light of the Gentile Nations.

Wie soll ich dich empfangen. 7 6, 7 6. D. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1653.

1. Light of the Gen-tile na-tions, Thy peo-ple's joy and love,
Drawn by Thy Spir-it hith-er, We glad-ly come to prove
Thy pres-ence in Thy tem-ple, And wait with ear-nest mind,
As Sim-eon once had wait-ed His Sav-iour God to find. A-MEN.

2 O Lord, Thy servants meet Thee,
E'en now, in every place
Where Thy true Word hath promised
That they should see Thy face.
Thou yet wilt gently grant us,
Who gather round Thee here,
In faith's strong arms to bear Thee
As once that aged seer.

3 Be Thou our joy, our brightness,
That shines 'mid pain and loss,
Our sun in times of terror,
The glory round our cross:
A glow in sinking spirits,
A sunbeam in distress,
Physician, friend in sickness,
In death our happiness.

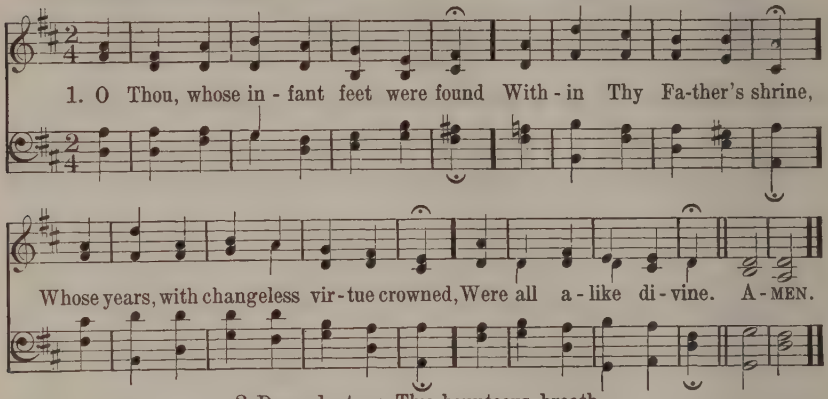
4 Let us, O Lord, be faithful
With Simeon to the end,
That so his dying song may
From all our hearts ascend:
"O Lord, let now Thy servant
Depart in peace for aye,
Since I have seen my Saviour,
Have here beheld His day."

5 My Saviour, I behold Thee
Now with the eye of faith:
No foe of Thee can rob me,
Though bitter words he saith,
Within Thy heart abiding,
As Thou dost dwell in me,
No pain, no death hath terrors
To part my soul from Thee.

Johann Franck, 1674.

66. O Thou, Whose Infant Feet Were Found.

Nun danket all' und bringet Ehr (Störl). C. M. STÖRL'S Gesang- und Notenbuch, 1710.

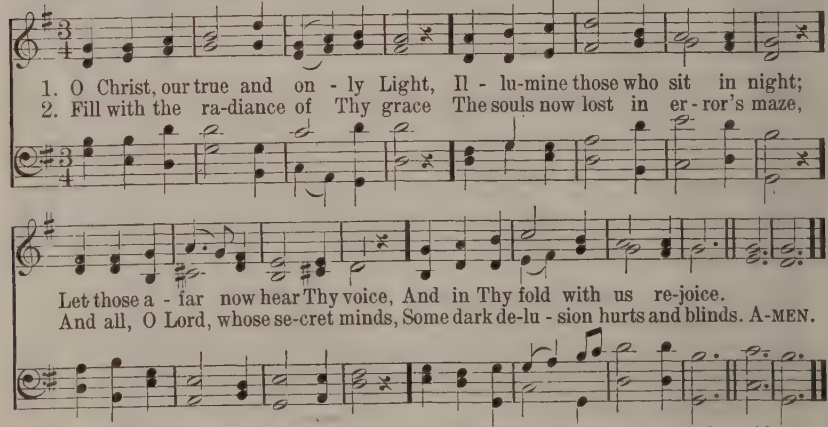

1. O Thou, whose in - fant feet were found With - in Thy Fa-ther's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless vir - tue crowned, Were all a - like di - vine. A - MEN.

2 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

Reginald Heber, (1783–1826).

67. O Christ, Our True and Only Light.

O Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht. L. M. Nürnberger Gesangbuch, 1676.


1. O Christ, our true and on - ly Light, Il - lu-mine those who sit in night;
2. Fill with the ra-diance of Thy grace The souls now lost in er - ror's maze,
Let those a - far now hear Thy voice, And in Thy fold with us re-joice.
And all, O Lord, whose se-cret minds, Some dark de-lu - sion hurts and blinds. A-MEN.

3 And all who else have strayed from Thee,
O gently seek! Thy healing be
To every wounded conscience given,
And let them also share Thy heaven.

4 O make the deaf to hear Thy Word,
And teach the dumb to speak, dear Lord,
Who dare not yet the faith avow,
Though secretly they hold it now.

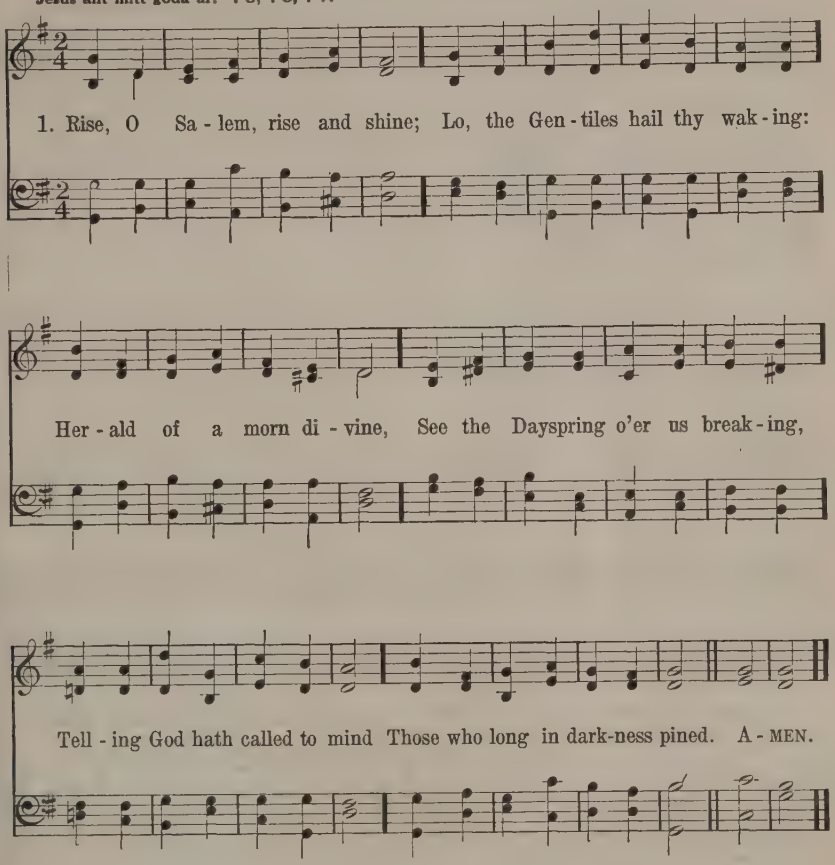
5 Shine on the darkened and the cold,
Recall the wanderers to Thy fold,
Unite those who now walk apart,
Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

6 So they with us may evermore
Such grace with wondering thanks adore,
And endless praise to Thee be given
By all Thy Church in earth and heaven.

Johann Heermann, 1630.

68. Rise, O Salem, Rise and Shine.

Jesus allt mitt goda är. 7 8, 7 8, 7 7. JAKOB ARRHENIUS? 1694.


1. Rise, O Sa - lem, rise and shine; Lo, the Gen - tiles hail thy wak - ing:
Her - ald of a morn di - vine, See the Dayspring o'er us break - ing,
Tell - ing God hath called to mind Those who long in dark-ness pined. A - MEN.

2 O how blindly did we stray,
Ere this Sun our earth had brightened;
Heaven we sought not, for no ray
Had our wildered eyes enlightened:
All our looks were earthward bent,
All our strength on earth was spent.

3 But the Dayspring from on high
Hath arisen with beams unclouded,
And we see before Him fly
All the heavy gloom that shrouded
This sad earth, where sin and woe
Seemed to reign o'er all below.

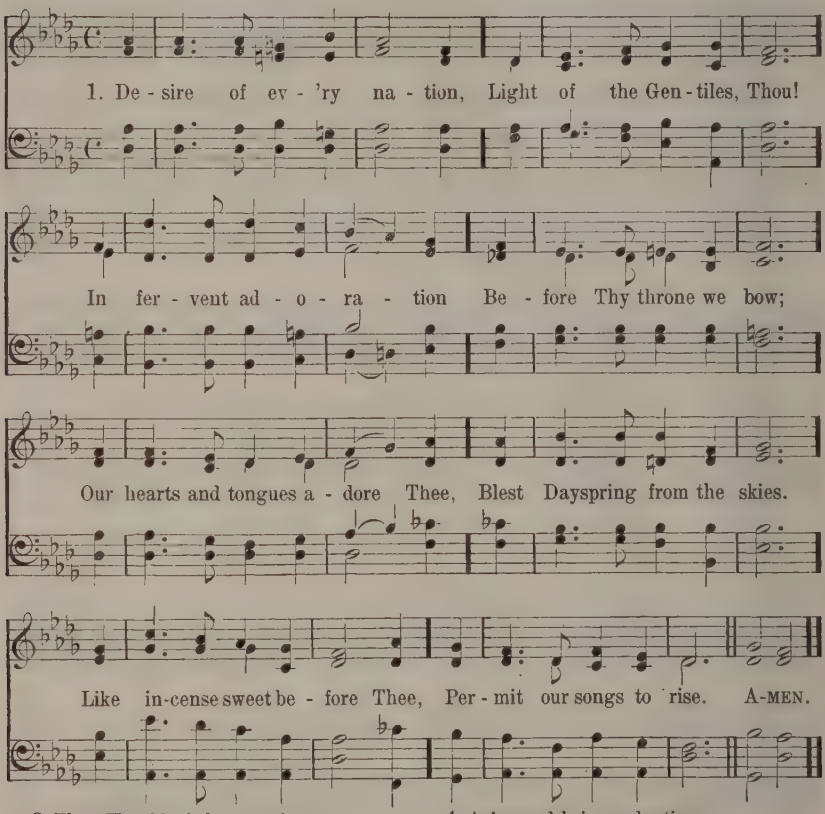
4 Thine appearing, Lord, shall fill
All my thoughts in sorrow's hour;
Thine appearing, Lord, shall still
All my dread of death's dark power;
Whether joys or tears be mine,
Through them still Thy light shall shine.

5 Let me, when my course is run,
Calmly leave a world of sadness
For the place that needs no sun,—
For Thou art its light and gladness,—
For the mansions fair and bright,
Where Thy saints are crowned with light.

Johann Rist, 1655.

69. Desire of Every Nation.

St. Christopher. 76, 76. D. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1881.


1. De - sire of ev - 'ry na - tion, Light of the Gen - tiles, Thou!
In fer - vent ad - o - ra - tion Be - fore Thy throne we bow;
Our hearts and tongues a - dore Thee, Blest Dayspring from the skies.
Like in-cense sweet be - fore Thee, Per - mit our songs to rise. A-MEN.

2 Thou Herald of the morning,
They who in darkness dwell
Behold Thy brightness dawning
O'er realms of Israel.
With glorious beams unclouded,
Thy all-transcendent light
Dispels the gloom that shrouded
Earth's dark and dismal night.

3 Arise and shine in splendor,
Thou bright and morning Star!
The Gentiles come to render
Their gifts from realms afar.
The word by prophets spoken
In truth is now fulfilled,
And yearning hearts, once broken,
With sweetest hope are filled.

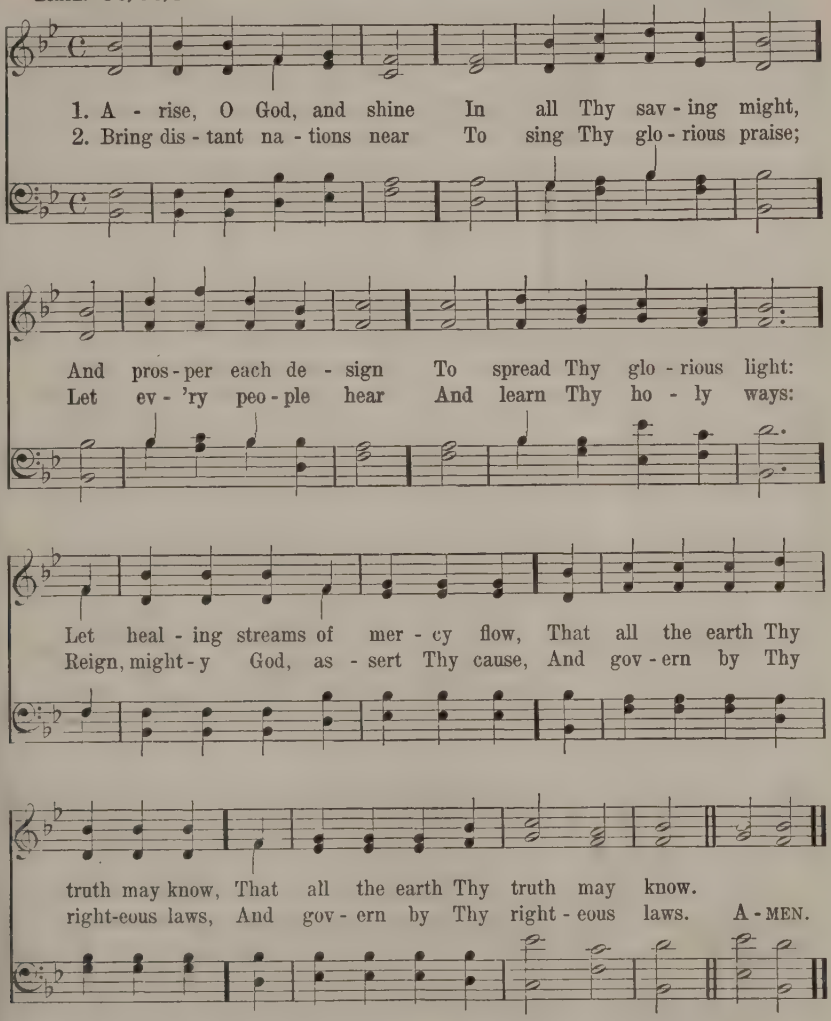
4 Arise and bring salvation
To all who dwell below,
Let earth in jubilation
Reflect Thy radiant glow.
O long expected Saviour,
Thou Hope of Israel,
Let Gentiles gain Thy favor,
And of Thy glory tell.

5 Our Life and Resurrection,
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art;
O shed Thy light's reflection
To earth's remotest part;
Let Gentile tongues confess Thee,
Rejoicing in Thy light,
The ransomed thousands bless Thee,
Thou hast dispelled the night.

Anna Hoppe, 1921.

70. Arise, O God, and Shine.

Lenox. 6 6, 6 6, 8 8 8. LEWIS EDSON.


1. A - rise, O God, and shine In all Thy sav - ing might,
2. Bring dis - tant na - tions near To sing Thy glo - rious praise;
And pros - per each de - sign To spread Thy glo - rious light:
Let ev - 'ry peo - ple hear And learn Thy ho - ly ways:
Let heal - ing streams of mer - cy flow, That all the earth Thy
Reign, might - y God, as - sert Thy cause, And gov - ern by Thy
truth may know, That all the earth Thy truth may know.
right-eous laws, And gov - ern by Thy right - eous laws. A - MEN.

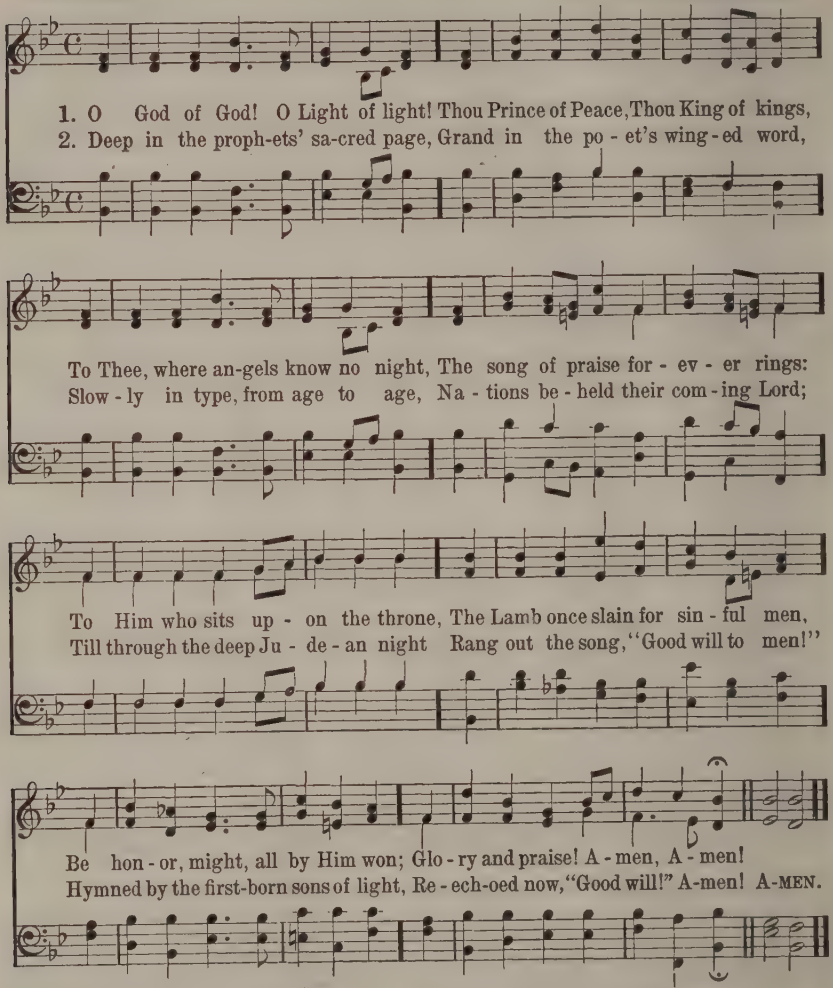
3 Pour forth Thy glorious power,
That Gentiles all may see,
And earth present her store
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His Church will bless,
And fill the world with righteousness.

4 To God, the only wise,
The one immortal King,
Let hallelujahs rise
From every living thing:
Let all that breathe, on every coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

William Hurn, 1813, a.

71. O God of God! O Light of Light!

Peterborough. L. M. D. JOHN GOSS, 1864.


1. O God of God! O Light of light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,
2. Deep in the proph-ets' sa-cred page, Grand in the po - et's wing - ed word,
To Thee, where an-gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - er rings:
Slow - ly in type, from age to age, Na - tions be - held their com - ing Lord;
To Him who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,
Till through the deep Ju - de - an night Rang out the song, "Good will to men!"
Be hon - or, might, all by Him won; Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men!
Hymned by the first-born sons of light, Re - ech-oed now, "Good will!" A-men! A-MEN.

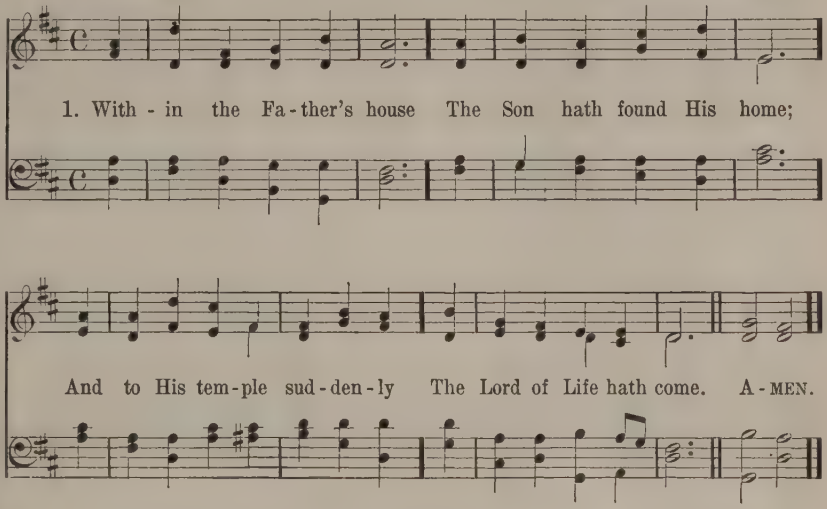
3 Nations afar, in ignorance deep;
Isles of the sea where darkness lay;
These hear Thy voice, they wake from sleep,
And throng with joy the upward way.
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,
O Lamb once slain for sinful men;
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!"

4 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His Name, His love forthtell;
Sing on, heaven's host, His praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell:
"Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain;
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!"

John Julian, 1883.

72. Within the Father's House.

Bethlehem. S. M. SAMUEL WESLEY, 1798.



2 Men wise in Sacred Writ
Gaze on the wondrous Child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the earthly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls,
And teach us by Thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

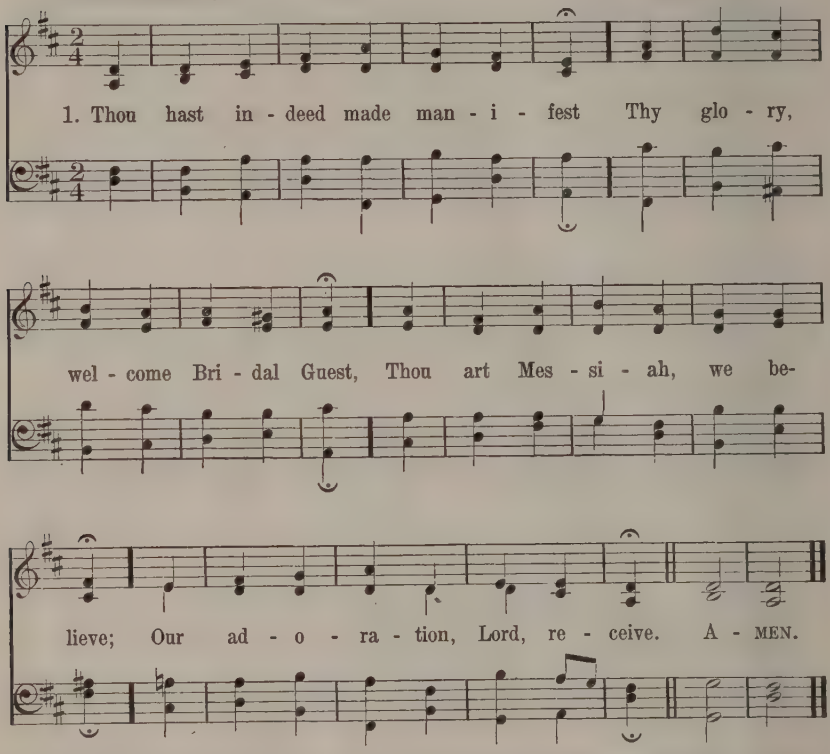
6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansèd soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One.

James Russell Woodford, 1863, a.

73. Thou Hast Indeed Made Manifest.

Lob sei dem allmächtigen Gott. L. M. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.


1. Thou hast in - deed made man - i - fest Thy glo - ry,
wel - come Bri - dal Guest, Thou art Mes - si - ah, we be-
lieve; Our ad - o - ra - tion, Lord, re - ceive. A - MEN.

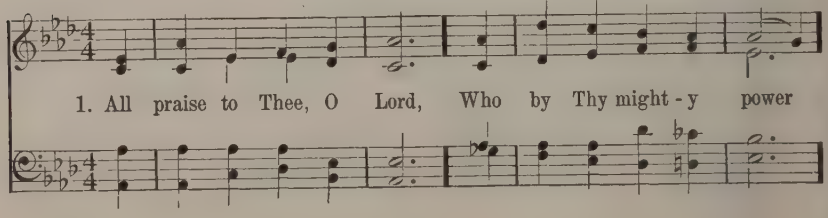
2 Be Thou our constant Guest, we pray,
O Friend of sinners, come to stay.
Our every need do Thou supply,
Till we become Thy guests on high.

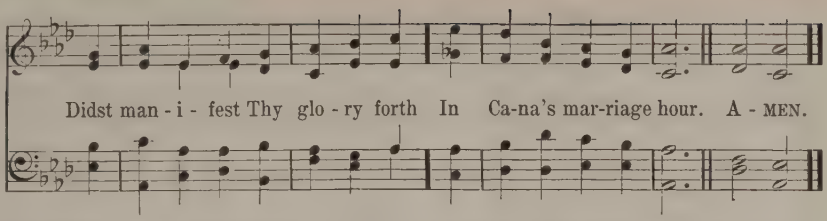
3 O heavenly Bridegroom, haste, we pray,
That long expected wedding day
When trumpets sound, to call us home:
"The bridal of the Lamb hath come."

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

74. All Praise to Thee, O Lord.

Schumann. S. M. Arranged from ROBERT SCHUMANN, (1810–1856).





2 Thou speakest, it is done:
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blessèd they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly bread.

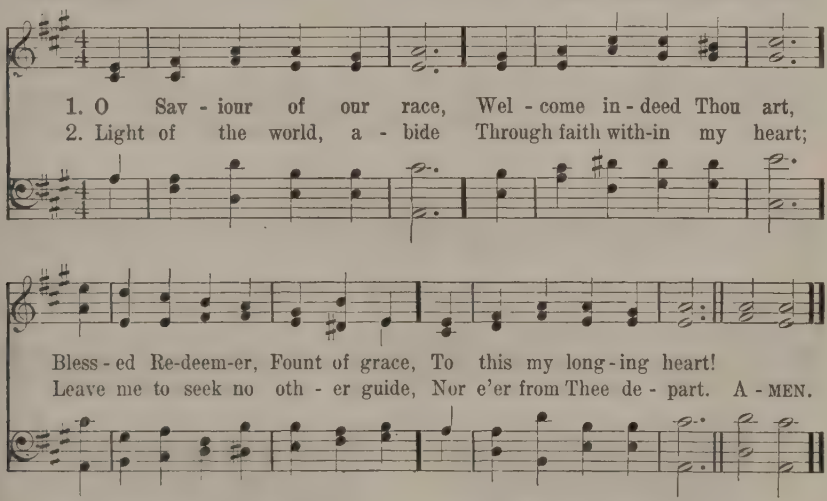
6 O may that grace be ours,
In Thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams
Which Thou alone canst give.

7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany.

Hyde Wyndham Beadon, 1863.

75. O Saviour of Our Race.

Crucis. S. M. GEORGE MURSELL GARRETT, 1872.


1. O Sav - iour of our race, Wel - come in - deed Thou art,
2. Light of the world, a - bide Through faith with-in my heart;
Bless - ed Re-deem-er, Fount of grace, To this my long - ing heart!
Leave me to seek no oth - er guide, Nor e'er from Thee de - part. A - MEN.

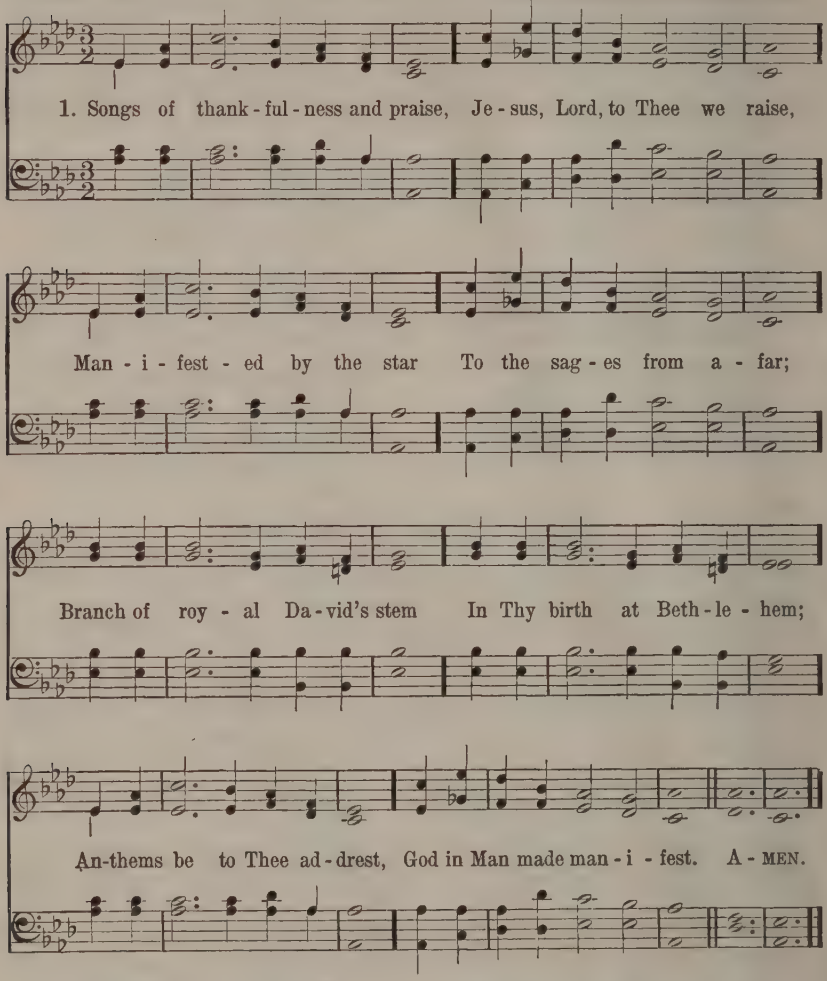
3 Thou art the Life, O Lord,
Sole Light of life Thou art!
Let not Thy glorious rays be poured
In vain on my dark heart.

4 Star of the East, arise!
Drive all my clouds away;
Guide me till earth's dim twilight dies
Into the perfect day.

Laurentius Laurentii, 1700.

76. Songs of Thankfulness and Praise.

Viola. 7 7, 7 7. D. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1849.


1. Songs of thank - ful - ness and praise, Je - sus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Man - i - fest - ed by the star To the sag - es from a - far;
Branch of roy - al Da - vid's stem In Thy birth at Beth - le - hem;
An-thems be to Thee ad - drest, God in Man made man - i - fest. A - MEN.

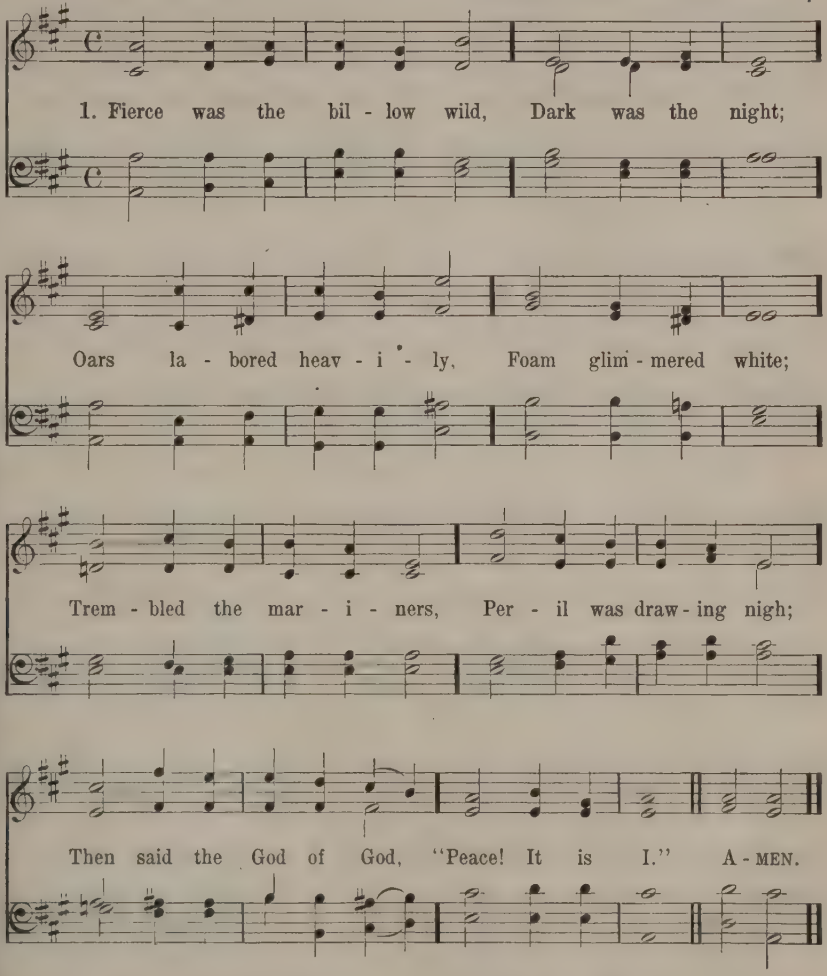
2 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

3 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

77. Fierce Was the Billow Wild.

St. Edmund. 6 4, 6 4, 6 6, 6 4. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, (1842–1900).


1. Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night;
Oars la - bored heav - i - ly, Foam glim - mered white;
Trem - bled the mar - i - ners, Per - il was draw - ing nigh;
Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." A - MEN.

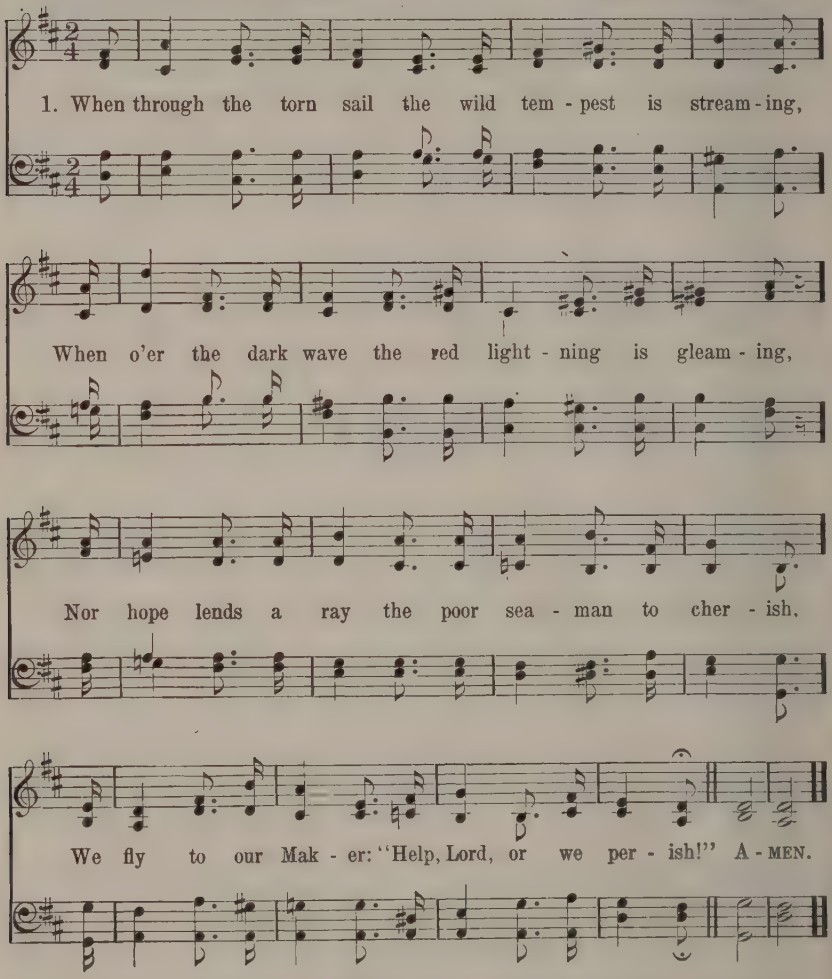
2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of the tempest fierce,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must ever fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
"Peace! It is I."

3 Jesus, Deliverer,
Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, fiercely sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
"Peace! It is I."

Ascribed to Anatolius (Greek; date unknown).

78. When Through the Torn Sail.

Dig, Jesus, min dyraste Jesus. 12 12, 12 12. GUSTAV STOLPE, 1892.


1. When through the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream - ing,
When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher - ish,
We fly to our Mak - er: "Help, Lord, or we per - ish!" A - MEN.

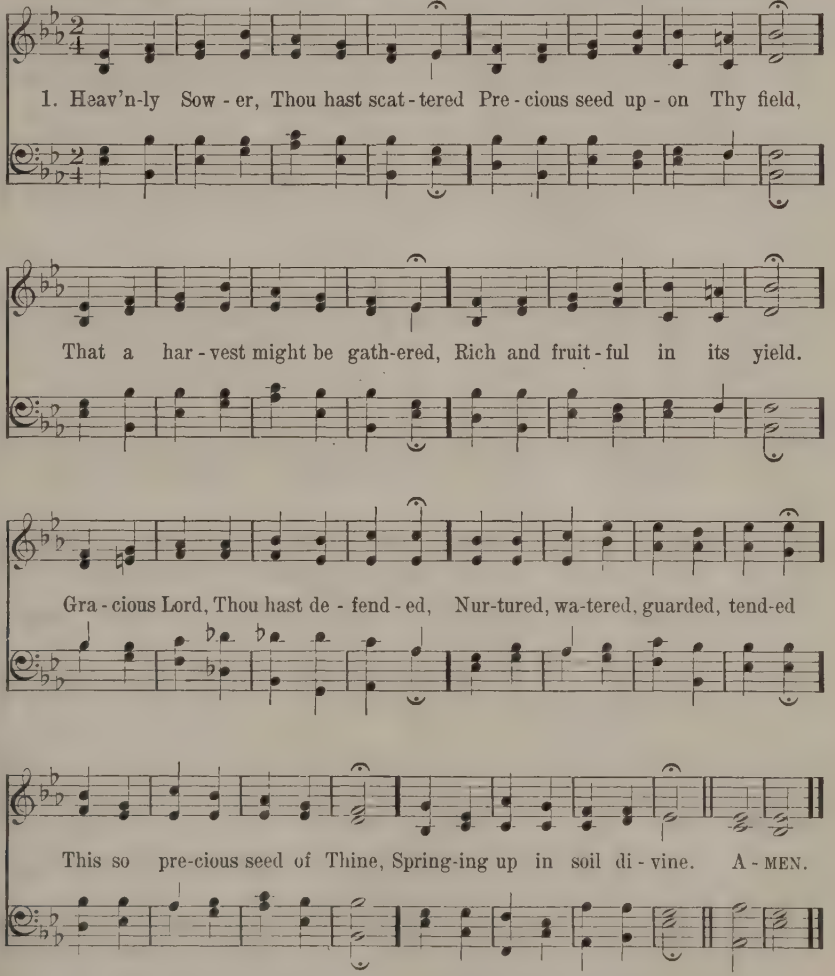
2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

Reginald Heber, 1820.

79. Heavenly Sower, Thou Hast Scattered.

Tviflan ur min själ försvinne. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8, 7 7. W. Wessnitzer, 1661.


1. Heav'n-ly Sow - er, Thou hast scat - tered Pre - cious seed up - on Thy field,
That a har - vest might be gath-ered, Rich and fruit - ful in its yield.
Gra - cious Lord, Thou hast de - fend - ed, Nur-tured, wa-tered, guarded, tend-ed
This so pre-cious seed of Thine, Spring-ing up in soil di - vine. A - men.

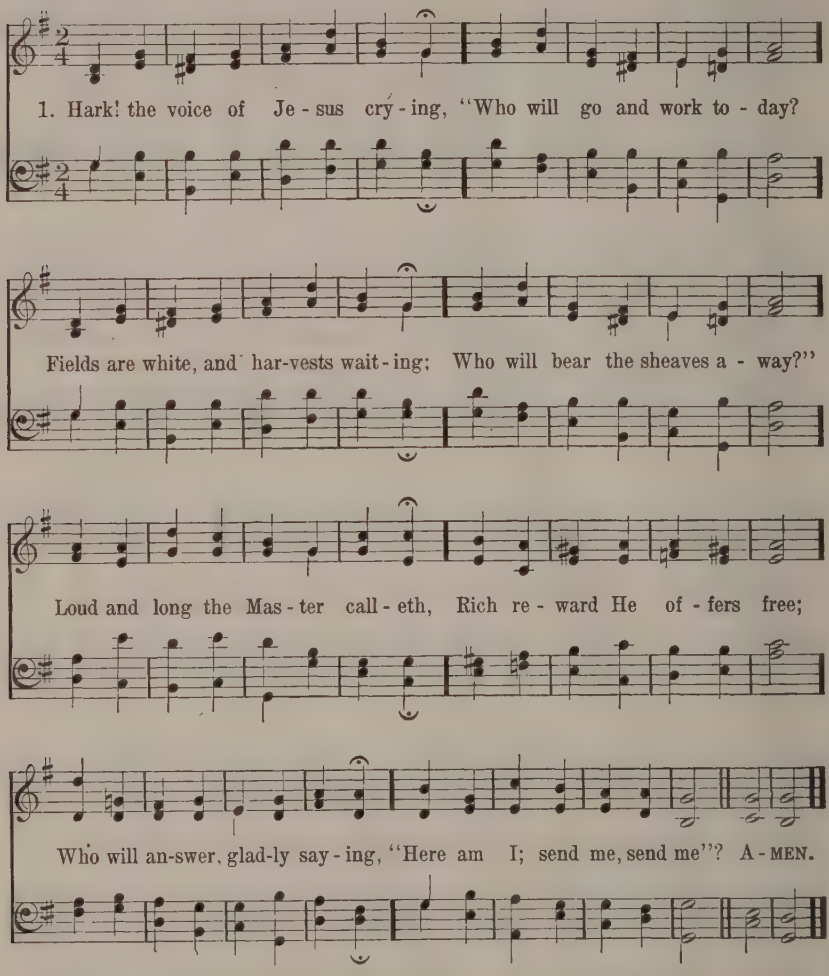
2 Lo, Thy field its fruits has yielded,
Where Thy kingdom's seed was sown;
Gospel rain from drought has shielded,
Pentecostal winds have blown:
Where Thy Sun of Grace in splendor
Shed its warming rays so tender,
There Thy seed has taken root,
There it blossomed into fruit.

3 Guard Thy gospel field, dear Master,
Tares abound upon the soil.
Save Thy harvest from disaster,
Let no foe Thy seed despoil.
When, upon Thy glad returning,
Tares and chaff are doomed to burning,
Then within Thy garner, Lord,
May the precious wheat be stored.

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

80. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Crying.

Jesus är min vän den bäste. 8 7, 8 7. D. GUSTAF DÜBEN, 1674.

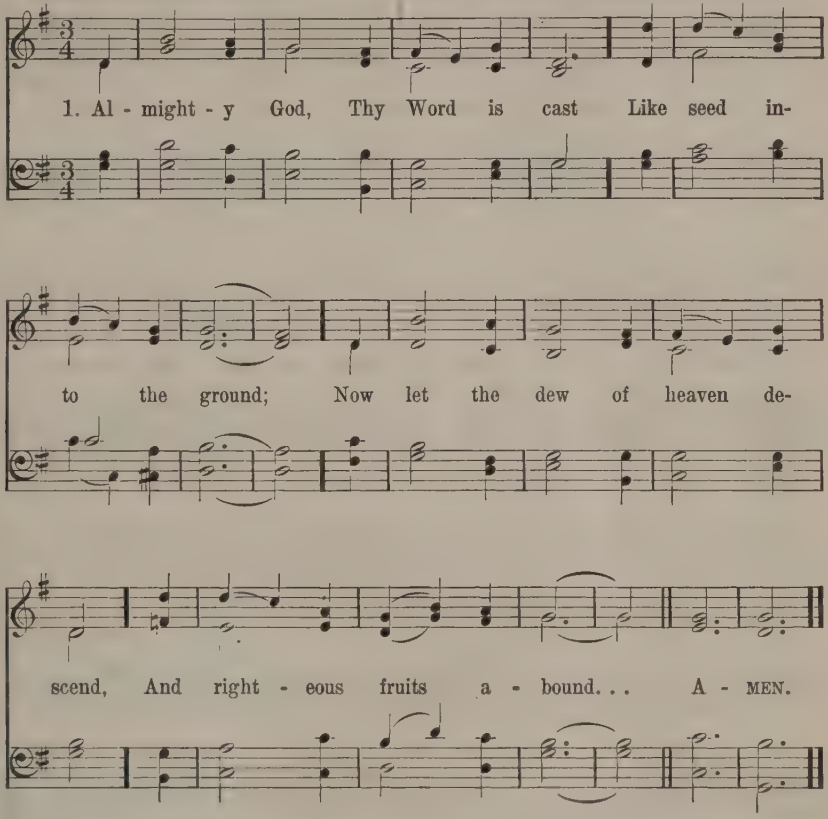

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white, and har-vests wait - ing; Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
Who will an-swer, glad-ly say - ing, "Here am I; send me, send me"? A - MEN.

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Gladly take the task He gives you,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

Daniel March, 1868.

81. Almighty God, Thy Word Is Cast.

Belmont. C. M. WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812.


1. Al - might - y God, Thy Word is cast Like seed in-
to the ground; Now let the dew of heaven de-
scend, And right - eous fruits a - bound... A - MEN.

2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.

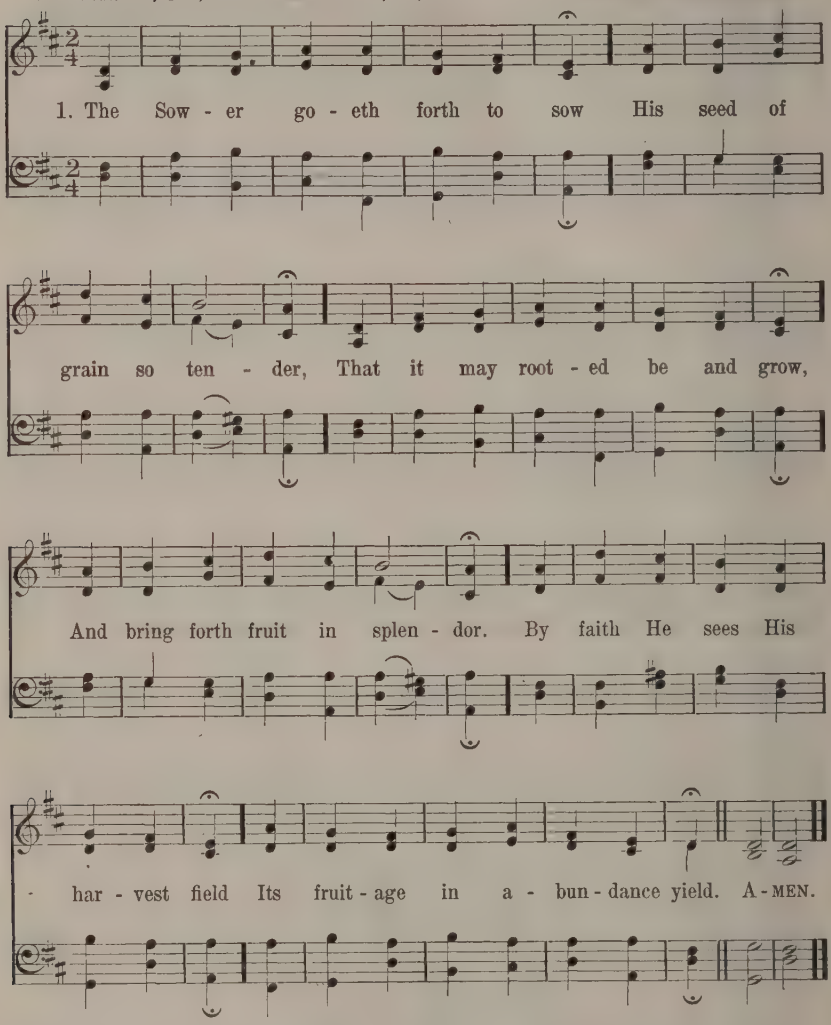
3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundredfold
The fruits of peace and joy.

4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow,
That all whose souls the truth receive
Its saving power may know.

John Cawood, 1819.

82. The Sower Goeth Forth to Sow.

Machs mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1627.


1. The Sow - er go - eth forth to sow His seed of
grain so ten - der, That it may root - ed be and grow,
And bring forth fruit in splen - dor. By faith He sees His
har - vest field Its fruit - age in a - bun - dance yield. A - MEN.

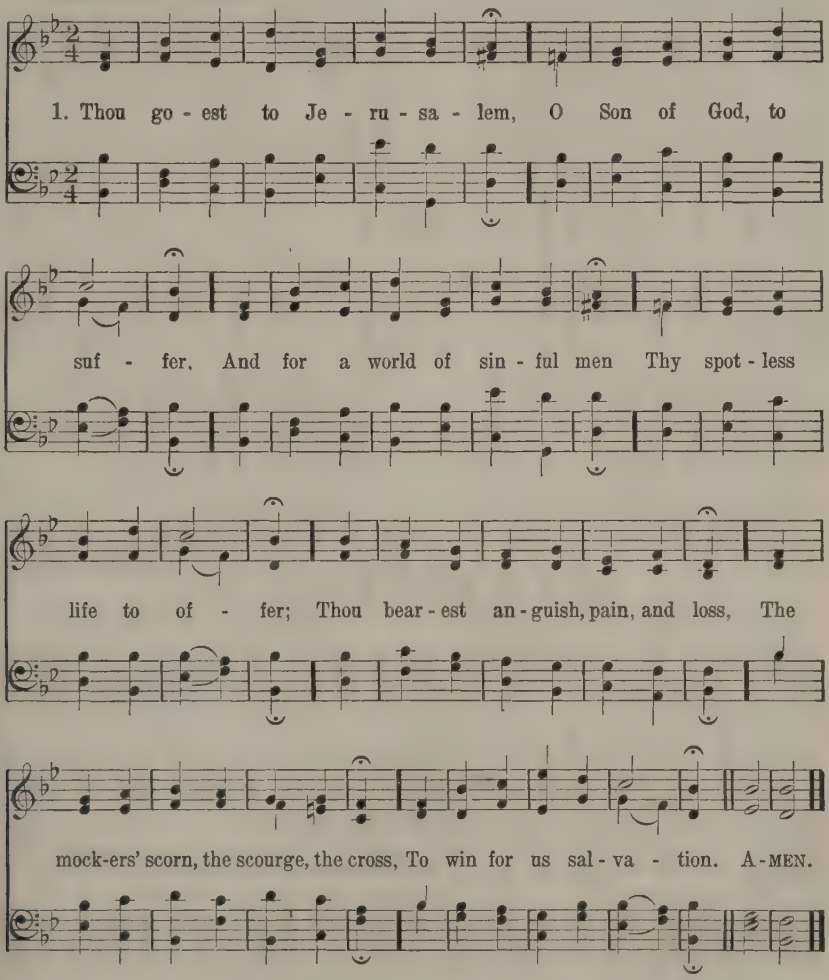
2 Thou art the Sower, dearest Lord,
The world Thy field so spacious,
The seed Thou sowest is the Word
Sown by Thy hand so gracious,
From heaven above, on earth below,
That it may blossom, thrive, and grow.

3 Let us not merely hearers be,
But doers, blessèd Saviour,
Who bring forth fruit abundantly;
Grant us Thy Spirit's favor
To treasure in believing hearts
The precious truth Thy Word imparts.

Anna Hoppe, 1920.

83. Thou Guest to Jerusalem.

Du lifvets bröd. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. PETER SOHREN, 1668.


1. Thou go - est to Je - ru - sa - lem, O Son of God, to
suf - fer, And for a world of sin - ful men Thy spot - less
life to of - fer; Thou bear - est an - guish, pain, and loss, The
mock-ers' scorn, the scourge, the cross, To win for us sal - va - tion. A - MEN.

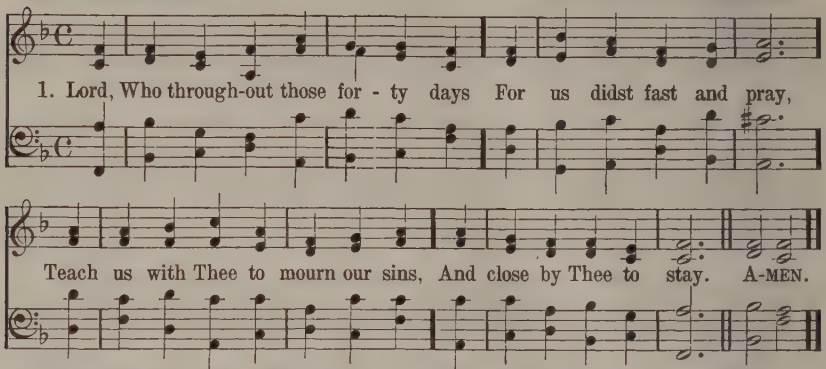
2 Before Thee lies Gethsemane,
The scene of bitter anguish;
Thine eyes behold the Calvary
Where Thou in pain must languish;
The bleeding wounds, the bitter gall,
The crown of thorns, the judgment hall,
Thy burdened soul's affliction.

3 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
We pray Thee, Master, lead us
Away from earth's vain, restless strife;
With heavenly manna feed us.
Thou who hast died to save the lost,
Help us, dear Lord, to weigh the cost,
And follow Thee, our Saviour.

Anna Hoppe, 1921.

84. Lord, Who throughout Those Forty Days.

St. Flavian. C. M. DAYE'S Psalter, 1562.


1. Lord, Who through-out those for - ty days For us didst fast and pray,
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins, And close by Thee to stay. A-MEN.

2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win,
O give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.

3 As thirst and hunger Thou didst bear,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.

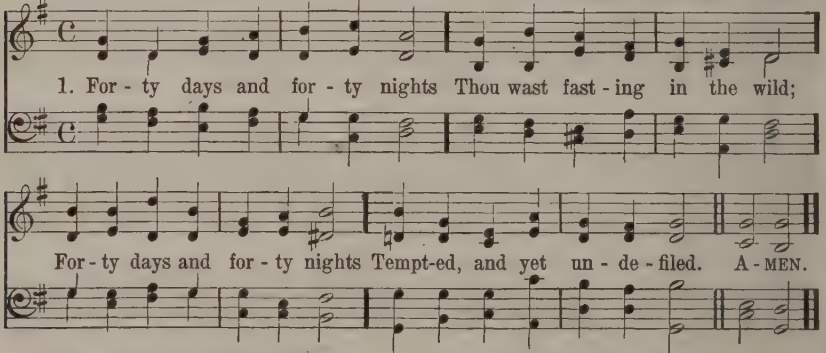
4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passiontide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesus, with us abide.

5 Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last.

Claudia Frances Hernaman, 1873.

85. Forty Days and Forty Nights.

Gud, vår Gud, för världen all. 7 7, 7 7. JOHAN FREDRIK LAGERGREN, b. 1826.



2 Sunbeams scorching all the day;
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;
Prowling beasts about Thy way;
Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

3 Shall we not Thy sorrow view,
And with hearts attuned to Thine,
Yielding up our wills anew,
Share with Thee a food divine?

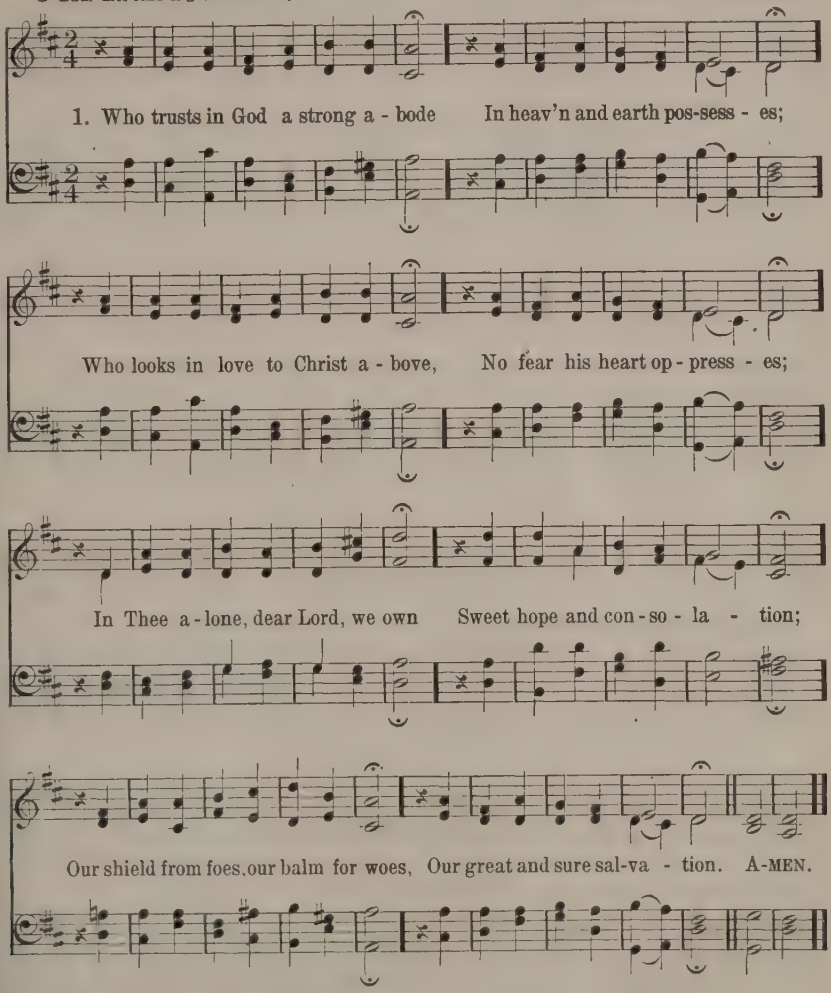
4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

5 So shall we have peace divine:
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

George Hunt Smyttan, 1856, a.

86. Who Trusts in God a Strong Abode.

O Gud! ditt rike ingen ser. 8 7, 8 7. D. BURKHARD WALDIS, 1553.


1. Who trusts in God a strong a - bode In heav'n and earth pos-sess - es;
Who looks in love to Christ a - bove, No fear his heart op - press - es;
In Thee a - lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet hope and con - so - la - tion;
Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal-va - tion. A-MEN.

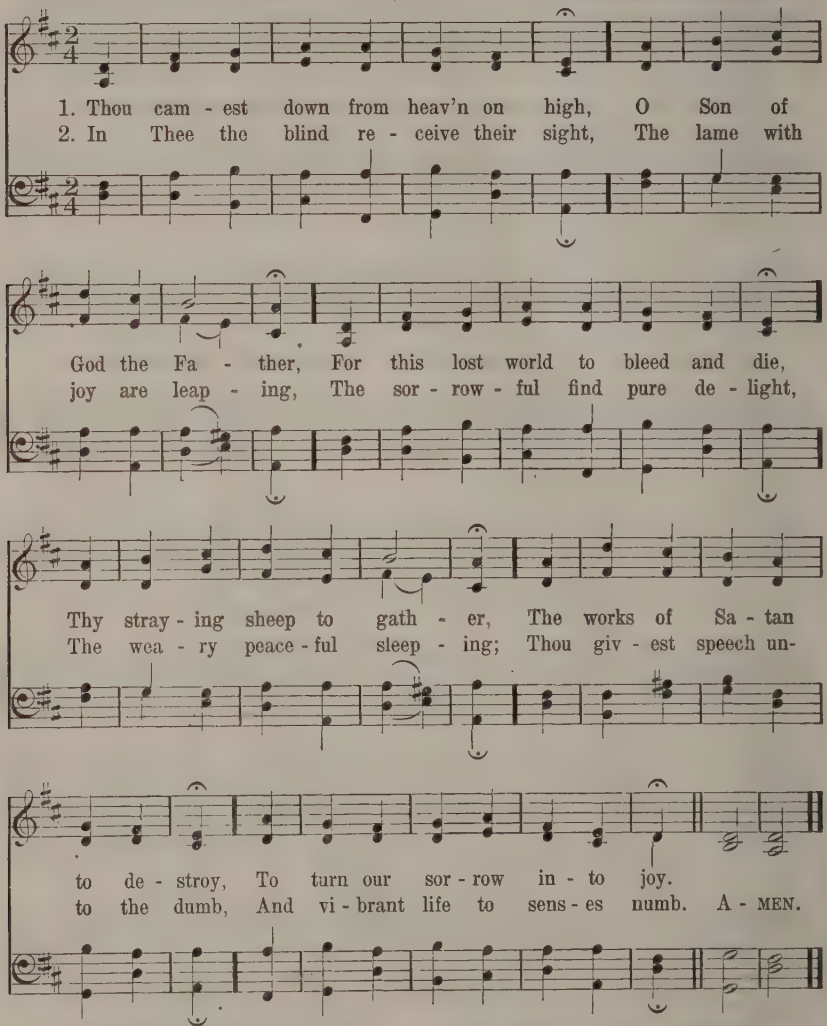
2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While Thou art near we will not fear;
Thy strength shall never fail us.
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps forever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For Thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at Thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

Joachim Magdeburg et al., 1527.

87. Thou Camest Down from Heaven on High.

Machs mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1627.


1. Thou cam - est down from heav'n on high, O Son of
2. In Thee the blind re - ceive their sight, The lame with
God the Fa - ther, For this lost world to bleed and die,
joy are leap - ing, The sor - row - ful find pure de - light,
Thy stray - ing sheep to gath - er, The works of Sa - tan
The wea - ry peace - ful sleep - ing; Thou giv - est speech un-
to de - stroy, To turn our sor - row in - to joy.
to the dumb, And vi - brant life to sens - es numb. A - MEN.

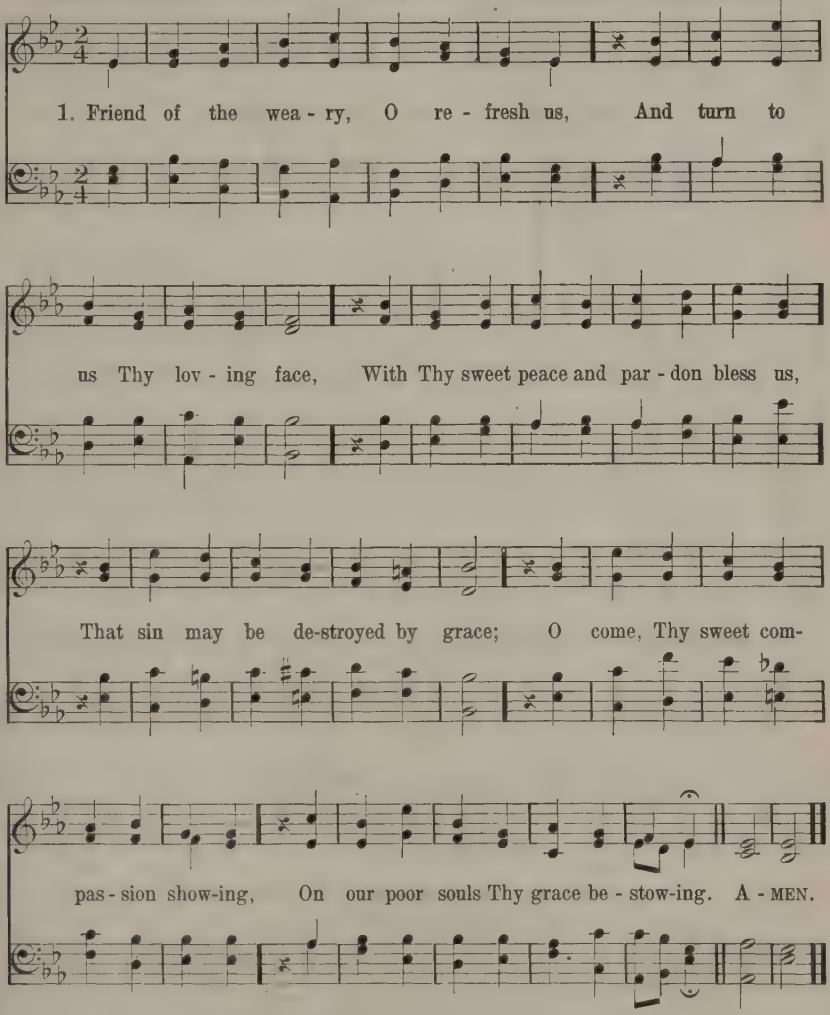
3 Thou Who hast broken Satan's power,
Be Thou our Strength, dear Jesus!
Uphold us in the evil hour.
And from his might release us!
His kingdom is a stronghold still,
And legions hearken to his will.

4 But O, before Thy Word, dear Lord,
The prince of darkness trembles!
He quails before that two-edged Sword
When Thine armed host assembles!
O mighty Word, how great thy power!
Thou art our Refuge, Shield, and Tower.

Anna Hoppe, 1920.

88. Friend of the Weary, O Refresh Us.

Norelius. 9 8, 9 8, 9 9. PETER JOHNSON, 1922.


1. Friend of the wea - ry, O re - fresh us, And turn to
us Thy lov - ing face, With Thy sweet peace and par - don bless us,
That sin may be de-stroyed by grace; O come, Thy sweet com-
pas - sion show-ing, On our poor souls Thy grace be - stow-ing. A - MEN.

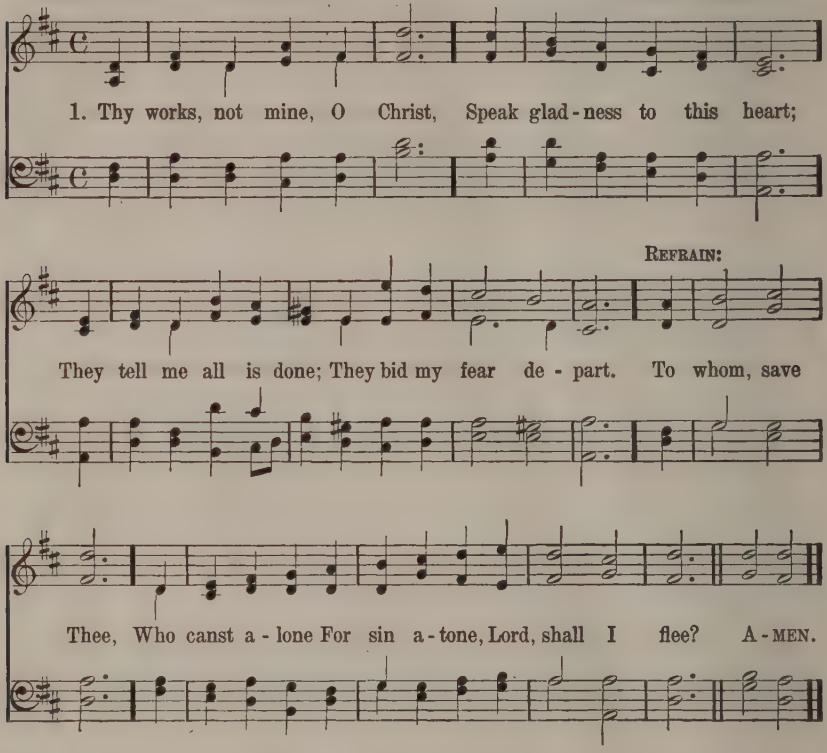
2 From Thee our only comfort cometh,
Our strength and hope, O Lord of all;
To Thee all power still belongeth
To save and help us in each fall;
Thy grace and pardon will deliver,
And set us free from shame forever.

3 As Thou didst help the sick and weary,
Who once were gathered at Thy side,
'Mid earthly deserts, waste and dreary,
In Thy sure aid we still confide;
When evils come our souls assailing,
Send us Thy Word of grace unfailing.

Ludwig Andreas Gotter (1661-1735).

89. Thy Works, Not Mine, O Christ.

Darwall's 148th. 6 6, 6 6, 4 4, 4 4. JOHN DARWALL, 1770.


1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad - ness to this heart;
REFRAIN:
They tell me all is done; They bid my fear de - part. To whom, save
Thee, Who canst a - lone For sin a - tone, Lord, shall I flee? A - MEN.

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away,
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessèd day.

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruisèd soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole.

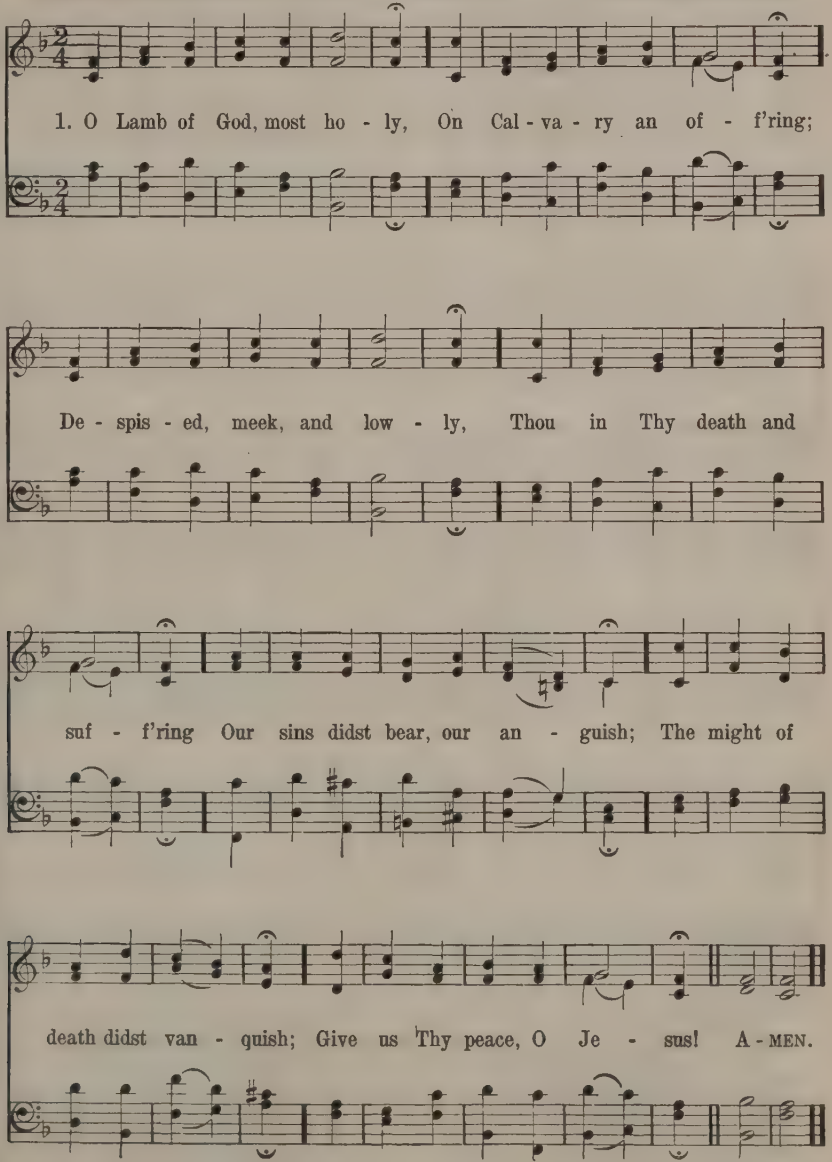
4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God.

5 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

90. O Lamb of God, Most Holy.

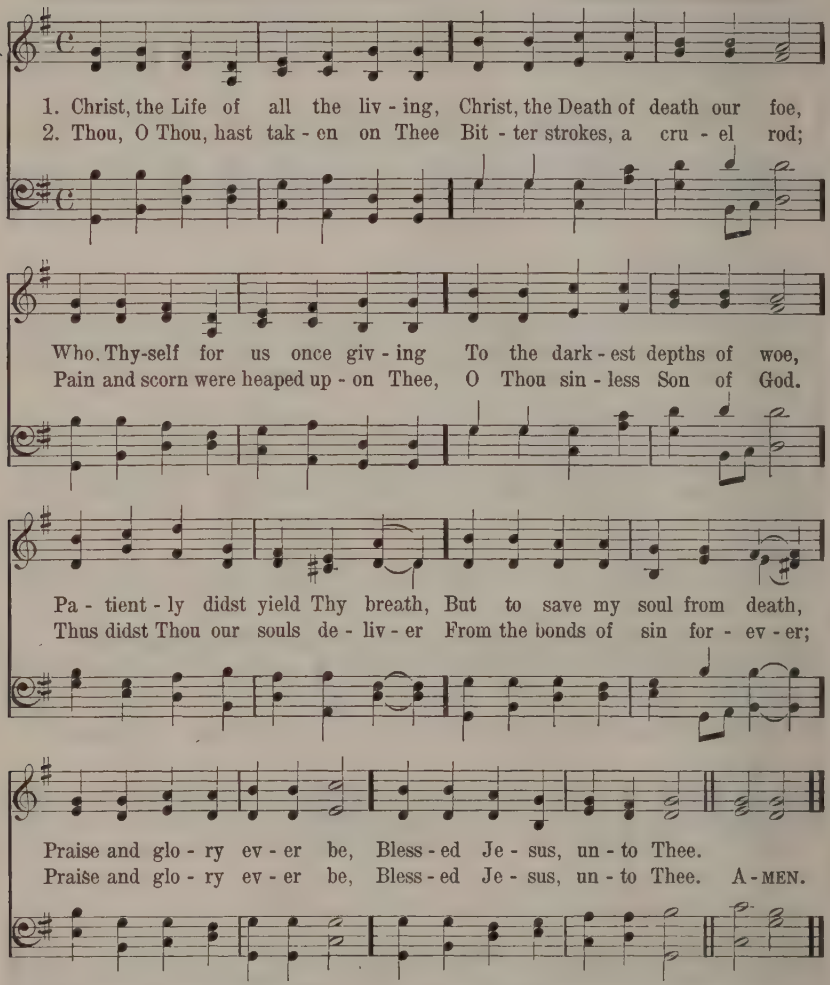
O Lamm Gottes unschuldig. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7 7. Iambic. NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1539.


1. O Lamb of God, most ho - ly, On Cal - va - ry an of - f'ring;
De - spis - ed, meek, and low - ly, Thou in Thy death and
suf - f'ring Our sins didst bear, our an - guish; The might of
death didst van - quish; Give us Thy peace, O Je - sus! A - MEN.

Nicolaus Decius, 1526.

91. Christ, the Life of All the Living.

Jesu, meines Lebens Leben. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 7 7. Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1687.


1. Christ, the Life of all the liv - ing, Christ, the Death of death our foe,
2. Thou, O Thou, hast tak - en on Thee Bit - ter strokes, a cru - el rod;
Who Thy-self for us once giv - ing To the dark - est depths of woe,
Pain and scorn were heaped up - on Thee, O Thou sin - less Son of God.
Pa - tient - ly didst yield Thy breath, But to save my soul from death,
Thus didst Thou our souls de - liv - er From the bonds of sin for - ev - er;
Praise and glo - ry ev - er be, Bless - ed Je - sus, un - to Thee.
Praise and glo - ry ev - er be, Bless - ed Je - sus, un - to Thee. A - MEN.

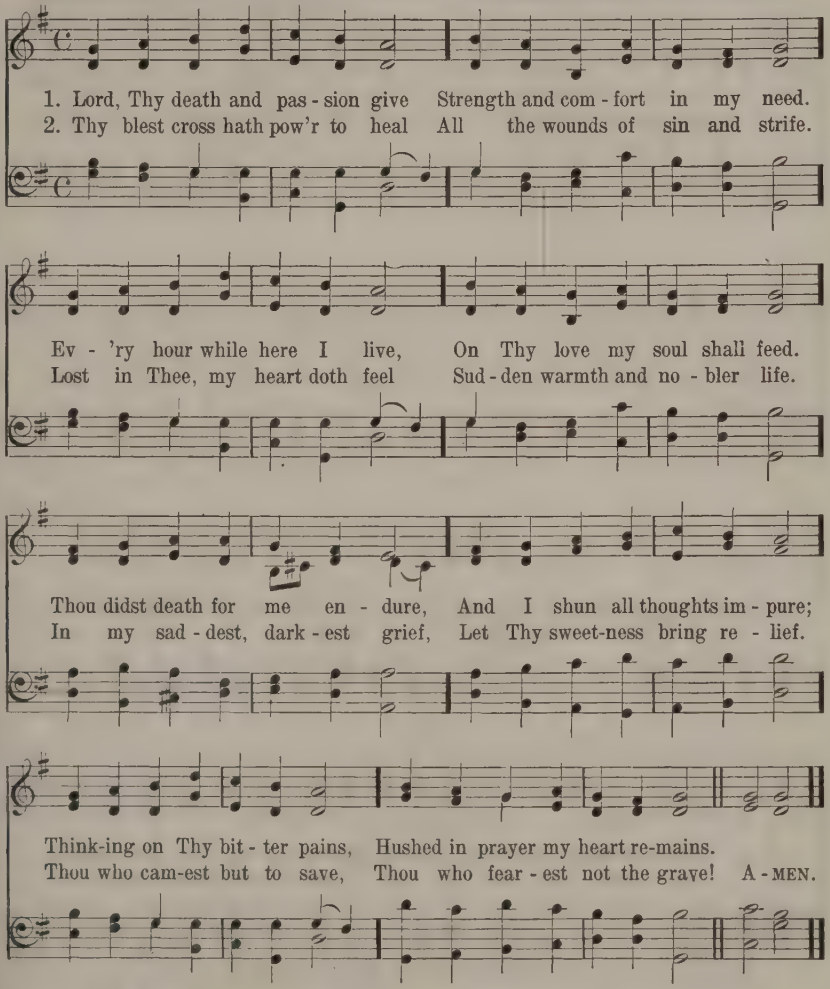
3 Thou didst bear the smiting only,
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless Thy soul did languish
To bring comfort in our anguish;
Praise and glory ever be,
Blessèd Jesus, unto Thee.

4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
To my latest breath I'll offer
Thanks for all that Thou didst suffer,
For that last expiring sigh
Praise Thee evermore on high.

Ernst Christopher Homburg, 1659.

92. Lord, Thy Death and Passion Give.

O Liebe meiner Liebe. 7 7, 7 7. D. Manuscript Herrnhut Choralbuch, 1735.


1. Lord, Thy death and pas - sion give Strength and com - fort in my need.
2. Thy blest cross hath pow'r to heal All the wounds of sin and strife.
Ev - 'ry hour while here I live, On Thy love my soul shall feed.
Lost in Thee, my heart doth feel Sud - den warmth and no - bler life.
Thou didst death for me en - dure, And I shun all thoughts im - pure;
In my sad - dest, dark - est grief, Let Thy sweet-ness bring re - lief.
Think-ing on Thy bit - ter pains, Hushed in prayer my heart re-mains.
Thou who cam-est but to save, Thou who fear - est not the grave! A - MEN.

3 Lord, in Thee I place my trust,
Thou art my Defense and Tower;
Death Thou treadest in the dust,
O'er my soul he hath no power.
That I may have part in Thee,
Help and save and comfort me;
Give me of Thy grace and might,
Resurrection, life and light.

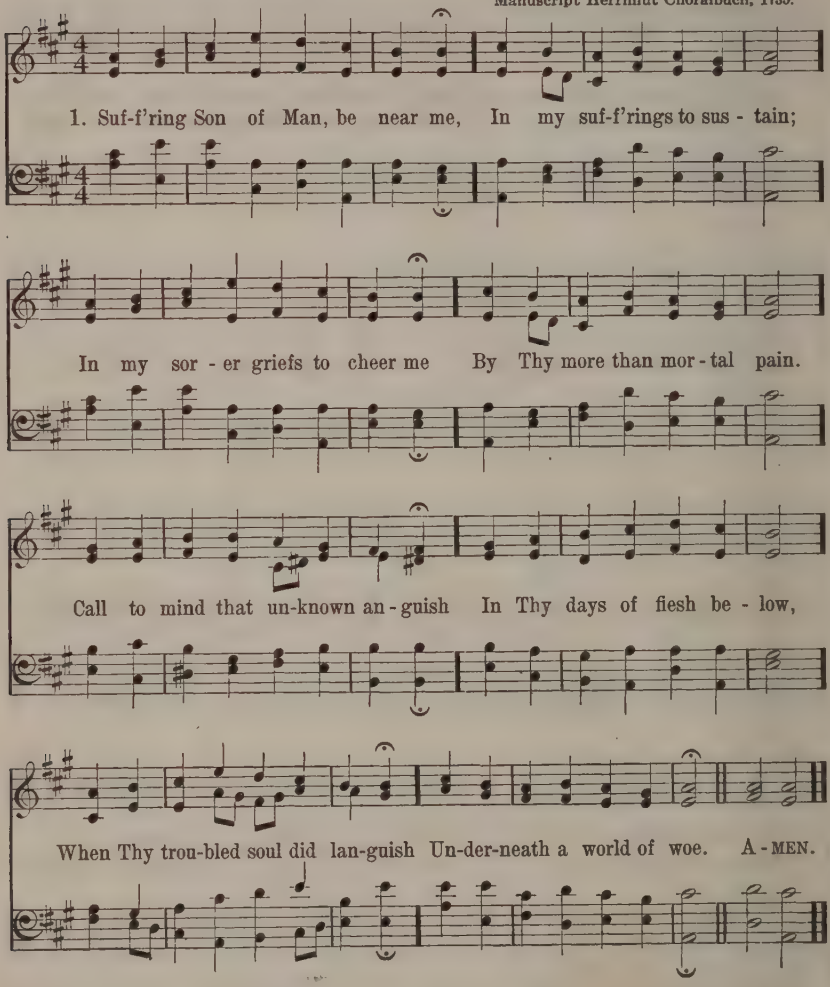
4 Fount of good, within me dwell,
For the peace Thy presence sheds
Keeps us safe in conflict fell,
Charms the pain from dying beds.
Hide me safe within Thine arm,
Where no foe can hurt or harm;
Whoso, Lord, in Thee doth rest,
He hath conquered, he is blest.

Johann Heermann, 1644.

93. Suffering Son of Man, Be Near Me.

Bohemia No. 11 (O Liebe meiner Liebe). 8 7, 8 7. D.

Manuscript Herrnhut Choralbuch, 1735.

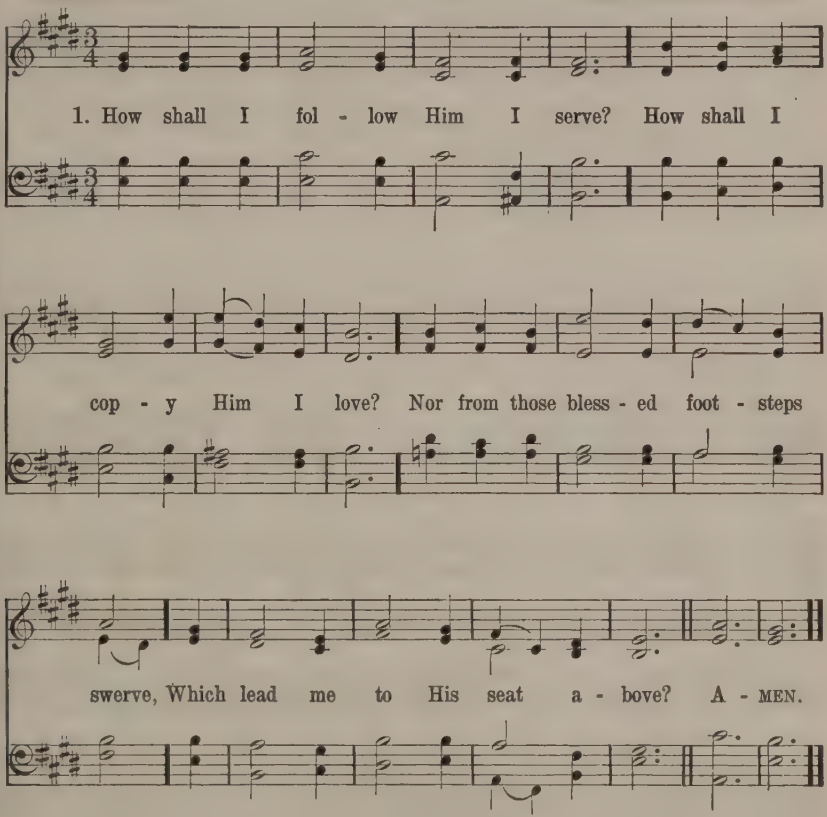

1. Suf-f'ring Son of Man, be near me, In my suf-f'rings to sus - tain;
In my sor - er griefs to cheer me By Thy more than mor - tal pain.
Call to mind that un-known an - guish In Thy days of flesh be - low,
When Thy trou-bled soul did lan-guish Un-der-neath a world of woe. A - MEN.

2 By Thy fainting in the garden,
By Thy dreadful death, I pray,
Write upon my heart Thy pardon,
Take my sins and fears away.
By the travail of Thy Spirit,
By Thine outcry on the tree,
By Thine agonizing merit,
Gracious Lord, remember me!

Charles Wesley, 1767, a.

94. How Shall I Follow Him I Serve?

Maryton. L. M. HENRY PERCY SMITH, 1874.


1. How shall I fol - low Him I serve? How shall I
cop - y Him I love? Nor from those bless - ed foot - steps
swerve, Which lead me to His seat a - bove? A - MEN.

2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,—
Are these the consecrated road?

3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drained the bitter cup of gall.

4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid that I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my grief, remembering Thine.

5 O let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:

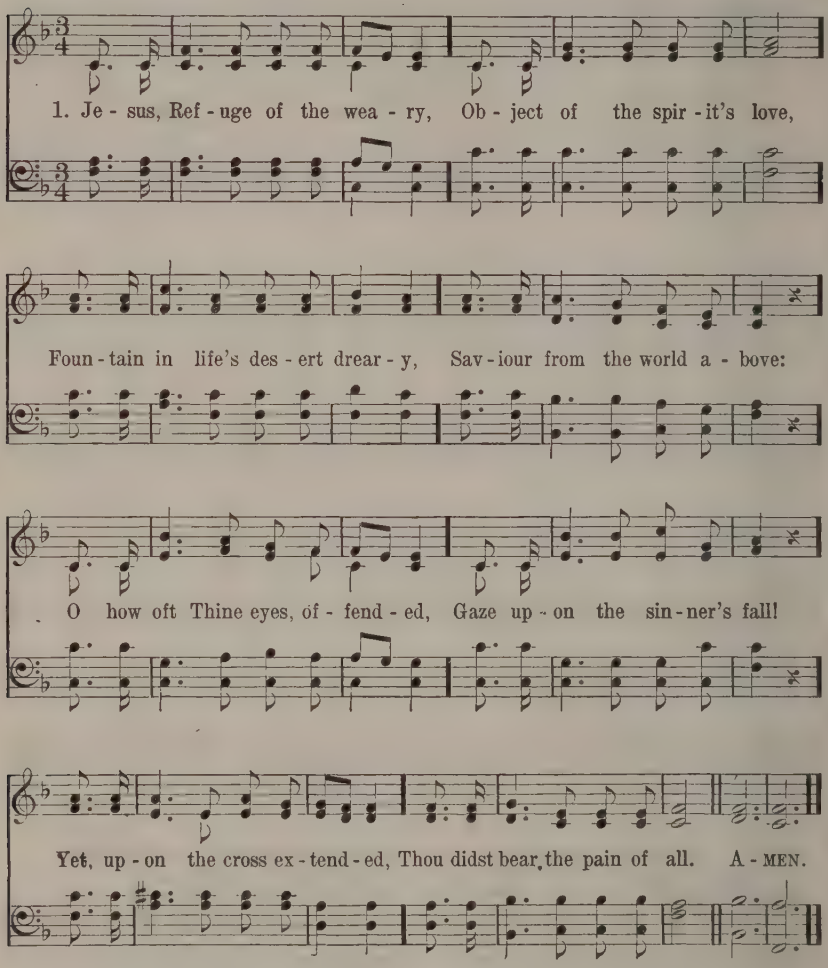
6 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest not Thyself to please:
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

7 Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

95. Jesus, Refuge of the Weary.

Stilla, ja, allt mera stilla. 8 7, 8 7. D. HAMPUS WETTERLING.


1. Je - sus, Ref - uge of the wea - ry, Ob - ject of the spir - it's love,
Foun - tain in life's des - ert drear - y, Sav - iour from the world a - bove:
O how oft Thine eyes, of - fend - ed, Gaze up - on the sin - ner's fall!
Yet, up - on the cross ex - tend - ed, Thou didst bear the pain of all. A - MEN.

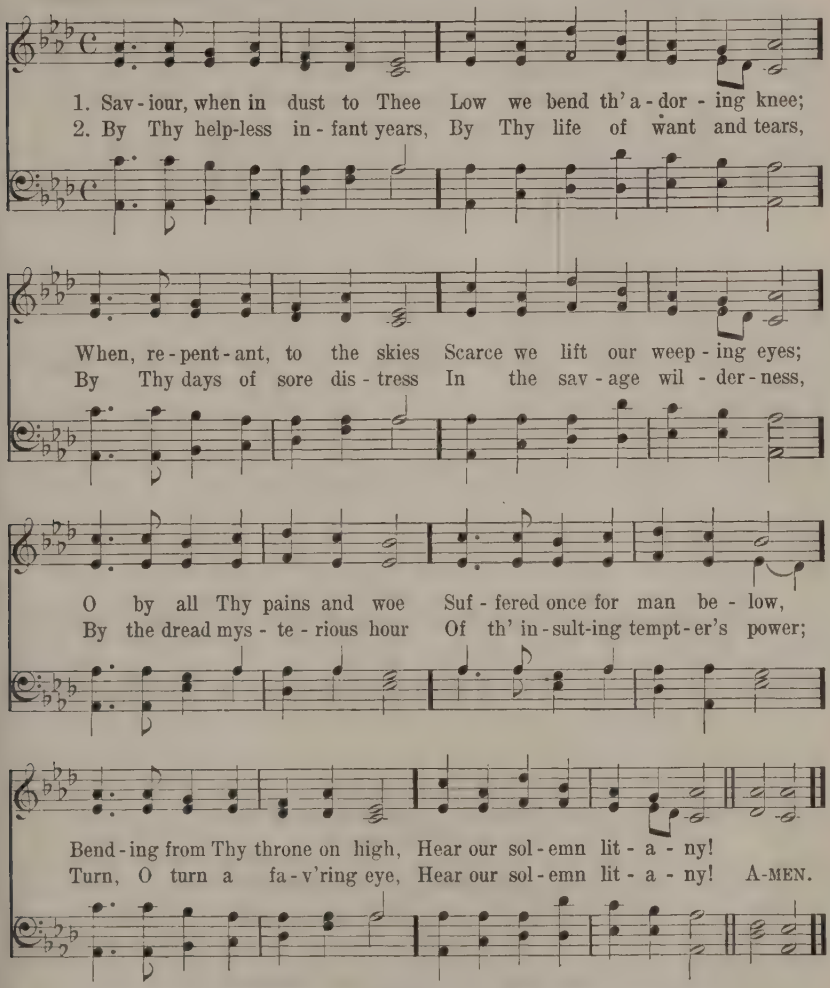
2 Do we pass that cross unheeding,
Breathing no repentant vow,
Though we see Thee wounded, bleeding,
See Thy thorn-encircled brow?
Yet Thy sinless death has brought us
Life eternal, peace, and rest;
Only what Thy grace has taught us
Calms the sinner's stormy breast.

3 Jesus, may our hearts be burning
With more fervent love for Thee;
May our eyes be ever turning
To Thy cross of agony;
Till in glory parted never
From the blessèd Saviour's side,
Graven in our hearts forever,
Dwell the cross, the Crucified.

Girolamo Savonarola, (1454-1498).

96. Saviour, When in Dust to Thee.

Spanish Hymn. 7 7, 7 7. D. Spanish Melody.


1. Sav - iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bend th' a - dor - ing knee;
2. By Thy help-less in - fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
By Thy days of sore dis - tress In the sav - age wil - der - ness,
O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
By the dread mys - te - rious hour Of th' in - sult-ing tempt - er's power;
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny!
Turn, O turn a fa - v'ring eye, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A-MEN.

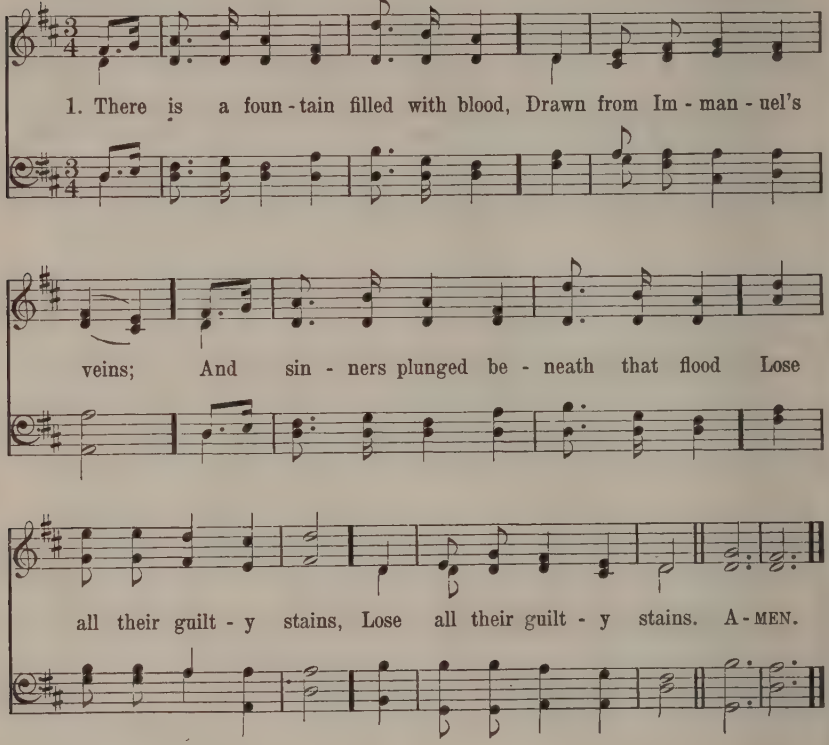
3 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

Robert Grant, 1815.

97. There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood.

Cowper. C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's
veins; And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood Lose
all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains. A - MEN.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

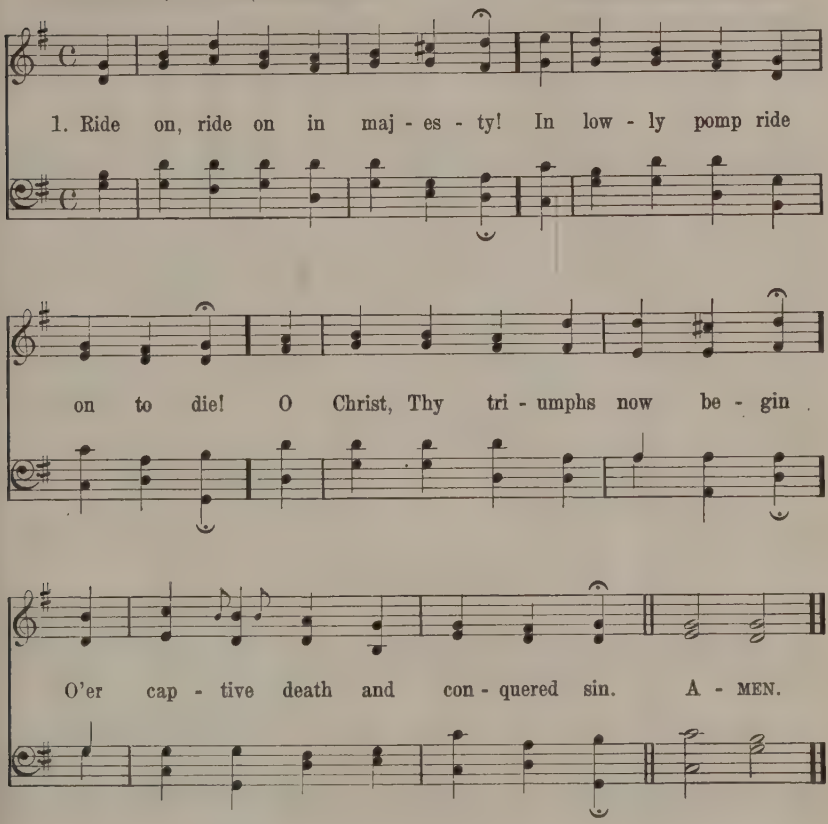
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper, 1771, a.

98. Ride On, Ride On in Majesty!

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend. L. M. Cantionale Sacrum, Gotha, 1651.


1. Ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride
on to die! O Christ, Thy tri - umphs now be - gin
O'er cap - tive death and con - quered sin. A - MEN.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign!

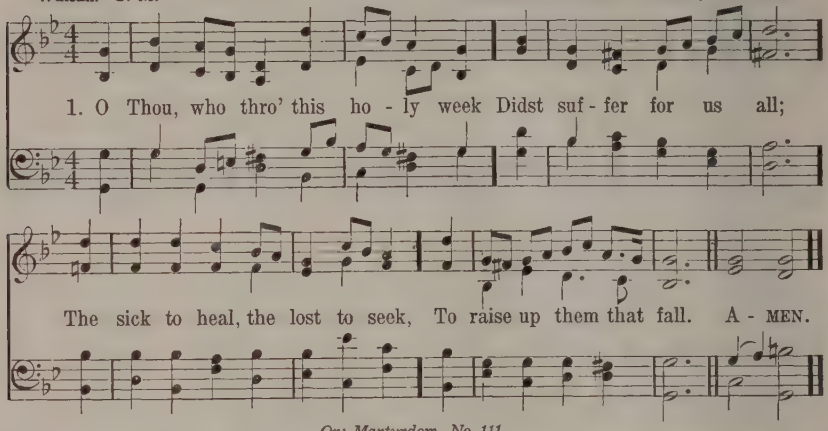
Henry Hart Milman, 1827, a.

Other hymns suitable for Palm Sunday are those for the First Sunday in Advent.

99. O Thou, Who through This Holy Week.

Walsall. C. M.

Wilkins' Psalmody, 1699.
Attributed to Henry Purcell, (1658–1695).



Or: Martyrdom, No. 111.

2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear;
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

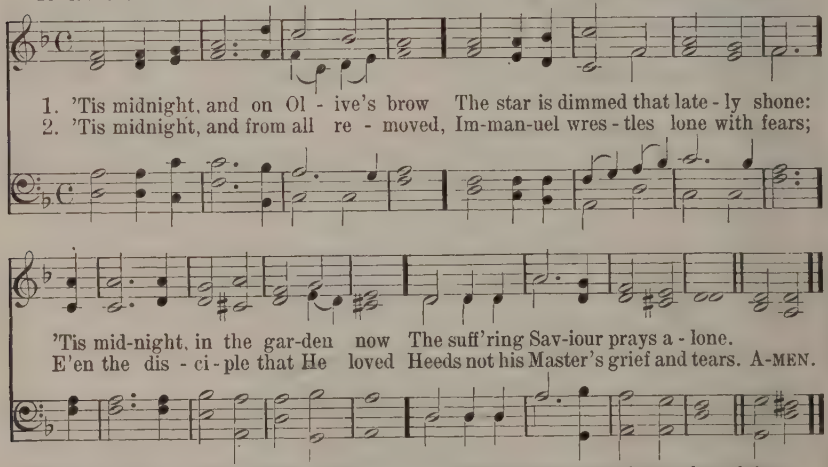
3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod;
Thy hand the victory won;
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

John Mason Neale, 1842.

100. 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

St Cross. L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, (1823–1876).


1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
2. 'Tis midnight, and from all re - moved, Im-man-uel wres - tles lone with fears;
'Tis mid-night, in the gar-den now The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
E'en the dis - ci - ple that He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears. A-MEN.

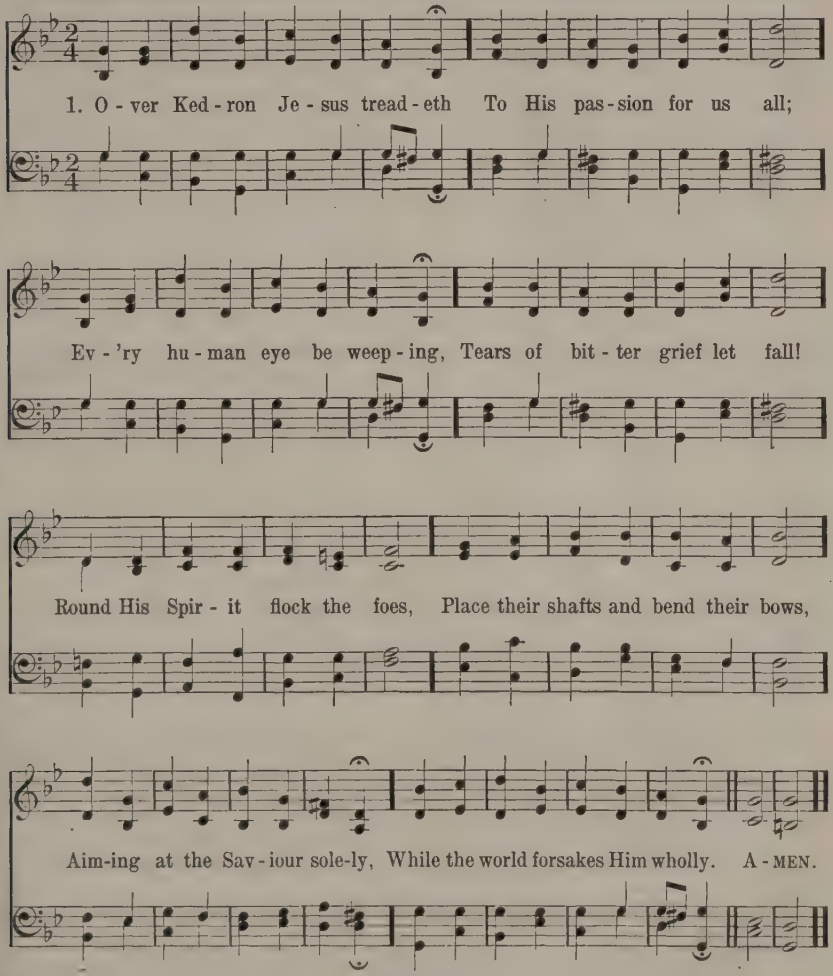
3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William Bingham Tappan, 1822.

101. Over Kedron Jesus Treadeth.

Frälsta värld! i nådens under. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. Koralbok, 1697.


1. O - ver Ked - ron Je - sus tread - eth To His pas - sion for us all;
Ev - 'ry hu - man eye be weep - ing, Tears of bit - ter grief let fall!
Round His Spir - it flock the foes, Place their shafts and bend their bows,
Aim-ing at the Sav - iour sole-ly, While the world forsakes Him wholly. A - MEN.

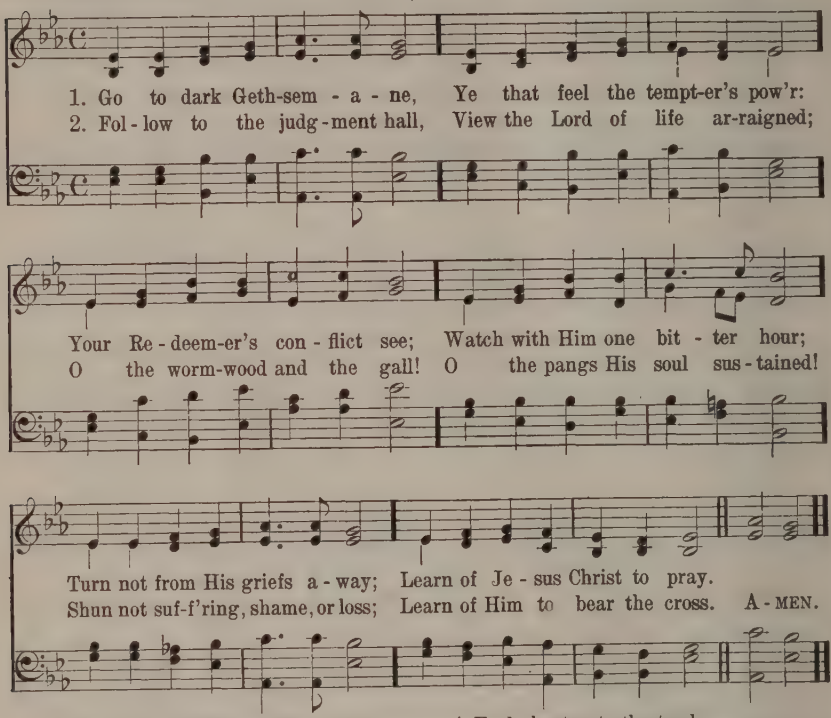
2 See Him anguish-stricken falling
Prostrate, and with struggling breath,
Three times on His Father calling,
Praying that the bitter death
And the cup of doom may go;
Still He cries, in all His woe:
"Not My will, but Thine, O Father,"
And the angels round Him gather.

3 See how, in that hour of darkness,
Battling with the evil power,
Agonies untold assail Him,
On His soul the arrows shower;
And the garden flowers are wet
With the drops of bloody sweat
From His anguished frame distilling—
Our redemption thus fulfilling.

Thomas Kingo, 1689.

102. Go to Dark Gethsemane.

Gethsemane (Redhead 76). 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.


1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's pow'r:
2. Fol - low to the judg - ment hall, View the Lord of life ar-raigned;
Your Re - deem-er's con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sus - tained!
Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suf-f'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross. A - MEN.

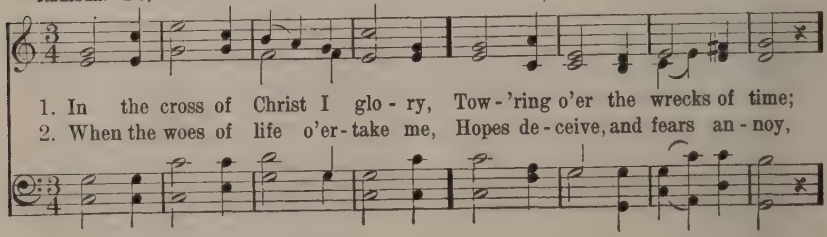
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

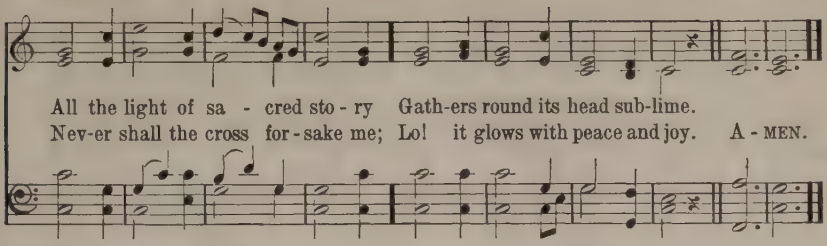
4 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1825.

103. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

Rathbun. 8 7, 8 7. ITHAMAR CONKEY, 1851.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,


All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy. A - MEN.

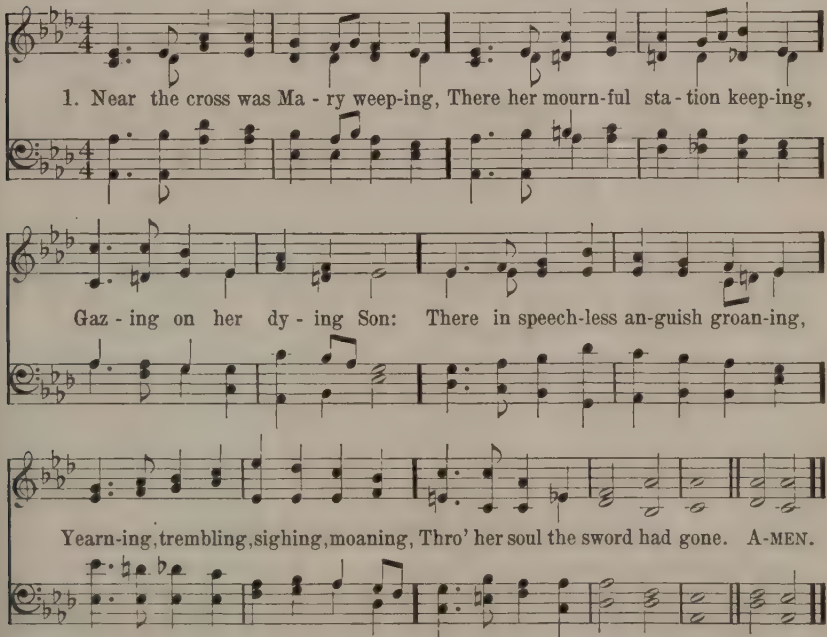
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring, 1825.

104. Near the Cross Was Mary Weeping.

Civitas Dei. 8 8 7, 8 8 7. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, (1827–1905).


1. Near the cross was Ma - ry weep-ing, There her mourn-ful sta - tion keep-ing,
Gaz - ing on her dy - ing Son: There in speech-less an-guish groan-ing,
Yearn-ing, trembling, sighing, moaning, Thro' her soul the sword had gone. A-MEN.

2 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He His love and power displayed:
By His stripes He wrought our healing,
By His death our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

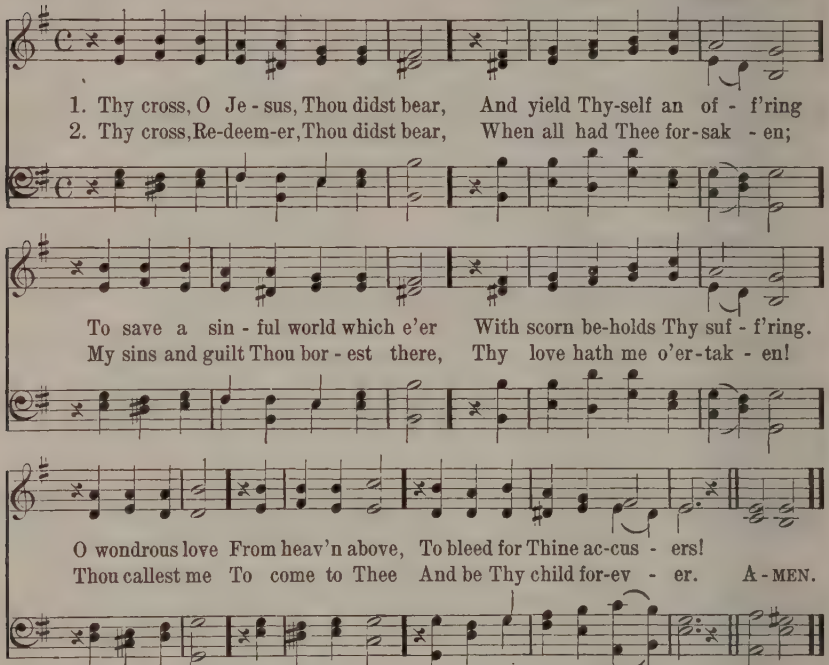
3 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To Thy glory ever living,
May we in Thy glory live.

Jacobus de Benedictis, 13th Century.

105. Thy Cross, O Jesus, Thou Didst Bear.

So gehst du nun, mein Jesu, hin. 8 7, 8 7, 4 4 7. Iambic.

CASPER FRIEDRICH NACHTENHÖFER, 1651.


1. Thy cross, O Je - sus, Thou didst bear, And yield Thy-self an of - f'ring
2. Thy cross, Re-deem-er, Thou didst bear, When all had Thee for-sak - en;
To save a sin - ful world which e'er With scorn be-holds Thy suf - f'ring.
My sins and guilt Thou bor - est there, Thy love hath me o'er-tak - en!
O wondrous love From heav'n above, To bleed for Thine ac-cus - ers!
Thou callest me To come to Thee And be Thy child for-ev - er. A - MEN.

3 Thy cross, O Saviour, Thou didst bear:
Thy boundless might and glory,
Forever praised by angels fair,
And told in sacred story,
Thou didst resign,
O love divine
That conquereth in dying!

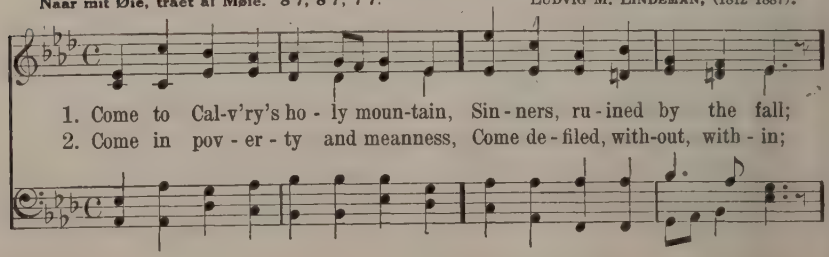
4 Thy cross to victory Thou didst bear;
O grant that I, dear Saviour,
May glory in the cross and share
Thy heavenly joy and favor!
Then shall my soul
Have reached its goal,
Safe in Thy loving bosom.

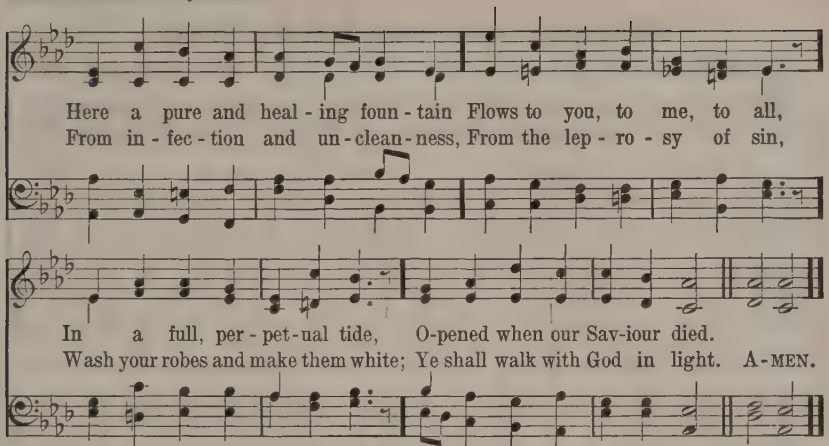
Erik Gustaf Geijer, 1812.

106. Come to Calvary's Holy Mountain.

Naar mit Øie, traet af Møie. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7.

LUDVIG M. LINDEMAN, (1812-1887).




Here a pure and heal - ing foun - tain Flows to you, to me, to all,
From in - fec - tion and un - clean - ness, From the lep - ro - sy of sin,
In a full, per - pet - ual tide, O-pened when our Sav-iour died.
Wash your robes and make them white; Ye shall walk with God in light. A - MEN.

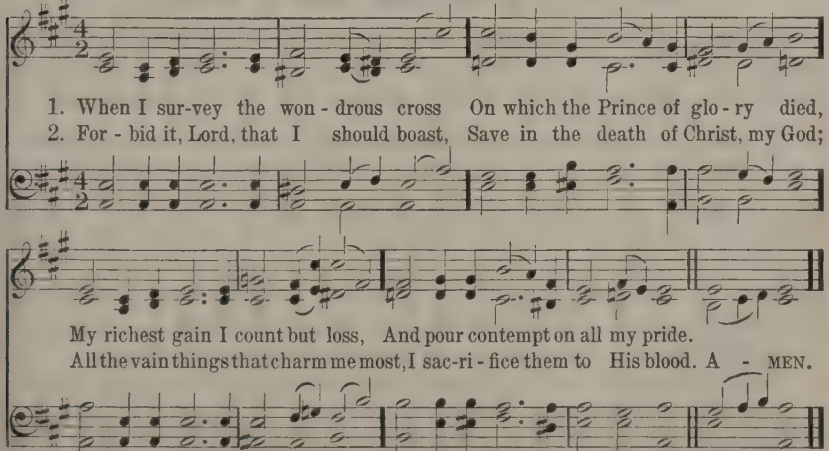
3 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

4 He that drinks shall live forever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break His covenant of blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

James Montgomery, 1819.

107. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Vicaria. L. M. JAMES REMINGTON FAIRLAMB, 1864.


1. When I sur-vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to His blood. A - MEN.

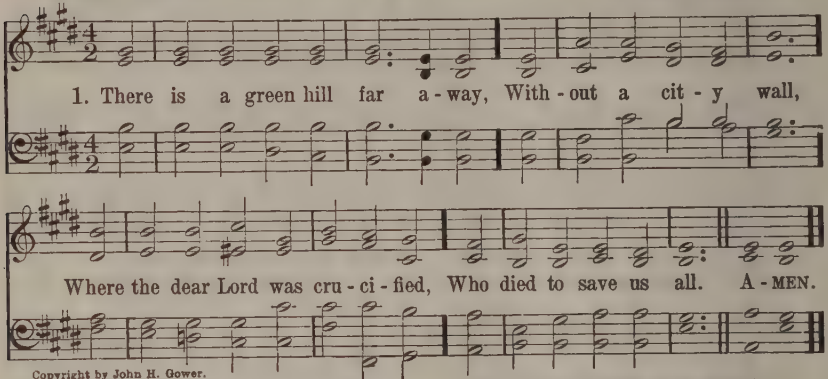
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

108. There Is a Green Hill Far Away.

Meditation. C. M. JOHN HENRY GOWER, 1890.



Copyright by John H. Gower.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

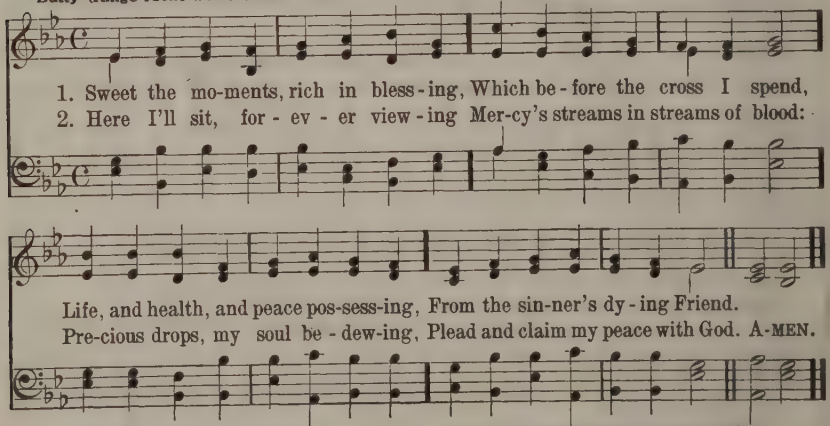
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1848.

109. Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

Gnadauer Choralbuch, 1784.
Batty (Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade). 8 7, 8 7. Har. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, (1823-1889).


1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll sit, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood:
Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops, my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God. A-MEN.

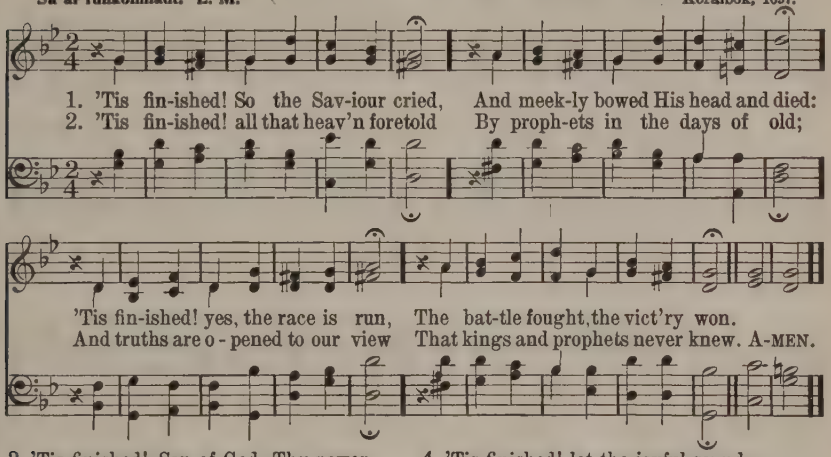
3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in His gracious eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveiled glory see.

Walter Shirley, 1774, a.

110. 'Tis Finished! So the Saviour Cried.

Så är fullkomnadt. L. M. Koralbok, 1697.


1. 'Tis fin-ished! So the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:
2. 'Tis fin-ished! all that heav'n foretold By proph-ets in the days of old;
'Tis fin-ished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vict'ry won.
And truths are o - pened to our view That kings and prophets never knew. A-MEN.

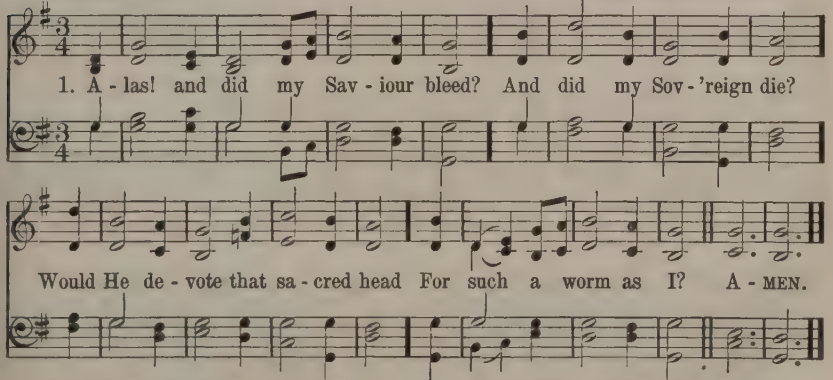
3 'Tis finished! Son of God, Thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to Thee.

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Samuel Stennett, 1787, a.

111. Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed?

Martyrdom. C. M. Hugh Wilson, (1764-1824).



2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the mighty Maker died
For man the creature's sin!

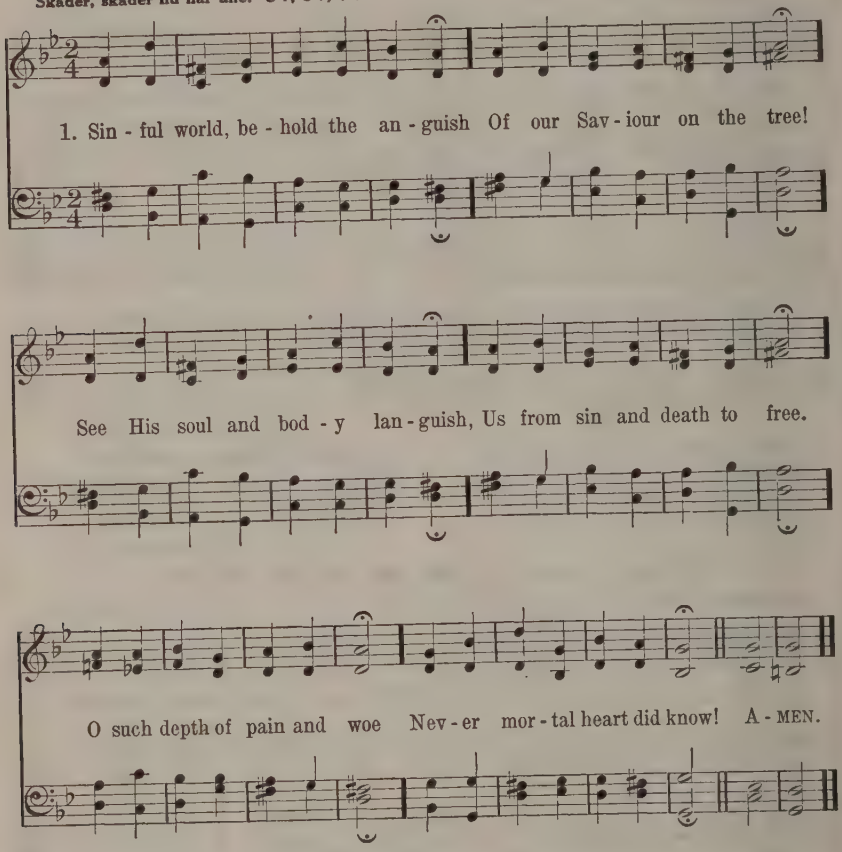
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707, a.

112. Sinful World, Behold the Anguish.

Skåder, skåder nu här alle. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. Koralbok, 1697.


1. Sin - ful world, be - hold the an - guish Of our Sav - iour on the tree!
See His soul and bod - y lan - guish, Us from sin and death to free.
O such depth of pain and woe Nev - er mor - tal heart did know! A - MEN.

2 Hand and foot by sinners wounded,
Bruised and tortured, head bowed down,
Hangs our Saviour now surrounded
By His foes, their thorns His crown.
O such depth of pain and woe
Never mortal heart did know!

3 Hear His cry in prayer and pleading,
"Father, to Thy hands commend
I my spirit; light and leading
In this hour of darkness send."
O such depth of pain and woe
Never mortal heart did know!

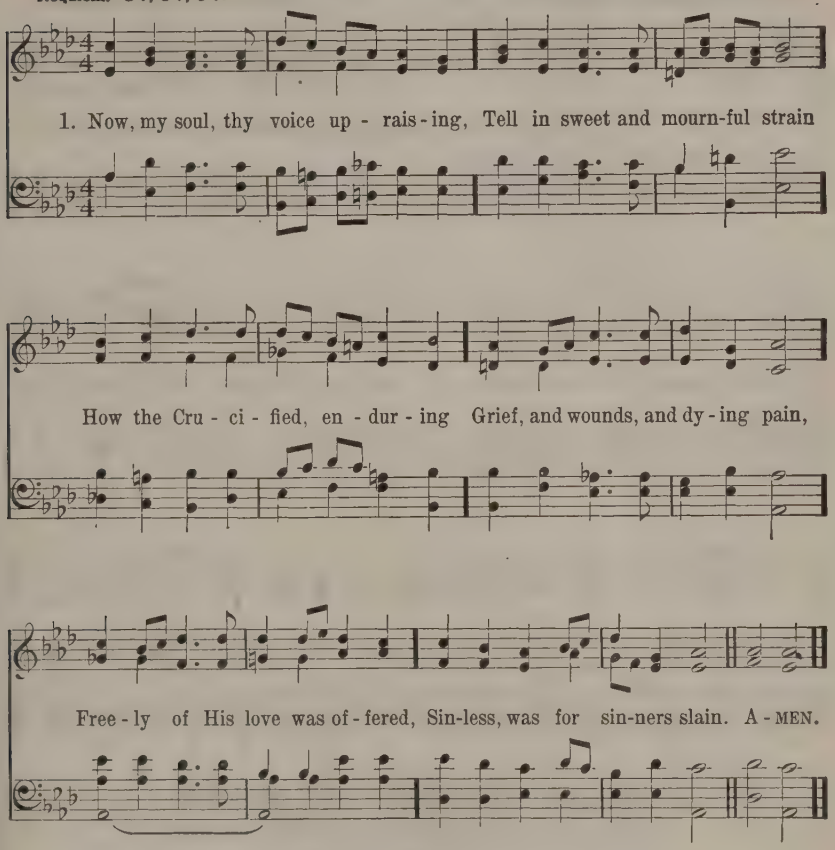
4 Rent the temple veil, all nature
Wrapped in gloom of midday night,
Eye and heart of every creature
Weep with pity at the sight.
O such depth of pain and woe
Never mortal heart did know!

5 Sinful heart, in deep contrition
Bow before the Crucified;
Contemplate His grievous passion,
Own that for thy sins He died.
O such love as He hath shown
Never mortal heart hath known.

Johann Quirsfeld, (1642–1686), et al.

113. Now, My Soul, Thy Voice Upraising.

Requiem. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. WILHELM A. F. SCHULTHES, 1868.


1. Now, my soul, thy voice up - rais - ing, Tell in sweet and mourn-ful strain
How the Cru - ci - fied, en - dur - ing Grief, and wounds, and dy - ing pain,
Free - ly of His love was of - fered, Sin-less, was for sin-ners slain. A - MEN.

2 Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

3 See! His hands and feet are fastened;
So He makes His people free;
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be:
Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the tree

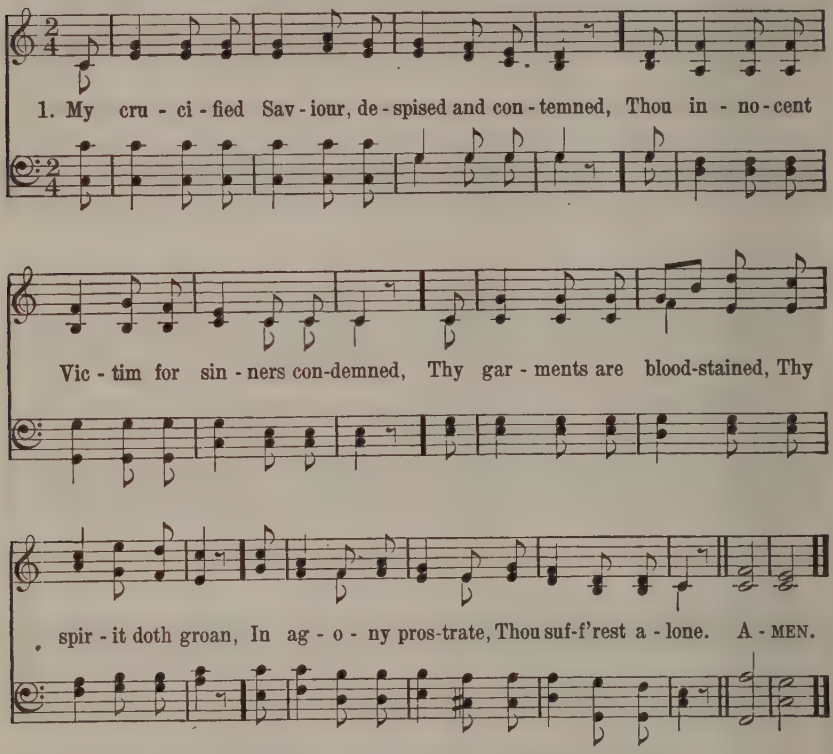
4 Through His heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die;
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery;
Water, from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood, to win us crowns on high.

5 Jesus, may those precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford:
Let them be our present healing,
And at length our full reward;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee, its redeeming Lord.

Claude de Santeüil, 1680.

114. My Crucified Saviour, Despised and Contemned.

Min blodige konung. 11 11, 11 11. ANDREAS CARL RUTSTRÖM, (1721–1772).


1. My cru - ci - fied Sav - iour, de - spised and con - temned, Thou in - no - cent
Vic - tim for sin - ners con-demned, Thy gar - ments are blood-stained, Thy
spir - it doth groan, In ag - o - ny pros-trate, Thou suf-f'rest a - lone. A - MEN.

2 Thou weepest and moanest in conflict and prayer,
And writhest in agony, pain, and despair;
In thirty years' anguish our path Thou hast trod,
And diest at last to redeem us to God.

3 Our Saviour thus finished God's plan with our race,
And laid the foundation for pardon and grace.
And then rose triumphant, the conquering Lord,
Appeased the Creator and mankind restored.

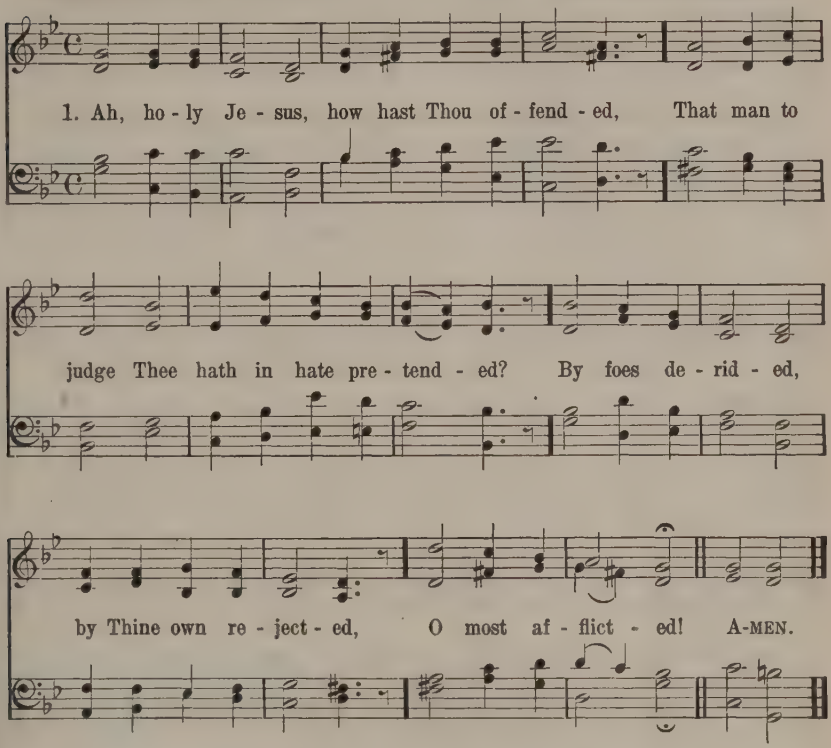
4 Restored to the bliss that was lost in the fall,
Yea, greater, for Jesus prepared for us all
Eternal salvation and mansions above;
Come, poor, burdened sinners, rejoice in His love.

5 Yea, come, trembling sinner, come just as thou art,
Thy cares and thy sorrows to Jesus impart;
In Him seek salvation from death and the grave,
For Jesus is willing and mighty to save.

Andreas Carl Rutström, (1721–1772)

115. Ah, Holy Jesus, How Hast Thou Offended?

Herzliebster Jesu. 11 11, 11 5. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.


1. Ah, ho - ly Je - sus, how hast Thou of - fend - ed, That man to
judge Thee hath in hate pre - tend - ed? By foes de - rid - ed,
by Thine own re - ject - ed, O most af - flict - ed! A-MEN.

2 Who was the guilty? Who brought this upon Thee?
Alas, my treason, Jesus, hath undone Thee!
'Twas I, Lord Jesus, I it was denied Thee:
I crucified Thee.

3 Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered;
The slave hath sinnèd, and the Son hath suffered;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

4 For me, kind Jesus, was Thine incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and Thy life's oblation;
Thy death of anguish and Thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

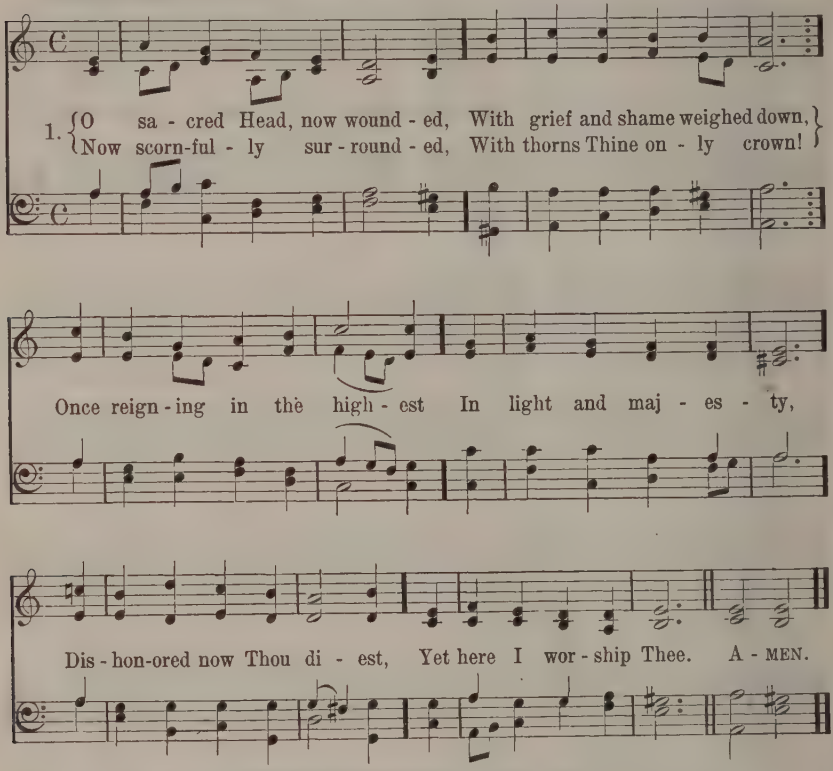
5 Therefore, kind Jesus, since I cannot pay Thee,
I do adore Thee, and will ever pray Thee:
Think on Thy pity and Thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

Johann Heermann, 1630.

Tr. Copyright by Robert Bridges.

116. O Sacred Head, Now Wounded.

Herzlich thut mich verlangen. 76, 76. D. HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601 and 1618.


1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns Thine on - ly crown!
Once reign - ing in the high - est In light and maj - es - ty,
Dis - hon-ored now Thou di - est, Yet here I wor - ship Thee. A - MEN.

2 How art Thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.

3 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour,
'Tis I deserve Thy place:
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
Receive me, my Redeemer;
My Shepherd, make me Thine,
Of every good the Fountain,
Thou art the Spring of mine!

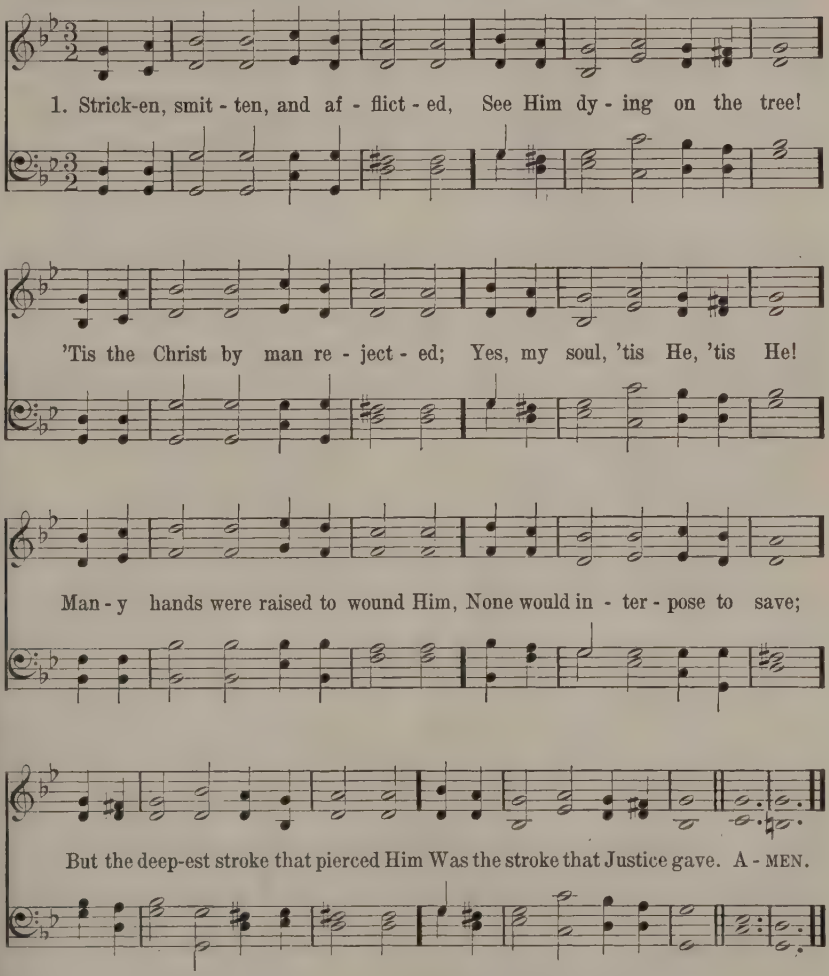
4 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
O make me Thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee.

5 Forbid that I should leave Thee;
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive Thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish
By Thine own wounded heart.

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091–1153).
Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

117. Stricken, Smitten, and Afflicted.

Wo ist Jesus, mein Verlangen. 8 7, 8 7. D. Geistliches Volkslied, 1850.


1. Strick-en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, See Him dy - ing on the tree!
'Tis the Christ by man re - ject - ed; Yes, my soul, 'tis He, 'tis He!
Man - y hands were raised to wound Him, None would in - ter - pose to save;
But the deep-est stroke that pierced Him Was the stroke that Justice gave. A - MEN.

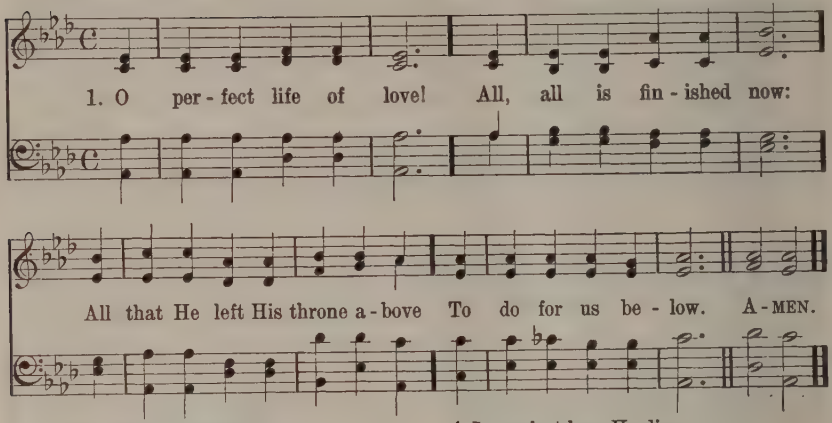
2 Ye who think of sin but lightly,
Nor suppose the evil great,
Here may view its nature rightly,
Here its guilt may estimate.
Mark the Sacrifice appointed!
See who bears the awful load!
'Tis the Word, the Lord's Anointed,
Son of Man, and Son of God.

3 Here we have a firm foundation,
Here the refuge of the lost:
Christ the Rock of our salvation:
Christ the Name of which we boast:
Lamb of God for sinners wounded!
Sacrifice to cancel guilt!
None shall ever be confounded
Who on Him their hope have built.

Thomas Kelly, 1804, a.

118. O Perfect Life of Love.

Gorton. S. M. Arranged from BEETHOVEN, 1807.



2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

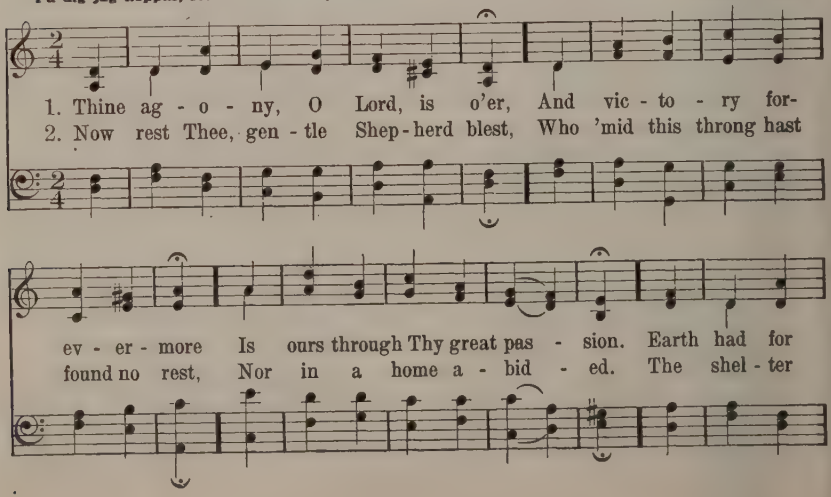
4 In perfect love He dies;
For me He dies, for me;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

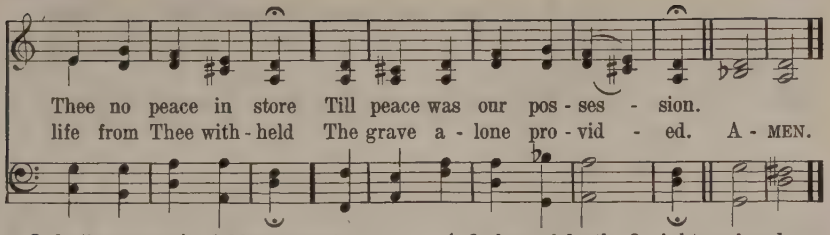
5 Work, then, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

Henry Williams Baker, 1875.

119. Thine Agony, O Lord, Is O'er.

På dig jag hoppas, Herre kär! 8 8 7, 8 7. Swedish, 1536.


1. Thine ag - o - ny, O Lord, is o'er, And vic - to - ry for-
2. Now rest Thee, gen - tle Shep - herd blest, Who 'mid this throng hast
ev - er - more Is ours through Thy great pas - sion. Earth had for
found no rest, Nor in a home a - bid - ed. The shel - ter



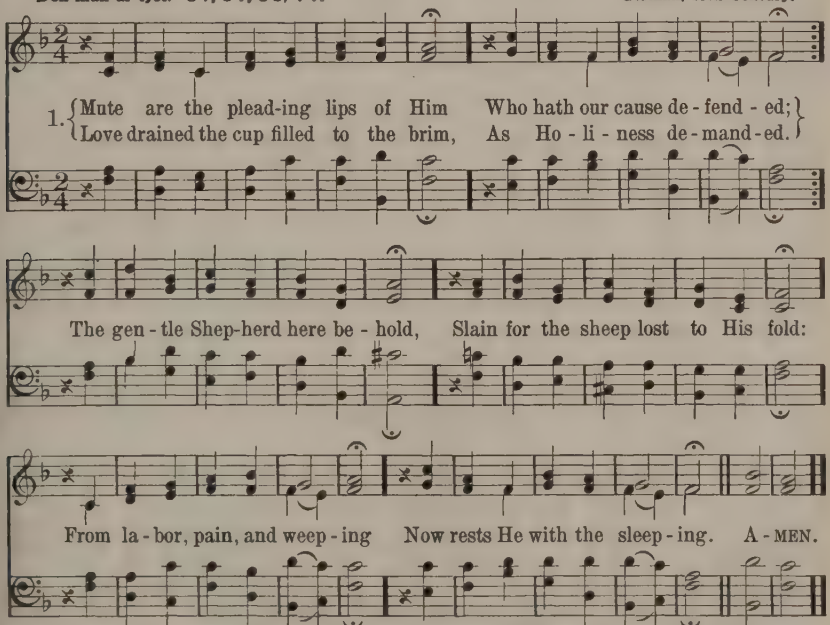
3 O silent grave! O blest retreat,
A refuge for my Saviour meet,
No longer dark and narrow!
Like Him, I enter thee content,
Released from toil and sorrow.

4 O sleep of death, O night profound,
My Lord hath set for thee a bound:
His promise I remember.
Like Him, triumphant I shall come
From out that peaceful chamber.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1819.

120. Mute Are the Pleading Lips of Him.

Den mun är tyst. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8, 7 7. German, 16th Century.


1. Mute are the plead-ing lips of Him Who hath our cause de - fend - ed;
Love drained the cup filled to the brim, As Ho - li - ness de - mand - ed.
The gen - tle Shep-herd here be - hold, Slain for the sheep lost to His fold:
From la - bor, pain, and weep - ing Now rests He with the sleep - ing. A - MEN.

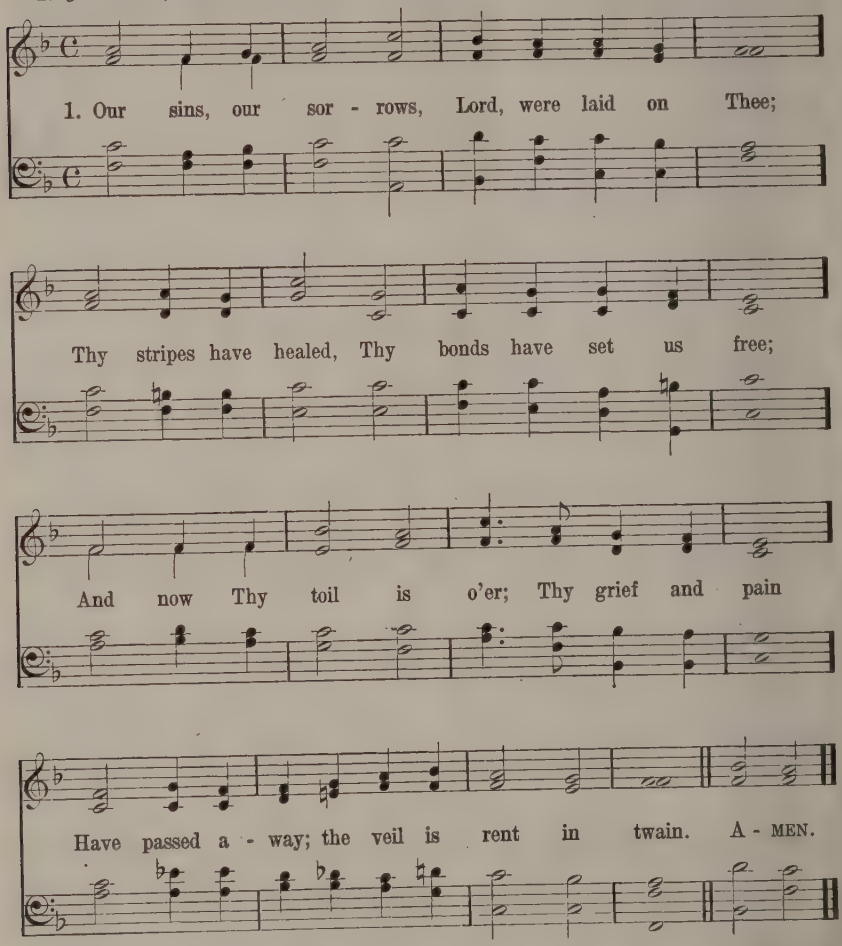
2 But not for aye, O Friend of men,
Thou in the grave descendest;
A little while, and then again
Thy grieving flock Thou tendest.
The corn that falls into the earth
From darkness springs in fullness forth,
In season amply giving
The life-bread to the living.

3 O Prince of Life, now to the gloom
Of earth consigned in sorrow,
My life so guide, that in my tomb
I wait the blessèd morrow.
When, freed from worldly strife and care,
This mortal frame reposes there,
Grant that my deathless spirit
The bliss of heaven inherit.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1819.

121. Our Sins, Our Sorrows, Lord, Were Laid on Thee.

Langran. 10 10, 10 10. JAMES LANGRAN, 1862.


1. Our sins, our sor - rows, Lord, were laid on Thee;
Thy stripes have healed, Thy bonds have set us free;
And now Thy toil is o'er; Thy grief and pain
Have passed a - way; the veil is rent in twain. A - MEN.

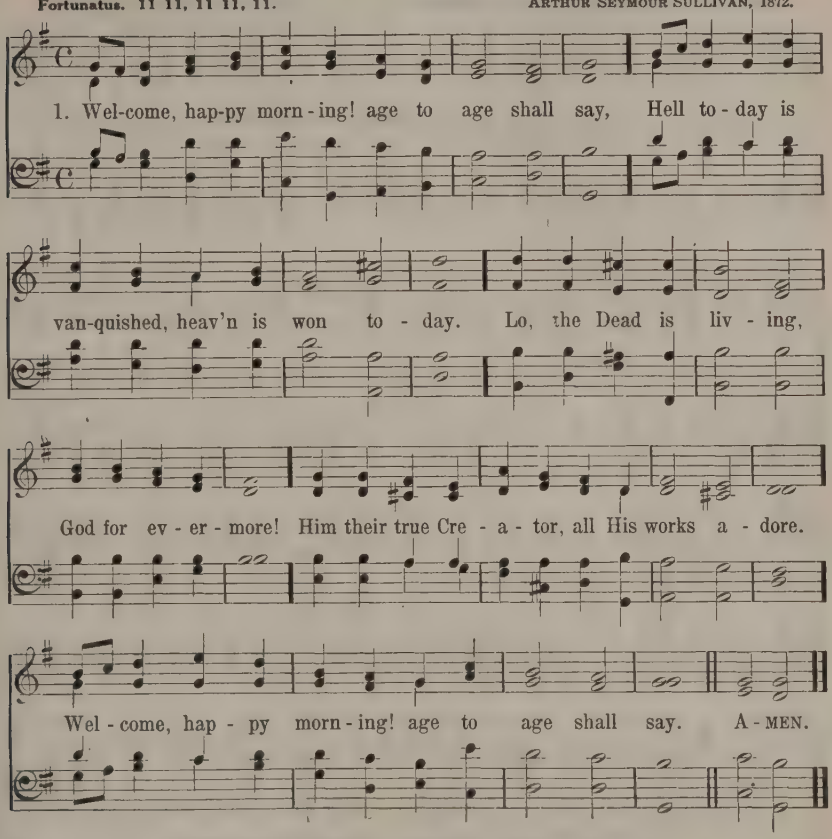
2 Now hast Thou laid Thee down in perfect peace
Where all the wicked from their troubling cease,
Thy tranquil Sabbath in the grave to keep:
Thy Father giveth His Belovèd sleep.

3 Yet in Thy glory, on the throne above,
Thou wast abiding ever, Lord of love,
Eternal, filling all created things
With Thine own presence, Jesus, King of kings!

Edward William Eddis, 1864.

122. Welcome, Happy Morning! Age to Age Shall Say.

Fortunatus. 11 11, 11 11, 11. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.


1. Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is
van-quished, heav'n is won to-day. Lo, the Dead is liv-ing,
God for ev-er-more! Him their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.
Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say. A-MEN.

2 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Thou of God the Father, true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; heaven is won to-day!

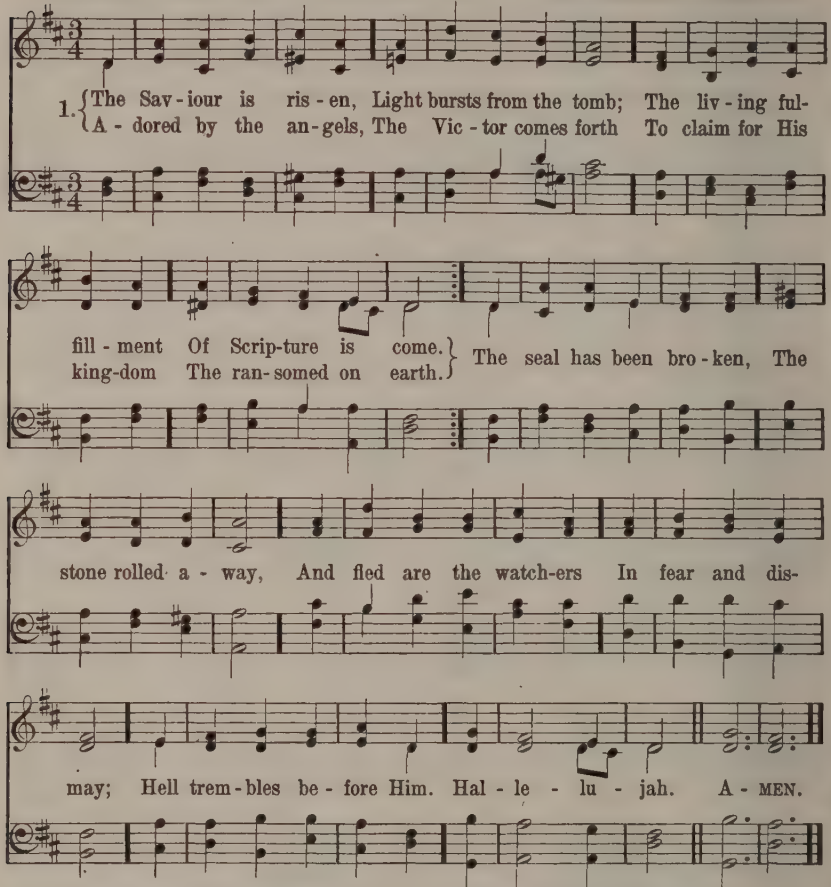
3 Thou, of life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfill Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!
Welcome, happy morning! Heaven is won to-day!

Venantius Fortunatus, (530-609).

123. The Saviour Is Risen.

Hvad ljus öfver griften! 6 5, 6 5, 6 5, 6 5, 6 5, 6 5, 6 4. NIELS JESPERSÖN'S Gradual, 1573.


1. The Sav-iour is ris-en, Light bursts from the tomb; The liv-ing ful-
A-dored by the an-gels, The Vic-tor comes forth To claim for His
fill-ment Of Scrip-ture is come.
king-dom The ran-somed on earth.
The seal has been bro-ken, The
stone rolled a-way, And fled are the watch-ers In fear and dis-
may; Hell trem-bles be-fore Him. Hal-le-lu-jah. A-MEN.

2 Light grappled with darkness,
Death wrestled with life;
Now light comes triumphant
From out the dread strife.
While death lieth vanquished,
Hope kindles again
The torch of the faithful
To shine among men.
Ye sorrowing women
Who hither have sped,
Why seek ye the living
To-day 'mongst the dead?
For Jesus is risen.
Hallelujah.

3 Now God in His heaven
And man are at one,
The grave is a pathway,
Through Christ, to the throne.
Ye friends that are bending
In grief at the cross,
Now lift your heads gladly,
Ye suffered no loss.
O flock, scattered widely,
Return to the fold:
Thy Shepherd still liveth,
And now as of old
He leadeth thee Godward.
Hallelujah.

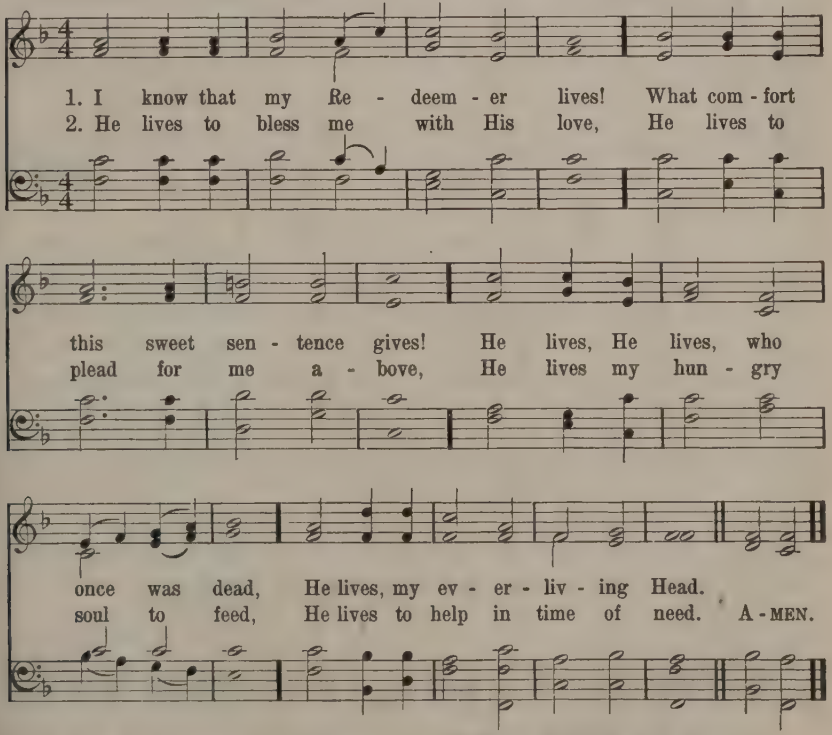
4 'Mid storms and upheavals
His Church stands secure.
The truth of His gospel
Shall ever endure.
Lo! unto all peoples
His message shall speed,
Proclaiming 'mid turmoil
The Lord's mighty deed,
Proclaiming the Saviour
Who died for all men,
And, having arisen,
Now liveth again,
Firstfruits of the sleeping.
Hallelujah.

5 Then weep not, ye faithful,
Yield not to despair:
The night soon is over,
The day shall appear.
Though earth shall embrace you
When death lays you low,
The seed of His sowing
To harvests will grow;
And soon shall the Sower
Return to His field
With angels to gather
Its heavenly yield,
From evil tares severed.
Hallelujah.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1811.

124. I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Federal Street. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives! What com - fort
2. He lives to bless me with His love, He lives to
this sweet sen - tence gives! He lives, He lives, who
plead for me a - bove, He lives my hun - gry
once was dead, He lives, my ev - er - liv - ing Head.
soul to feed, He lives to help in time of need. A - MEN.

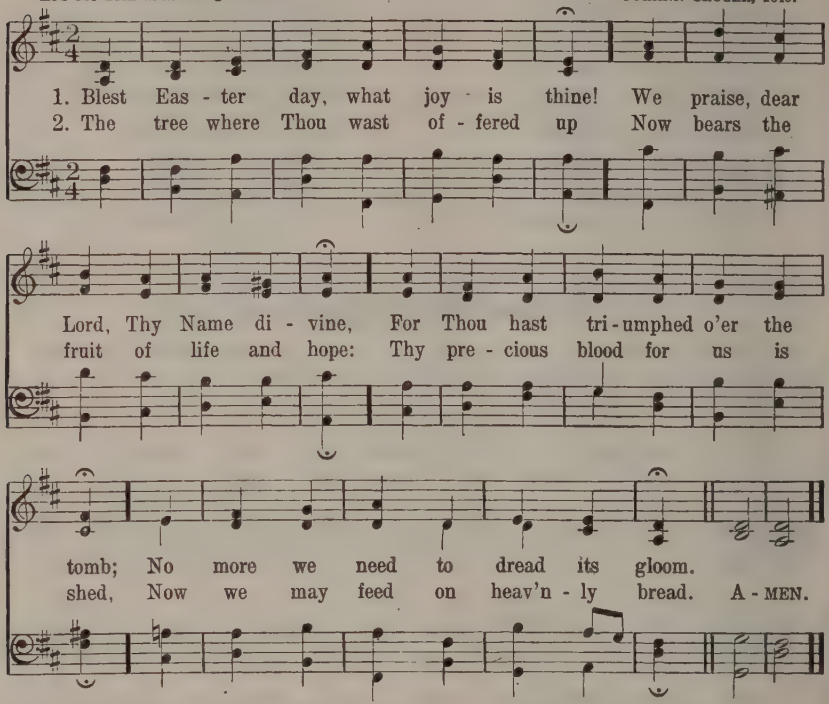
3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare;
He lives to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to His Name!
He lives, my Jesus, still the same;
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley, 1775.

125. Blest Easter Day, What Joy Is Thine.

Lob sei dem allmächtigen Gott. L. M. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.


1. Blest Eas - ter day, what joy is thine! We praise, dear
2. The tree where Thou wast of - fered up Now bears the
Lord, Thy Name di - vine, For Thou hast tri-umphed o'er the
fruit of life and hope: Thy pre - cious blood for us is
tomb; No more we need to dread its gloom.
shed, Now we may feed on heav'n - ly bread. A - MEN.

3 We thank Thee, Jesus, that Thy hand
Has freed us from sin's galling band;
No more its thralldom we need fear;
The year of liberty is here.

4 O Jesus Christ, God's Son elect,
Our Paschal Lamb without defect,
To us Thou givest strength indeed,
In all our conflicts, all our need.

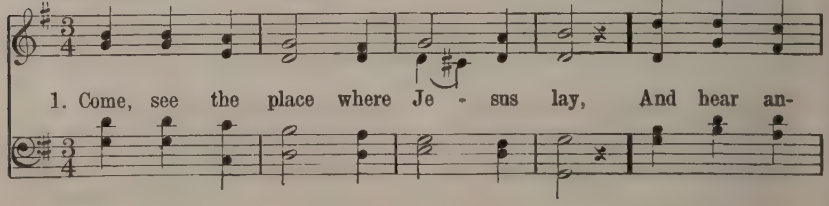
5 O grant that, as Thou didst arise,
We, too, with joy may heavenward rise,
First from our sin, to love Thy way,
Then from the grave on that great Day.

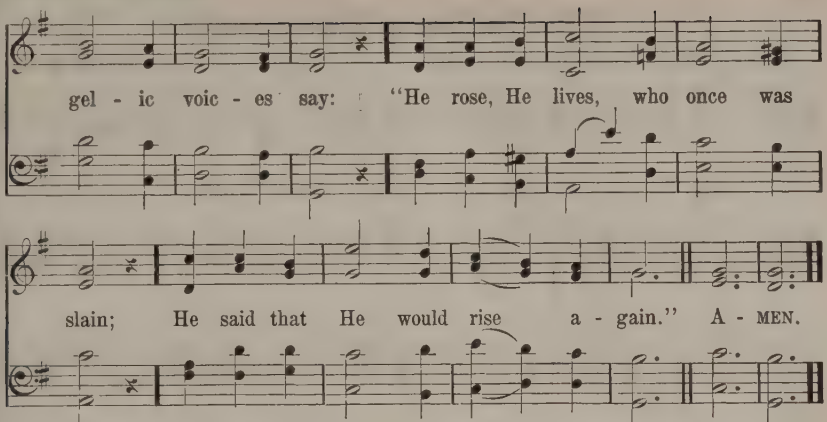
6 All praise to Thee who from death's might,
From carnal lust and sin's dark plight
Redeemest me, that even I
May reach eternal life on high.

Olavus Petri, 1536.

126. Come, See the Place Where Jesus Lay.

Grace Church. L. M. From IGNAZ JOSEF PLEYEL, 1800.





2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour!
When by His own almighty power
Our Saviour rose, and left the grave,
And ever liveth now to save.

3 Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who burst the bands of death and hell;
The First-begotten of the dead,
For us He rose, our glorious Head.

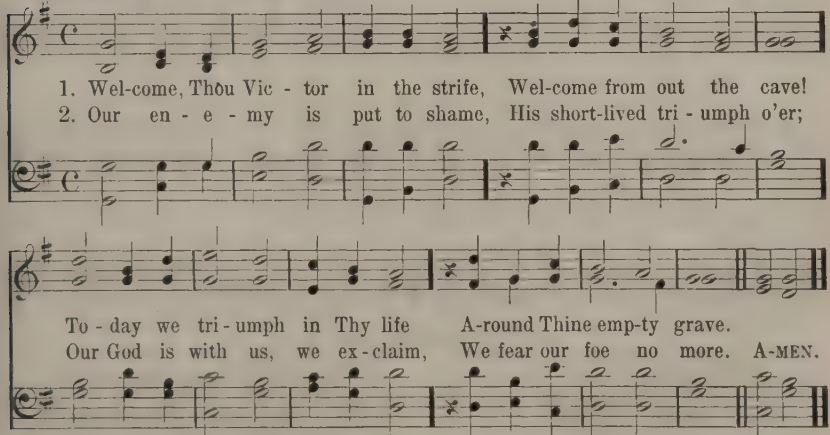
4 No more we tremble at the grave,
For Jesus will our spirits save.
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,
To Thee our ransomed souls we give.

5 All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally.

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

127. Welcome, Thou Victor in the Strife.

Nun danket all' und bringet Ehr (Crüger). C. M. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1657.


1. Wel-come, Thou Vic - tor in the strife, Wel-come from out the cave!
2. Our en - e - my is put to shame, His short-lived tri - umph o'er;
To - day we tri - umph in Thy life A-round Thine emp-ty grave.
Our God is with us, we ex - claim, We fear our foe no more. A-MEN.

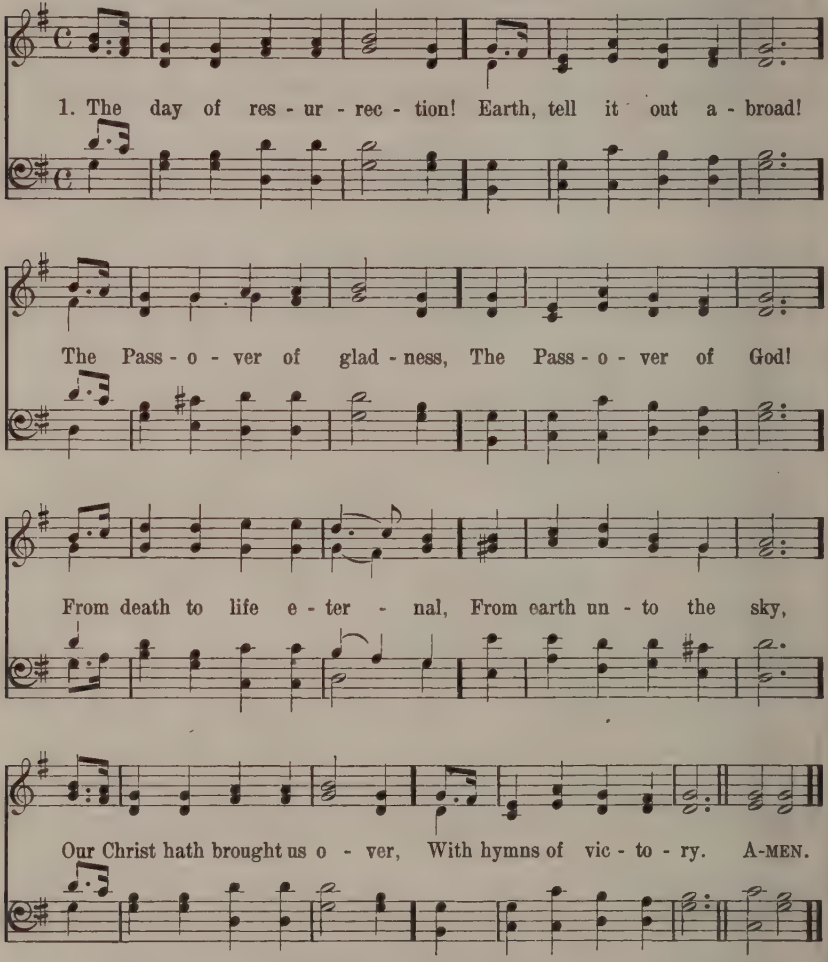
3 The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in their midst Thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with Thee.

4 O let Thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts Thou makest free;
And point the path that from the grave
Leads heavenward up to Thee.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1712.

128. The Day of Resurrection!

Salvatori. 7 6, 7 6. D. S. SALVATORI.


1. The day of res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad!
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God!
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-MEN.

Or: Valet will ich dir geben, No. 24.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light,
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!"—and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

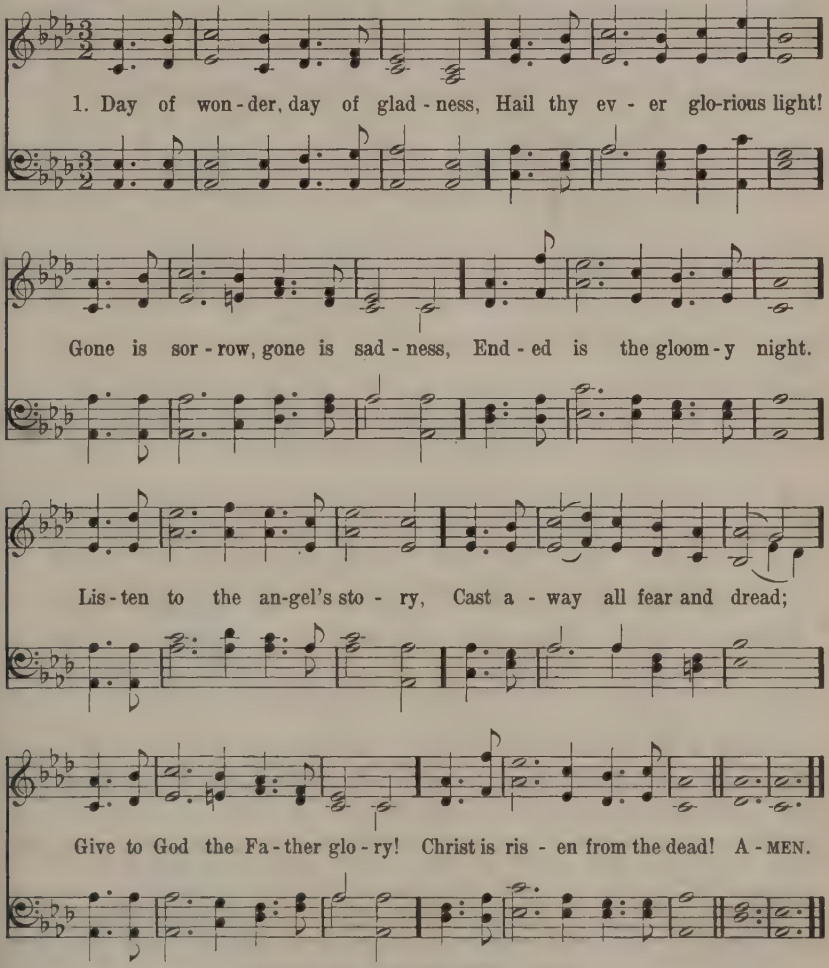
3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
The wide world keep high triumph,
And all that is therein;
Let all things seen and unseen
Their notes together blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus, 8th Century.

129. Day of Wonder, Day of Gladness.

Autumn. 8 7, 8 7. D.

Spanish Melody.
FRANCOIS HIPPOLITE BARTHELEMON? (1741–1808).


1. Day of won - der, day of glad - ness, Hail thy ev - er glo-rious light!
Gone is sor - row, gone is sad - ness, End - ed is the gloom - y night.
Lis - ten to the an-gel's sto - ry, Cast a - way all fear and dread;
Give to God the Fa - ther glo - ry! Christ is ris - en from the dead! A - MEN.

Or: Jesus är min vän den bäste, No. 80.

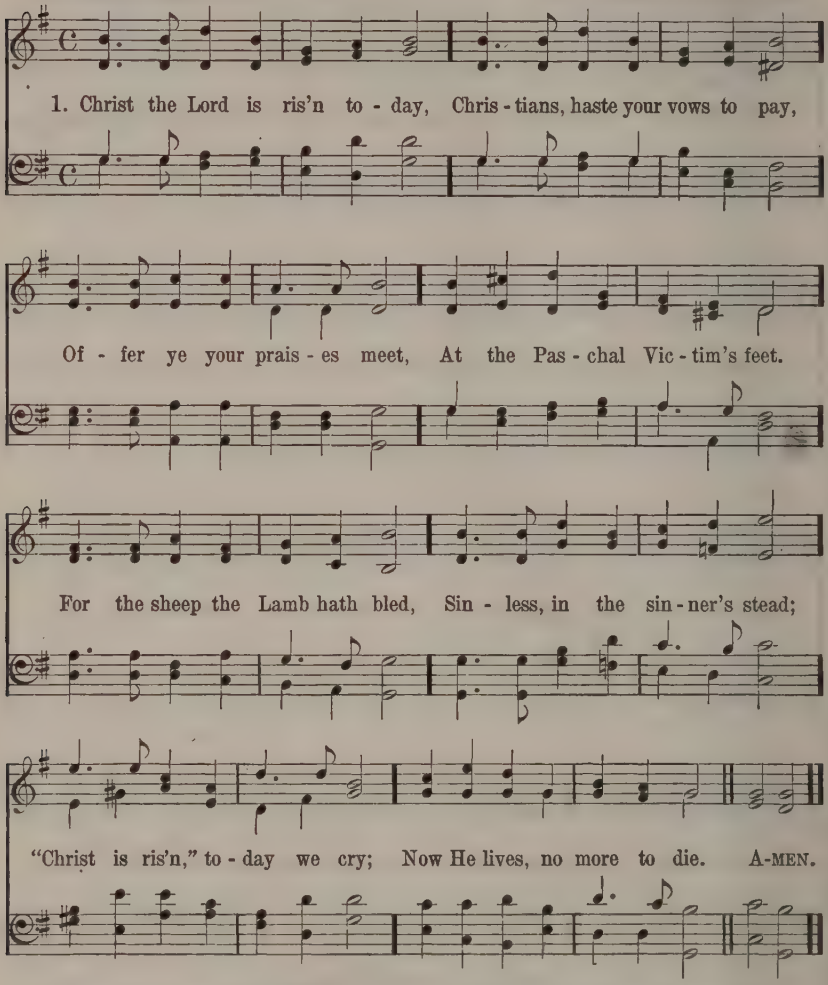
2 In the triumph of this hour,
Jubilant shall swell the song;
Unto Jesus, honor, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,
Sin and hell are captive led:
E'en the grave is free from terror,
Christ is risen from the dead!

3 Every people, every nation
Soon shall hear the gladsome sound;
Joyous tidings of salvation,
Borne to earth's remotest bound.
Then shall rise, in tones excelling,
Praise for grace so freely shed,
And the Easter hymn be swelling,
Christ is risen from the dead!

B. H. Hall.

130. Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day.

St. George's, Windsor. 7 7, 7 7. D. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1858.


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Chris - tians, haste your vows to pay,
Of - fer ye your prais - es meet, At the Pas - chal Vic - tim's feet.
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled, Sin - less, in the sin - ner's stead;
"Christ is ris'n," to - day we cry; Now He lives, no more to die. A-MEN.

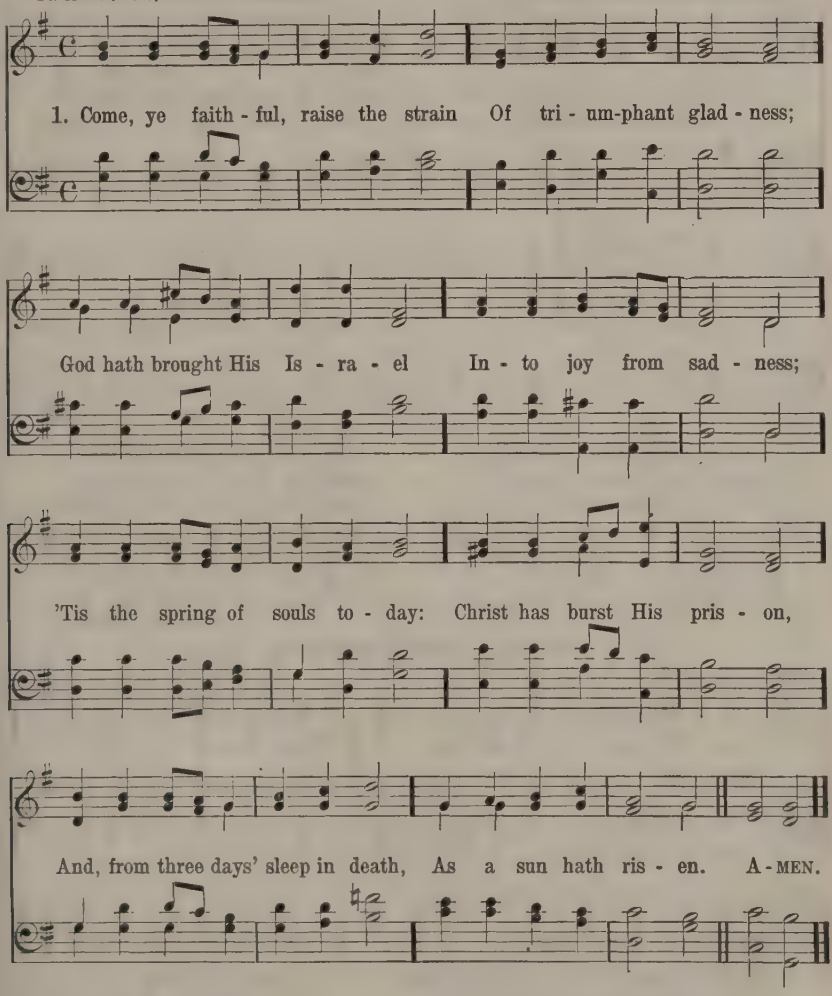
2 Christ, the Victim undefiled,
Man to God hath reconciled,
Whilst in strange and awful strife
Met together Death and Life.
Christians, on this happy day,
Haste with joy your vows to pay;
"Christ is risen," to-day we cry;
Now He lives, no more to die.

3 Christ, who once for sinners bled,
Now the First-born from the dead,
Throned in endless might and power
Lives and reigns for evermore.
Hail, eternal Hope on high!
Hail, Thou King of victory!
Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored!
Help and save us, gracious Lord.

Based on the Latin, 12th Century.

131. Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain.

St. Kevin. 7 6, 7 6. D. Trochaic. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.


1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ has burst His pris - on,
And, from three days' sleep in death, As a sun hath ris - en. A - MEN.

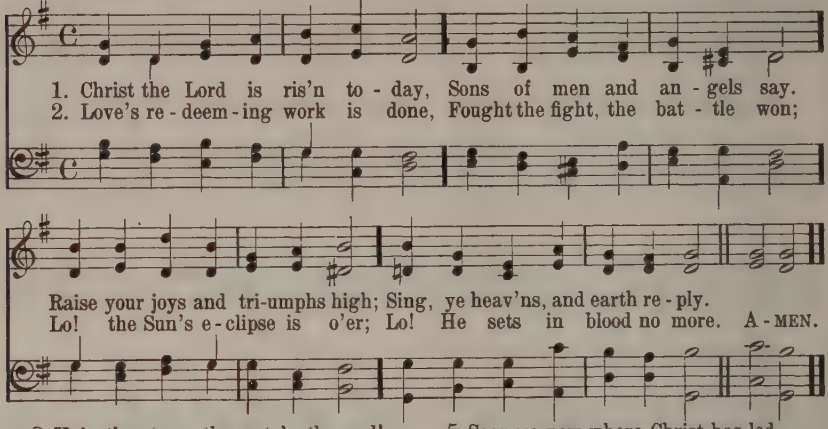
2 All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.
Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal.

3 But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness.

John of Damascus, 8th Century.

132. Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day.

Gud, vår Gud, för världen all. 7 7, 7 7. JOHAN FREDRIK LAGERGREN, b. 1826.


1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say.
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply.
Lo! the Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more. A - MEN.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell!
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, He all doth save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

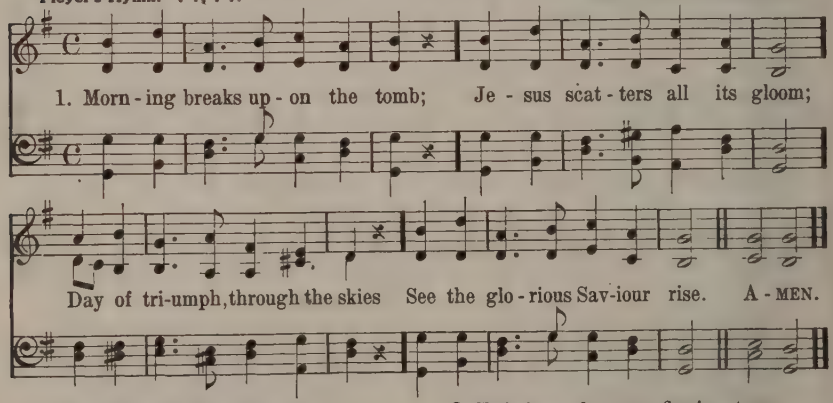
5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection Thou!

Charles Wesley, 1739.

133. Morning Breaks upon the Tomb.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7 7, 7 7. IGNAZ JOSEF PLEYEL, 1791.


1. Morn - ing breaks up - on the tomb; Je - sus scat - ters all its gloom;
Day of tri-umph, through the skies See the glo - rious Sav-iour rise. A - MEN.

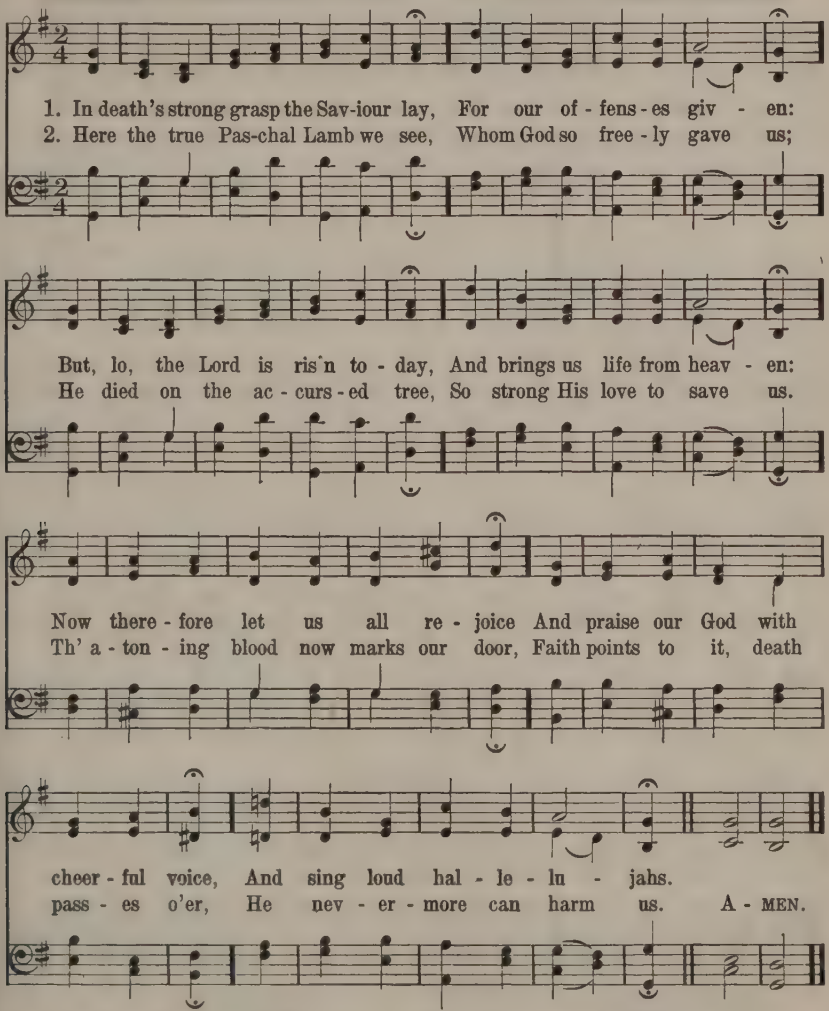
2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade,
Drive your anxious fears away,
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave,
Doubt no more His power to save.

William Bengo Collyer, 1812.

134. In Death's Strong Grasp the Saviour Lay.

O Jesu Christ, du höchstes Gut. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1658.


1. In death's strong grasp the Sav-iour lay, For our of-fens-es giv-en:
2. Here the true Pas-chal Lamb we see, Whom God so free-ly gave us;
But, lo, the Lord is ris'n to-day, And brings us life from heav-en:
He died on the ac-curs-ed tree, So strong His love to save us.
Now there-fore let us all re-joice And praise our God with
Th' a-ton-ing blood now marks our door, Faith points to it, death
cheer-ful voice, And sing loud hal-le-lu-jahs.
pass-es o'er, He nev-er-more can harm us. A-MEN.

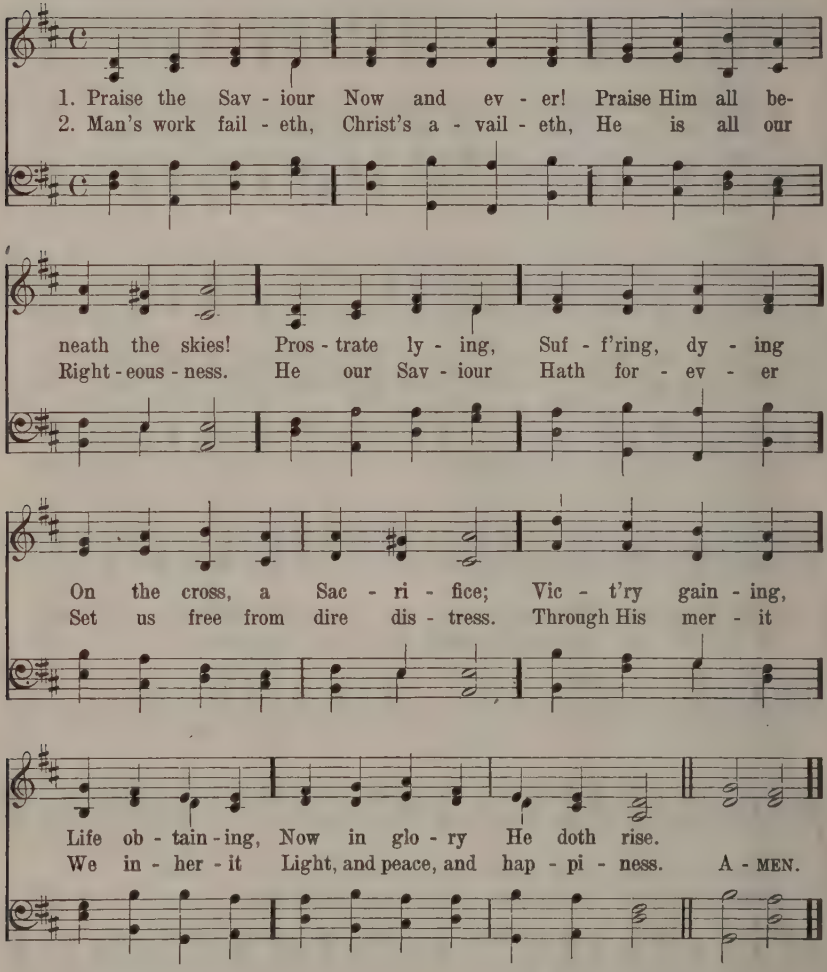
3 So let us keep the festival
Whereto the Lord invites us;
Christ is Himself the Joy of all,
The Sun which warms and lights us:
And by His grace He doth impart
Eternal sunshine to the heart;
The night of sin is ended.

4 Then let us feast this Easter day
On the true Bread of heaven;
The Word of grace hath purged away
The old and wicked leaven:
For Christ alone our souls will feed,
He is our meat and drink indeed;
Faith lives upon no other.

Martin Luther, 1524.

135. Praise the Saviour!

Upp, min tunga, 4 4 7, 4 4 7, 4 4 7. Koralbok, 1697.


1. Praise the Sav - iour Now and ev - er! Praise Him all be-
2. Man's work fail - eth, Christ's a - vail - eth, He is all our
neath the skies! Pros - trate ly - ing, Suf - f'ring, dy - ing
Right - eous - ness. He our Sav - iour Hath for - ev - er
On the cross, a Sac - ri - fice; Vic - t'ry gain - ing,
Set us free from dire dis - tress. Through His mer - it
Life ob - tain - ing, Now in glo - ry He doth rise.
We in - her - it Light, and peace, and hap - pi - ness. A - MEN.

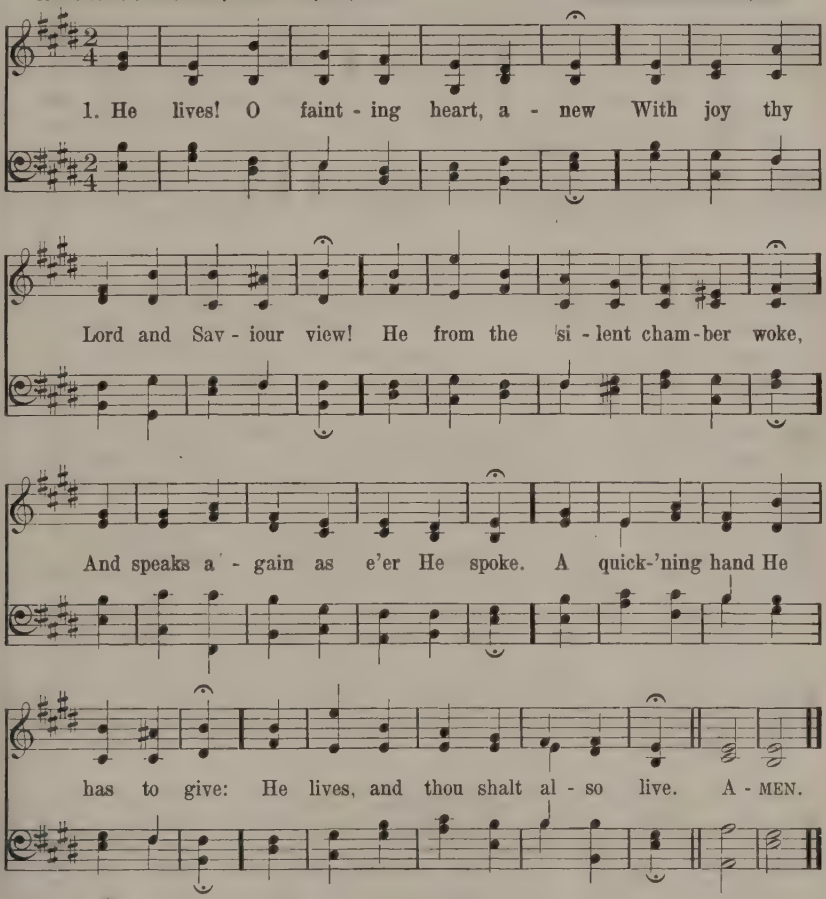
3 Sin's bonds severed,
We're delivered,
Christ hath bruised the serpent's head;
Death no longer
Is the stronger,
Hell itself is captive led.
Christ hath risen
From death's prison,
O'er the tomb He light hath shed.

4 For His favor,
Praise forever
Unto God the Father sing;
Praise the Saviour,
Praise Him ever,
Son of God, our Lord and King;
Praise the Spirit,
Through Christ's merit,
He doth us salvation bring.

Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus, (530?–609).

136. He Lives! O Fainting Heart, Anew.

Han lefver! o min ande, känn. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. HAEFFNER'S Koralbok, 1819.


1. He lives! O faint - ing heart, a - new With joy thy
Lord and Sav - iour view! He from the si - lent cham - ber woke,
And speaks a - gain as e'er He spoke. A quick-'ning hand He
has to give: He lives, and thou shalt al - so live. A - MEN.

2 O hear His voice, and take His hand,
Thou traveler to a better land;
While passing through thy crucial test,
Lift up thy head,—a peaceful rest,
Thy trials over, He shall give:
He lives, and thou shalt also live.

3 Ye dead in sin, awake, arise!
The Lord is calling from the skies.
Repentant come, in faith remain,
And live in Him; from sin and pain
And death shall He salvation give:
He lives, and thou shalt also live.

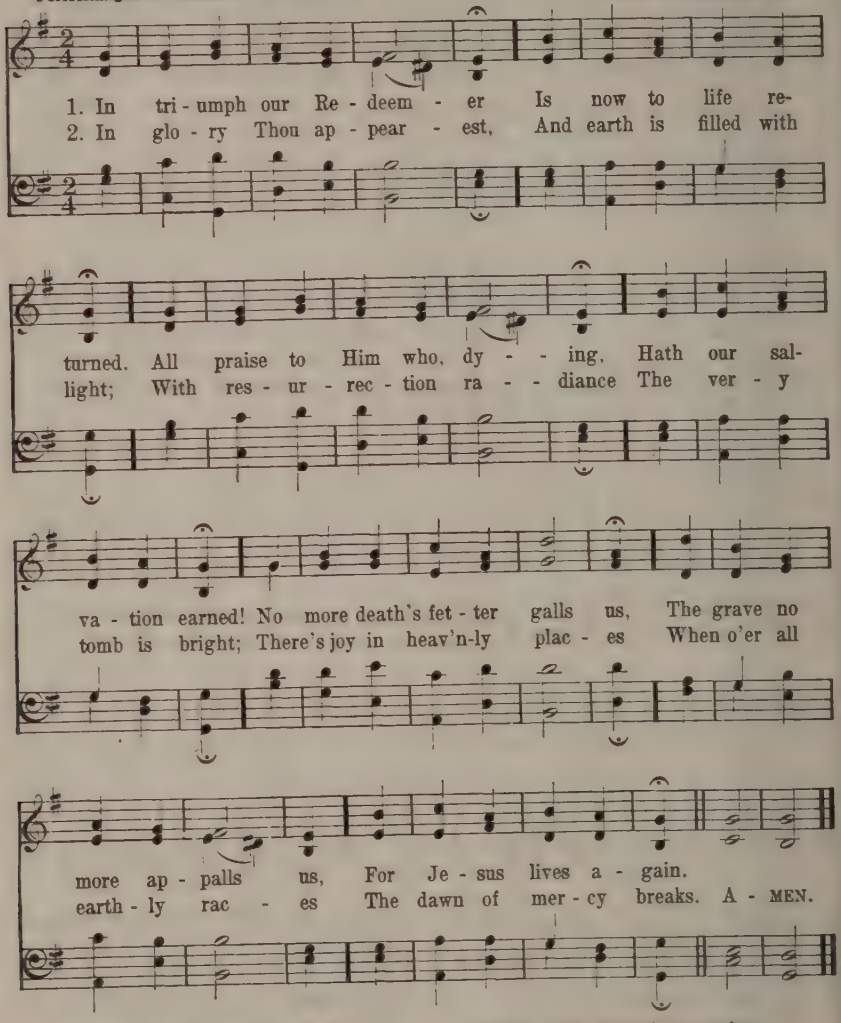
4 With Him thy Guide, lies smooth and bright
Thy pathway to the realm of light;
Abiding faith, undying love,
And hope lead to the home above.
Thy life into His keeping give:
He lives, and thou shalt also live.

5 Of glory shall His raiment be;
O'er time and o'er eternity
The Sun of Righteousness shall shine;
In heaven's throne He sits divine;
A footstool earth to Him shall give:
He lives, and thou shalt also live.

Johan Olof Wallin.

137. In Triumph Our Redeemer.

Förlossningen är vunnen. 7 6, 7 6, 7 7 6. German Enchiridion, 1524.


1. In tri - umph our Re - deem - er Is now to life re-
2. In glo - ry Thou ap - pear - est, And earth is filled with
turned. All praise to Him who dy - - ing, Hath our sal-
light; With res - ur - rec - tion ra - - diance The ver - y
va - tion earned! No more death's fet - ter galls us, The grave no
tomb is bright; There's joy in heav'n-ly plac - es When o'er all
more ap - palls us, For Je - sus lives a - gain.
earth - ly rac - es The dawn of mer - cy breaks. A - MEN.

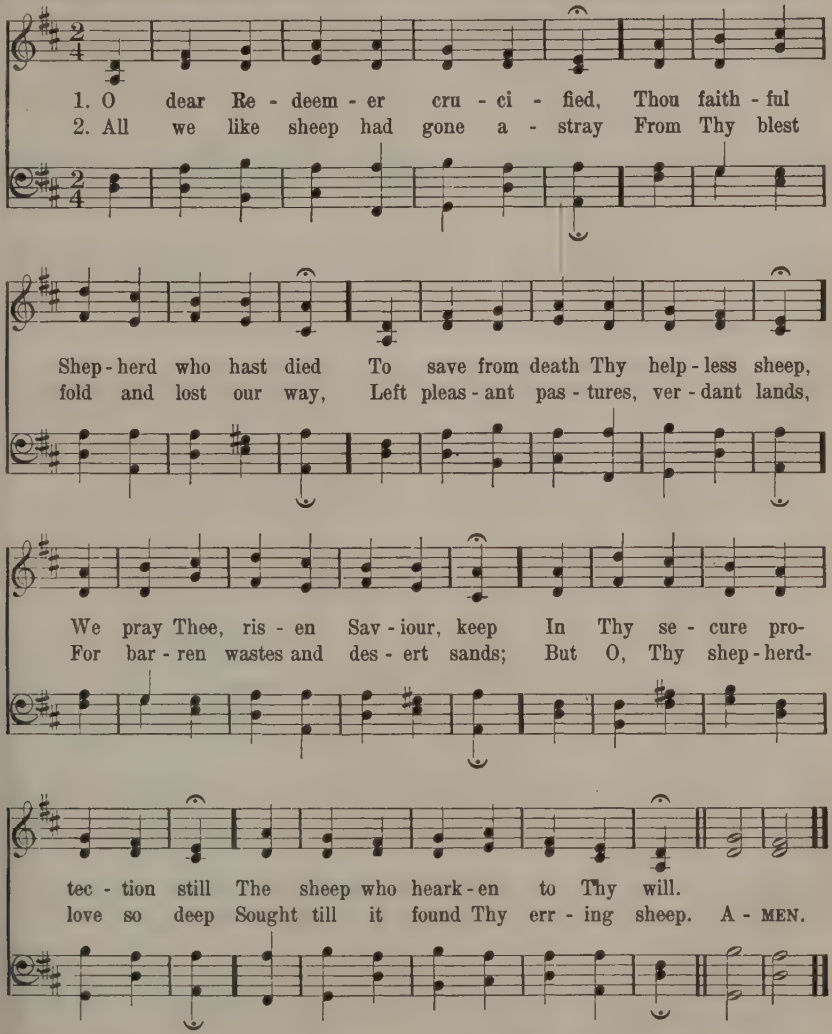
3 Teach me with Thee to suffer,
With Thee to live and die,
In trial and temptation
On Thy help to rely.
To them alone who suffered
With Thee the palm is offered
When our last fight is won.

4 When in the morning watches
Of that last day of dread
Thou comest in Thy glory
To judge both quick and dead,
How sweet Thy promise spoken,
Thyself the living token,
That death shall be no more.

Erik Gustaf Geijer, 1819.

138. O Dear Redeemer Crucified.

Machs mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1827, a.


1. O dear Re - deem - er cru - ci - fied, Thou faith - ful
2. All we like sheep had gone a - stray From Thy blest
Shep - herd who hast died To save from death Thy help - less sheep,
fold and lost our way, Left pleas - ant pas - tures, ver - dant lands,
We pray Thee, ris - en Sav - iour, keep In Thy se - cure pro-
For bar - ren wastes and des - ert sands; But O, Thy shep - herd-
tec - tion still The sheep who heark - en to Thy will.
love so deep Sought till it found Thy err - ing sheep. A - MEN.

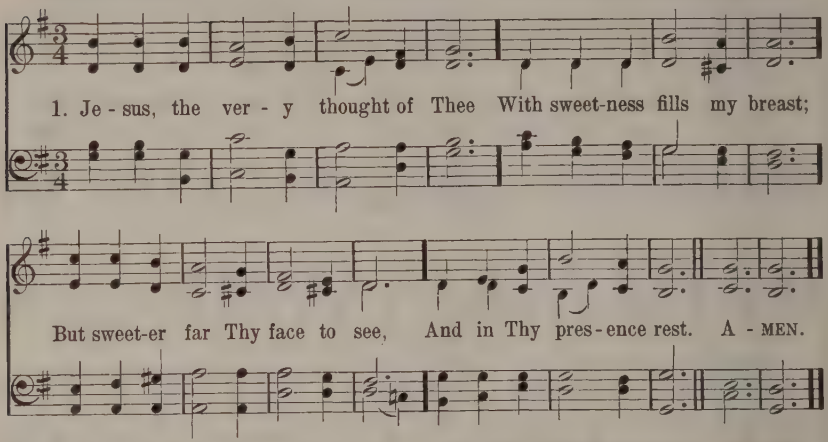
3 O Shepherd Saviour, we rejoice
To be Thine own, to hear Thy voice.
Bought with a price, we now are Thine,
And known of Thee, O Love divine!
By grace unto Thy fold restored,
Let us not stray again, dear Lord.

4 Dear Lord, our eyes of faith behold
In truth one Shepherd and one fold,
Kept through the Spirit's bond of peace
In unity which ne'er shall cease.
As Thou hast promised, we shall be
Thine own in all eternity.

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

139. Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

St. Agnes. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest. A - MEN.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find.
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

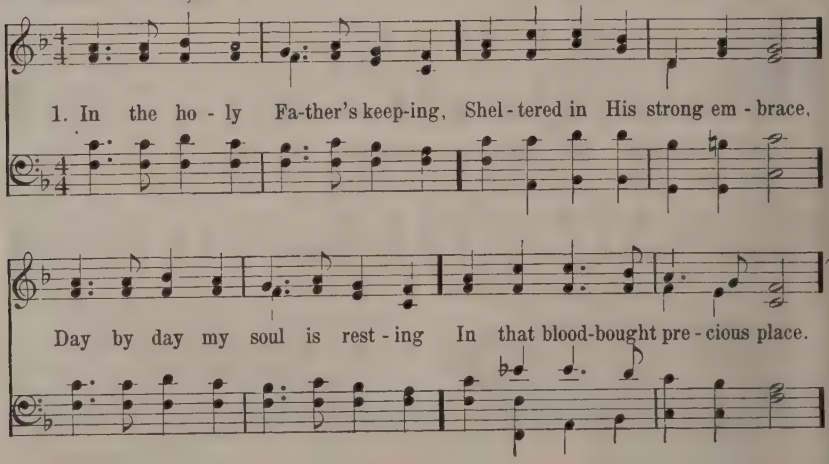
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

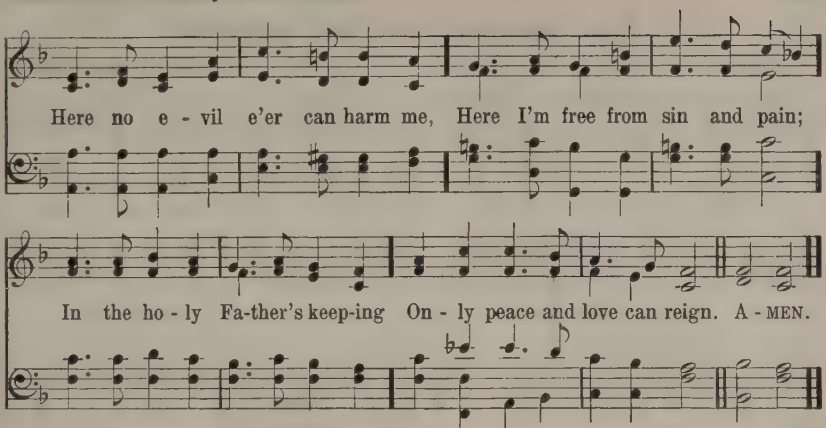
5 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now
And through eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091–1153).

140. In the Holy Father's Keeping.

Weston. 8 7, 8 7. D. JOHN EDWARD ROE, (1838–1871).


1. In the ho - ly Fa-ther's keep-ing, Shel - tered in His strong em - brace,
Day by day my soul is rest - ing In that blood-bought pre - cious place.



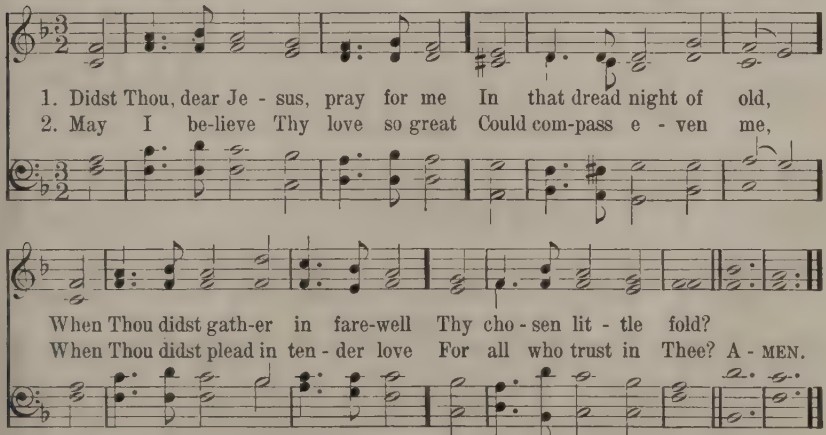
2 In the holy Father's keeping
There is joy, complete, fulfilled:
Joy which Jesus died to give me,
Yea, His precious blood was spilled
That I might be kept securely,
Through the Father's precious Name,
Kept for glories grand, celestial,
Far above all earthly fame.

3 In the holy Father's keeping,
Jesus, I will pray Thy prayer.
Holy Father, wilt Thou take me?
Wilt Thou guard, protect me there?
By the prayer that Jesus offered,
By His cross, His blood, His love,
Holy Father, in Thy keeping
Take me to Thy realms above.

Samuel Martin Miller, 1922.

141. Didst Thou, Dear Jesus, Pray for Me?

Gloria Dei. C. M. PETER JOHNSON, 1923.


1. Didst Thou, dear Je - sus, pray for me In that dread night of old,
2. May I be-lieve Thy love so great Could com-pass e - ven me,
When Thou didst gath-er in fare-well Thy cho - sen lit - tle fold?
When Thou didst plead in ten - der love For all who trust in Thee? A - MEN.

Or: Dundee, No. 242.

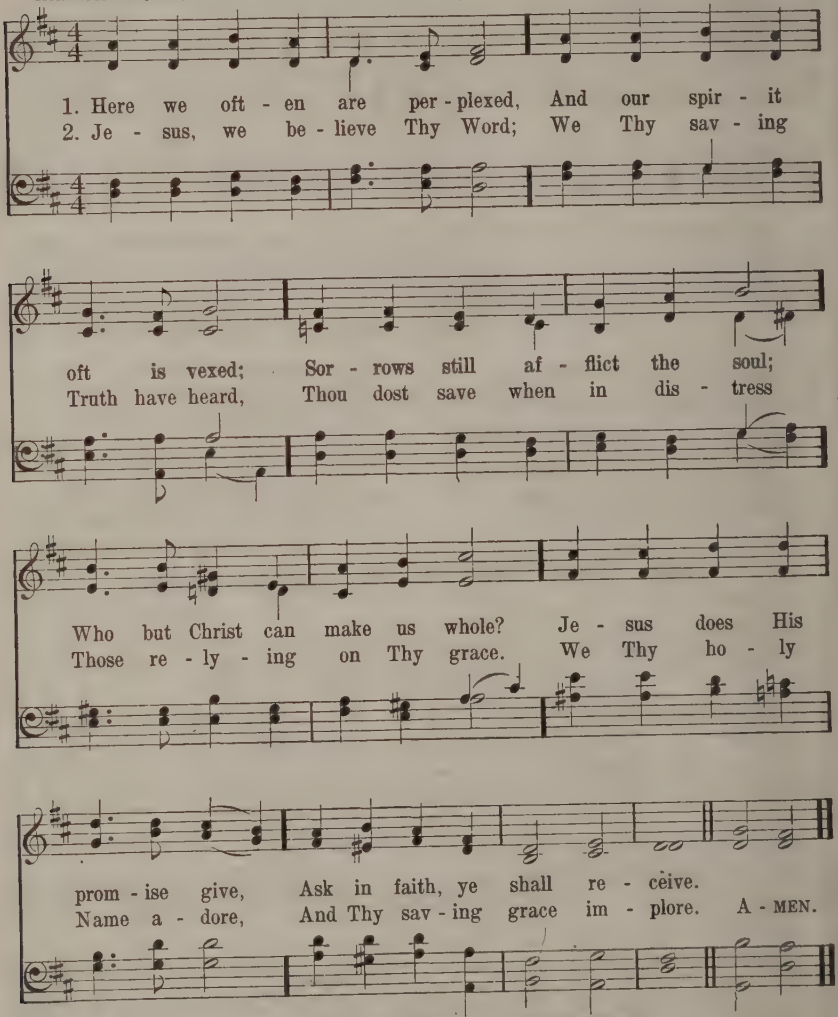
3 Was there a place in Thy dear heart
For such a one as I;
And dost Thou still remember me
Before the throne on high?

4 O wondrous love beyond compare,
O mercy, full and free;
My heart shall e'er rejoice in this,
That Jesus prays for me!

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1923.

142. Here We Often Are Perplexed.

Reliance. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. JOHN HENRY GOWER, 1895.


1. Here we oft - en are per - plexed, And our spir - it
2. Je - sus, we be - lieve Thy Word; We Thy sav - ing
oft is vexed; Sor - rows still af - flict the soul;
Truth have heard, Thou dost save when in dis - tress
Who but Christ can make us whole? Je - sus does His
Those re - ly - ing on Thy grace. We Thy ho - ly
prom - ise give, Ask in faith, ye shall re - ceive.
Name a - dore, And Thy sav - ing grace im - plore. A - MEN.

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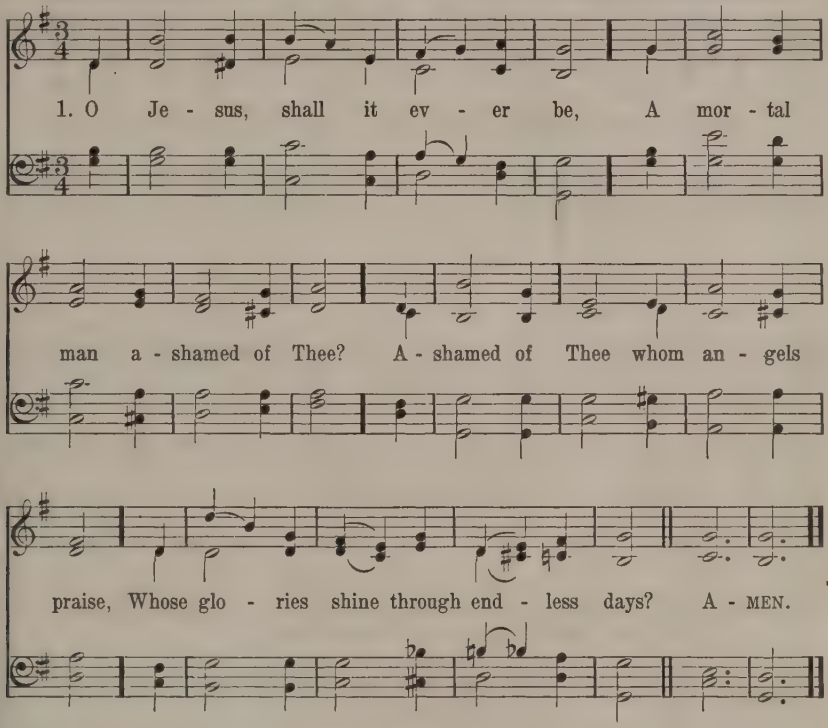
3 Great the promise Thou hast given,
For it lifts the soul to heaven;
Whatsoever we can claim—
If we ask it in Thy Name—
From the Father we receive,
If we in Thy Word believe.

4 We must tribulation face,
But if we Thy Truth embrace,
Though the world is full of sin,
Thy salvation we shall win.
Thou who didst the world o'ercome
Givest victory to Thine own.

George Henry Trabert, 1922.

143. O Jesus, Shall It Ever Be?

Brookfield. L. M. THOMAS BISHOP SOUTHGATE, 1855.


1. O Je - sus, shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal
man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee whom an - gels
praise, Whose glo - ries shine through end - less days? A - MEN.

Or: Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein, No. 50.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

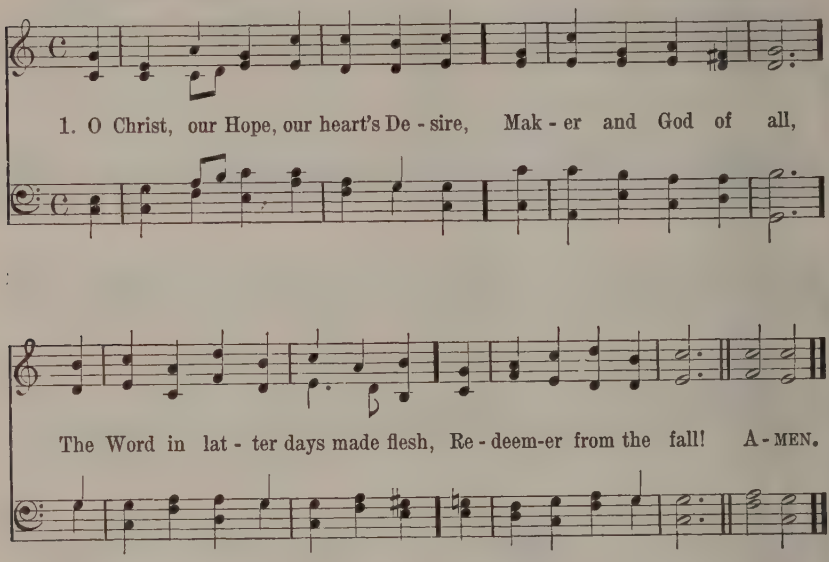
4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

5 Soon shall He come with power to bless
All who do here His Name confess;
And then may this my glory be,
That He is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1765, a.

144. O Christ, Our Hope, Our Heart's Desire.

St. Anne. C. M. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



2 How vast the mercy and the love
Which laid our sins on Thee,
And led Thee to a cruel death,
To set Thy people free!

3 But now the bands of death are burst,
The ransom has been paid;
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,
In glorious robes arrayed.

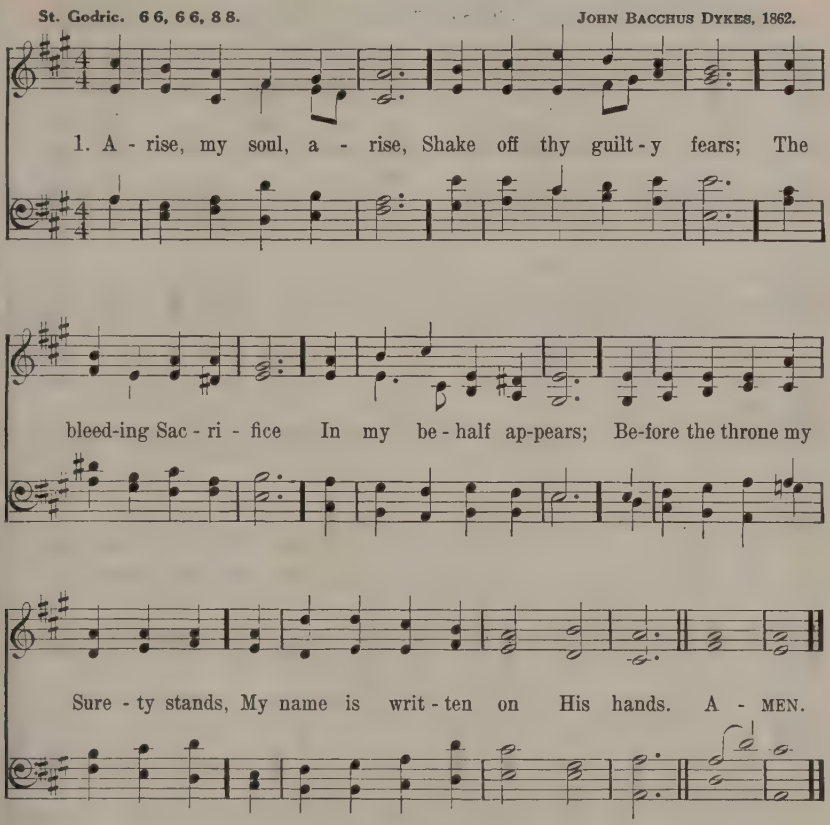
4 O may Thy mighty love prevail
Our sinful souls to spare!
O may we come before Thy throne,
And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ, be Thou our present Joy,
Our future great Reward;
Our only glory may it be
To glory in the Lord!

Latin, 7th or 8th Century.

145. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

St. Godric. 6 6, 6 6, 8 8. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The
bleed-ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap-pears; Be-fore the throne my
Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands. A - MEN.

Or: Lenox, No. 70.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

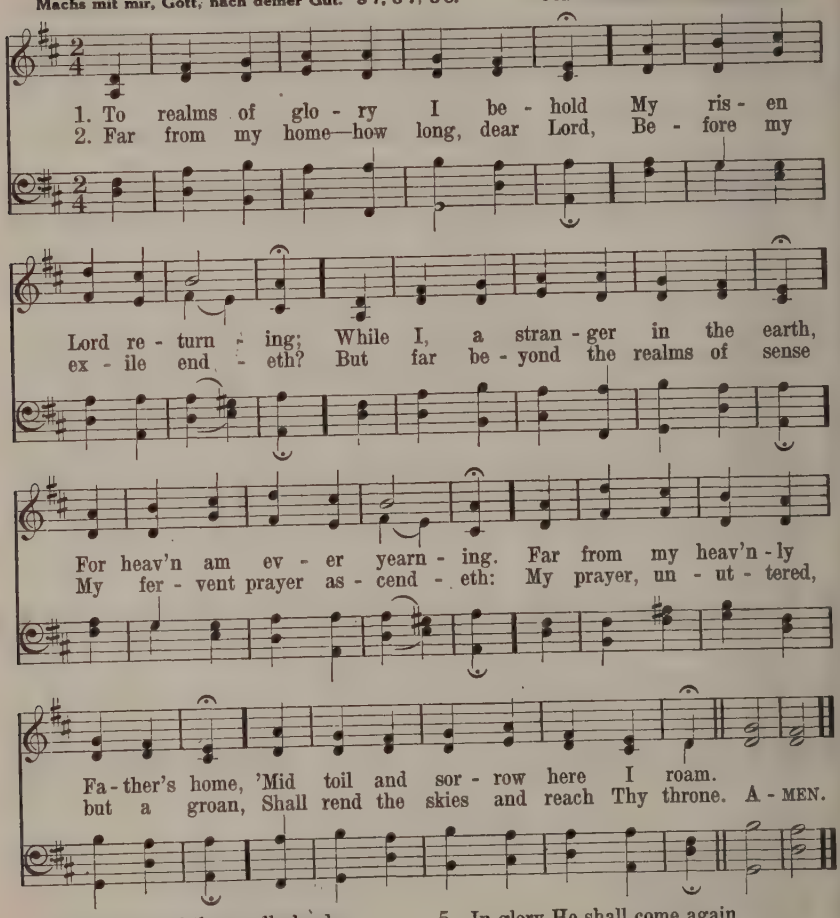
4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns for me His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father!" cry.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

146. To Realms of Glory I Behold.

Machs mit mir, Gott, nach deiner Güt. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN, 1627.


1. To realms of glo - ry I be - hold My ris - en
2. Far from my home—how long, dear Lord, Be - fore my
Lord re - turn - ing; While I, a stran - ger in the earth,
ex - ile end - eth? But far be - yond the realms of sense
For heav'n am ev - er yearn - ing. Far from my heav'n - ly
My fer - vent prayer as - cend - eth: My prayer, un - ut - tered,
Fa - ther's home, 'Mid toil and sor - row here I roam.
but a groan, Shall rend the skies and reach Thy throne. A - MEN.

3 Then visions of the goodly land
By faith my soul obtaineth;
There I shall dwell for evermore
Where Christ in glory reigneth,
In mansions of that blest abode,
The city of the living God.

4 In that blest city is no night,
Nor any pain or weeping;
There is my treasure, there my heart,
Safe in my Saviour's keeping;
In heaven, my blessèd Lord, with Thee,
May all my conversation be.

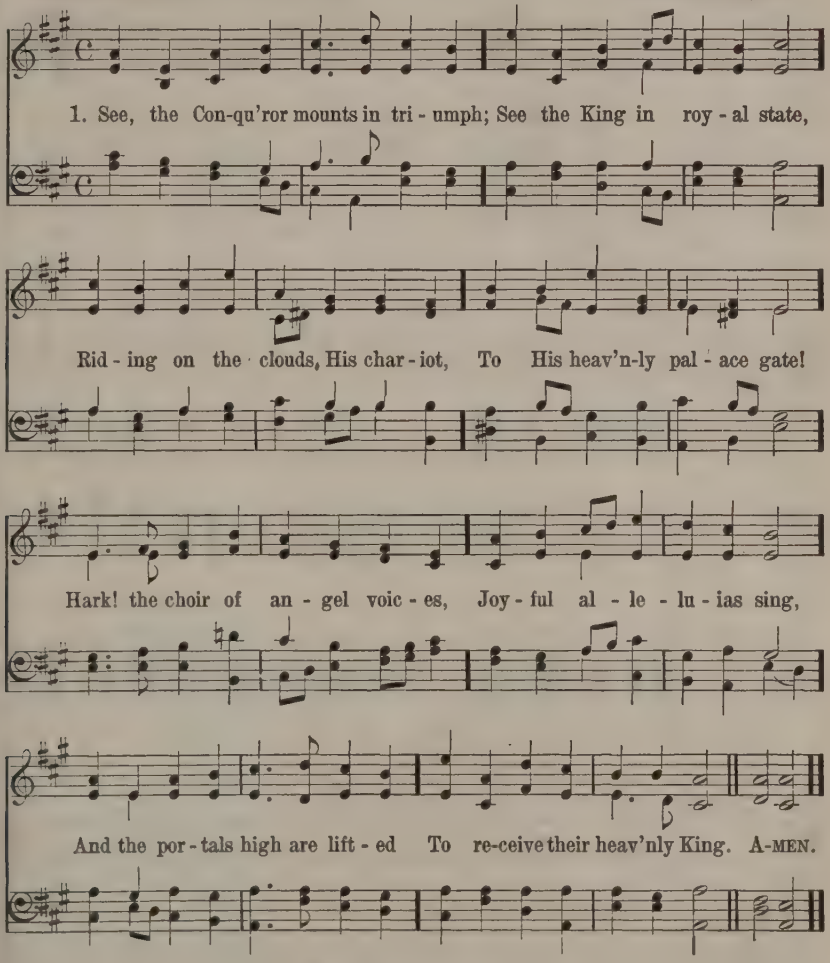
5 In glory He shall come again
To earth as He ascended;
So let me wait and watch and pray,
Until my day is ended.
That day, O Lord, is hid from me,
But daily do I wait for Thee.

6 And blessèd shall that servant be,
O Lord, at Thy returning,
Whose heart is waiting, Lord, for Thee,
Whose lamp is trimmed and burning;
Him wilt Thou take to dwell with Thee
In joy and peace eternally.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

147. See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph.

Rex Gloriae. 8 7, 8 7. D. HENRY SMART, 1868.


1. See, the Con-qu'ror mounts in tri - umph; See the King in roy - al state,
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav'n-ly pal - ace gate!
Hark! the choir of an - gel voic - es, Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,
And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King. A-MEN.

Or: Jesus är min vän den bäste, No. 155.

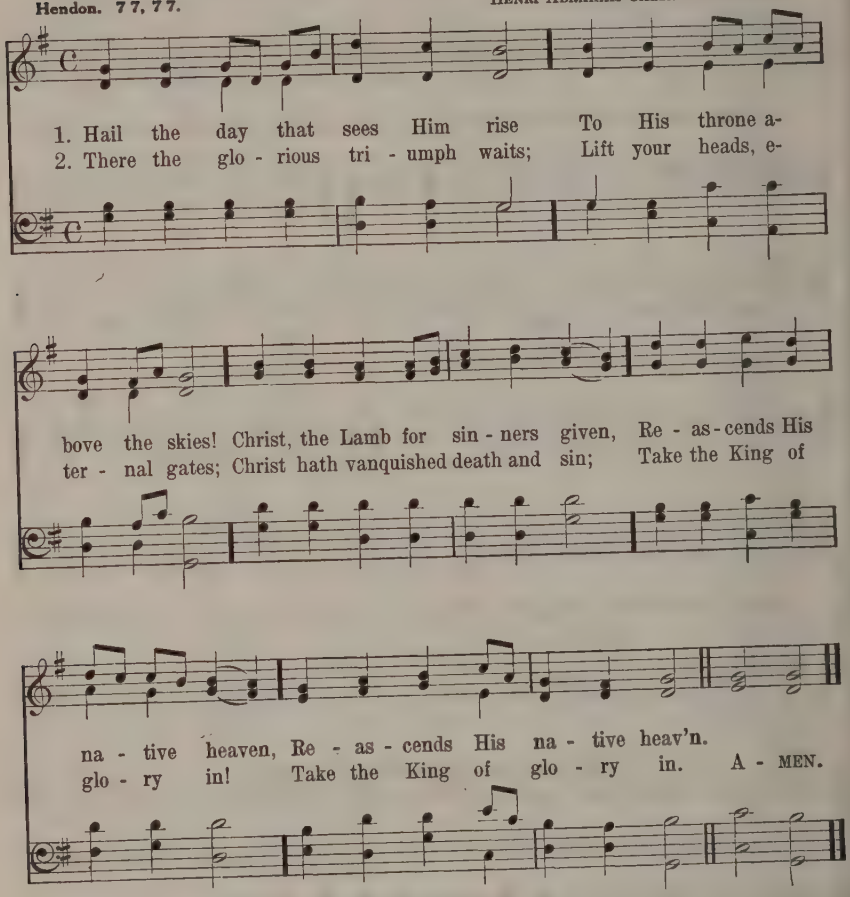
2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory!
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He hath vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death hath spoiled His foes.

3 He hath raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand:
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Him in glory stand:
Jesus reigns adored by angels:
Man with God is on the throne:
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

148. Hail the Day That Sees Him Rise.

Hendon. 7 7, 7 7. HENRI ABRAHAM CAESAR MALAN, 1827.


1. Hail the day that sees Him rise To His throne a-
2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits; Lift your heads, e-
bove the skies! Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners given, Re - as - cends His
ter - nal gates; Christ hath vanquished death and sin; Take the King of
na - tive heaven, Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n.
glo - ry in! Take the King of glo - ry in. A - MEN.

Or: Gud, vår Gud, för världen all, No. 132.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above!
See, He shows the prints of love!
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below!

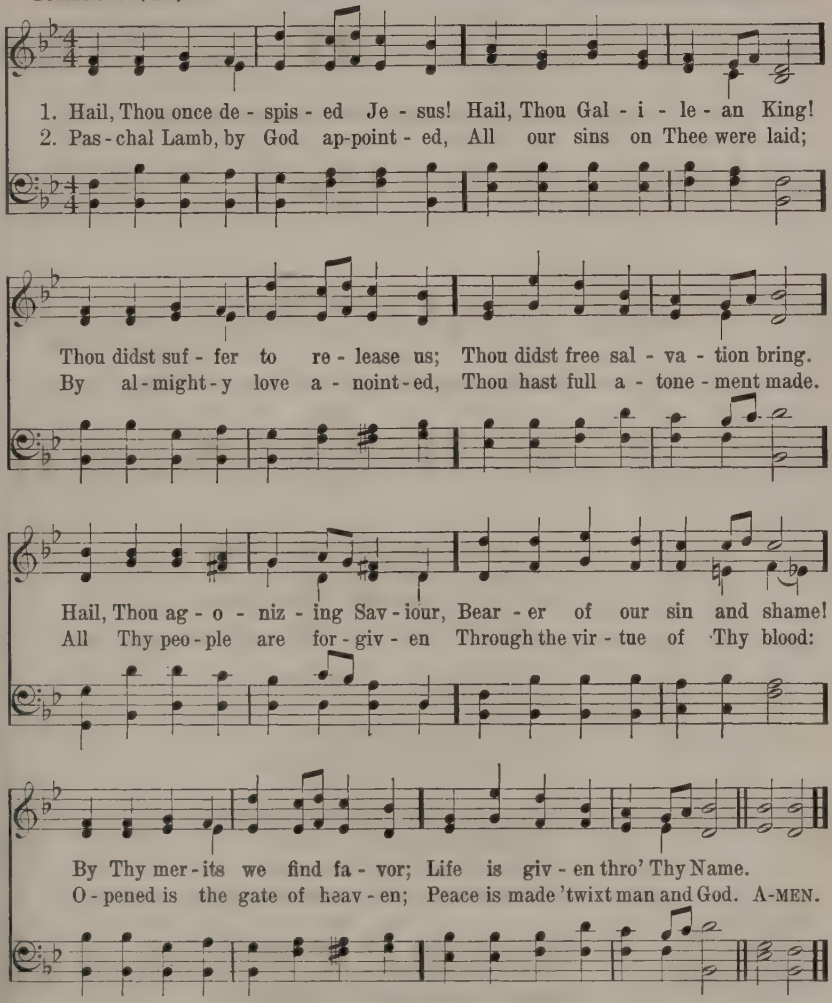
5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Ever for us intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the Firstfruits of our race.

6 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign;
There Thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.

Charles Wesley, 1739, a.

149. Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus.

Beecher. 8 7, 8 7, D. JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.


1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap-point - ed, All our sins on Thee were laid;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo - ple are for - giv - en Through the vir - tue of Thy blood:
By Thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy Name.
O - pened is the gate of heav - en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God. A-MEN.

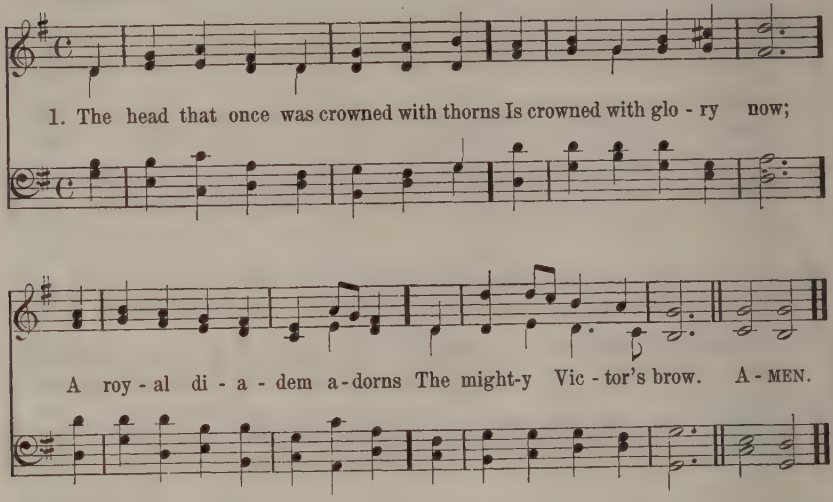
3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1757, a.

150. The Head That Once Was Crowned with Thorns.

Nottingham (St. Magnus). C. M. JEREMIAH CLARKE, 1709.



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His by sovereign right:
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

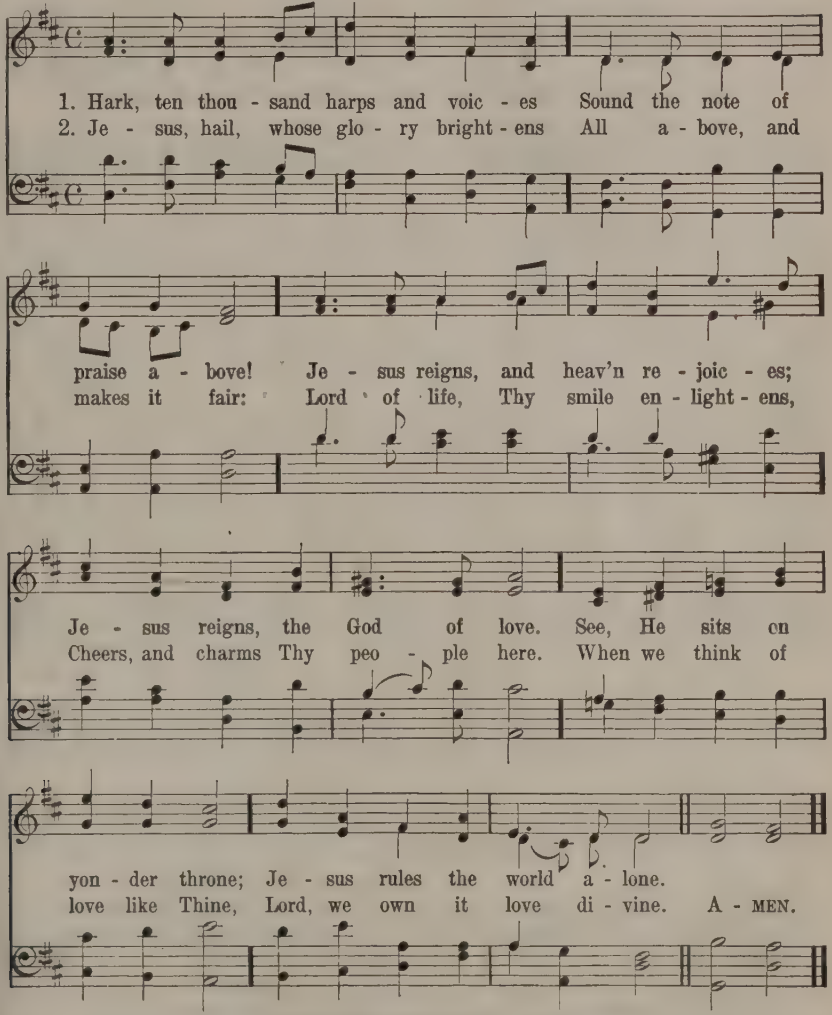
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820, a.

151. Hark, Ten Thousand Harps and Voices.

Prescott. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. ROBERT PRESCOTT STEWART, 1868.


1. Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of
2. Je - sus, hail, whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and
praise a - bove! Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es;
makes it fair: Lord of life, Thy smile en - light - ens,
Je - sus reigns, the God of love. See, He sits on
Cheers, and charms Thy peo - ple here. When we think of
yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine. A - MEN.

Or: Hela världen fröjdes Herran, No. 289.

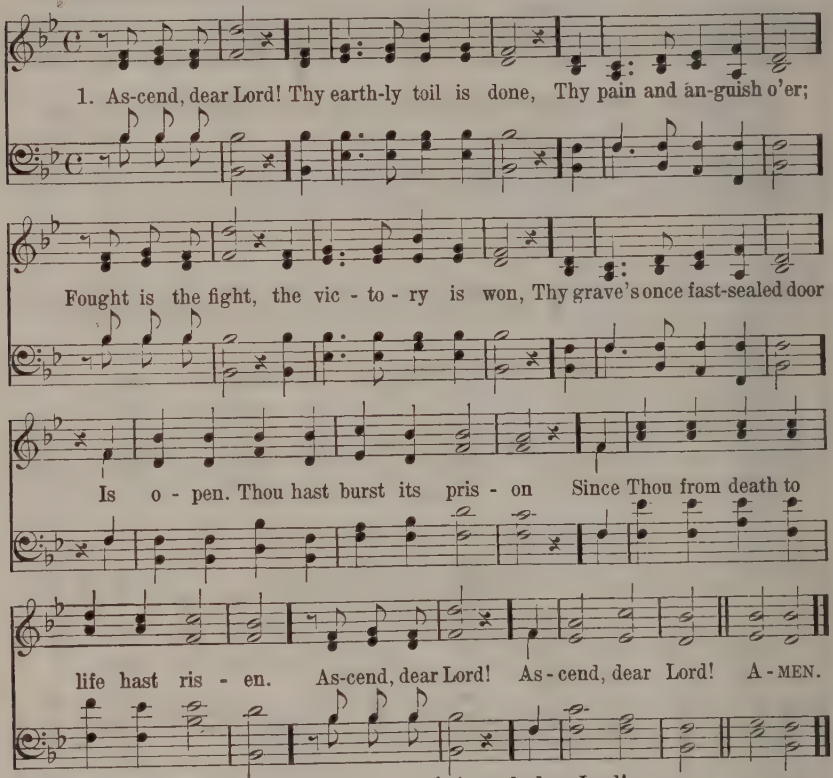
3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own,
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly, 1806, a.

152. Ascend, Dear Lord!

Es ist noch Raum. 4 6, 6 10, 6 9, 9 4. Unknown.


1. As-cend, dear Lord! Thy earth-ly toil is done, Thy pain and an-guish o'er;
Fought is the fight, the vic - to - ry is won, Thy grave's once fast-sealed door
Is o - pen. Thou hast burst its pris - on Since Thou from death to
life hast ris - en. As-cend, dear Lord! As - cend, dear Lord! A - MEN.

2 Ascend, dear Lord!
Redemption is complete,
For Thou hast paid the price.
Death, sin, and hell lie vanquished at Thy feet;
O Lamb, Thy sacrifice
Grants us a blood-bought, free salvation;
Saves us from Satan's domination;
Ascend, dear Lord!

3 Ascend, dear Lord!
And send Thy Spirit blest,
Thy Comforter on high;
Let His sweet Word now strengthen the oppressed
With solace from the sky!
Thou who hast died for our transgression,
Grant us Thy promised intercession.
Ascend, dear Lord!

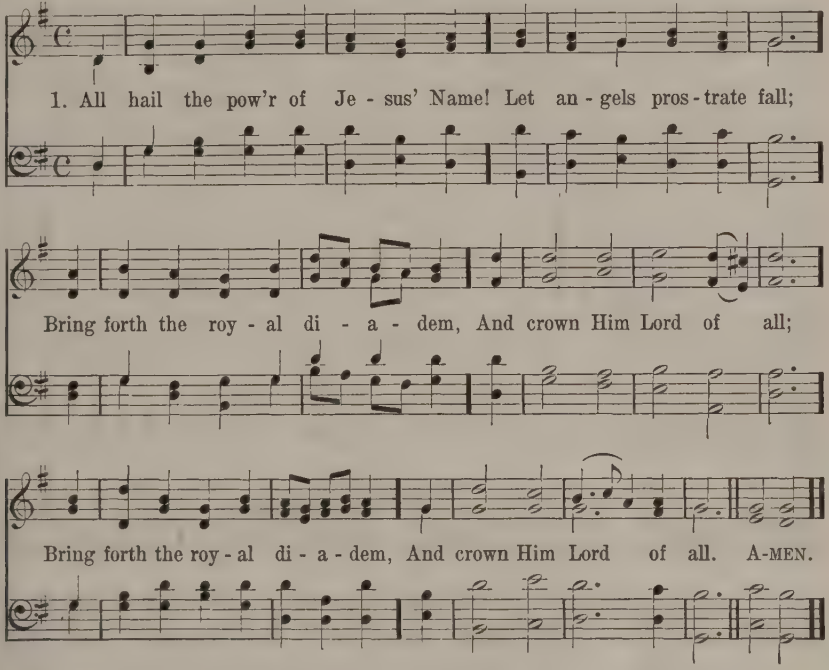
4 Ascend, dear Lord!
Accept Thy blood-bought crown.
Return to that blest land
From whence Thy Love hath caused Thee to come down.
Reign at Thy Father's hand!
Exalted Saviour, naught can sever
Thee from the right to rule forever!
Ascend, dear Lord!

5 Ascend, dear Lord!
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Thou blest High Priest, ascend!
O King of kings, in righteousness e'er reign,
Thy kingdom hath no end.
Thy ransomed host on earth rejoices,
While angels lift in song their voices.
Ascend, dear Lord!

Anna Hoppe, 1918.

153. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Coronation. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The Lord incarnate, Man divine:
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

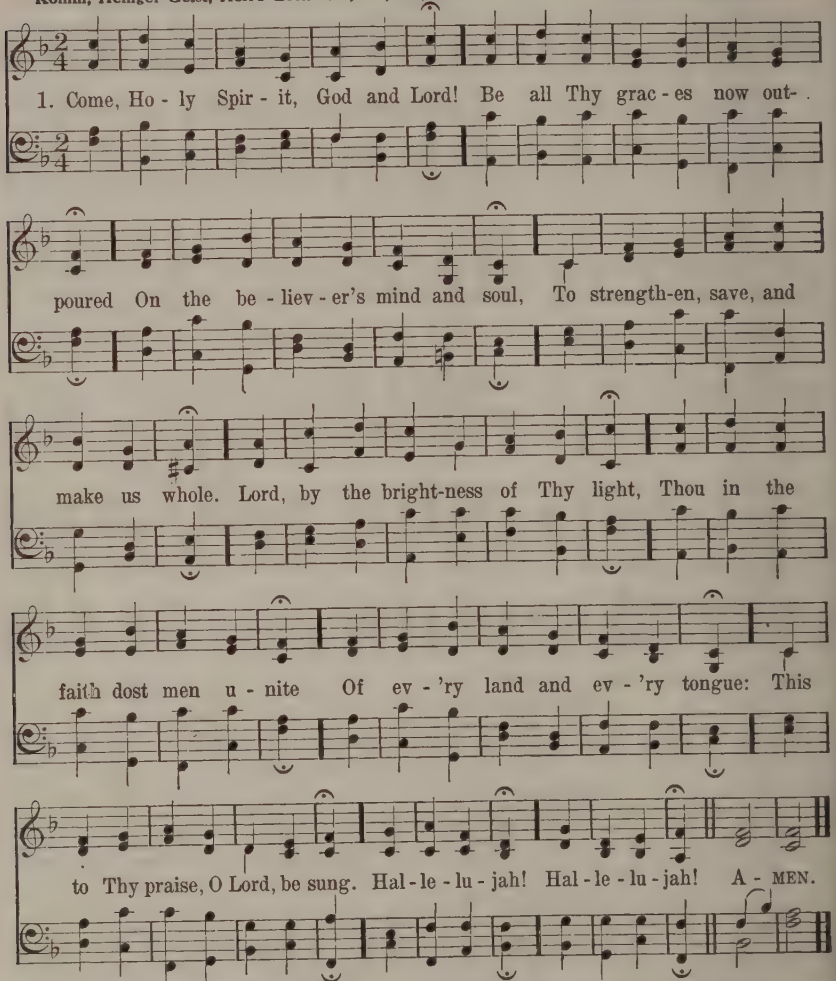
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780, a.

154. Come, Holy Spirit, God and Lord!

Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8, 8 8 8. JOHANN WALTHER, 1524.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, God and Lord! Be all Thy grac - es now out-
poured On the be - liev - er's mind and soul, To strength-en, save, and
make us whole. Lord, by the bright-ness of Thy light, Thou in the
faith dost men u - nite Of ev - 'ry land and ev - 'ry tongue: This
to Thy praise, O Lord, be sung. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

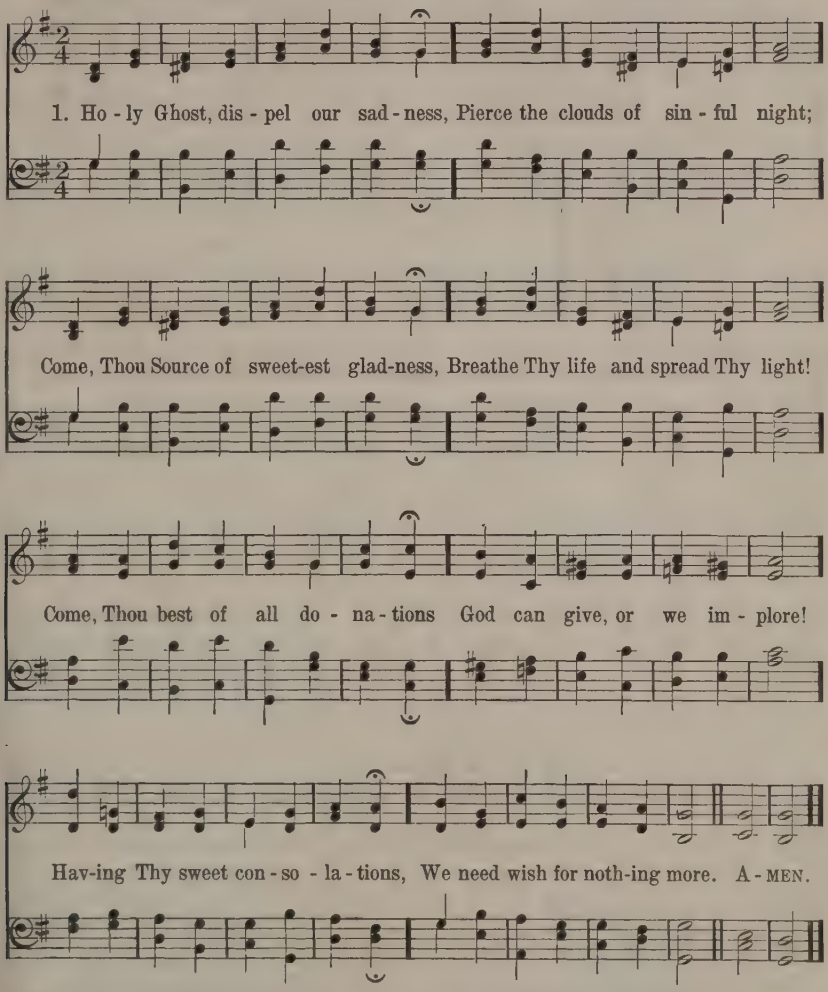
2 Thou strong Defense, Thou holy Light,
Teach us to know our God aright,
And call Him Father from the heart:
The Word of life and truth impart:
That we may not love doctrines strange,
Nor e'er to other teachers range,
But Jesus for our Master own,
And put our trust in Him alone.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

3 Thou sacred Ardor, Comfort sweet,
Help us to wait with ready feet
And willing heart, at Thy command,
Nor trial fright us from Thy band.
Lord, make us ready with Thy powers;
Strengthen the flesh in weaker hours,
That as good warriors we may force
Through life and death to Thee our course.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Martin Luther, 1524.

155. Holy Ghost, Dispel Our Sadness.

Jesus är min vän den bäste. 8 7, 8 7. D. GUSTAF DÜBEN, 1674.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, dis - pel our sad - ness, Pierce the clouds of sin - ful night;
Come, Thou Source of sweet-est glad-ness, Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light!
Come, Thou best of all do - na - tions God can give, or we im - plore!
Hav-ing Thy sweet con - so - la - tions, We need wish for noth-ing more. A - MEN.

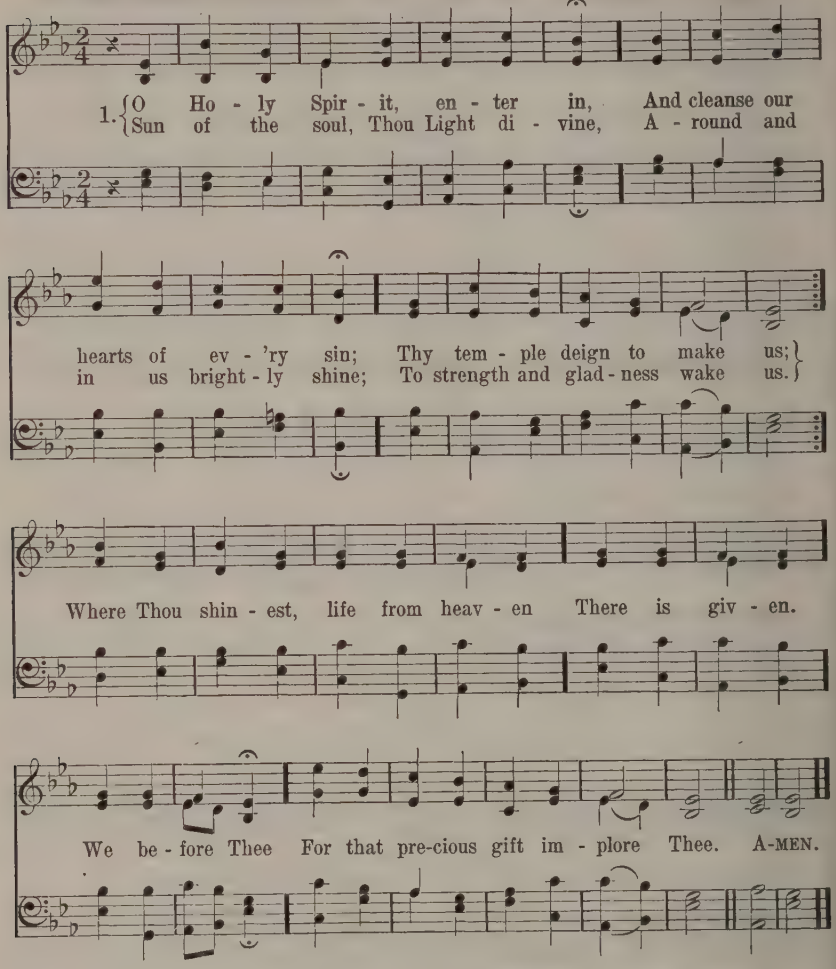
2 From that height that knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.
Author of the new creation!
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts Thy habitation;
On our souls Thy graces shower.

3 Manifest Thy love forever;
Fence us in on every side;
In distress be our Reliever,
Guard and teach, support and guide.
Hear, O hear our supplication,
Loving Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of Thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

156. O Holy Spirit, Enter In.

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern. 8 8 7, 8 8 7, 8 4, 4 8. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.


1. O Ho - ly Spir - it, en - ter in, And cleanse our
Sun of the soul, Thou Light di - vine, A - round and
hearts of ev - 'ry sin; Thy tem - ple deign to make us;
in us bright - ly shine; To strength and glad - ness wake us.
Where Thou shin - est, life from heav - en There is giv - en.
We be - fore Thee For that pre-cious gift im - plore Thee. A-MEN.

2 Left to ourselves we shall but stray;
O lead us on the narrow way,
With wisest counsel guide us,
And give us steadfastness, that we
May henceforth truly follow Thee,
Whatever woes betide us:
Heal Thou gently hearts now broken,
Give some token
Thou art near us,
Whom we trust to light and cheer us.

3 O mighty Rock! O Source of Life!
Let Thy dear Word, 'mid doubt and strife,
Be so within us burning,
That we be faithful unto death,
In Thy pure love and holy faith,
From Thee true wisdom learning!
Lord, Thy graces on us shower,
By Thy power
Christ confessing,
Let us win His grace and blessing.

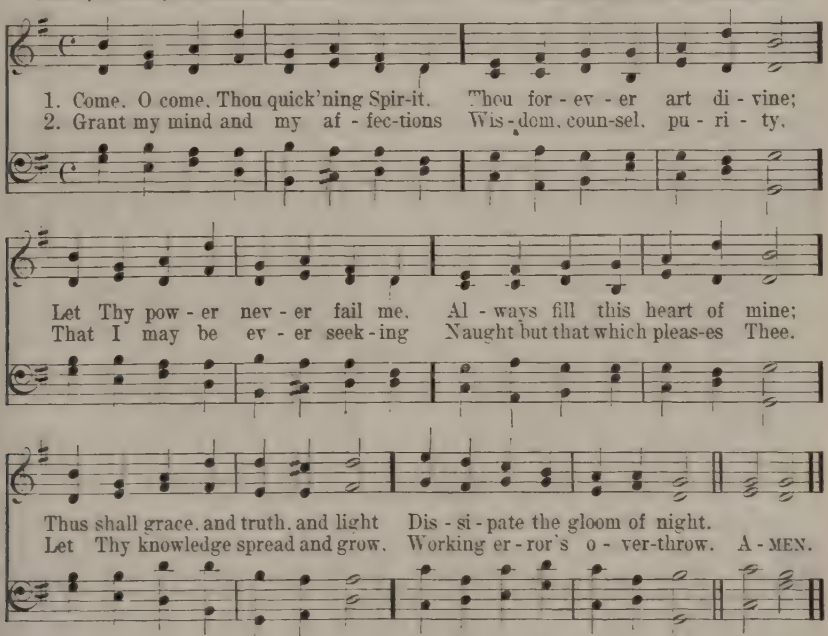
4 O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
With power upon the hearts of all,
Thy tenderness instilling;
That heart to heart more closely bound,
Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,
The law of love fulfilling;
No wrath, no strife, here shall grieve Thee,
We receive Thee,
Where Thou livest,
Peace and love and joy Thou givest.

5 Grant that our days, while life shall last,
In purest holiness be past;
Our minds so rule and strengthen
That they may rise o'er things of earth,
The hopes and joys that here have birth;
And if our course Thou lengthen,
Keep Thou pure, Lord, from offenses,
Heart and senses;
Blessèd Spirit,
Bid us thus true life inherit.

Michael Schirmer, 1640.

157. Come, O Come, Thou Quickening Spirit.

Komm, o komm, du Geist des Lebens. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. JOHANN CHRISTOPHER BACH, 1680.


1. Come, O come, Thou quick'ning Spir-it, Thou for - ev - er art di - vine;
2. Grant my mind and my af - fec-tions Wis - dom, coun-sel, pu - ri - ty,
Let Thy pow - er nev - er fail me, Al - ways fill this heart of mine;
That I may be ev - er seek - ing Naught but that which pleas-es Thee.
Thus shall grace, and truth, and light Dis - si - pate the gloom of night.
Let Thy knowledge spread and grow, Working er - ror's o - ver-throw. A - MEN.

3 Lead me to green pastures, lead me
By the true and living way,
Shield me from each strong temptation
That might draw my heart astray;
And if e'er my feet should turn,
For each error let me mourn.

4 Holy Spirit, strong and mighty,
Thou who makest all things new,
Make Thy work within me perfect,
Help me by Thy Word so true;
Arm me with that Sword of Thine,
And the victory shall be mine.

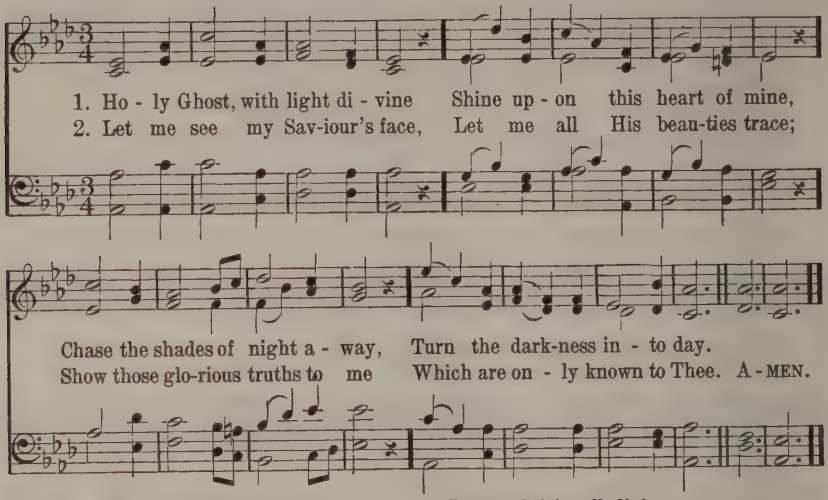
5 In the faith, O make me steadfast;
Let not Satan, death, or shame
Of my confidence deprive me;
Lord, my refuge is Thy Name.
When the flesh inclines to ill,
Let Thy Word prove stronger still.

6 And when my last hour approaches,
Let my hopes grow yet more bright;
Since I am an heir of heaven,
In Thy glorious courts of light,
Fairer far than voice can tell,
There, redeemed by Christ, to dwell.

Heinrich Held, b. about 1659.

158. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

Horton. 7 7, 7 7. C. von Wartensee, 1780.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine Shine up - on this heart of mine,
2. Let me see my Sav-iour's face, Let me all His beau-ties trace;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the dark-ness in - to day.
Show those glo-rious truths to me Which are on - ly known to Thee. A - men.

3 Holy Ghost, with power divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
In thy mercy pity me,
From sin's bondage set me free.

4 Holy Ghost, with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Yield a sacred, settled peace,
Let it grow and still increase.

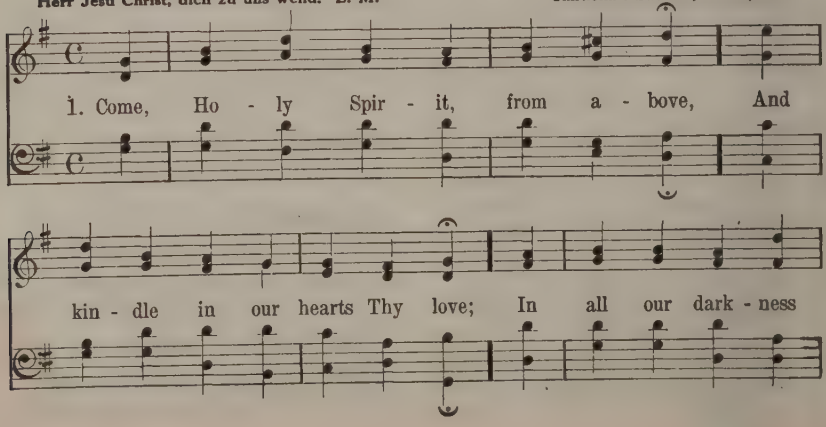
5 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

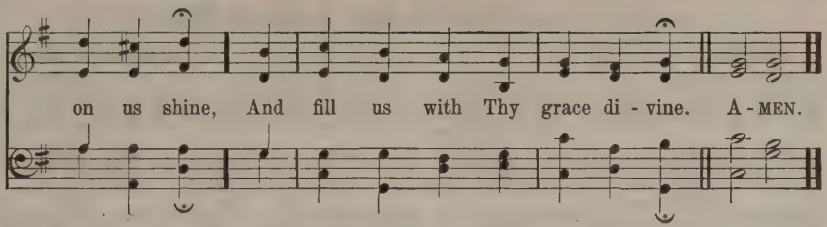
6 See, to Thee I yield my heart;
Shed Thy life through every part.
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to Thee.

Andrew Reed, 1817.

159. Come, Holy Spirit, from Above.

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend. L. M. Cantionale Sacrum, Gotha, 1651.





2 The only Comforter Thou art;
O come and dwell within each heart,
And give us power from above
To keep the blessèd law of love.

3 Enlighten every darkened heart,
And faith and hope to each impart;
What else we need Thou well dost know,
This let Thy love and grace bestow.

4 In Thy blest gifts on us outpoured,
Thou art the right hand of the Lord;
The Word of Truth Thou sendest forth
In tongues of fire to all the earth.

5 Defend us from our wily foe,
Upon us now Thy peace bestow;
Keep us securely all our days
In Thy blest covenant of grace.

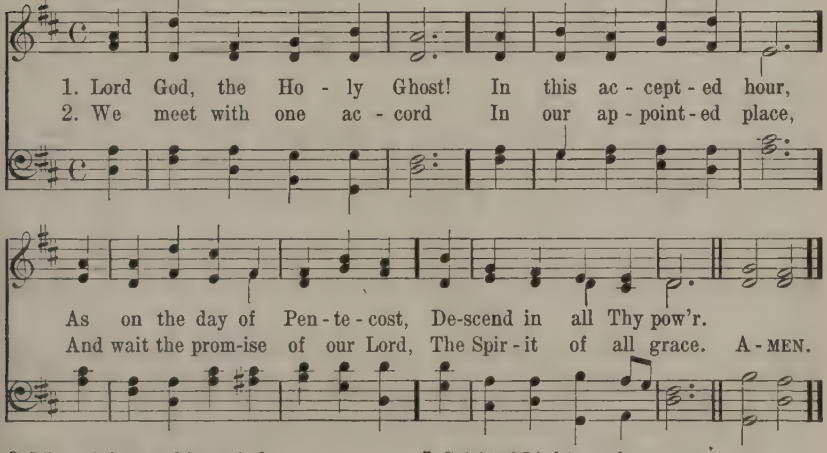
6 Show us the Father's love and care,
And of the Son Thy witness bear;
To both Thou showest us the way,
Spirit of both, adored for aye.

7 To God the Father, God the Son,
For precious gifts be honor done;
And for the Spirit's gracious power
Be praise and glory evermore.

Martin Luther, 1524.

160. Lord God, the Holy Ghost!

Bethlehem. S. M. SAMUEL WESLEY, 1798.


1. Lord God, the Ho - ly Ghost! In this ac - cept - ed hour,
2. We meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place,
As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De-scend in all Thy pow'r.
And wait the prom-ise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace. A - MEN.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

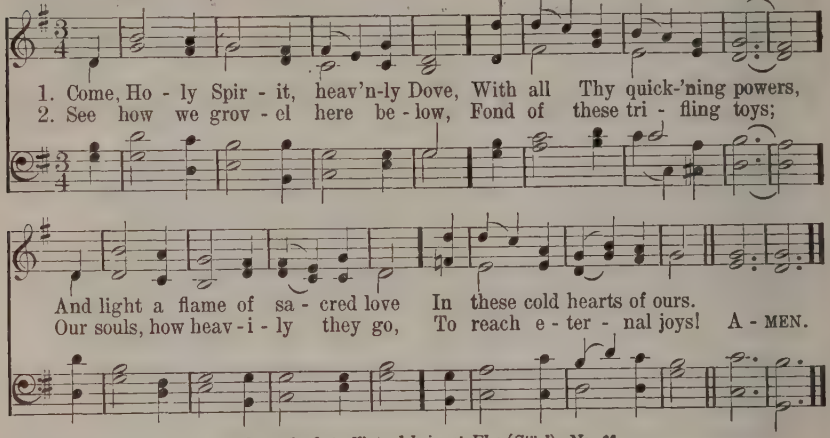
5 Spirit of Light, explore,
And drive our gloom away;
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day!

6 Spirit of Truth, be Thou
In life and death our Guide;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery, 1819.

161. Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Belmont. C. M. WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick-'ning powers,
2. See how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys;
And light a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys! A - MEN.

Or: „Nun danket all' und bringet Ehr (Störl), No. 66.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

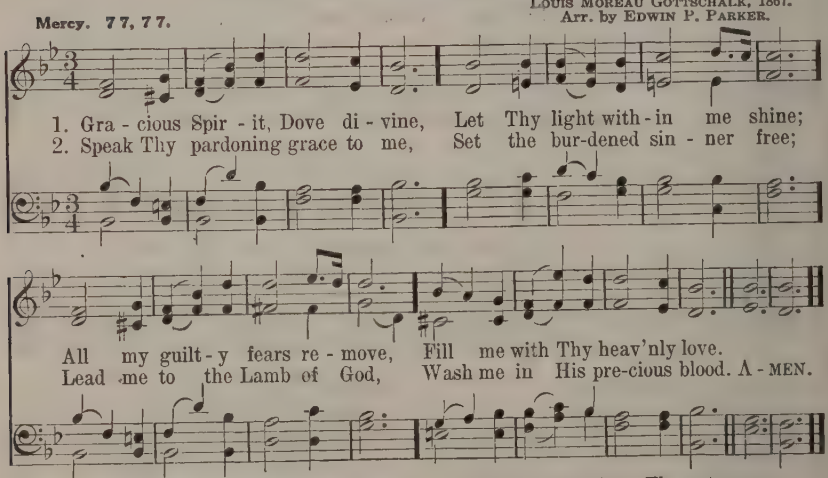
4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

162. Gracious Spirit, Dove Divine.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, 1867.
Arr. by EDWIN P. PARKER.

Mercy. 77, 77.


1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Dove di - vine, Let Thy light with - in me shine;
2. Speak Thy pardoning grace to me, Set the bur-dened sin - ner free;
All my guilt - y fears re - move, Fill me with Thy heav'nly love.
Lead me to the Lamb of God, Wash me in His pre-cious blood. A - MEN.

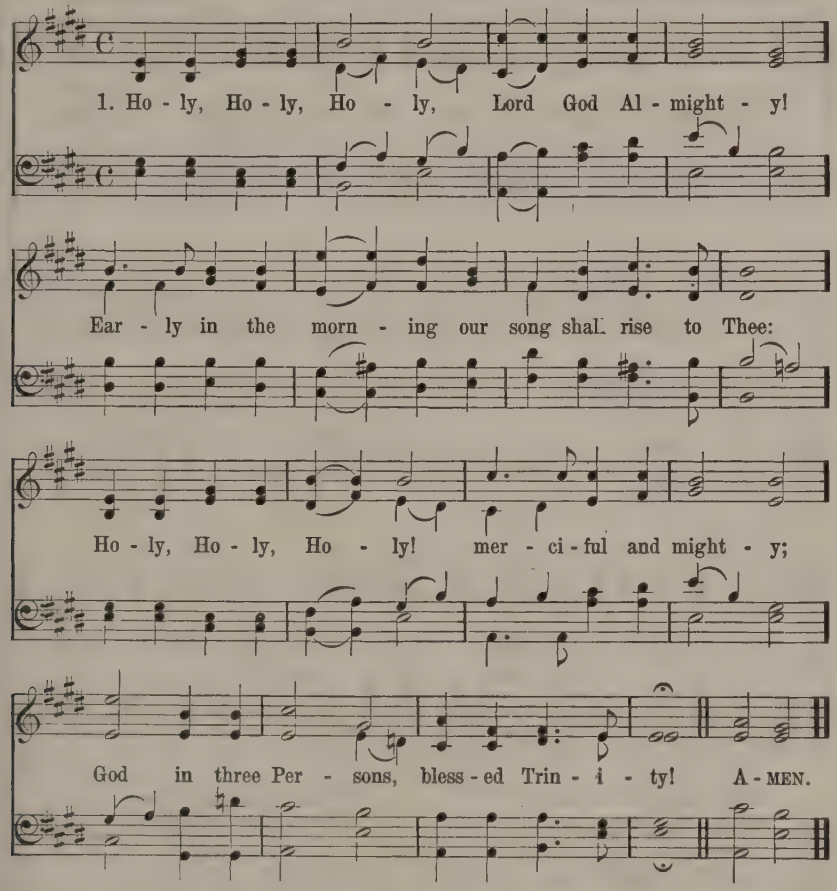
3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way:
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, forever Thine.

John Stocker, 1777, a.

163. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

Nicaea. Irregular. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1860.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y;
God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - MEN.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns upon the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

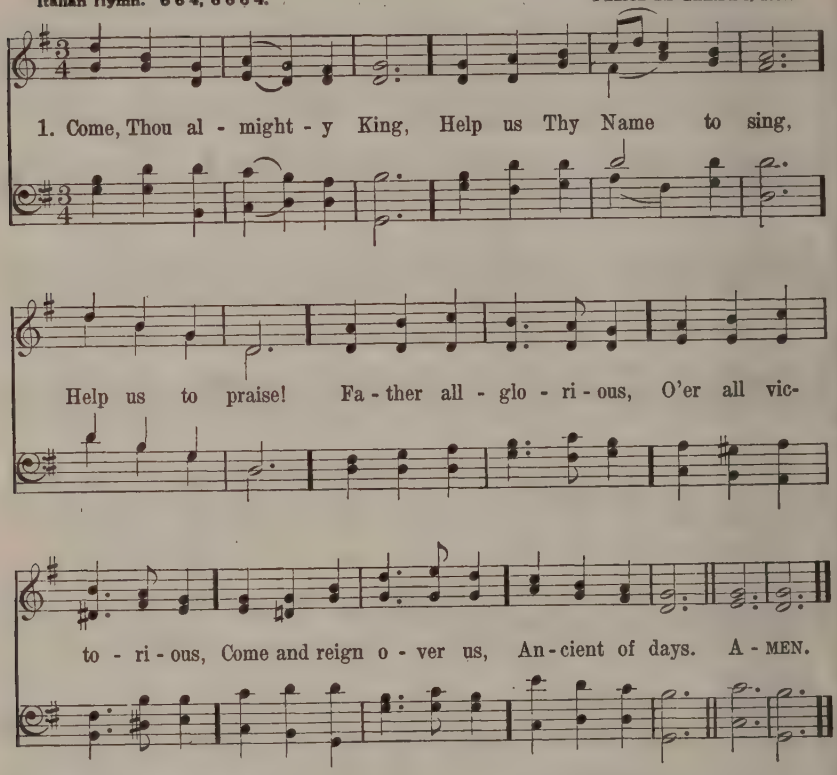
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, in purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

164. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Italian Hymn. 664, 6664. FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769.


1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days. A - MEN.

2 Jesus, our Lord, descend;
From all our foes defend,
Nor let us fall;
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made,
Our souls on Thee be stayed;
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend:
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy Word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

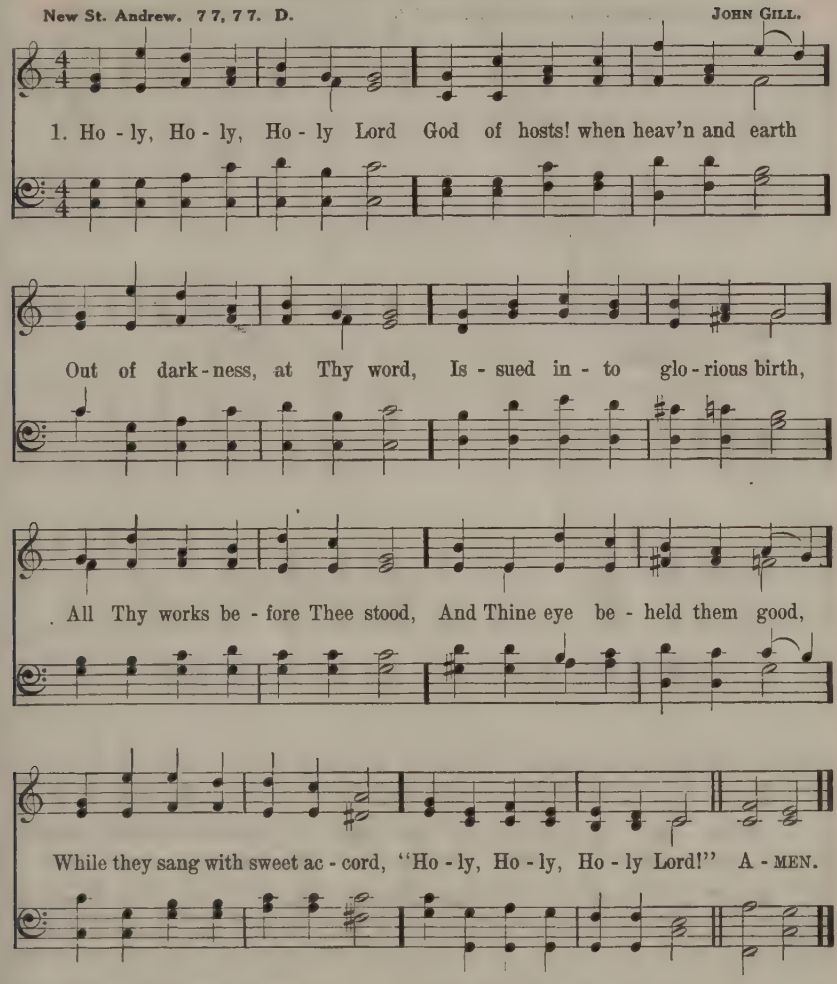
4 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

5 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757, a.

165. Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.

New St. Andrew. 7 7, 7 7. D. JOHN GILL.


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord God of hosts! when heav'n and earth
Out of dark - ness, at Thy word, Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,
All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good,
While they sang with sweet ac - cord, "Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly Lord!" A - MEN.

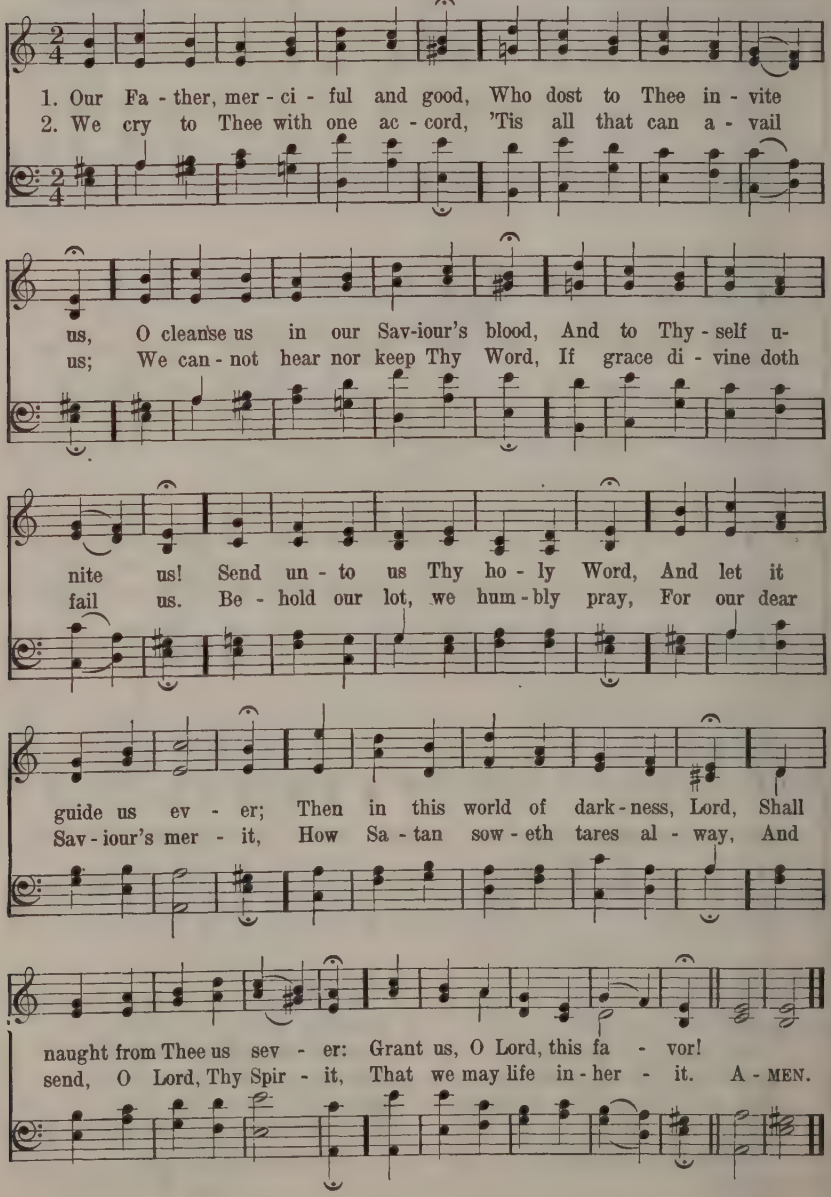
2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
Dust and ashes, would adore;
Lightly by the world esteemed,
From that world by Thee redeemed,
Sing we here with glad accord,
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

3 "Holy, Holy, Holy," all
Heaven's triumphant choirs shall sing
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King:
Then shall saints and Seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Round the throne with full accord,
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1832.

166. Our Father, Merciful and Good.

Es wolt uns Gott genädig sein. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. Strassburger Kirchenampt, 1524.


1. Our Fa - ther, mer - ci - ful and good, Who dost to Thee in - vite
2. We cry to Thee with one ac - cord, 'Tis all that can a - vail
us, O cleanse us in our Sav-iour's blood, And to Thy - self u-
us; We can - not hear nor keep Thy Word, If grace di - vine doth
nite us! Send un - to us Thy ho - ly Word, And let it
fail us. Be - hold our lot, we hum - bly pray, For our dear
guide us ev - er; Then in this world of dark - ness, Lord, Shall
Sav - iour's mer - it, How Sa - tan sow - eth tares al - way, And
naught from Thee us sev - er: Grant us, O Lord, this fa - vor!
send, O Lord, Thy Spir - it, That we may life in - her - it. A - MEN.

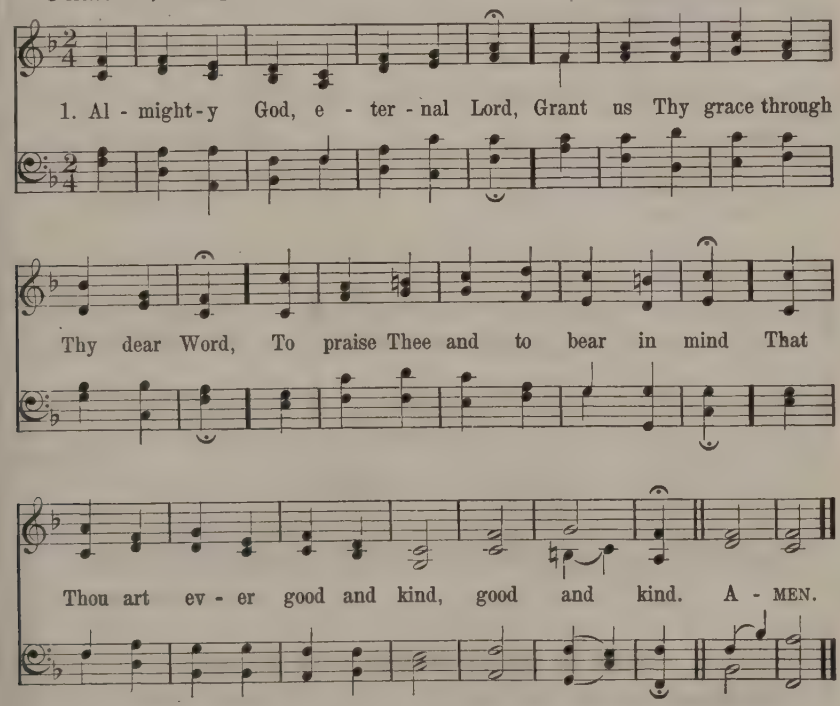
3 O God and man, Christ Jesus blest!
Our sorrows Thou didst carry.
Our wants and cares Thou knowest best,
For Thou with us didst tarry.
O Jesus Christ, our Brother dear,
To us and every nation
Thy Spirit send, let Him draw near
With truth and consolation,
That we may see salvation.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, Thy grace impart,
Tear Satan's snares asunder.
The Word of God keep in our heart,
That we its truth may ponder.
Then, sanctified, for evermore,
In Christ alone confiding,
We'll sing His praise and Him adore,
His precious Word us guiding
To heavenly joys abiding.

Olavus Petri, 1530.

167. Almighty God, Eternal Lord.

O Herre Gud, oändelig. L. M. JEAN CRESPIN, 1551.


1. Al - might-y God, e - ter - nal Lord, Grant us Thy grace through
Thy dear Word, To praise Thee and to bear in mind That
Thou art ev - er good and kind, good and kind. A - MEN.

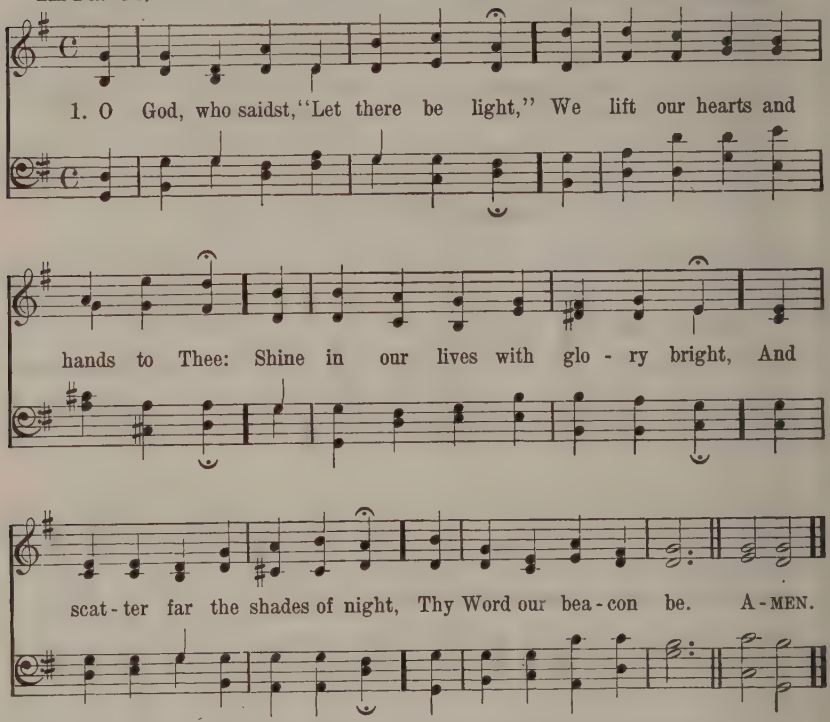
2 Lord Jesus Christ, incarnate Word,
Thy Name be evermore adored,
For all Thine anguish, death, and pain,
Whereby salvation we obtain.

3 O Holy Spirit, grant us grace,
And guide us in Thy righteous ways,
That we may with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

168. O God, Who Saidst, "Let There Be Light."

Lux Dei. 88, 886. SAMUEL MARTIN MILLER, 1923.


1. O God, who saidst, "Let there be light," We lift our hearts and
hands to Thee: Shine in our lives with glo - ry bright, And
scat - ter far the shades of night, Thy Word our bea - con be. A - MEN.

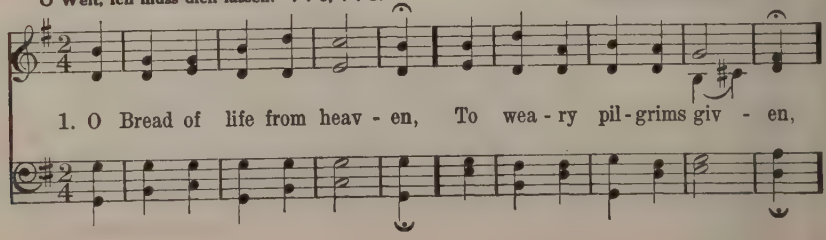
2 O Christ, who camest as our Light,
God's glory beaming from Thy face,
We pray Thee, raise us to the height
Where Thee we see, O precious sight,
The Lord of truth and grace.

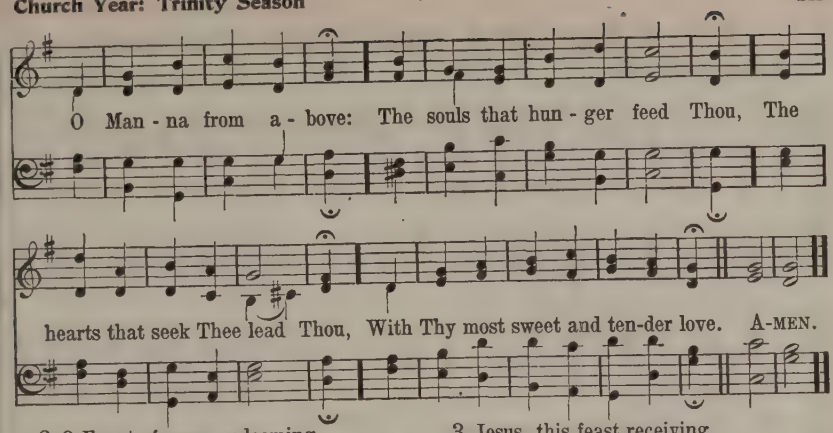
3 O Holy Spirit, shed Thy light
Upon the Word, that we may know
Its saving sentences aright,
And learn to conquer by its might;
Set all our hearts aglow.

Samuel Martin Miller, 1923.

169. O Bread of Life from Heaven.

O Welt, ich muss dich lassen. 776, 778. HEINRICH ISAAK, about 1490.




O Man - na from a - bove: The souls that hun - ger feed Thou, The
hearts that seek Thee lead Thou, With Thy most sweet and ten-der love. A-MEN.

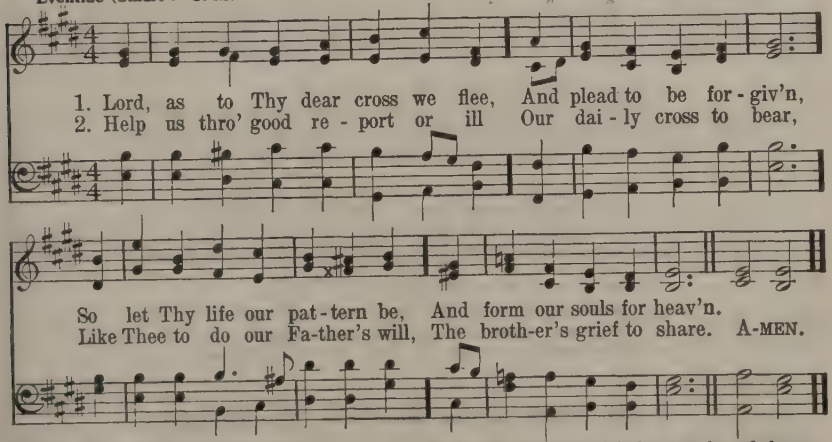
2 O Fount of grace redeeming,
O River ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side:
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all their wants are satisfied.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore:
Grant, when our race is ended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thy glory evermore.

Anonymous, Latin, 1661.

170. Lord, As to Thy Dear Cross We Flee.

Eventide (Smart). C. M. HENRY SMART, 1876.


1. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - giv'n,
2. Help us thro' good re - port or ill Our dai - ly cross to bear,
So let Thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heav'n.
Like Thee to do our Fa-ther's will, The broth-er's grief to share. A-MEN.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine,
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

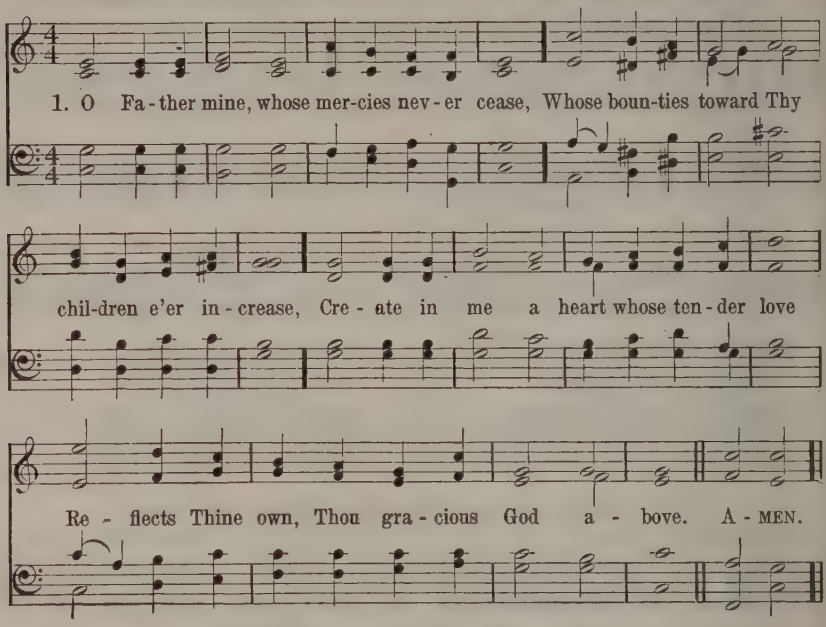
5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Our brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

6 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven.

John Hampden Gurney, 1838.

171. O Father Mine, Whose Mercies Never Cease.

Morecambe. 10 10, 10 10. FREDERICK COOK ATKINSON, 1870.


1. O Fa - ther mine, whose mer-cies nev - er cease, Whose boun-ties toward Thy
chil-dren e'er in - crease, Cre - ate in me a heart whose ten - der love
Re - flects Thine own, Thou gra - cious God a - bove. A - MEN.

2 As Thou for Jesus' sake forgavest me,
So fill my heart with tender love for Thee,
That I condemn not others, but forgive,
And live as Thou, O God, wouldst have me live.

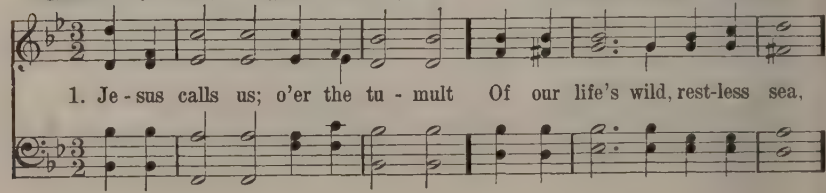
3 Let me not judge; O Father, keep my tongue
From evil; let no heart, with sadness wrung,
E'er seek in vain for mercy's healing balm,
But grant me grace through Thee its fears to calm.

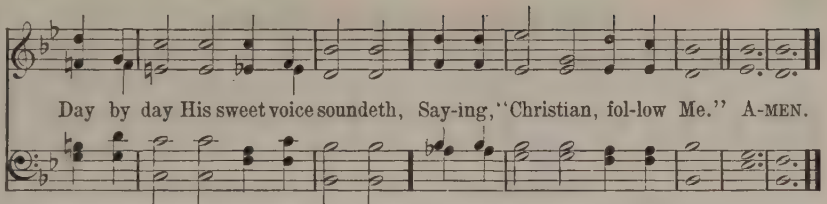
4 As Thou dost every perfect gift bestow,
So let me live, that other hearts may know
Thy never-ceasing bounties, and confess
Thy grace, O Lord, in love and thankfulness.

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

172. Jesus Calls Us; O'er the Tumult.

Galilee. 8 7, 8 7. WILLIAM HERBERT JUDE, 1887.





Or: Batty, No. 109.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilæan lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake,

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

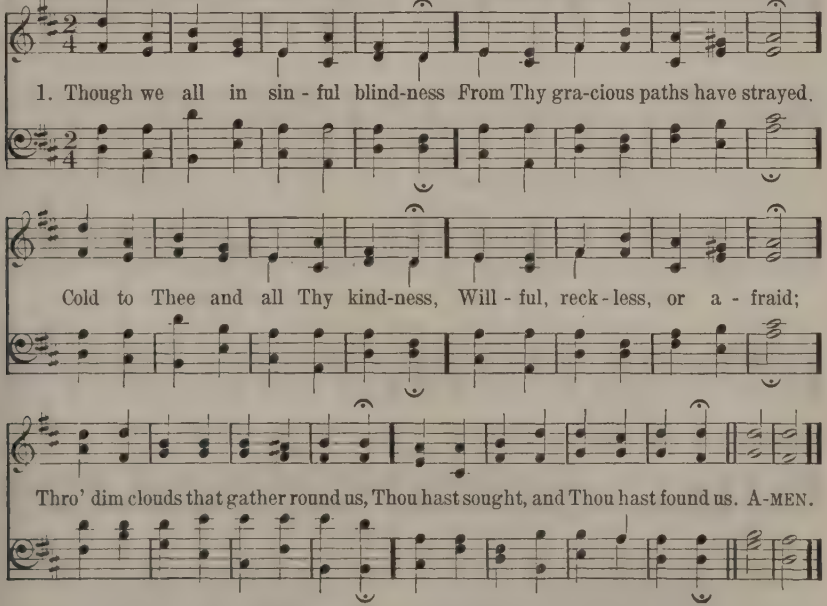
4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1852, a

173. Though We All in Sinful Blindness.

Dieses ist der Tag der Wonne. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8. DRETZEL'S Musicalische Harmonie, 1731

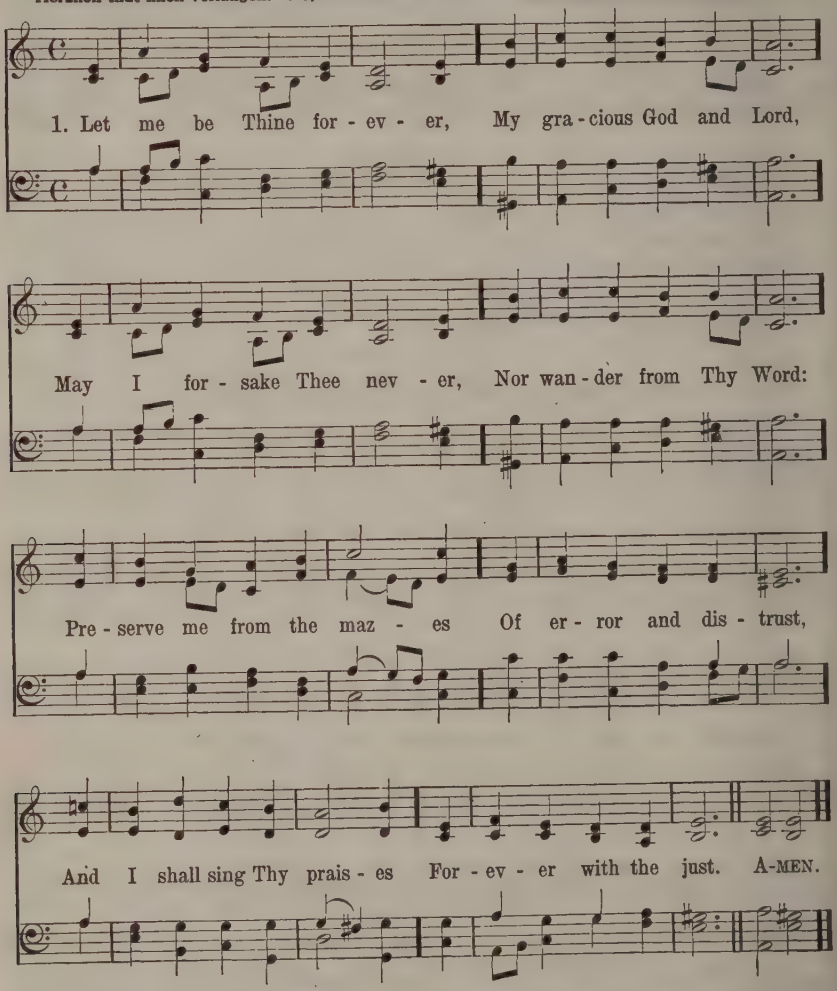

1. Though we all in sin - ful blind-ness From Thy gra-cious paths have strayed.
Cold to Thee and all Thy kind-ness, Will - ful, reck - less, or a - fraid;
Thro' dim clouds that gather round us, Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us. A-MEN.

2 O most Merciful, most Holy,
Light Thy wanderers on their way;
Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,
Suffer us no more to stray!
Cloud and storm oft gather round us;
We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

Francis Turner Palgrave, 1868.

174. Let Me Be Thine Forever.

Herzlich thut mich verlangen. 7 6, 7 6. D. HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601 and 1613.


1. Let me be Thine for - ev - er, My gra - cious God and Lord,
May I for - sake Thee nev - er, Nor wan - der from Thy Word:
Pre - serve me from the maz - es Of er - ror and dis - trust,
And I shall sing Thy prais - es For - ev - er with the just. A-MEN.

2 Lord Jesus, bounteous Giver
Of light and life divine,
Thou didst my soul deliver,
To Thee I all resign:
Thou hast in mercy bought me
With blood and bitter pain;
Let me, since Thou hast sought me,
Eternal life obtain.

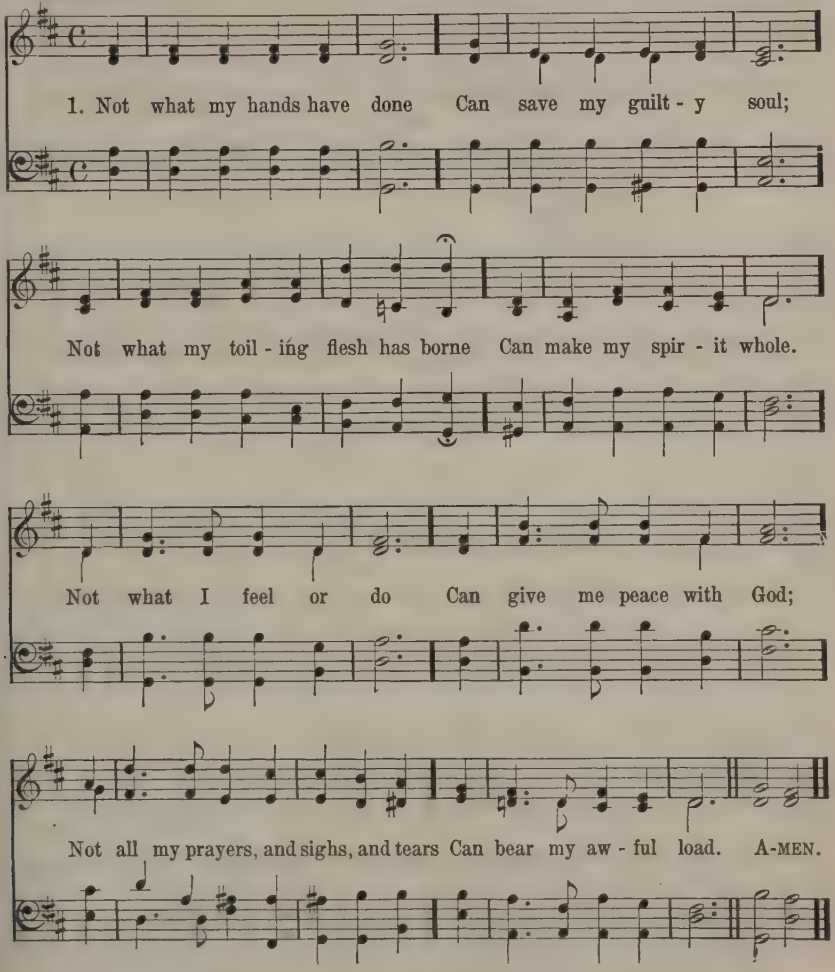
3 O Holy Ghost, who pourest
Sweet peace into my heart,
And who my soul restorest,
Let not Thy grace depart.
And while His Name confessing
Whom I by faith have known,
Grant me Thy constant blessing,
Make me for aye Thine own.

Nicolaus Selnecker, 1572, et al.

175. Not What My Hands Have Done.

Leominster. S. M. D.

George William Martin, 1862.
Har. by Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1874.


1. Not what my hands have done Can save my guilt - y soul;
Not what my toil - ing flesh has borne Can make my spir - it whole.
Not what I feel or do Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears Can bear my aw - ful load. A-MEN.

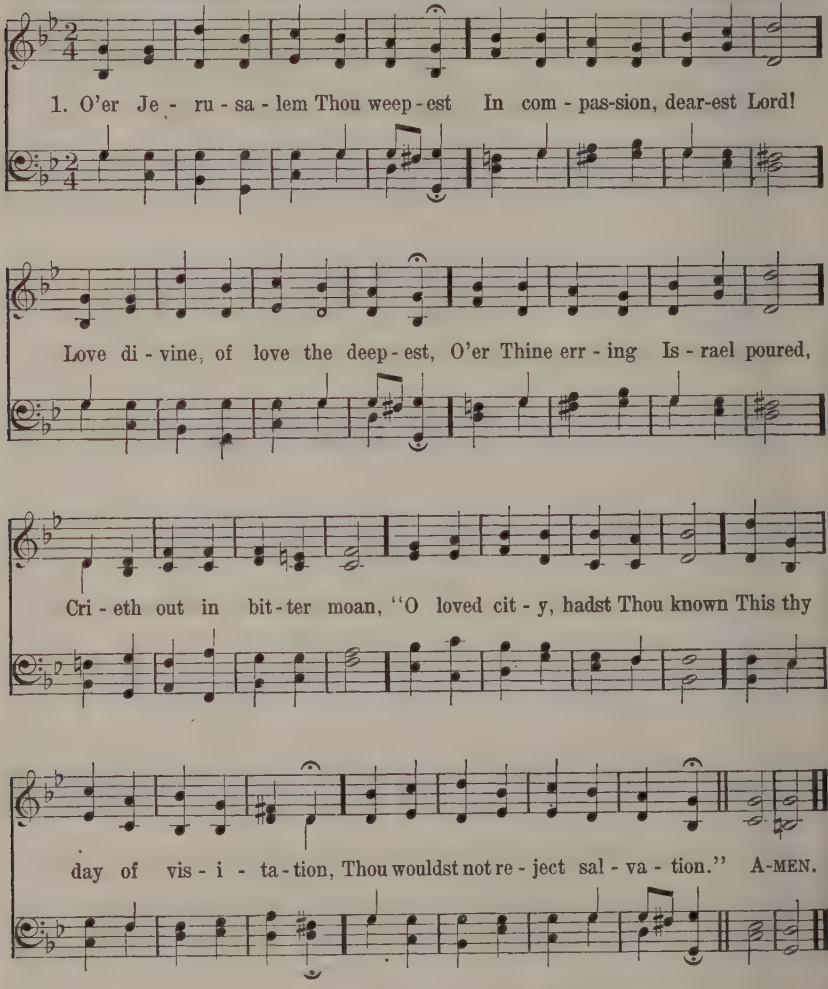
2 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.
No other work save Thine,
No other blood will do;
No strength save that which is divine
Can bear me safely through.

3 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.
'Tis He that saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love, because He loveth me;
I live, because He lives.

Horatius Bonar, 1862.

176. O'er Jerusalem Thou Weepest.

Frälsta verld! i nådens under. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. Koralbok, 1697.


1. O'er Je - ru - sa - lem Thou weep - est In com - pas-sion, dear-est Lord!
Love di - vine, of love the deep - est, O'er Thine err - ing Is - rael poured,
Cri - eth out in bit - ter moan, "O loved cit - y, hadst Thou known This thy
day of vis - i - ta - tion, Thou wouldst not re - ject sal - va - tion." A-MEN.

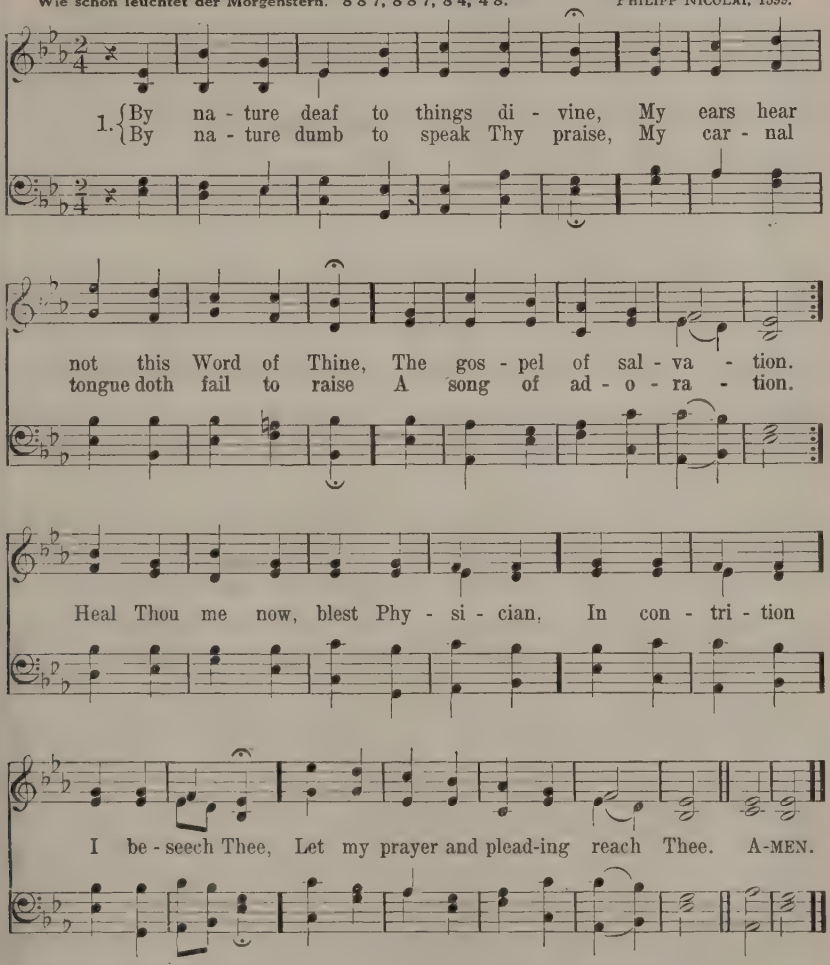
2 By the love Thy tears are telling,
O Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Make my heart Thy temple dwelling,
Purged from every guilty stain.
O forgive, forgive my sin!
Cleanse me, cleanse me, Lord, within!
I am Thine since Thou hast sought me,
Since Thy precious blood hath bought me.

3 O Thou Lord of my salvation,
Grant my soul Thy blood-bought peace.
By the tears of lamentation
Bid my faith and love increase.
Grant me grace to love Thy Word,
Grace to keep the message heard,
Grace to own Thee as my Treasure,
Grace to love Thee without measure.

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

177. By Nature Deaf to Things Divine.

Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern. 8 8 7, 8 8 7, 8 4, 4 8. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.


1. By na - ture deaf to things di - vine, My ears hear
By na - ture dumb to speak Thy praise, My car - nal
not this Word of Thine, The gos - pel of sal - va - tion.
tongue doth fail to raise A song of ad - o - ra - tion.
Heal Thou me now, blest Phy - si - cian, In con - tri - tion
I be - seech Thee, Let my prayer and plead-ing reach Thee. A-MEN.

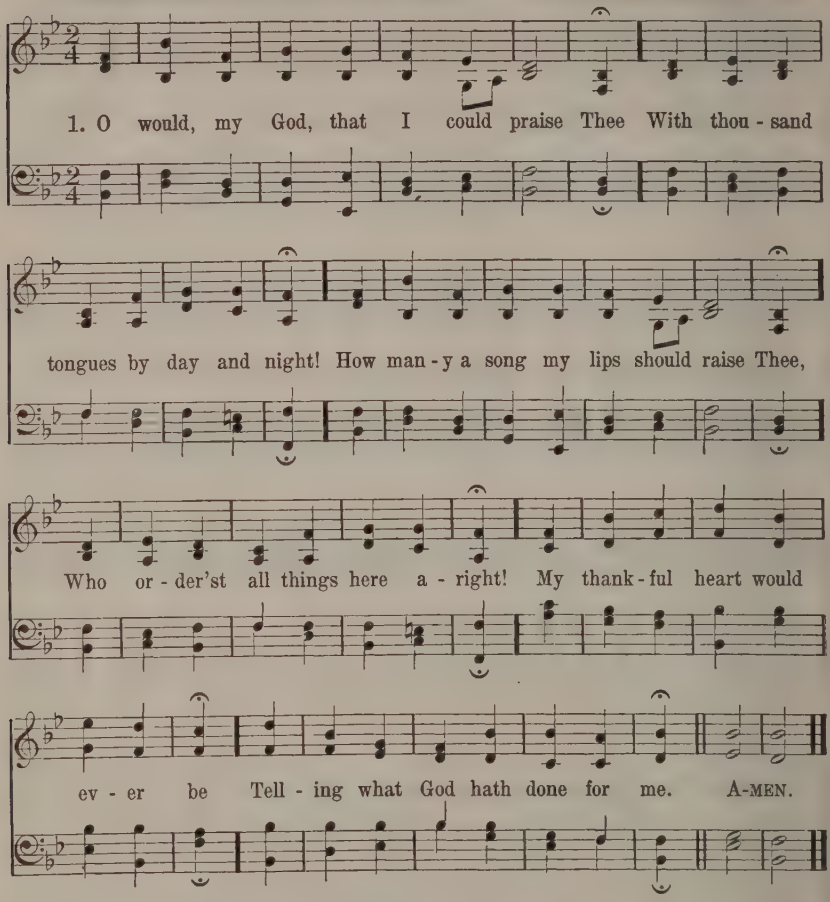
2 I thank Thee, dear Redeemer mine,
That Thou in love and power divine
Thy healing word hast spoken.
Thy Word indeed doth balm afford,
And Thy forgiveness, dearest Lord,
The power of sin hath broken.
Thy Word, dear Lord, still endureth,
And assureth
Me, O Saviour,
Of Thy everlasting favor.

3 Indeed Thou doest all things well,
Incarnate God, Immanuel,
Thou promised Saviour, Jesus.
My ears can hear Thy Word divine.
My lips can praise that power of Thine
Which healeth all diseases.
Till I sing Thy praise in glory,
Let the story
Of salvation
Be my theme of adoration.

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

178. O Would, My God, That I Could Praise Thee.

Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende. 9 8, 9 8, 8 8. BRONNER'S Choral-Buch, 1715.


1. O would, my God, that I could praise Thee With thou - sand
tongues by day and night! How man - y a song my lips should raise Thee,
Who or - der'st all things here a - right! My thank - ful heart would
ev - er be Tell - ing what God hath done for me. A-MEN.

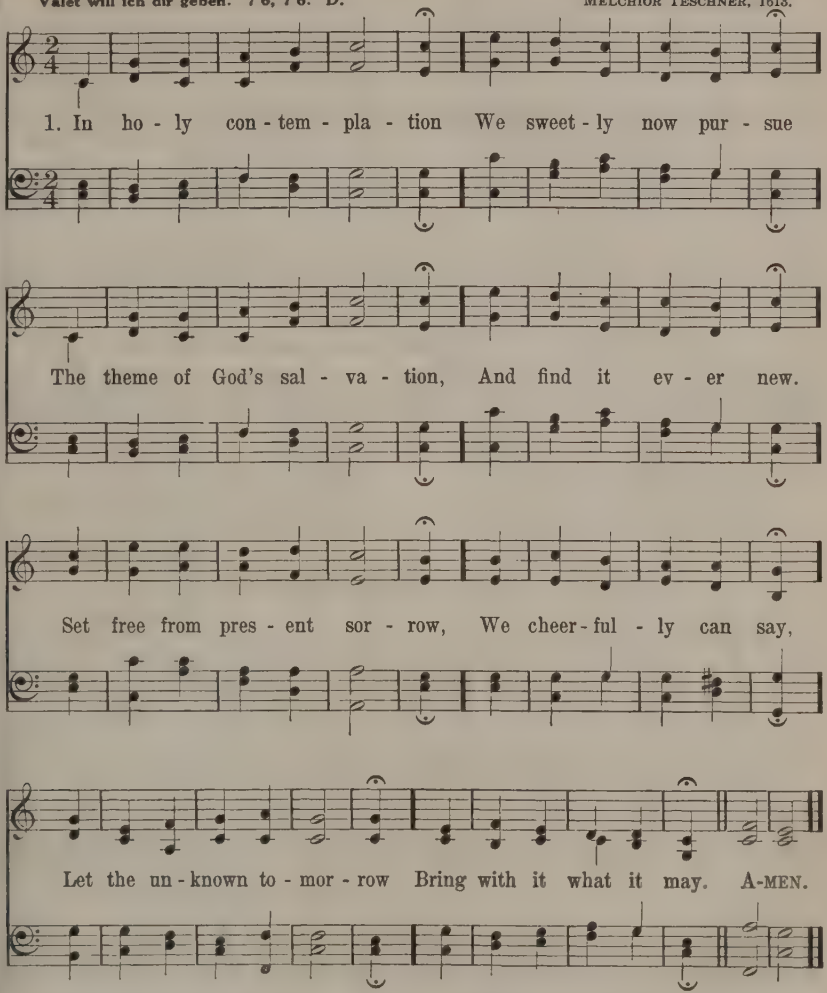
2 O all ye powers that He implanted,
Arise, keep silence thus no more,
Put forth the strength that He hath granted,
Your noblest work is to adore;
O soul and body, be ye meet
With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.

3 O Father, deign Thou, I beseech Thee,
To listen to my earthly lays;
A nobler strain in heaven shall reach Thee,
When I with angels hymn Thy praise,
And learn amid their choirs to sing
Loud hallelujahs to my King.

Johann Mentzer, 1704.

179. In Holy Contemplation.

Valet will ich dir geben. 7 6, 7 6. D. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.


1. In ho - ly con - tem - pla - tion We sweet - ly now pur - sue
The theme of God's sal - va - tion, And find it ev - er new.
Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer - ful - ly can say,
Let the un - known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may. A-MEN.

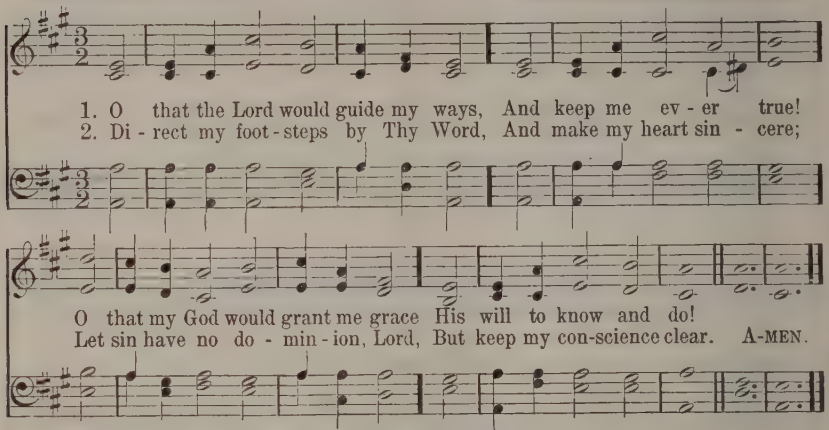
2 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

3 Though vine or fig tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
God still the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779.

180. O That the Lord Would Guide My Ways.

Evan. C. M. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1846.


1. O that the Lord would guide my ways, And keep me ev - er true!
2. Di - rect my foot - steps by Thy Word, And make my heart sin - cere;
O that my God would grant me grace His will to know and do!
Let sin have no do - min - ion, Lord, But keep my con-science clear. A-MEN.

Or Dundee, No. 242.

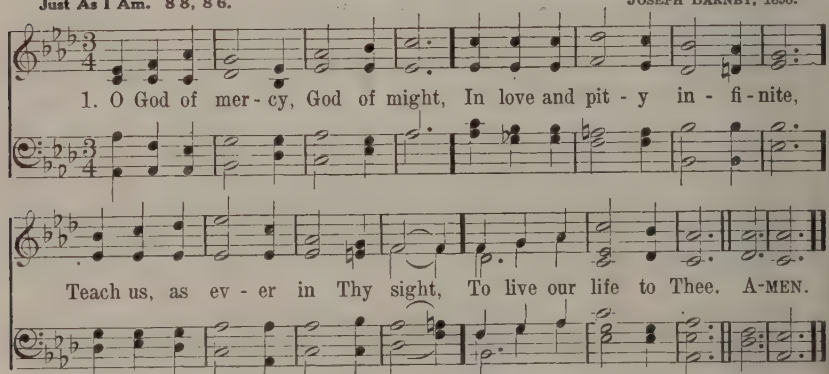
3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,
A stricter watch to keep;
And should I e'er forget Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

4 Make me to walk in Thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719, a.

181. O God of Mercy, God of Might.

Just As I Am. 88, 86. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1893.



2 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought,
May work a work for Thee.

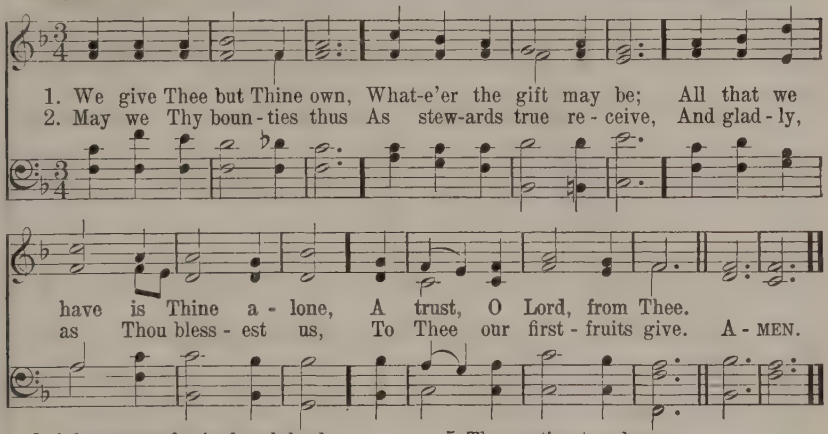
3 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

4 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whatever it be ours to share,
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

5 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live for love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who live to Thee,

Godfrey Thring, 1877.

182. We Give Thee But Thine Own.

Trentham. S. M. ROBERT JACKSON, 1894.

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be; All that we
2. May we Thy boun-ties thus As stew-ards true re-ceive, And glad-ly,
have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
as Thou bless-est us, To Thee our first-fruits give. A-MEN.

3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

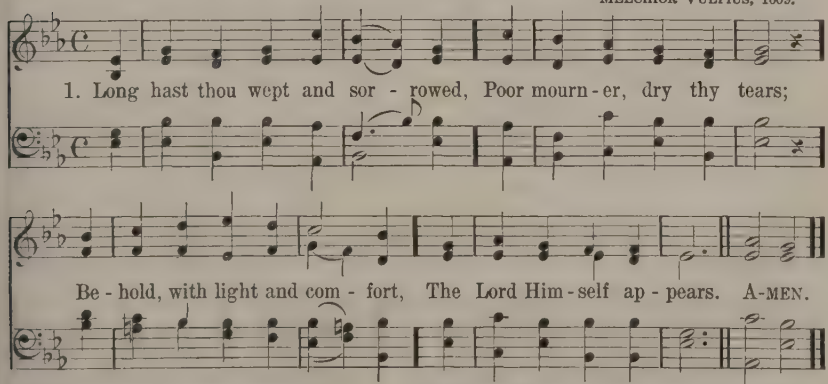
5 The captive to release,
The lost to God to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,—
It is a Christlike thing.

6 And we believe Thy Word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How, 1858.

183. Long Hast Thou Wept and Sorrowed.

Ach bleib mit deiner Gnade. (Christus der ist mein Leben.) 7 6, 7 6.
MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.


1. Long hast thou wept and sor-rowed, Poor mourn-er, dry thy tears;
Be-hold, with light and com-fort, The Lord Him-self ap-pears. A-MEN.

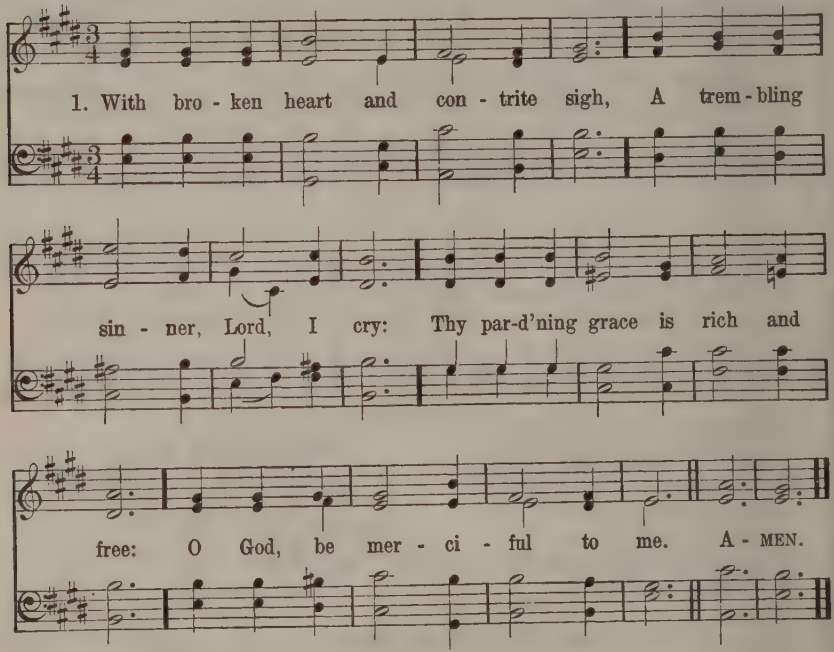
2 "Trust in My mercy ever,
My people!" saith the Lord.
Hold fast, in deepest sorrow,
That soul-sustaining Word.

3 Then rest, sad heart, in patience,
With this petition still,
"Lord, all these vacant places
With Thine own fullness fill!"

Meta Heusser-Schweizer, 1837.

184. With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh.

St. Crispin. L. M. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, (1816–1893).


1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trem - bling
sin - ner, Lord, I cry: Thy par-d'ning grace is rich and
free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me. A - MEN.

Or: Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort, No. 220.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His cross my only plea;
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

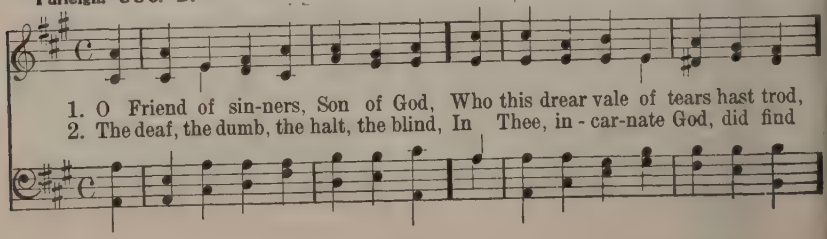
4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

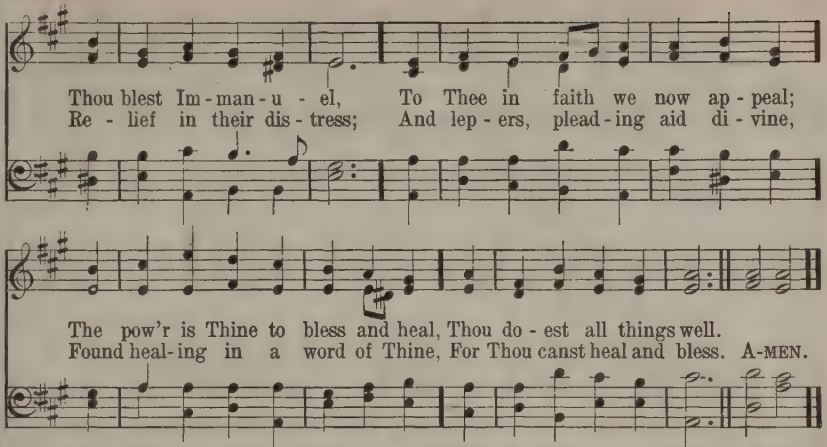
5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

185. O Friend of Sinners, Son of God.

Purleigh. 886. D. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1856.


1. O Friend of sin-ners, Son of God, Who this drear vale of tears hast trod,
2. The deaf, the dumb, the halt, the blind, In Thee, in - car-nate God, did find


Thou blest Im-man-u-el, To Thee in faith we now ap-peal;
Re-lief in their dis-tress; And lep-ers, plead-ing aid di-vine,
The pow'r is Thine to bless and heal, Thou do-est all things well.
Found heal-ing in a word of Thine, For Thou canst heal and bless. A-MEN.

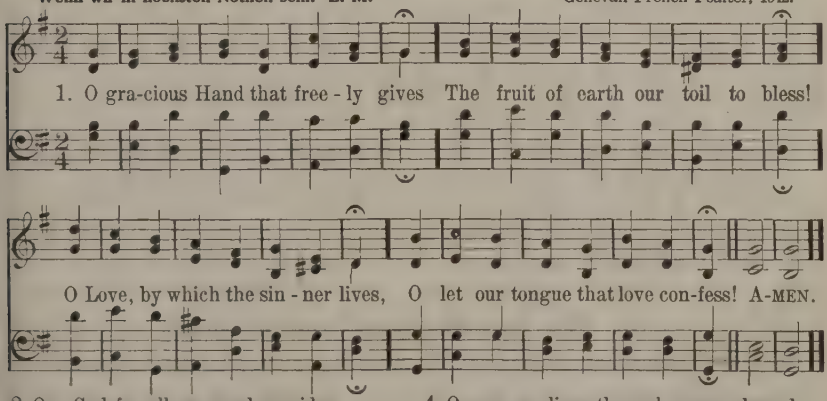
3 Our grateful prayers ascend to Thee,
For Thou hast healed sin's leprosy,
And cleansed us from its stain.
O blest Physician, Thou hast still
A cure for every mortal ill,
A balm for every pain.

4 Our lives we consecrate to Thee,
Thou spotless Lamb of Calvary,
Let us be wholly Thine. [Thee,
Cleansed, pardoned, ransomed, healed by
O grant us grace eternally
To praise Thy love divine.

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

186. O Gracious Hand That Freely Gives.

Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein. L. M. Genevan French Psalter, 1542.


1. O gra-cious Hand that free-ly gives The fruit of earth our toil to bless!
O Love, by which the sin-ner lives, O let our tongue that love con-fess! A-MEN.

2 Our God for all our need provides;
His sun alike o'er all doth shine;
From none His glorious beams He hides;
So rich, so free, His love divine.

3 Again this love our garners fills;
This love again let all adore;
The cry of want this bounty stills,
Who biddeth all His Name implore.

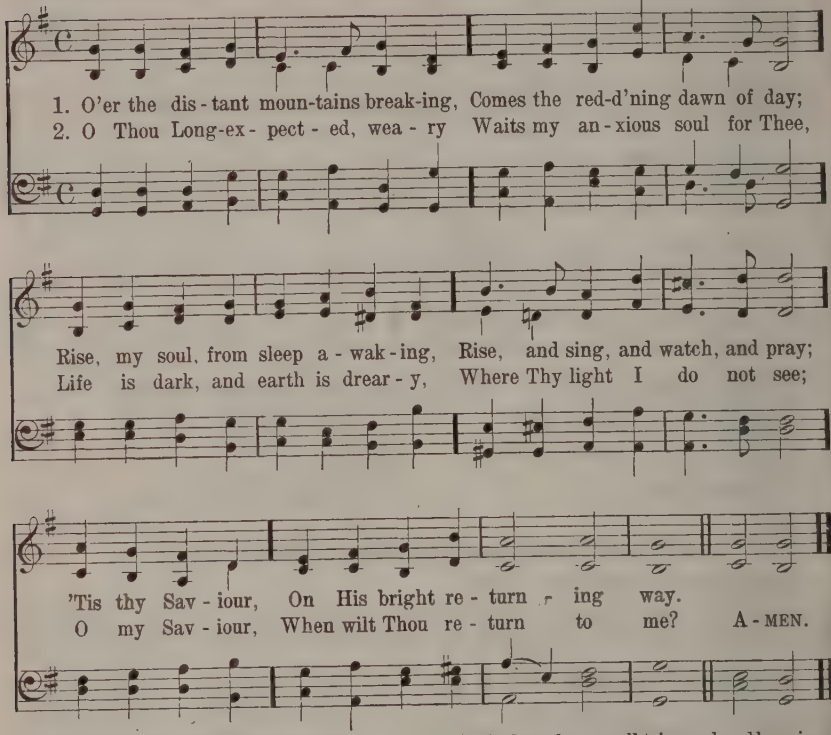
4 O may our lives through grace abound
In holy fruits, and Thee proclaim!
Let all Thy courts with praises sound
Thy gracious hand, Thy wondrous Name.

5 Lord, when Thou shalt descend from heaven,
Thy ransomed harvest here to reap,
May in that day Thy joy be given
To those who now go forth and weep.

Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851.

187. O'er the Distant Mountains Breaking.

St. Raphael. 8 7, 8 7, 4 7. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, (1818–1901).


1. O'er the dis - tant moun-tains break-ing, Comes the red-d'ning dawn of day;
2. O Thou Long-ex - pect - ed, wea - ry Waits my an - xious soul for Thee,
Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
Life is dark, and earth is drear - y, Where Thy light I do not see;
'Tis thy Sav - iour, On His bright re - turn - ing way.
O my Sav - iour, When wilt Thou re - turn to me? A - MEN.

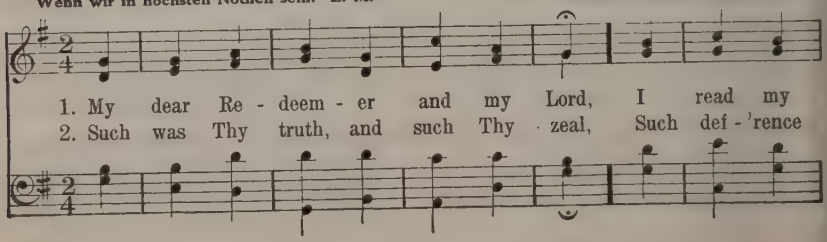
3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me, in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

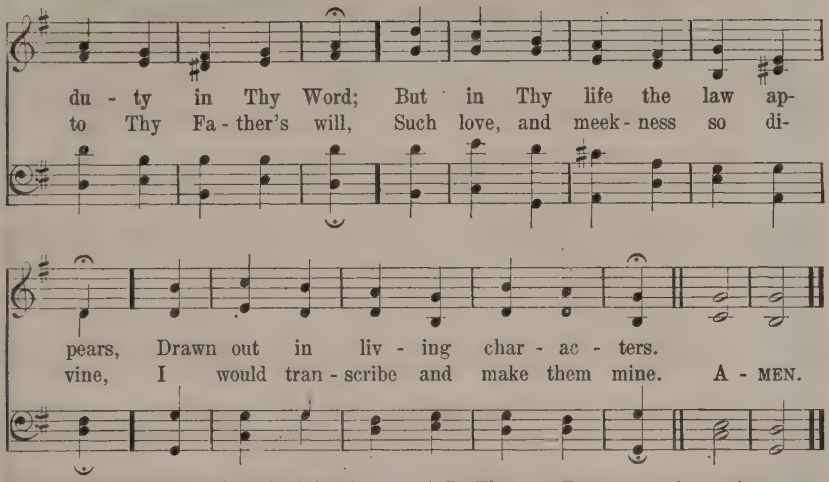
4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home—
Come, my Saviour,
Thou hast promised, quickly come!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1863.

188. My Dear Redeemer, and My Lord.

Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein. L. M. Genevan French Psalter, 1542.




du - ty in Thy Word; But in Thy life the law ap-
to Thy Fa - ther's will, Such love, and meek - ness so di-
pears, Drawn out in liv - ing char - ac - ters.
vine, I would tran - scribe and make them mine. A - MEN.

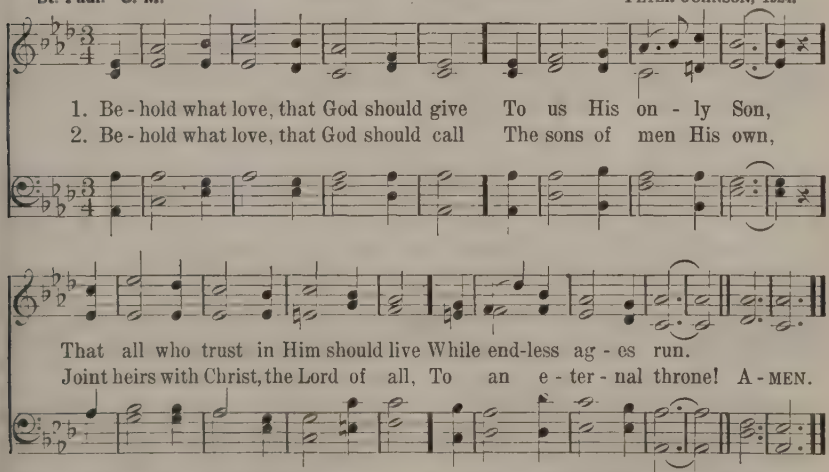
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my Pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here:
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

189. Behold What Love, That God Should Give.

St. Paul. C. M. PETER JOHNSON, 1924.


1. Be - hold what love, that God should give To us His on - ly Son,
2. Be - hold what love, that God should call The sons of men His own,
That all who trust in Him should live While end-less ag - es run.
Joint heirs with Christ, the Lord of all, To an e - ter - nal throne! A - MEN.

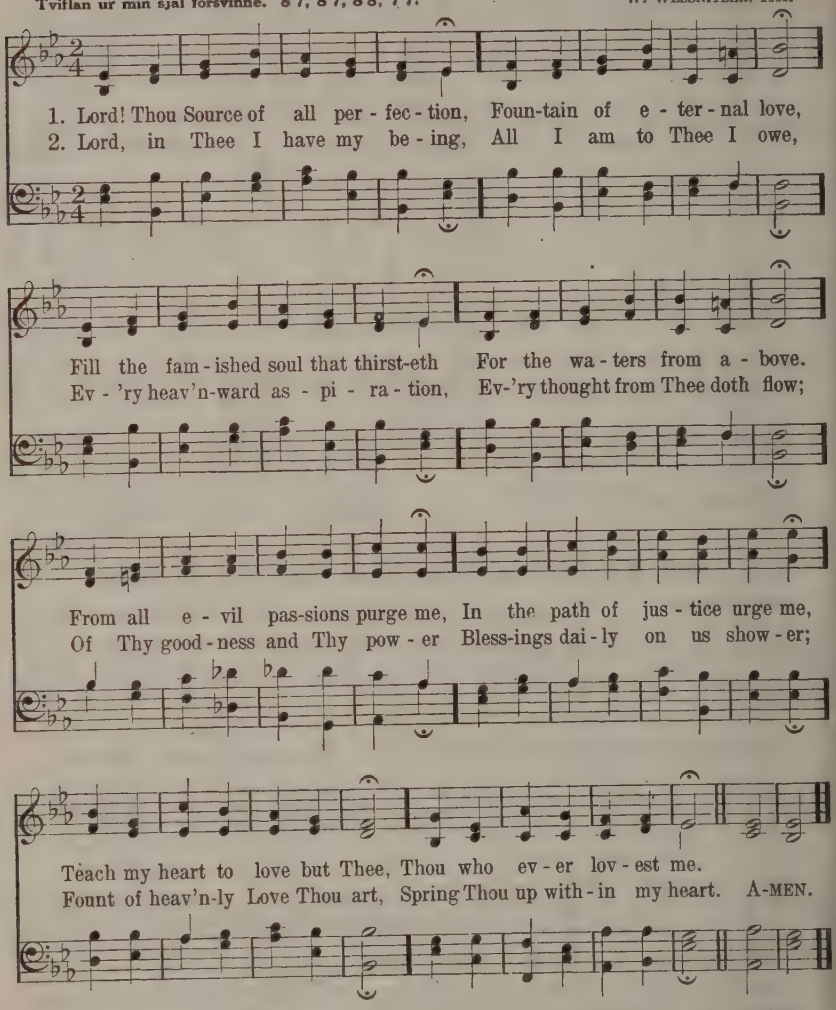
3 Behold what things He hath prepared
For those who love Him here;
No eye hath seen, no ear hath shared
The glories of that sphere.

4 Thy love, O God, transcends all thought,
How faint and weak is mine!
Help me to love Thee as I ought,
O give me love like Thine!

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1924.

190. Lord! Thou Source of All Perfection.

Tviflan ur min själ försvinne. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8, 7 7. W. Wessnitzer, 1661.

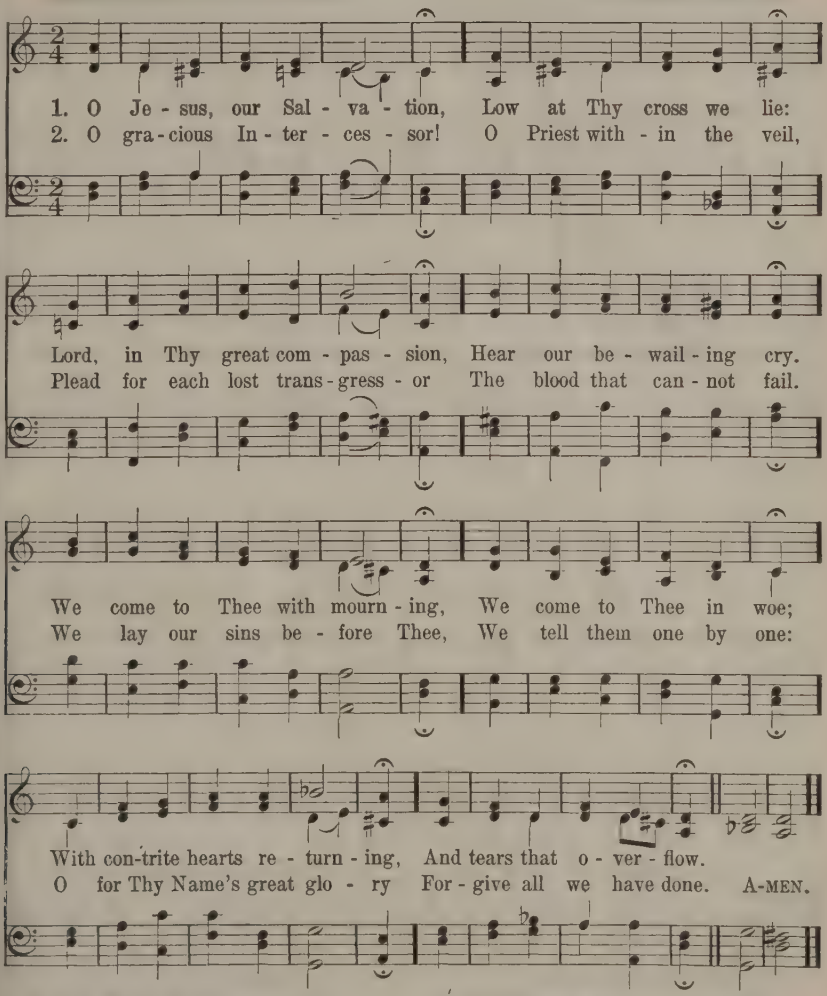

1. Lord! Thou Source of all per - fec - tion, Foun-tain of e - ter - nal love,
2. Lord, in Thee I have my be - ing, All I am to Thee I owe,
Fill the fam - ished soul that thirst-eth For the wa - ters from a - bove.
Ev - 'ry heav'n-ward as - pi - ra - tion, Ev-'ry thought from Thee doth flow;
From all e - vil pas-sions purge me, In the path of jus - tice urge me,
Of Thy good - ness and Thy pow - er Bless-ings dai - ly on us show - er;
Teach my heart to love but Thee, Thou who ev - er lov - est me.
Fount of heav'n-ly Love Thou art, Spring Thou up with - in my heart. A-MEN.

3 Blessed stream of our atonement
From the cross of Christ that flowed,
Fellowship with Him in glory,
Hope of all eternal good,
On my path His light and leading,
And His grace, all grace exceeding,—
All the blessings from above
Prompt me to return Thy love.

4 Grant, O God, the power to love Thee
Here in truth and holiness,
Till my love be full and perfect
In the realms of heavenly bliss,
When, translated into glory,
With Thy countenance shining o'er me,
I shall drink with saints above
From the well-spring of Thy love.

Balthazar Muenter, 1773.

191. O Jesus, Our Salvation.

Old 130th Psalm. 7 6, 7 6. D. Genevan Psalter, 1556.

1. O Je - sus, our Sal - va - tion, Low at Thy cross we lie:
2. O gra - cious In - ter - ces - sor! O Priest with - in the veil,
Lord, in Thy great com - pas - sion, Hear our be - wail - ing cry.
Plead for each lost trans - gress - or The blood that can - not fail.
We come to Thee with mourn - ing, We come to Thee in woe;
We lay our sins be - fore Thee, We tell them one by one:
With con-trite hearts re - turn - ing, And tears that o - ver - flow.
O for Thy Name's great glo - ry For - give all we have done. A-MEN.

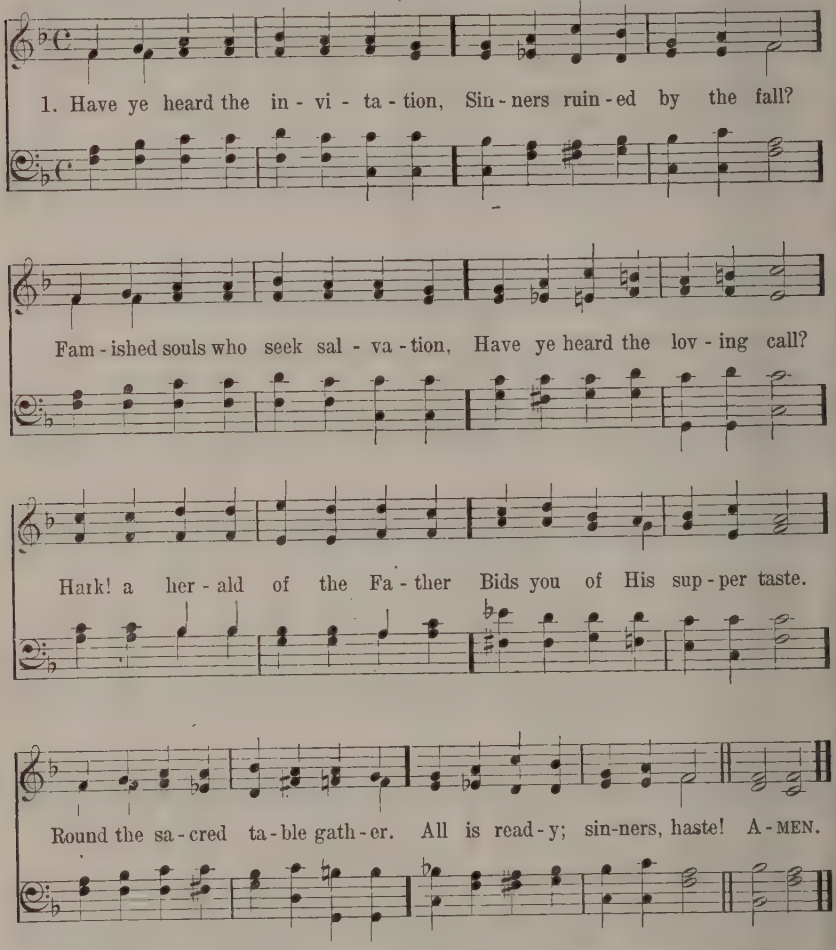
3 O by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary;
By all that untold suffering,
Endured by Thee alone,
O Priest, O spotless Offering,
Plead, for Thou didst atone!

4 And in these hearts now broken
Reënter Thou and reign,
And say, by that dear token,
We are absolved again.
And build us up, and guide us,
And guard us day by day;
And in Thy presence hide us,
And take our sins away.

James Hamilton, 1867.

192. Have Ye Heard the Invitation?

Love Divine No. 2. 8 7, 8 7. D. GEORGE FITZ-CURWOOD LE JEUNE, 1872.


1. Have ye heard the in - vi - ta - tion, Sin - ners ruin - ed by the fall?
Fam - ished souls who seek sal - va - tion, Have ye heard the lov - ing call?
Hark! a her - ald of the Fa - ther Bids you of His sup - per taste.
Round the sa - cred ta - ble gath - er. All is read - y; sin-ners, haste! A - MEN.

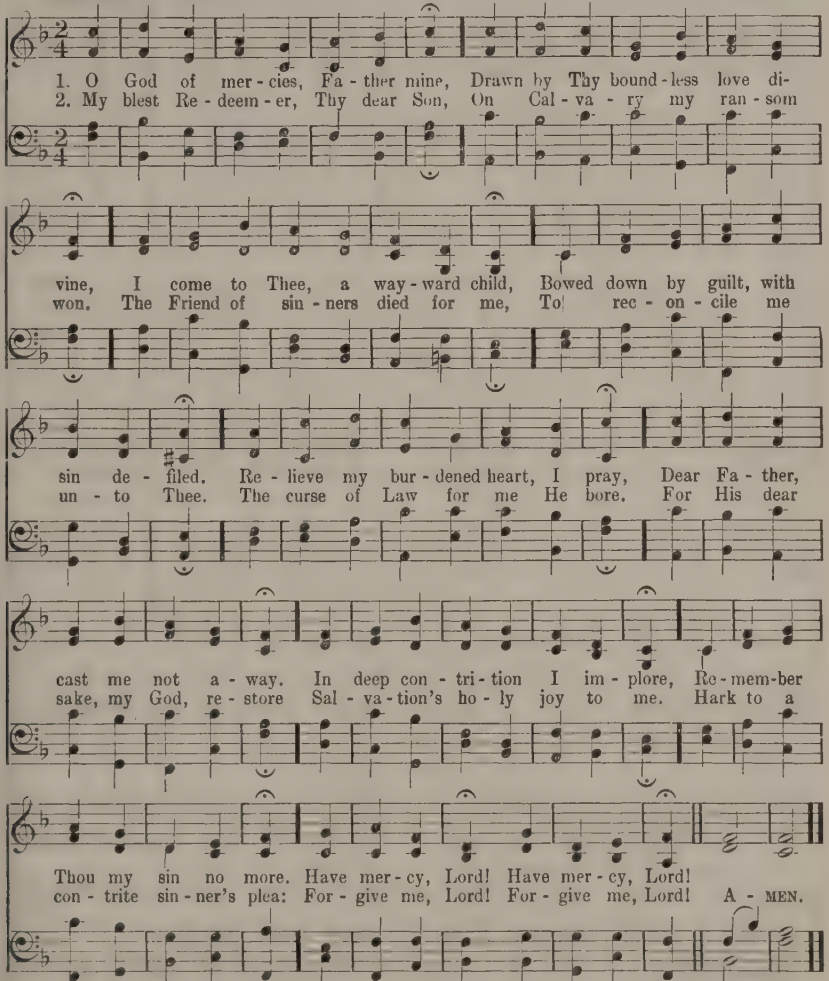
2 O ye chosen, have ye slighted
This sweet call to you proclaimed?
Lo! the King hath now invited
All the halt, the blind, the maimed:
"Come, ye poor from out the highways,
Come, a feast awaits you, come!"
Leave the hedges and the byways,
Hasten to the Father's home.

3 We have heard Thee call, dear Father,
In Thy Word and sacrament;
Round Thy festal board we'll gather
Till our life's last day is spent.
Ours the risen Saviour's merit,
Ours the bounties of Thy love,
Ours Thy peace, till we inherit
Endless life in heaven above.

Anna Hoppe, 1919.

193. O God of Mercies, Father Mine.

Komm, Heiliger Geist, Herre Gott. 88, 88, 88, 888. JOHANN WALTHER, 1524.


1. O God of mer - cies, Fa - ther mine, Drawn by Thy bound - less love di-
2. My blest Re - deem - er, Thy dear Son, On Cal - va - ry my ran - som
vine, I come to Thee, a way - ward child, Bowed down by guilt, with
won. The Friend of sin - ners died for me, To rec - on - cile me
sin de - filed. Re - lieve my bur - dened heart, I pray, Dear Fa - ther,
un - to Thee. The curse of Law for me He bore. For His dear
cast me not a - way. In deep con - tri - tion I im - plore, Re - mem - ber
sake, my God, re - store Sal - va - tion's ho - ly joy to me. Hark to a
Thou my sin no more. Have mer - cy, Lord! Have mer - cy, Lord!
con - trite sin - ner's plea: For - give me, Lord! For - give me, Lord! A - MEN.

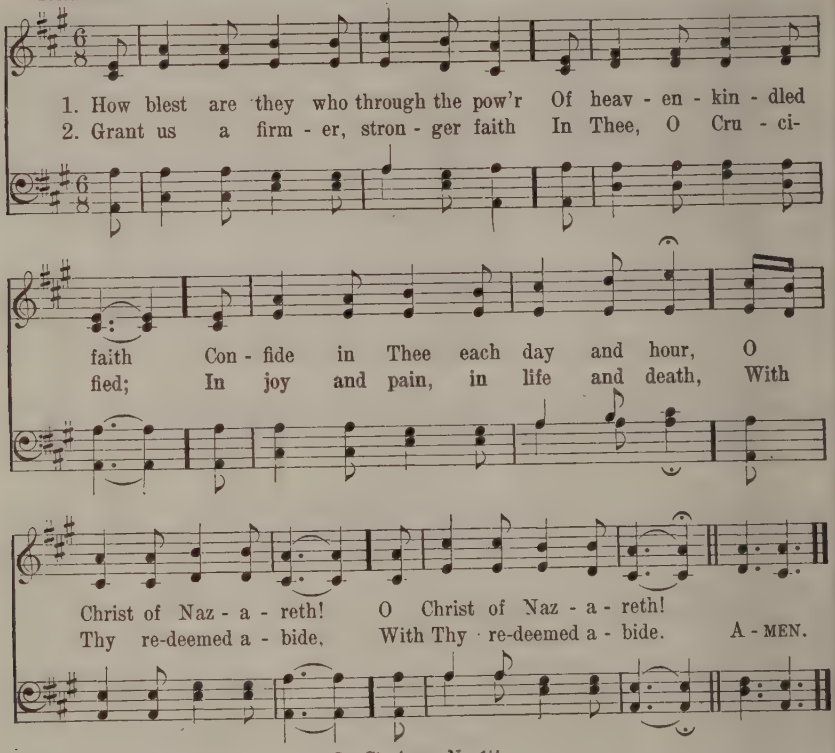
3 Thy Holy Spirit, through Thy word,
Assures me of Thy grace, dear Lord.
My risen High Priest intercedes,
His holy blood for pardon pleads.
Wash Thou me in that crimson flow,
And I shall be as white as snow.
Remove my sin-stained carnal dress,
Grant me Christ's robe of righteousness.
O cleanse me, Lord! O cleanse me, Lord!

4 Thy loving-kindness I shall praise,
O gracious Lord, through all my days.
Grant Thou me grace, while here I live,
In true compassion to forgive,
And unto erring brethren show
The love Thou didst on me bestow
Till, glorified by grace, my God,
In realms on high Thy Name I laud
Forevermore! Forevermore!

Anna Hoppe, 1923.

194. How Blest Are They Who through the Power.

Ortonville. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.


1. How blest are they who through the pow'r Of heav - en - kin - dled
2. Grant us a firm - er, stron - ger faith In Thee, O Cru - ci-
faith Con - fide in Thee each day and hour, O
fied; In joy and pain, in life and death, With
Christ of Naz - a - reth! O Christ of Naz - a - reth!
Thy re-deemed a - bide, With Thy re-deemed a - bide. A - MEN.

Or: St. Anne, No. 144.

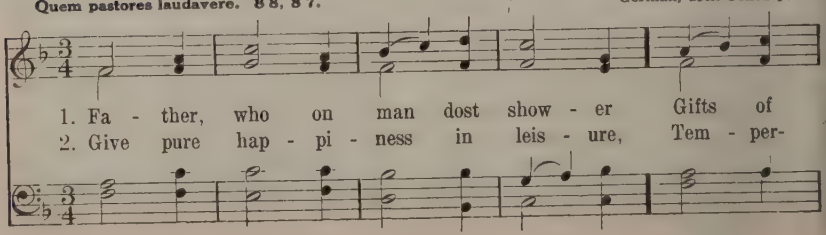
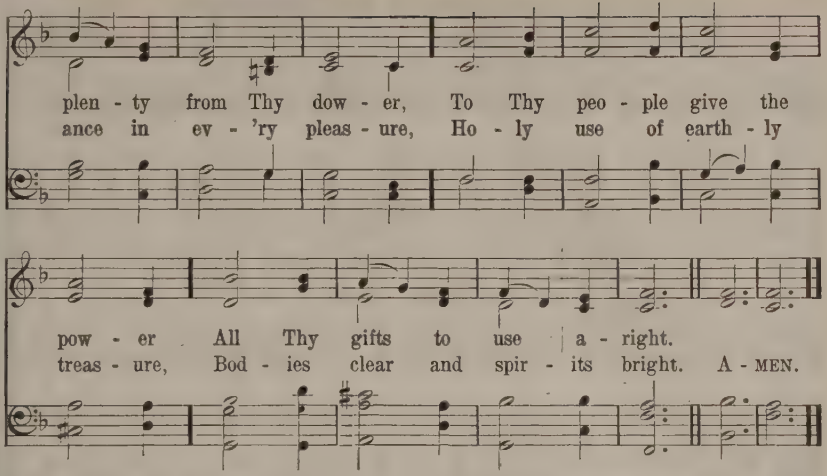
3 Thy pardon, full, complete, bestow
Upon Thy ransomed own,
That all the Father's love may know,
And trust Thy grace alone.

4 What joy, when faith is changed to sight,
And heaven's gates we see,
To laud Thy Name in mansions bright,
Through all eternity!

Anna Hoppe, 1920.

195. Father, Who on Man Dost Shower.

Quem pastores laudavere. 8 8, 8 7. German, 15th Century.



plen - ty from Thy dow - er, To Thy peo - ple give the
ance in ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Ho - ly use of earth - ly
pow - er All Thy gifts to use a - right.
treas - ure, Bod - ies clear and spir - its bright. A - MEN.

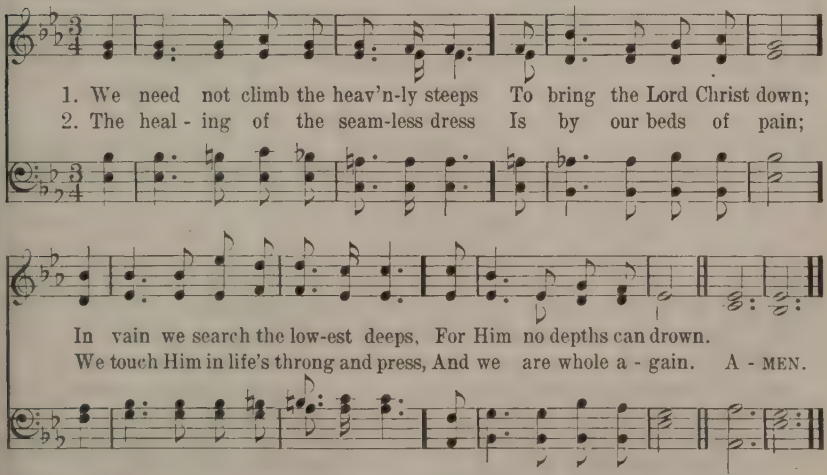
3 Lift from this and every nation
All that brings us degradation;
Quell the forces of temptation;
Put Thine enemies to flight.

4 Father, who hast sought and found us,
Son of God, whose love hath bound us,
Holy Ghost, within us, round us,
Hear us, Godhead infinite.

Percy Dearmer, 1906.

196. We Need Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

Serenity. C. M. WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, 1856.


1. We need not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain. A - MEN.

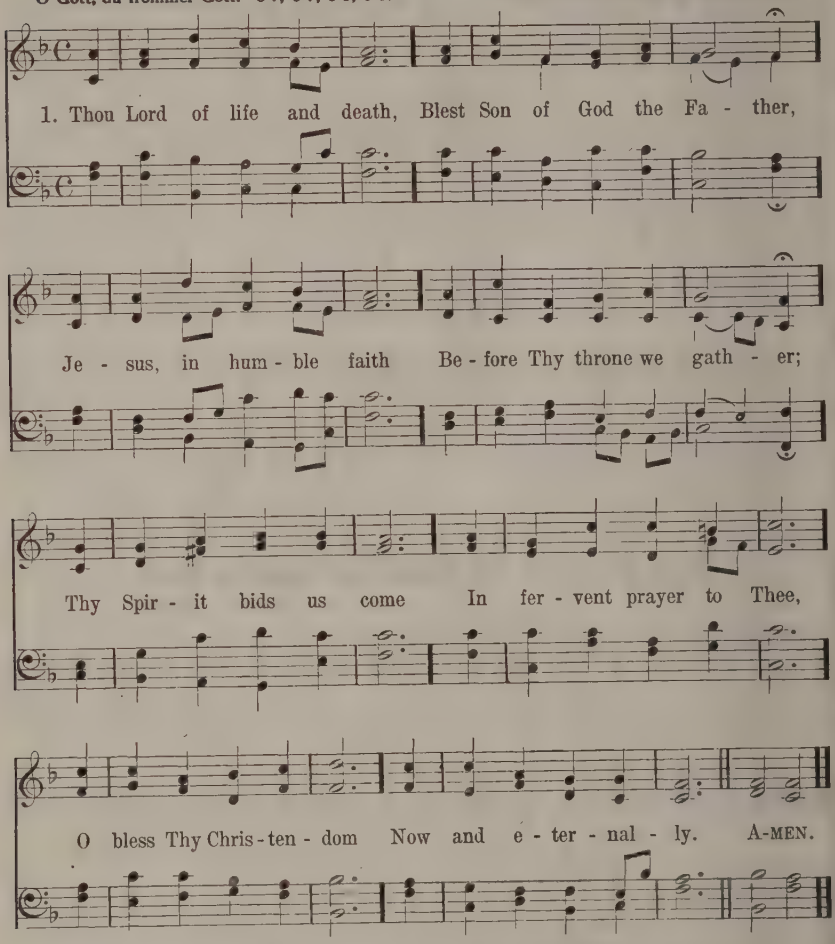
3 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His Name.

4 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway and hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine!

John Greenleaf Whittier, (1808–1892).

197. Thou Lord of Life and Death.

O Gott, du frommer Gott. 6 7, 6 7, 6 6, 6 6. JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL, 1710.


1. Thou Lord of life and death, Blest Son of God the Fa - ther,
Je - sus, in hum - ble faith Be - fore Thy throne we gath - er;
Thy Spir - it bids us come In fer - vent prayer to Thee,
O bless Thy Chris - ten - dom Now and e - ter - nal - ly. A-MEN.

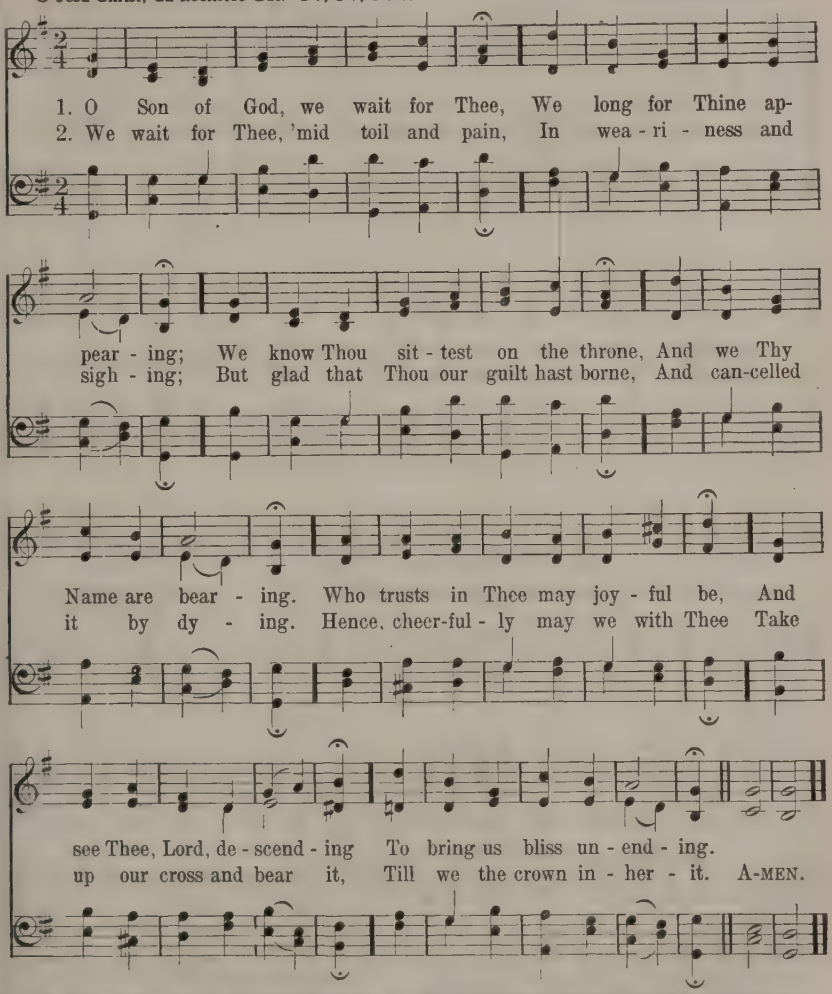
2 Thou speakest but a word,
And lo! the dead awaken.
Why should we sorrow, Lord,
When those we love are taken
From this drear vale of tears
To realms of bliss above?
Hush Thou our griefs and fears,
Thou Fount of boundless love.

3 When judgment trumpets wake
All who in death are sleeping,
To Salem's mansions take
The saved in Thy love's keeping.
When at Thy blest "Arise!"
We greet Thee, risen King,
The realms beyond the skies
With endless praise shall ring.

Anna Hoppe, 1920.

198. O Son of God, We Wait for Thee.

O Jesu Christ, du höchstes Gut. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7 7. JOHANN CRÜGER. 1658.


1. O Son of God, we wait for Thee, We long for Thine ap-
2. We wait for Thee, 'mid toil and pain, In wea - ri - ness and
pear - ing; We know Thou sit - test on the throne, And we Thy
sigh - ing; But glad that Thou our guilt hast borne, And can-celled
Name are bear - ing. Who trusts in Thee may joy - ful be, And
it by dy - ing. Hence, cheer-ful - ly may we with Thee Take
see Thee, Lord, de - scend - ing To bring us bliss un - end - ing.
up our cross and bear it, Till we the crown in - her - it. A-MEN.

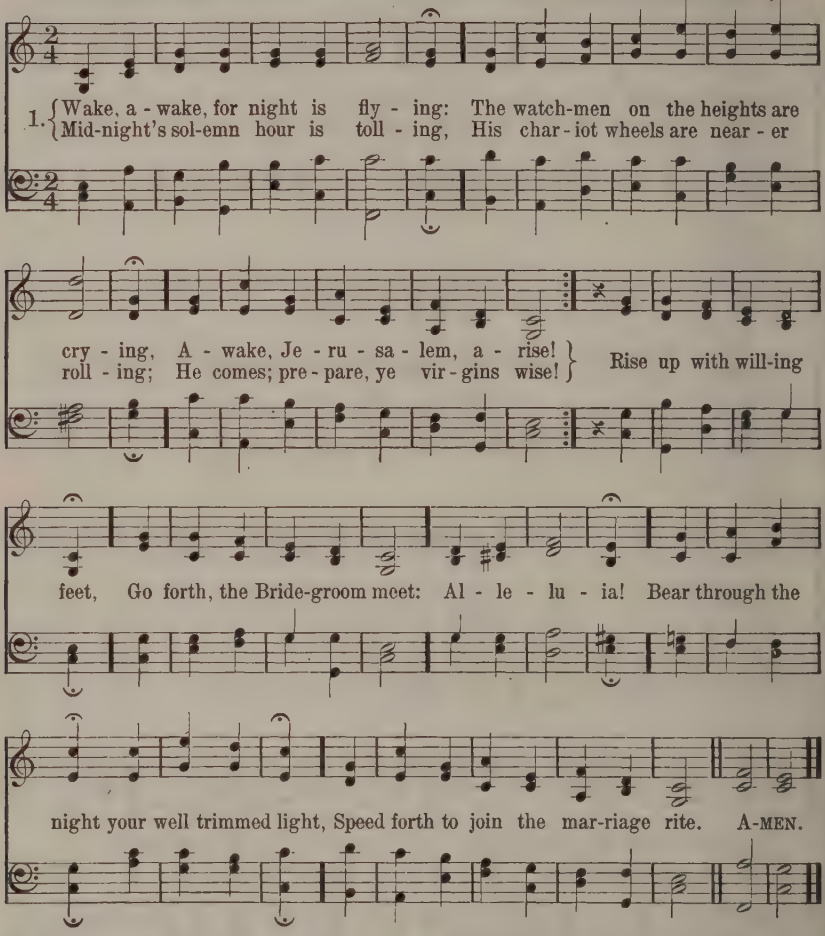
3 We wait for Thee; here Thou hast won
Our hearts to hope and duty;
But while our spirits feel Thee near,
Our eyes would see Thy beauty;
We fain would be at rest with Thee
In peace and joy supernal,
In glorious life eternal.

4 We wait for Thee; soon Thou wilt come,
The time is swiftly nearing;
In this we also do rejoice,
And long for Thine appearing.
O bliss 'twill be when Thee we see,
Homeward Thy people bringing,
With ecstasy and singing!

Philipp Friedrich Hiller, 1767.

199. Wake, Awake, for Night Is Flying.

Wachet auf. 898, 898, 664, 88. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.


1. Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing: The watch-men on the heights are
Mid-night's sol-emn hour is toll - ing, His char - iot wheels are near - er
cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, a - rise!
roll - ing; He comes; pre - pare, ye vir - gins wise!
Rise up with will-ing
feet, Go forth, the Bride-groom meet: Al - le - lu - ia! Bear through the
night your well trimmed light, Speed forth to join the mar-riage rite. A-MEN.

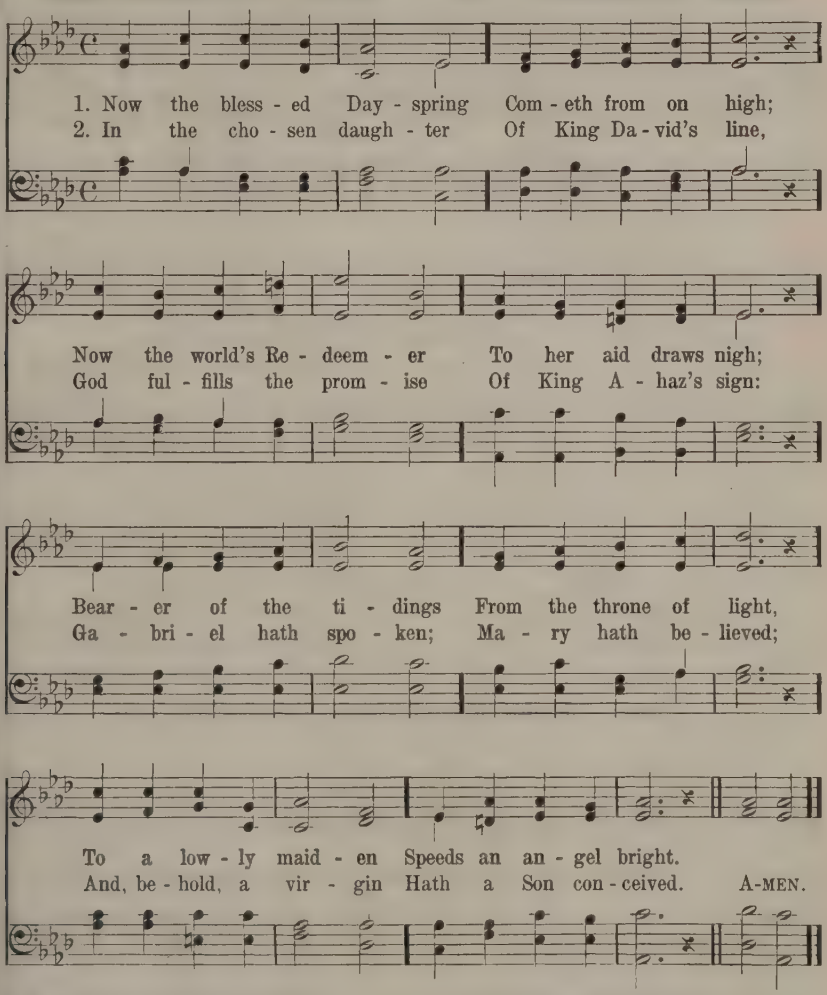
2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all-glorious,
The strong in grace, in truth victorious;
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!
All hail, Thou precious One!
Lord Jesus, God's dear Son!
Alleluia!
The joyful call we answer all,
And follow to the nuptial hall.

3 Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,
And men and angels sing before Thee,
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone.
By the pearly gates in wonder
We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne.
To mortal eyes and ears
What glory now appears!
Alleluia!
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along.

Philipp Nicolai, 1599.

200. Now the Blessed Dayspring.

Urswicke. 6 5, 6 5. D. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, (1816–1893).


1. Now the bless - ed Day - spring Com - eth from on high;
2. In the cho - sen daugh - ter Of King Da - vid's line,
Now the world's Re - deem - er To her aid draws nigh;
God ful - fills the prom - ise Of King A - haz's sign:
Bear - er of the ti - dings From the throne of light,
Ga - bri - el hath spo - ken; Ma - ry hath be - lieved;
To a low - ly maid - en Speeds an an - gel bright.
And, be - hold, a vir - gin Hath a Son con - ceived. A-MEN.

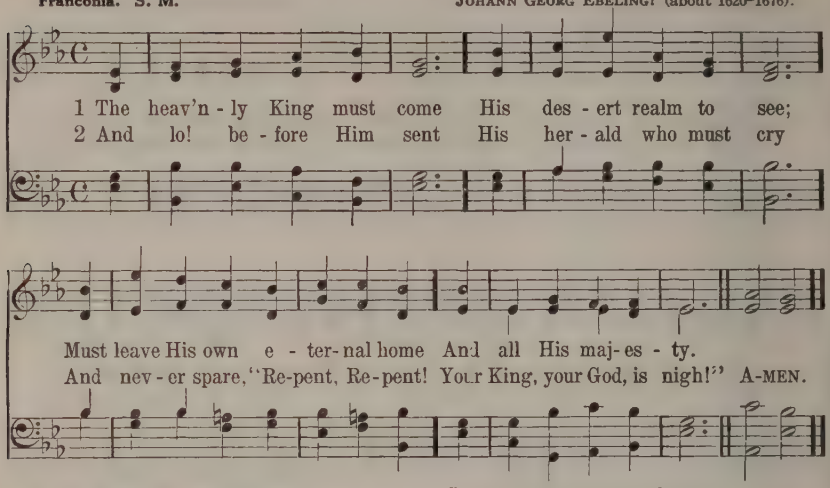
3 Though He take our nature,
Linked to low estate,
Though He stoop to suffer,
Yet shall He be great:
Though His crown and scepter
Be of thorn and reed,
His shall be the kingdom
Sworn to David's Seed.

4 Light to light the Gentiles,
Bending at His throne;
Glory of His people,
When His sway they own;
He shall reign for ever,
King of kings confessed,
And all tribes and kindreds
Shall in Him be blest.

Mary Ann Thomson, (1834—).

201. The Heavenly King Must Come.

Franconia. S. M. JOHANN GEORG EBELING? (about 1620–1676).


1 The heav'n - ly King must come His des - ert realm to see;
2 And lo! be - fore Him sent His her - ald who must cry
Must leave His own e - ter - nal home And all His maj - es - ty.
And nev - er spare, "Re-pent, Re-pent! Your King, your God, is nigh!" A-MEN.

3 He, when his work is done,
Must see his light decay,
Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,
The glorious King of day.

4 O Lord, O King, O Sun,
Whose messenger he came,
Baptize us all, most holy One,
In Thy refining flame.

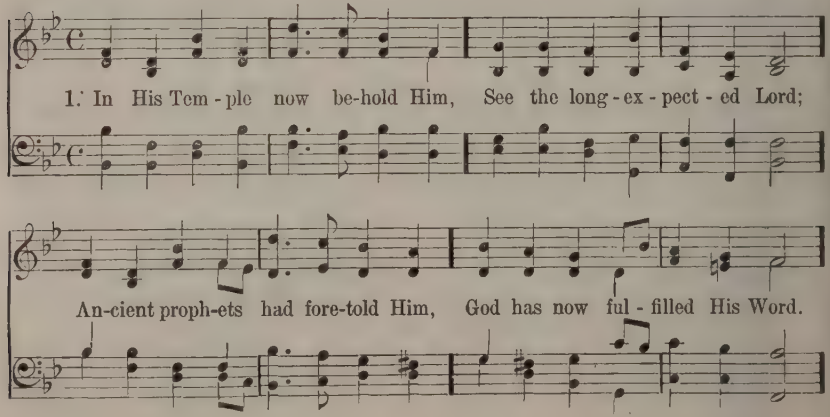
5 Give us Thy grace, that we
All evil may forsake,
May boldly speak the truth for Thee,
The lowest place may take.

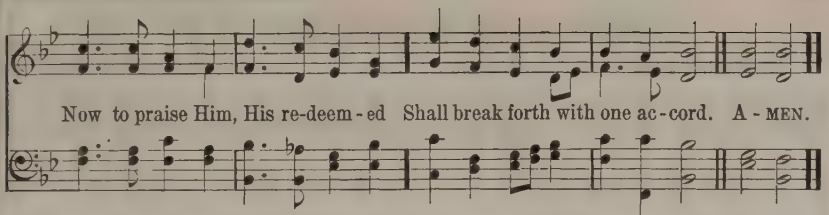
6 So, when Thou com'st again
Thy realm redeemed to see,
Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men
A way made straight for Thee.

Henry Arthur Martin, 1871.

202. In His Temple Now Behold Him.

Regent Square. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. HENRY SMART, 1867.


1. In His Tem - ple now be-hold Him, See the long - ex - pect - ed Lord;
An-cient proph-ets had fore-told Him, God has now ful - filled His Word.



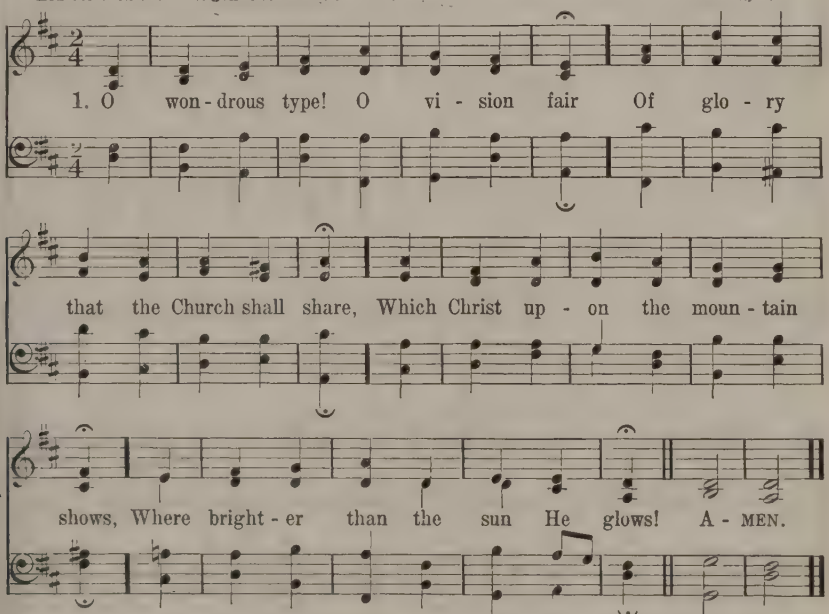
2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie.
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Lo, the incarnate God Most High!

3 Jesus, by Thy presentation,
Thou Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father, cleansed and pure.

Henry John Pye, about 1851, a.

203. O Wondrous Type! O Vision Fair.

Lob sei dem allmächtigen Gott. L. M. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.


1. O won-drous type! O vi-sion fair Of glo-ry
that the Church shall share, Which Christ up-on the moun-tain
shows, Where bright-er than the sun He glows! A-MEN.

2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elijah meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

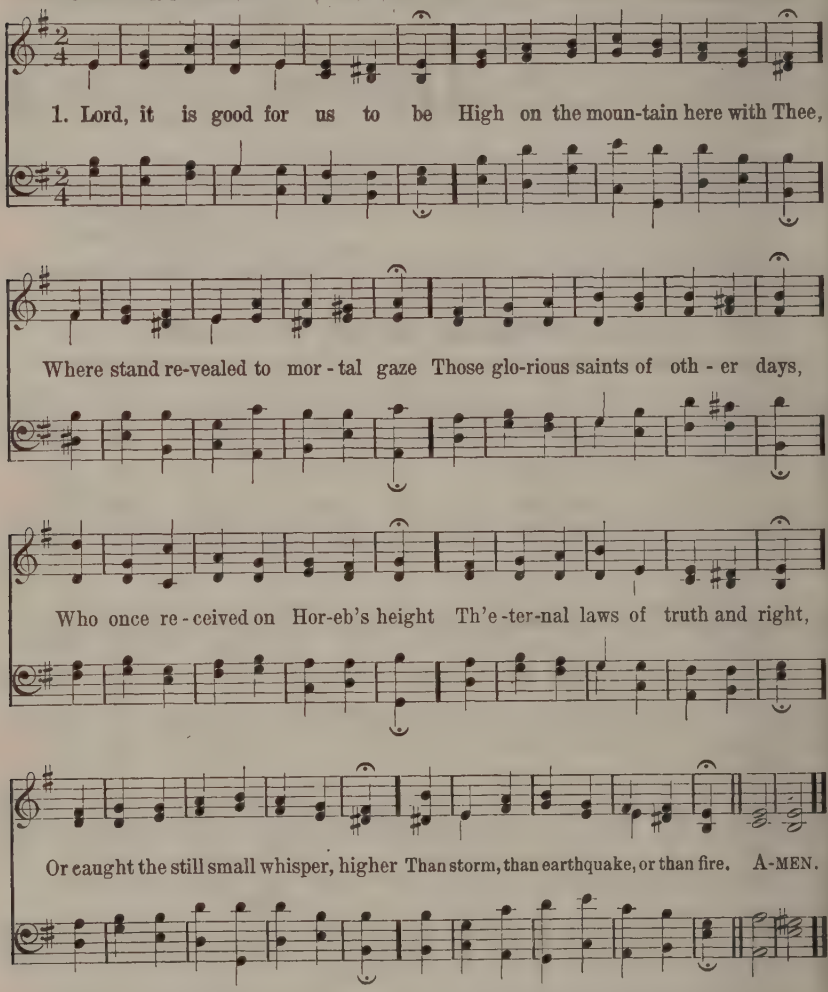
4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery,
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.

5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit, ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face.

Latin: Sacrum Brev., Venice, 1495, a.

204. Lord, It Is Good for Us to Be.

Gör porten hög, gör dörren bred. L. M. D. Koralbok, 1697.


1. Lord, it is good for us to be High on the moun-tain here with Thee,
Where stand re-vealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days,
Who once re-ceived on Hor-eb's height Th'e-ter-nal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire. A-MEN.

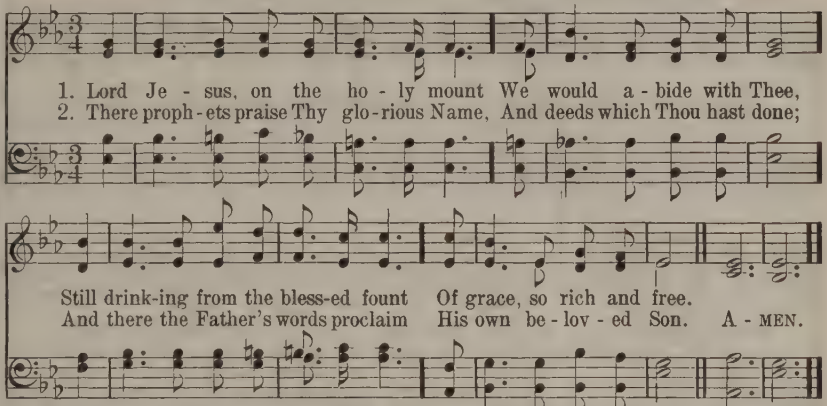
2 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim:
"This is my Son; O hear ye Him!"

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1870.

205. Lord Jesus, on the Holy Mount.

Serenity. C. M. WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE, 1856.


1. Lord Je - sus, on the ho - ly mount We would a - bide with Thee,
2. There proph - ets praise Thy glo - rious Name, And deeds which Thou hast done;
Still drink-ing from the bless-ed fount Of grace, so rich and free.
And there the Father's words proclaim His own be - lov - ed Son. A - MEN.

3 The rays of Thy transfigured face
Beam with such golden light
That we would never leave the place,
Nor lose the heavenly sight.

4 But there is work on earth to do,
The suffering souls to heal;
The harvest great, the laborers few
Thy kingdom to reveal.

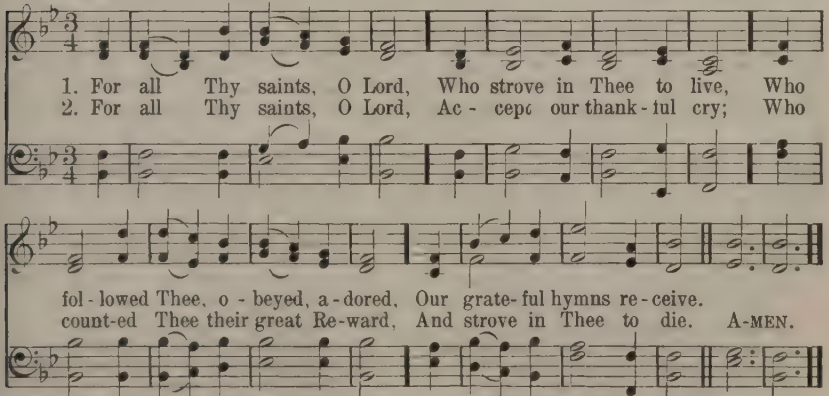
5 We may not linger on the mount,
Where bright Thy glories shine;
We may not taste the sacred fount
Of blessedness divine.

6 But let some beams of heavenly light
Make bright our earthly way;
Then grant the beatific sight
Of heaven and endless day.

John Anketell, 1889.

206. For All Thy Saints, O Lord.

Ferguson. S. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.


1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who
2. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Ac - cept our thank - ful cry; Who
fol - lowed Thee, o - beyed, a - dored, Our grate - ful hymns re - ceive.
count-ed Thee their great Re-ward, And strove in Thee to die. A-MEN.

3 They all, in life or death,
With Thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

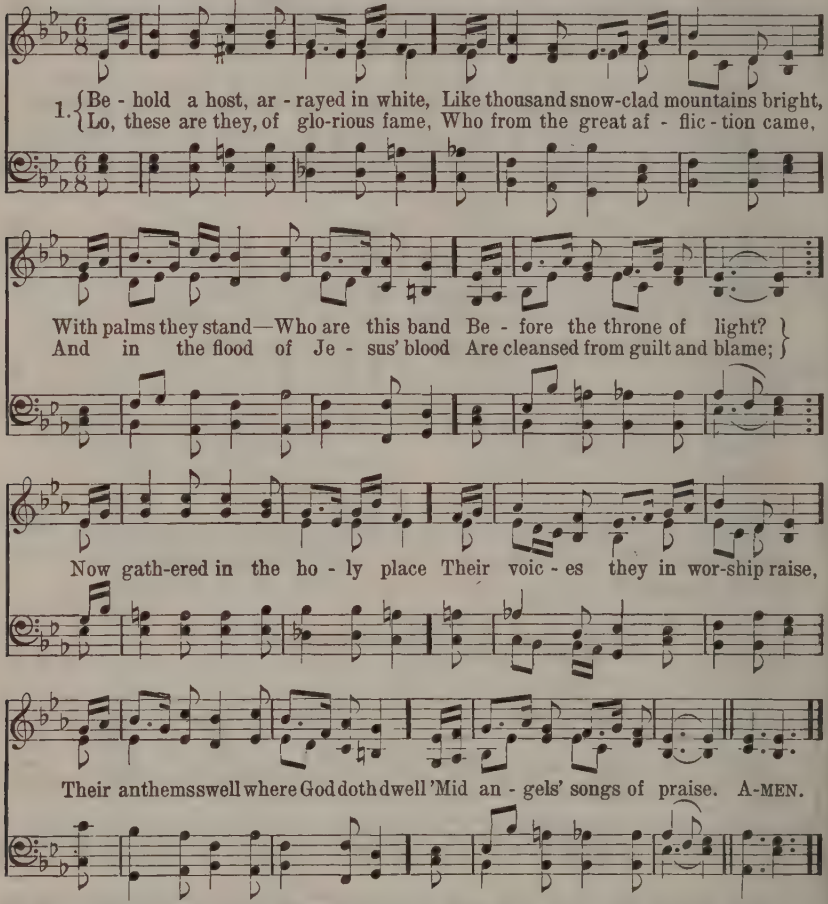
4 For this, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in Thee.

Richard Mant, 1837.

207. Behold a Host, Arrayed in White.

Norwegian Folksong.

Great White Host. 8 8, 8 6. 12 lines. Arranged by EDWARD HAGERUP GRIEG, (1843–1907).


1. Be - hold a host, ar - rayed in white, Like thousand snow-clad mountains bright,
Lo, these are they, of glo-rious fame, Who from the great af - flic - tion came,
With palms they stand—Who are this band Be - fore the throne of light?
And in the flood of Je - sus' blood Are cleansed from guilt and blame;
Now gath-ered in the ho - ly place Their voic - es they in wor-ship raise,
Their anthems swell where God doth dwell 'Mid an - gels' songs of praise. A-MEN.

2 Despised and scorned, they sojourned here,
But now, how glorious they appear!
These martyrs stand a priestly band,
God's throne forever near.
So oft, in troubled days gone by,
In anguish they would weep and sigh;
At home above, the God of love
The tears of all shall dry.
They now enjoy their Sabbath rest,
The paschal banquet of the blest;
The Lamb, their Lord, at festal board
Himself is host and guest.

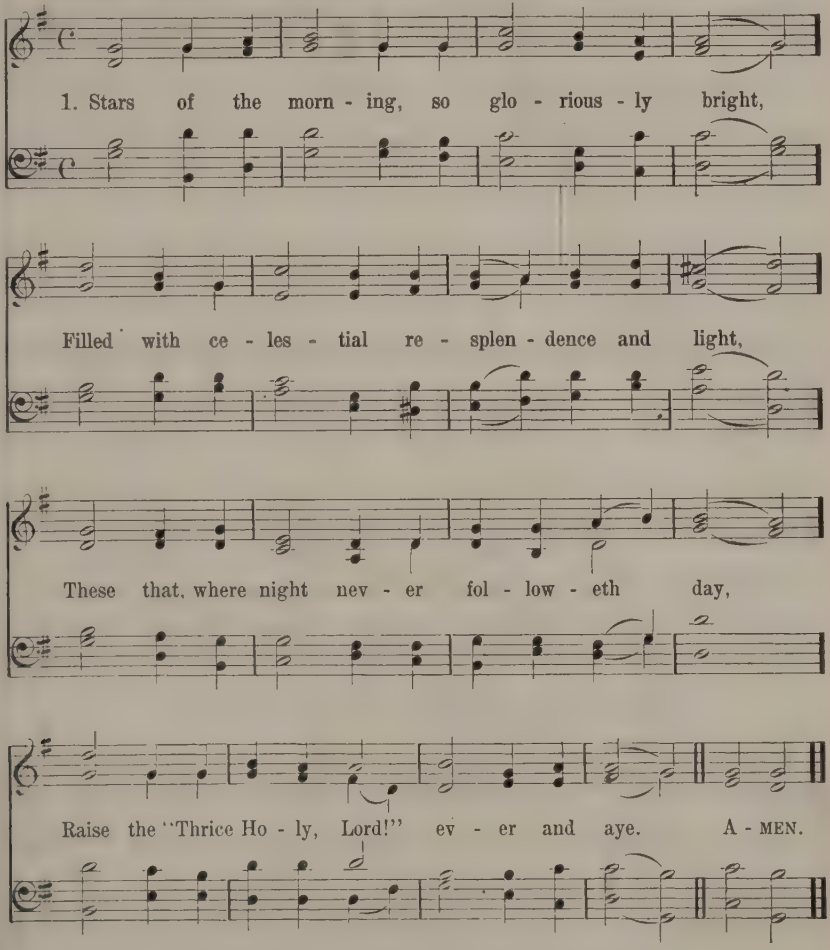
3 Then hail, ye mighty legions, yea,
All hail! now safe and blest for aye;
And praise the Lord, who with His Word
Sustained you on the way.
Ye did the joys of earth disdain,
Ye toiled and sowed in tears and pain;
Farewell, now bring your sheaves, and sing
Salvation's glad refrain.
Swing high your palms, lift up your song,
Yea, make it myriad voices strong:
Eternally shall praise to Thee,
God, and the Lamb, belong!

Hans Adolph Brorson, about 1760.

208. Stars of the Morning, So Gloriously Bright.

Regnator orbis (O quanta qualia). 10 10, 10 10.

Adapted from a Melody in LA FEILLÉE.
Plain Chant, 1782.


1. Stars of the morn - ing, so glo - rious - ly bright,
Filled with ce - les - tial re - splen - dence and light,
These that, where night nev - er fol - low - eth day,
Raise the "Thrice Ho - ly, Lord!" ev - er and aye. A - MEN.

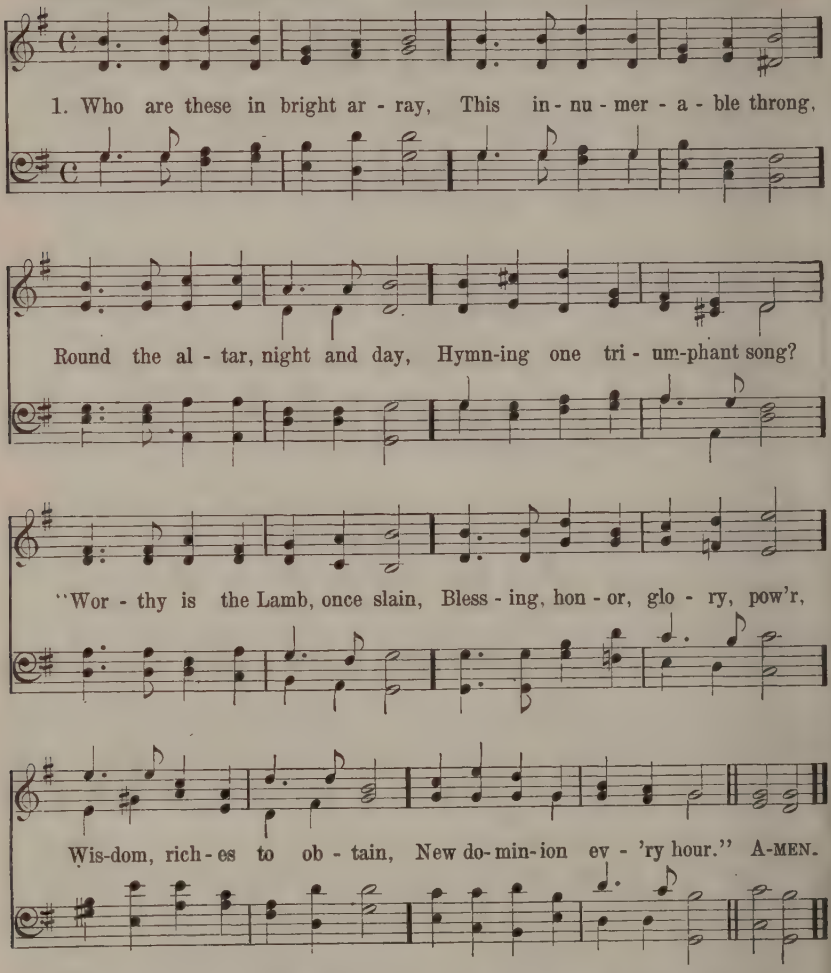
2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,
Lord God of Sabaoth! nearest Thy throne;
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,
Help of the helpless ones, man to defend.

3 Still let them succor us; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts! battling for right,
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,
We with the angels may bow and adore.

Joseph the Hymnographer, about 850.

209. Who Are These in Bright Array?

St. George's, Windsor. 7 7, 7 7. D. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1858.


1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng,
Round the al - tar, night and day, Hymn-ing one tri - um-phant song?
"Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless - ing, hon - or, glo - ry, pow'r,
Wis-dom, rich - es to ob - tain, New do-min-ion ev - 'ry hour." A-MEN.

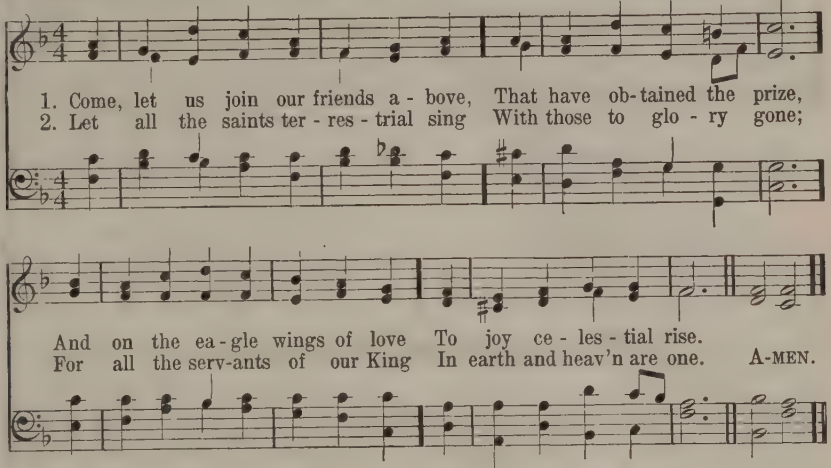
2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty Name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Then the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead;
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

James Montgomery, 1819.

210. Come, Let Us Join Our Friends Above.

Carolina. C. M. PETER JOHNSON, 1922.


1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob-tained the prize,
2. Let all the saints ter - res - trial sing With those to glo - ry gone;
And on the ea-gle wings of love To joy ce - les - tial rise.
For all the serv-ants of our King In earth and heav'n are one. A-MEN.

3 One family, we dwell in Him.
One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

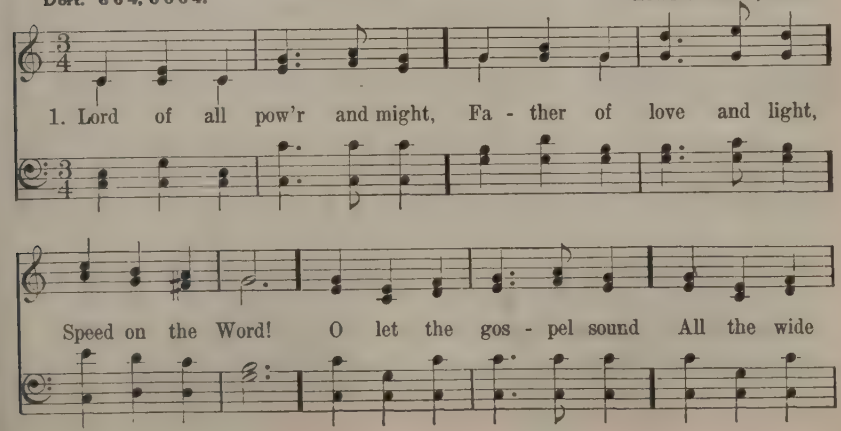
5 E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

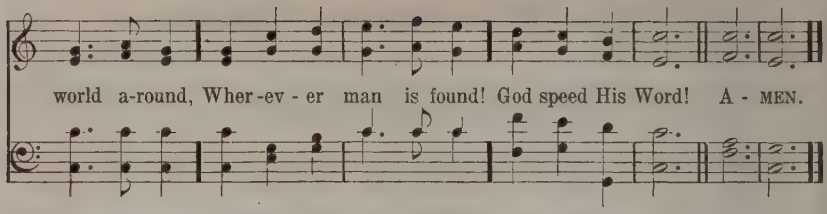
6 Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide,
And when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us all in heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1759, a.

211. Lord of All Power and Might.

Dort. 664, 6664. LOWELL MASON, 1832.





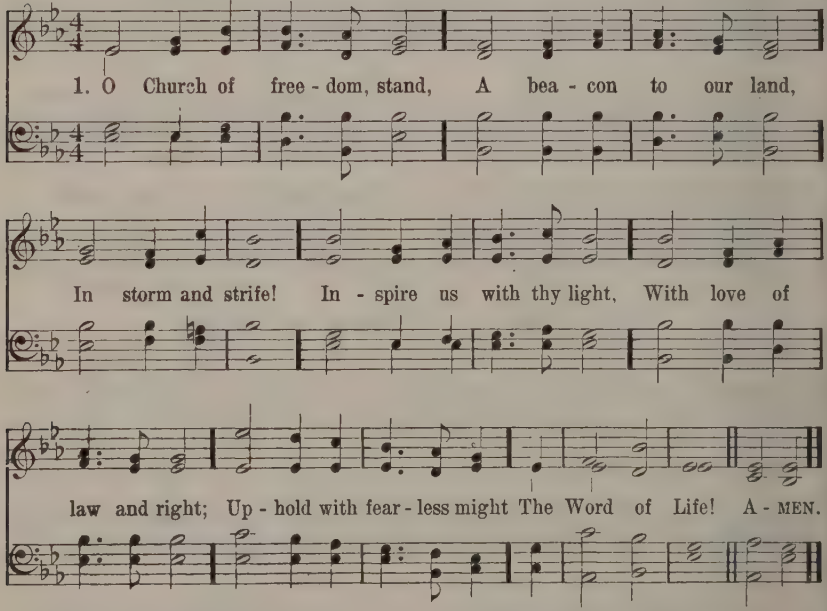
2 Lo! what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy Word;
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr band:—
God shield His Word!

3 Onward shall be our course,
In spite of fraud and force;
God is before:
His Word ere long shall run
Free as the noonday sun;
His purpose must be done:—
God bless His Word!

Hugh Stowell, 1853.

212. O Church of Freedom, Stand.

Olivet. 6 6 4, 6 6 6 4. LOWELL MASON. 1832.


1. O Church of free-dom, stand, A bea-con to our land,
In storm and strife! In-spire us with thy light, With love of
law and right; Up-hold with fear-less might The Word of Life! A-MEN.

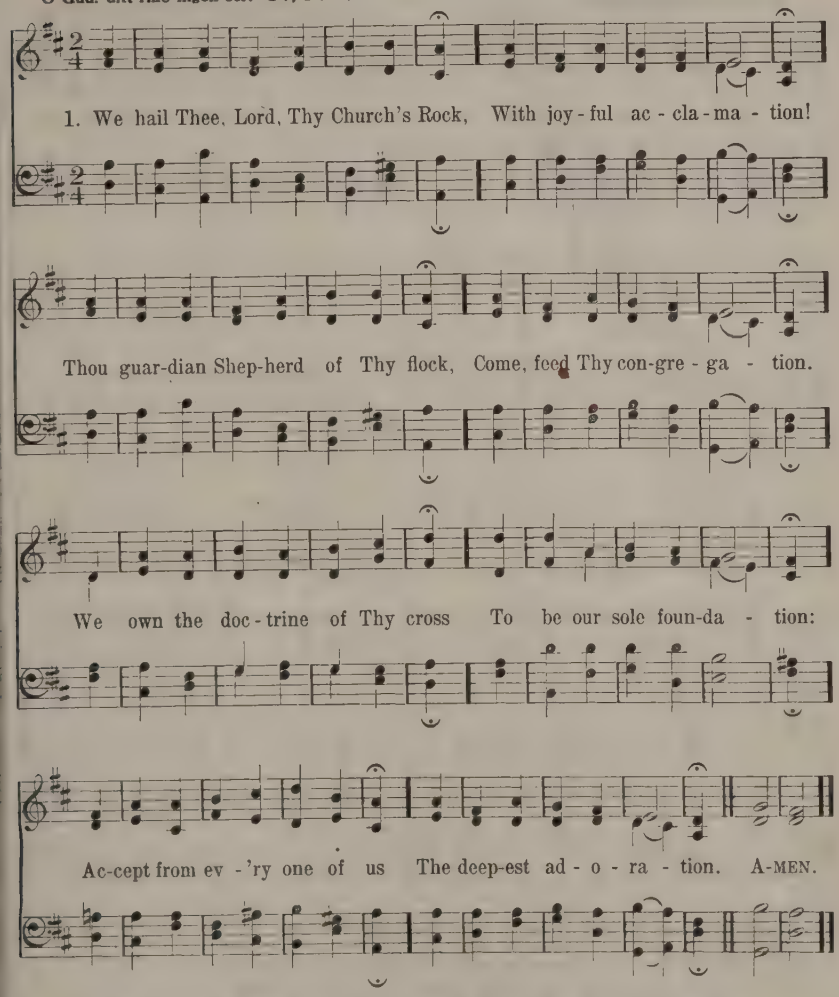
2 Church of the Crucified,
Proclaim the death He died,
His royal birth!
Your crowns and branches bring,
Glad hallelujahs sing,
Enthrone Him Lord and King
O'er all the earth!

3 God bless our Church, we pray,
Direct her on her way,
'Mid joy and tears.
Fill her with lowliness,
With love and holiness,
May she Thy grace possess
Through all the years.

Harry Tennyson Domer, 1919, a.

213. We Hail Thee, Lord, Thy Church's Rock.

O Gud! ditt rike ingen ser. 8 7, 8 7. D. BURKHARD WALDIS, 1553.


1. We hail Thee, Lord, Thy Church's Rock, With joy-ful ac-cla-ma-tion!
Thou guar-dian Shep-herd of Thy flock, Come, feed Thy con-gre-ga-tion.
We own the doc-trine of Thy cross To be our sole foun-da-tion:
Ac-cept from ev-'ry one of us The deep-est ad-o-ra-tion. A-MEN.

2 O Thou, who always dost abide
Thy Church's Head and Saviour.
Be still Thy servants' constant guide,
Direct our whole behavior.
Thy statutes to Thy Church declare,
Still watch o'er its salvation:
Each member make Thy special care,
And aid him in his station.

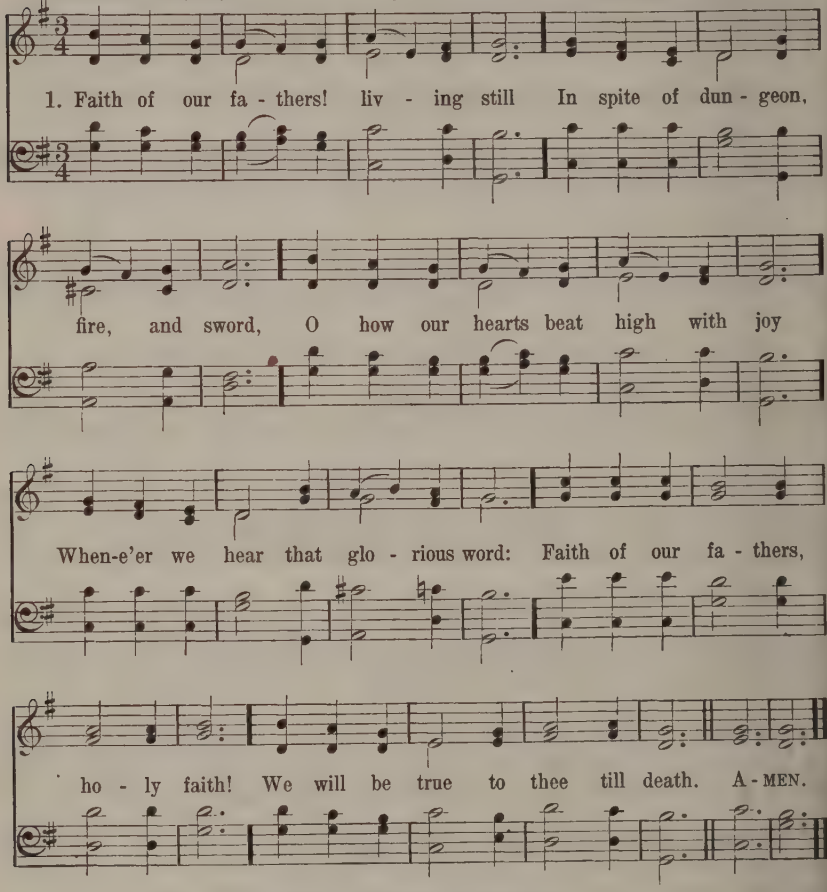
3 Jesus, the Church's Head and Lord,
Who as a shepherd leadest,
And with Thy Sacrament and Word
Thy people richly feedest:
For mercies in such countless throng
We bow our hearts before Thee,
And hope we shall in heaven ere long
More worthily adore Thee.

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf, 1741.

214. Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still.

St. Catherine. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8.

Henri Fredrick Hemy, 1865.
Alt. by James George Walton, 1871.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon,
fire, and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy
When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word: Faith of our fa - thers,
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

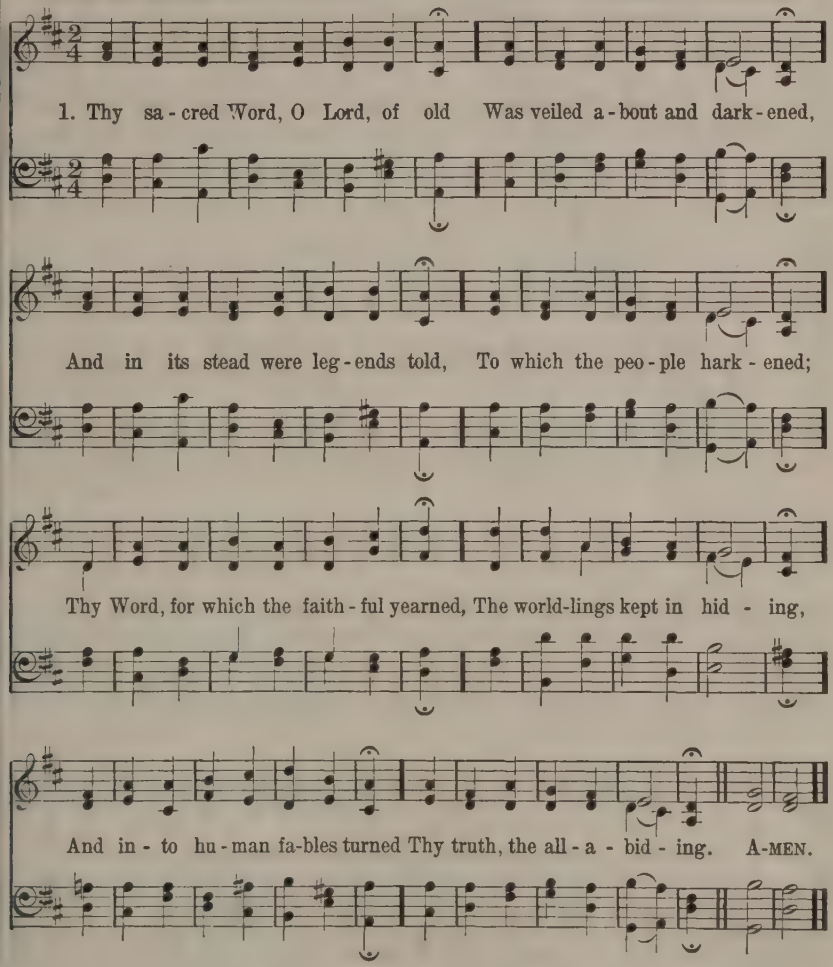
2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

Frederick William Faber, 1840.

215. Thy Sacred Word, O Lord, of Old.

O Gud! ditt rike ingen ser. 8 7, 8 7. D. BURKHARD WALDIS, 1553.


1. Thy sa - cred Word, O Lord, of old Was veiled a - bout and dark - ened,
And in its stead were leg - ends told, To which the peo - ple hark - ened;
Thy Word, for which the faith - ful yearned, The world-lings kept in hid - ing,
And in - to hu - man fa-bles turned Thy truth, the all - a - bid - ing. A-MEN.

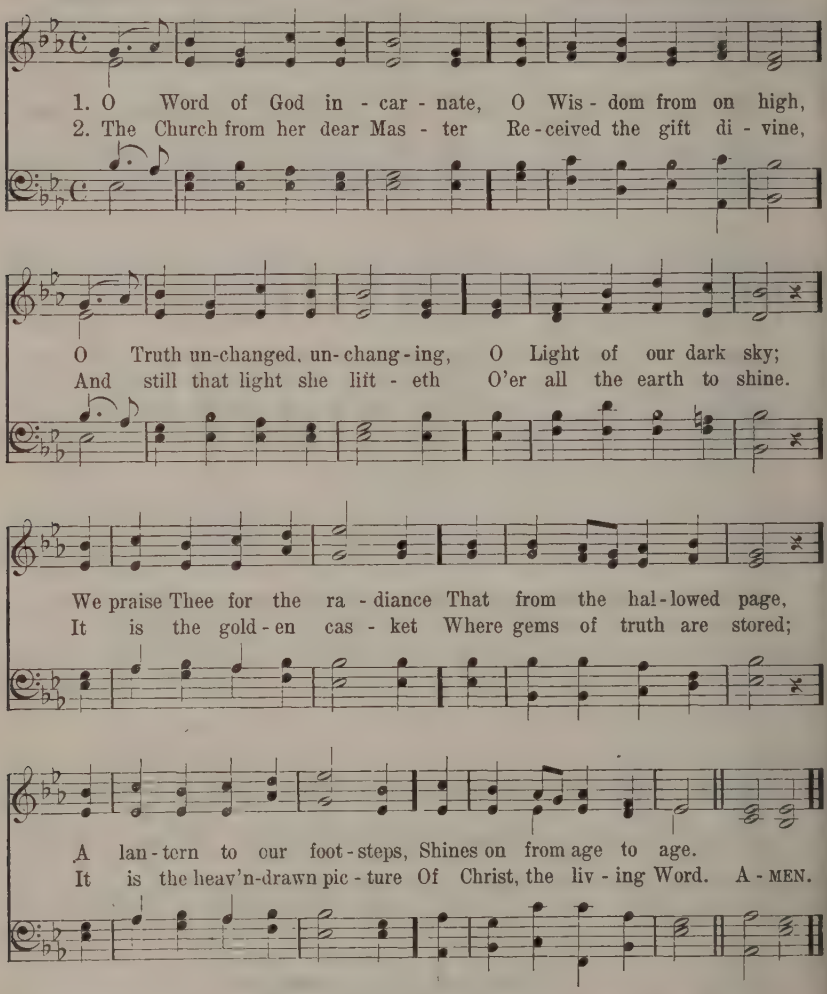
2 Now thanks and praise be to our Lord,
Who boundless grace bestoweth,
And daily through the sacred Word
His precious gifts forthshoweth.
His Word is come to light again,
A trusty lamp to guide us;
No strange and divers teachings then
Bewilder and divide us.

Olavus Petri, (1497–1552).

216. O Word of God Incarnate.

Everts. 7 6, 7 6. D.

From the German.
LOWELL MASON, 1841.


1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,
O Truth un-changed, un-chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky;
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal-lowed page,
It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored;
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav'n-drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word. A - MEN.

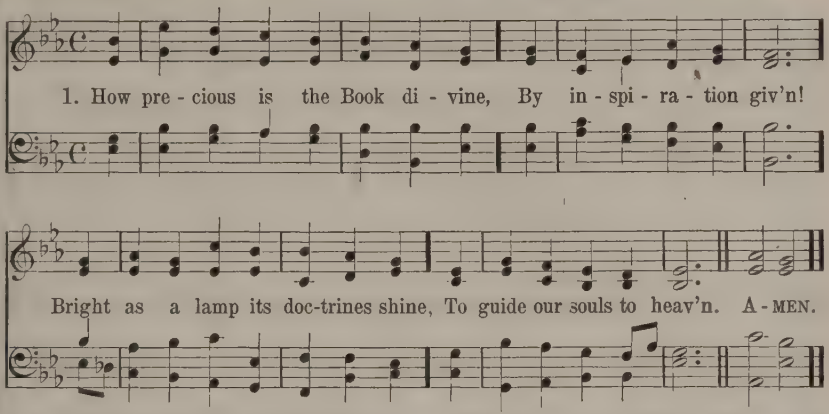
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's hosts unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world:
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old:
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How, 1867.

217. How Precious Is the Book Divine.

St. Peter. C. M. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.


1. How pre - cious is the Book di - vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n. A - MEN.

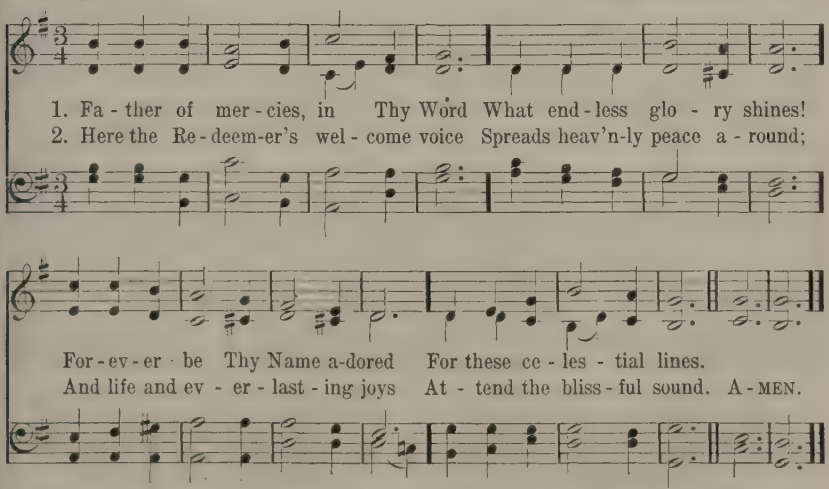
2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

218. Father of Mercies, in Thy Word.

St. Agnes. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.


1. Fa - ther of mer - cies, in Thy Word What end - less glo - ry shines!
2. Here the Re - deem-er's wel - come voice Spreads heav'n-ly peace a - round;
For - ev - er be Thy Name a-dored For these ce - les - tial lines.
And life and ev - er - last - ing joys At - tend the bliss - ful sound. A - MEN.

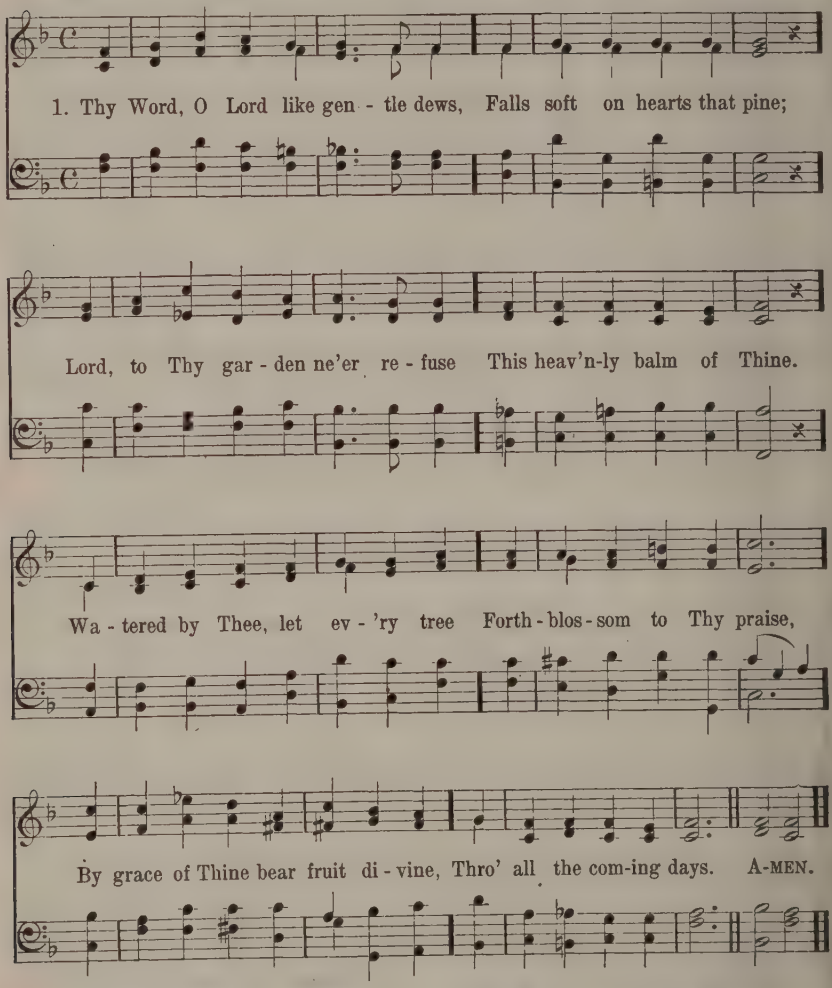
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

219. Thy Word, O Lord, Like Gentle Dews,

St. Leonard. C. M. D. HENRY HILES, 1867.


1. Thy Word, O Lord like gen - tle dews, Falls soft on hearts that pine;
Lord, to Thy gar - den ne'er re - fuse This heav'n-ly balm of Thine.
Wa - tered by Thee, let ev - 'ry tree Forth - blos - som to Thy praise,
By grace of Thine bear fruit di - vine, Thro' all the com-ing days. A-MEN.

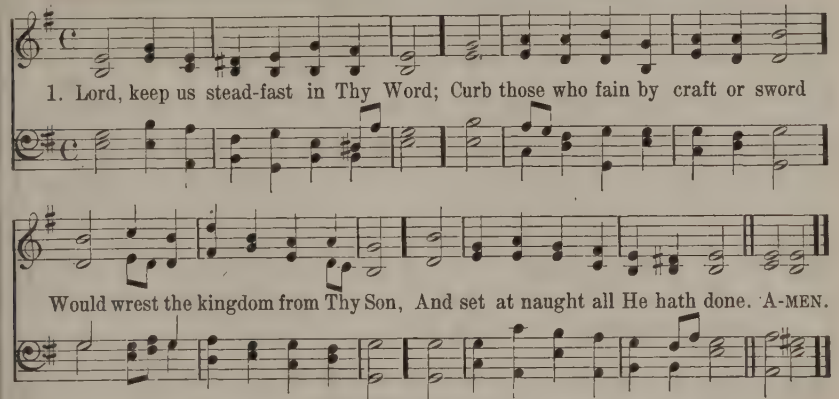
2 Thy Word is like a flaming sword,
A wedge that cleaveth stone;
Keen as a fire, so burns Thy Word,
And pierceth flesh and bone.
Let it go forth o'er all the earth
To cleanse our hearts within,
To show Thy power in Satan's hour,
And break the might of sin.

3 Thy Word a wondrous guiding star
On pilgrim hearts doth rise,
Leads those to God who dwell afar,
And makes the simple wise.
Let not its light e'er sink in night;
In every spirit shine,
That none may miss heaven's final bliss,
Led by Thy light divine.

Carl Bernard Garve, 1825.

220. Lord, Keep Us Steadfast in Thy Word.

Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort. L. M. JOSEPH KLUG'S Geistliche Lieder, 1543.


1. Lord, keep us stead-fast in Thy Word; Curb those who fain by craft or sword
Would wrest the kingdom from Thy Son, And set at naught all He hath done. A-MEN.

Or: Mendon, No. 280.

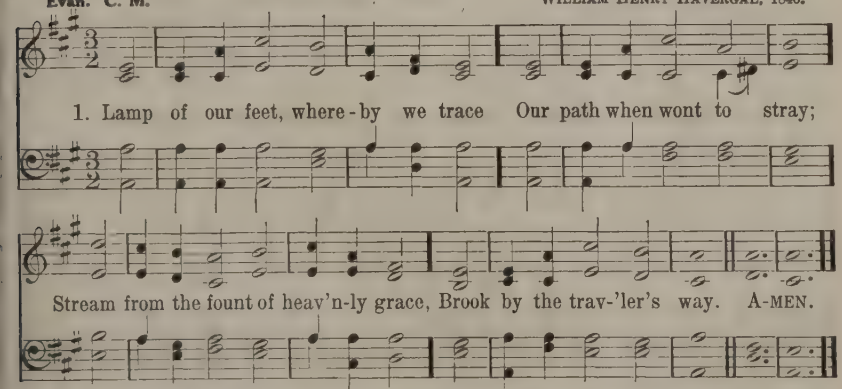
2 Lord Jesus Christ, Thy power make known,
For Thou art Lord of lords alone;
Defend Thy Christendom, that we
May evermore sing praise to Thee.

3 O Comforter, of priceless worth,
Send peace and unity on earth;
Support us in our final strife,
And lead us out of death to life.

Martin Luther, 1541.

221. Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace.

Evan. C. M. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1846.


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way. A-MEN.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Pillar of fire through watches dark,
Or radiant cloud by day;
When waves o'erwhelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay:

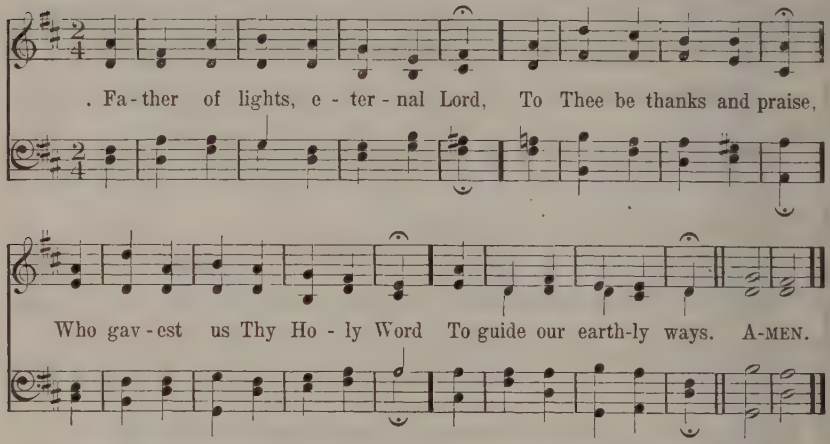
4 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without Thee, how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1826.

222. Father of Lights, Eternal Lord.

Nun danket all' und bringet Ehr (Störl). C. M. JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL, 1710.



2 How gently in this precious Word
Thy Spirit speaks to mine!
O Father, there Thy voice is heard
By every child of Thine.

3 A pilgrim in this far-off land,
I in that light rejoice,
Wherein I see Thy guiding hand,
And hear Thy heavenly voice.

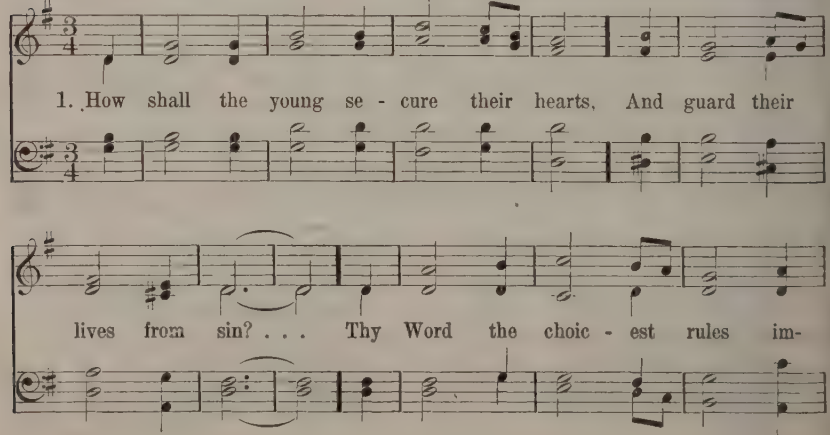
4 True faith in Thee and in Thy Word,
With deeds of Christian love,
And peace with heaven and earth, O Lord,
Shall me Thy servant prove.

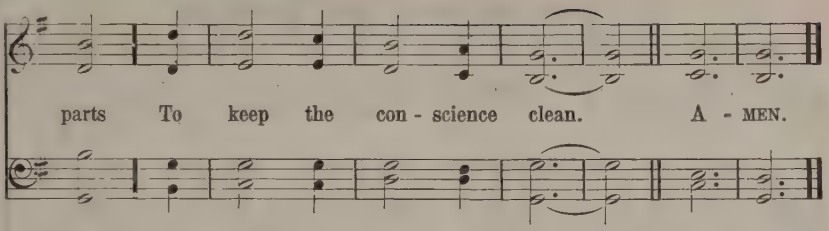
5 In Thee our Father's will we praise,
Our Saviour we adore,
The same to-day and all our days,
Now and for evermore.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

223. How Shall the Young Secure Their Hearts?

Hvad hör jag? C. M. JOHANN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ, (1747–1800).





2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

3 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and power express.

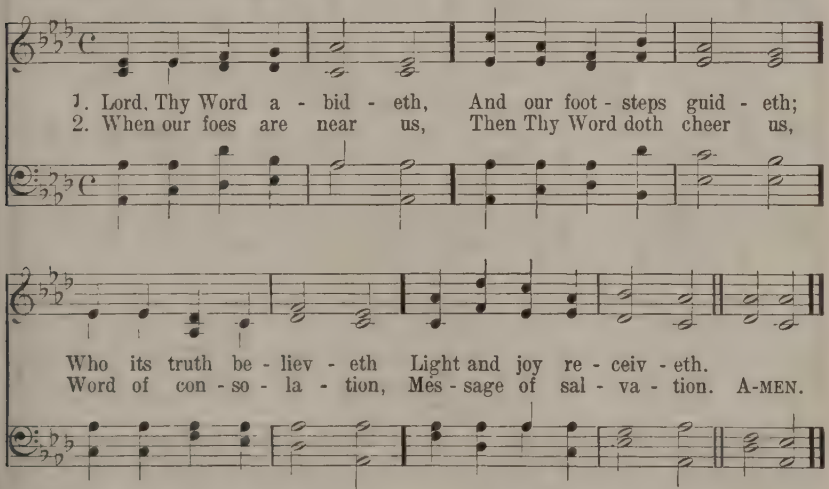
4 But still Thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy Word,
No stars so nobly shine.

5 Thy Word is everlasting truth:
How pure is every page!
That holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

224. Lord, Thy Word Abideth.

St. Cyprian. 6 6, 6 6. Trochaic. RICHARD ROBERT CHOPE, 1862.


1. Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot - steps guid - eth;
2. When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
Word of con - so - la - tion, Mes - sage of sal - va - tion. A-MEN.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

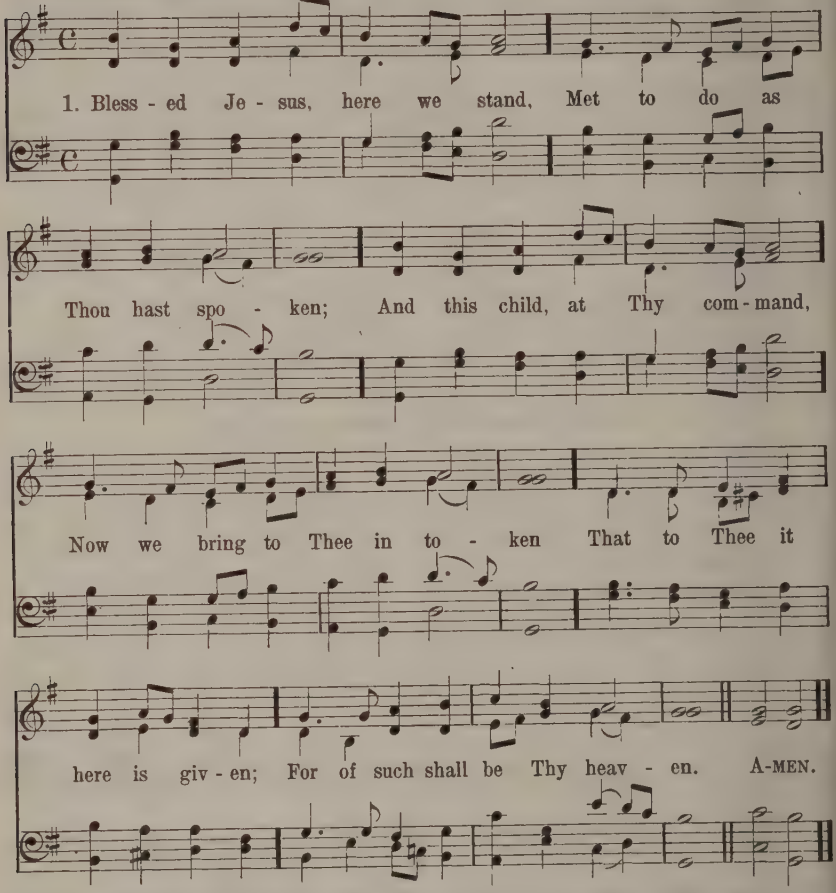
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee!

Henry Williams Baker, 1861.

225. Blessed Jesus, Here We Stand.

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier. 7 8, 7 8, 8 8. JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.


1. Bless - ed Je - sus, here we stand, Met to do as
Thou hast spo - ken; And this child, at Thy com - mand,
Now we bring to Thee in to - ken That to Thee it
here is giv - en; For of such shall be Thy heav - en. A-MEN.

2 Yes, Thy warning voice is plain,
And we fain would keep it duly;
He who is not born again,
Heart and life renewing truly,
Born of water and the Spirit,
Shall the kingdom ne'er inherit.

3 Therefore hasten we to Thee;
Take the pledge we bring, O take it!
Let us here Thy glory see,
And in tender pity make it
Now Thy child, and leave it never,
Thine on earth and Thine forever.

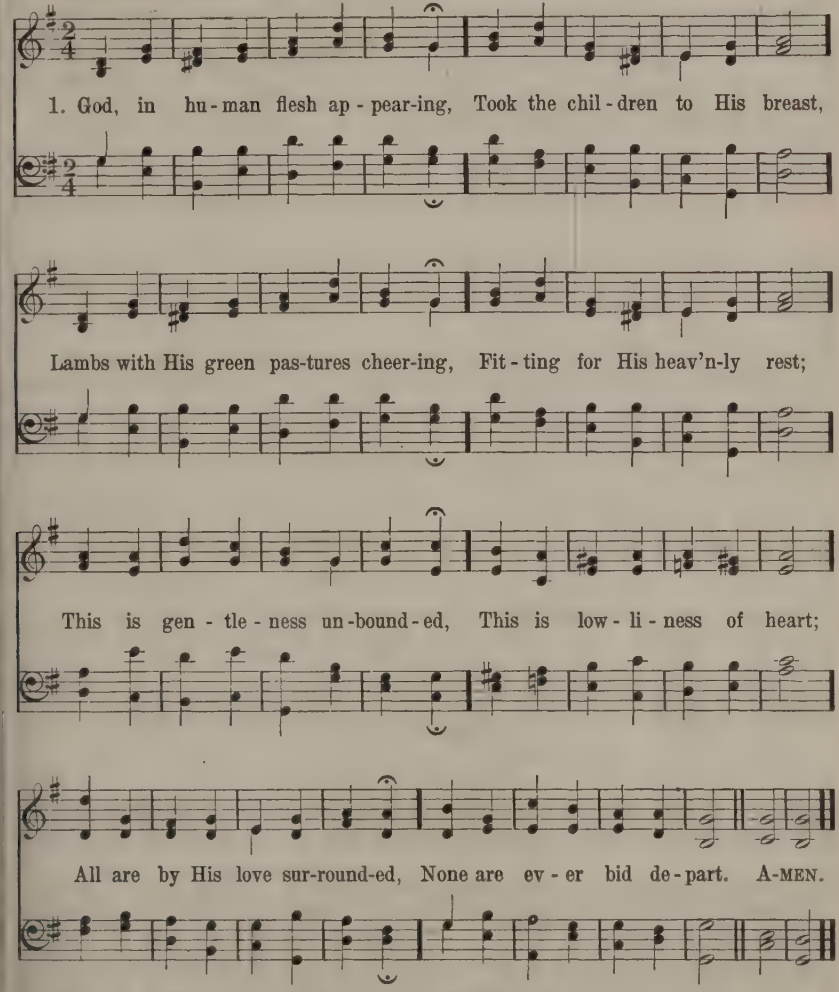
4 Make it, Lord, Thy member now;
Shepherd, take Thy lamb, and feed it,
Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou;
Way of life, to heaven lead it,
Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
Grafted firm in Thee forever.

5 Now upon Thy heart it lies,
What our hearts so dearly treasure:
Heavenward lead our burdened sighs,
Pour Thy blessing without measure;
Write the name we now have given—
Write it in the book of heaven.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1707.

226. God in Human Flesh Appearing.

Jesus är min vän den bäste. 8 7, 8 7. D. GUSTAF DÜBEN, 1674.


1. God, in hu-man flesh ap-pear-ing, Took the chil-dren to His breast,
Lambs with His green pas-tures cheer-ing, Fit-ting for His heav'n-ly rest;
This is gen-tle-ness un-bound-ed, This is low-li-ness of heart;
All are by His love sur-round-ed, None are ev-er bid de-part. A-MEN.

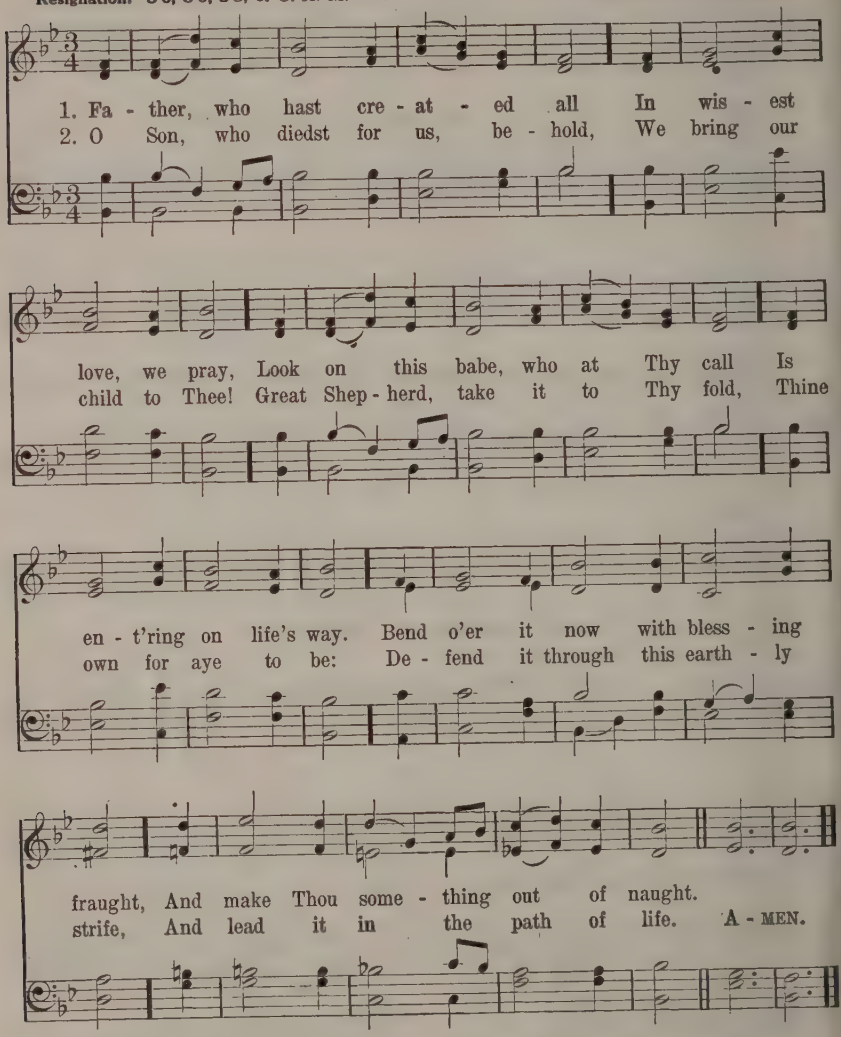
2 Lord, I bless Thy mercy endless,
For Thy pleasure is to bless;
Me, too, when my soul was friendless,
Thou didst to Thy bosom press:
For I, too, to Thee was given
In the pure baptismal wave,
Thou hast made me heir of heaven,
Who hast died my soul to save.

3 Feeble is the love of mother,
Father's blessings are as naught,
When compared, my King and Brother,
With the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Thus it pleased Thy heavenly meekness;
Pleasing also be my praise,
Till my songs of earthly weakness
Burst into celestial lays.

Philipp Friedrich Hiller, 1762.

227. Father, Who Hast Created All.

Resignation. 8 6, 8 6, 8 8, or C. H. M. Adapted by J. SIEBOTH.


1. Fa - ther, who hast cre - at - ed all In wis - est
2. O Son, who diedst for us, be - hold, We bring our
love, we pray, Look on this babe, who at Thy call Is
child to Thee! Great Shep - herd, take it to Thy fold, Thine
en - t'ring on life's way. Bend o'er it now with bless - ing
own for aye to be: De - fend it through this earth - ly
fraught, And make Thou some - thing out of naught.
strife, And lead it in the path of life. A - MEN.

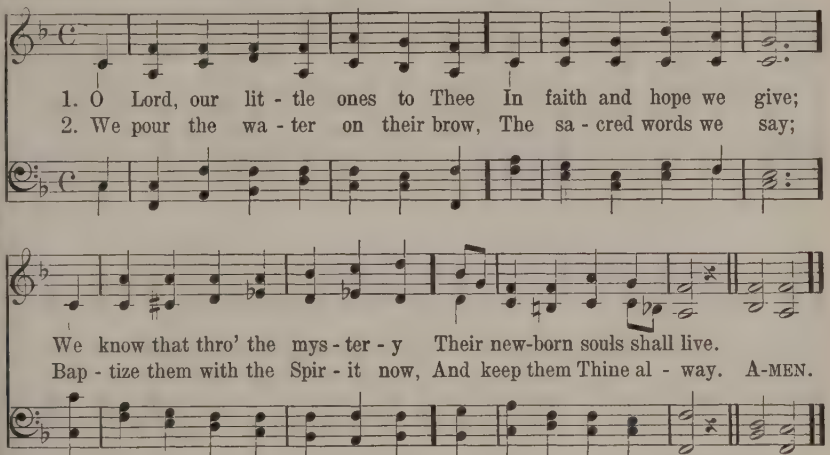
3 O Spirit, brooding o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child:
Give endless life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled:
Grant it a child of God to be,
A holy temple unto Thee.

4 O God, Thine own command is done:
We speak, but Thine the might:
This child, which scarce hath seen the sun,
O pour on it Thy light,
In faith and hope, in joy and love,
Thou Sun of all, below, above!

Albert Knapp, 1841.

228. O Lord, Our Little Ones to Thee.

Djupt sjunker året i sin gång. C. M. LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, (1770–1827).


1. O Lord, our lit - tle ones to Thee In faith and hope we give;
2. We pour the wa - ter on their brow, The sa - cred words we say;
We know that thro' the mys - ter - y Their new-born souls shall live.
Bap - tize them with the Spir - it now, And keep them Thine al - way. A-MEN.

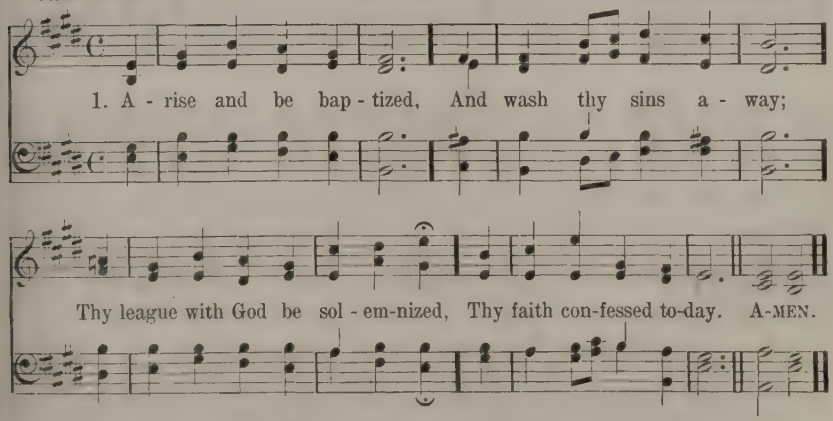
3 Help them to go from strength to strength,
Until, full-grown in Thee,
They come before Thy face at length,
And all Thy glory see.

4 And then, with all the heavenly host,
In everlasting songs,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom all praise belongs.

William Whiting, 1872.

229. Arise, and Be Baptized.

Mildred. S. M. PETER JOHNSON, 1923.



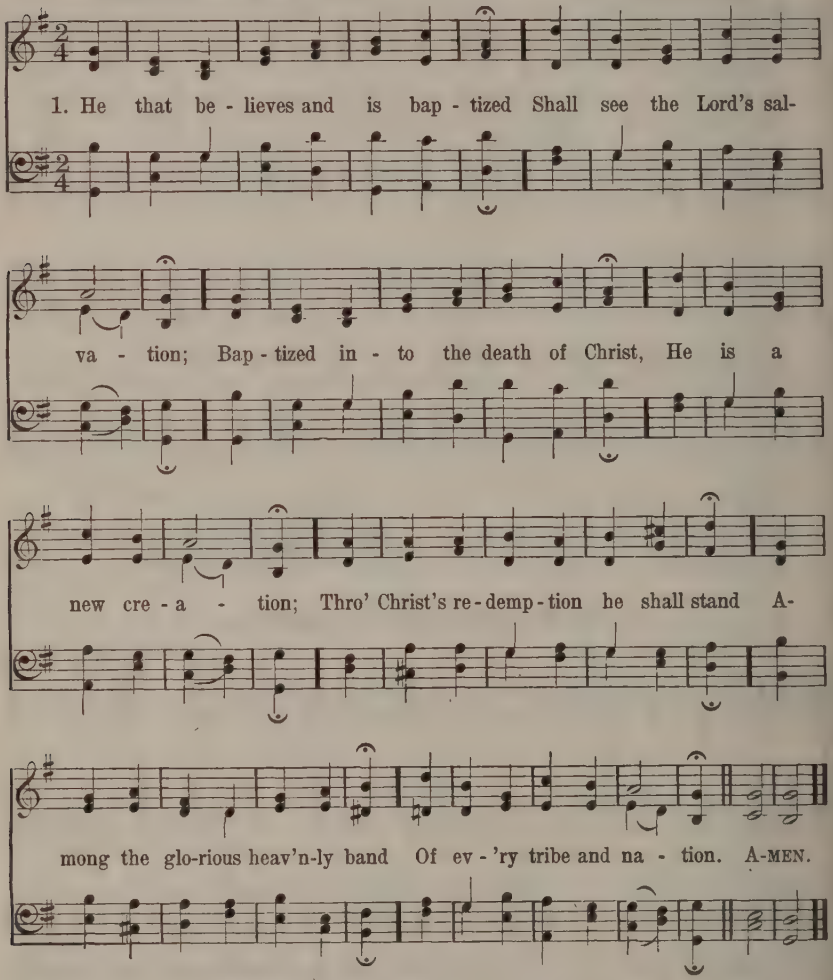
2 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled.

3 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our Redeemer's feet.

Edward Henry Bickersteth, 1870.

230. He That Believes and Is Baptized.

O Jesu Christ, du höchstes Gut. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1658.

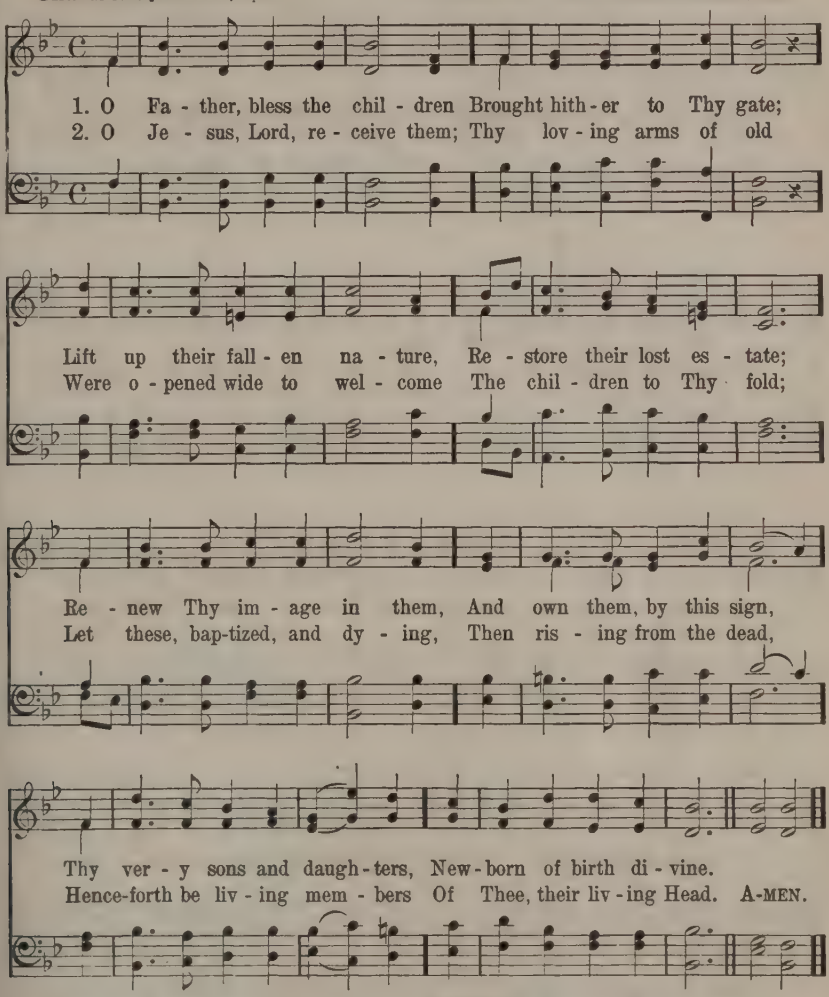

1. He that be - lieves and is bap - tized Shall see the Lord's sal-
va - tion; Bap - tized in - to the death of Christ, He is a
new cre - a - tion; Thro' Christ's re - demp - tion he shall stand A-
mong the glo-rious heav'n-ly band Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion. A-MEN.

2 With one accord, O God, we pray:
Grant us Thy Holy Spirit;
Look Thou on our infirmity
Through Jesus' blood and merit!
Grant us to grow in grace each day
By holy baptism, that we may
Eternal life inherit!

Thomas Kingo, 1689.

231. O Father, Bless the Children.

Gustavus Adolphus. 7 6, 7 6. D. PETER JOHNSON, 1923.


1. O Fa - ther, bless the chil - dren Brought hith - er to Thy gate;
2. O Je - sus, Lord, re - ceive them; Thy lov - ing arms of old
Lift up their fall - en na - ture, Re - store their lost es - tate;
Were o - pened wide to wel - come The chil - dren to Thy fold;
Re - new Thy im - age in them, And own them, by this sign,
Let these, bap-tized, and dy - ing, Then ris - ing from the dead,
Thy ver - y sons and daugh - ters, New - born of birth di - vine.
Hence-forth be liv - ing mem - bers Of Thee, their liv - ing Head. A-MEN.

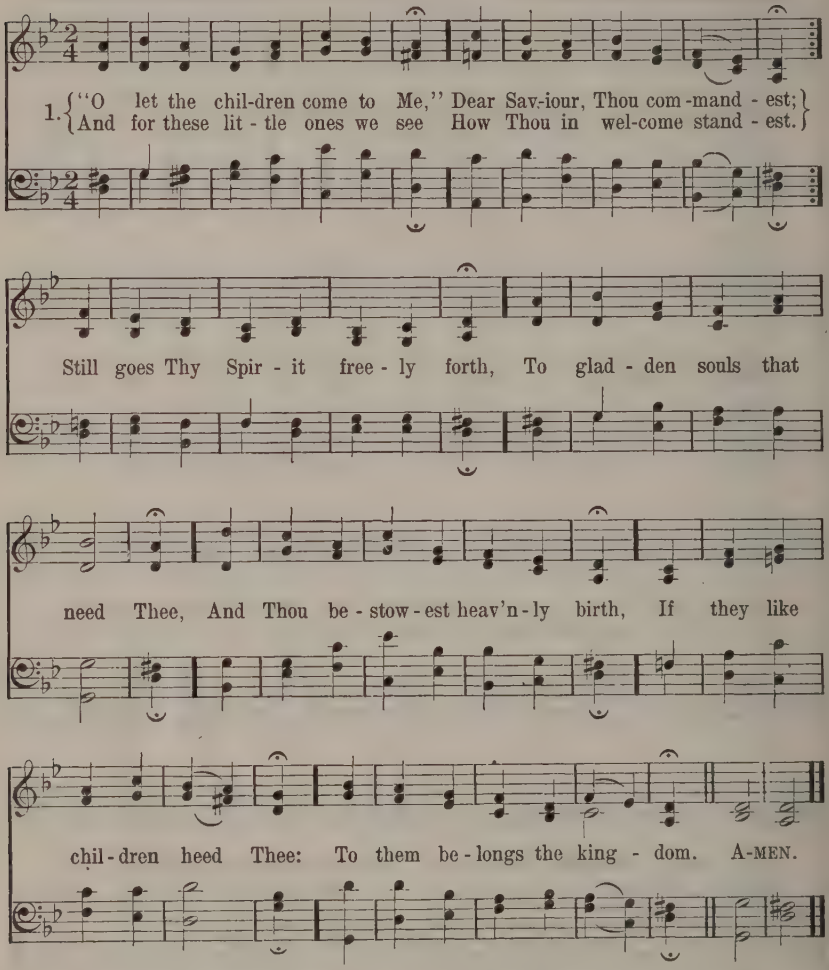
3 O Holy Spirit, keep them;
Dwell with them to the last,
Till all the fight is ended,
And all the storms are past.
Renew the gift baptismal,
From strength to strength, till each,
The troublous waves o'ercoming,
The land of life shall reach.

4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,
We wait the promised blessing
In this accepted hour.
We name upon the children
The threefold Name divine;
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,
And keep them ever Thine.

John Ellerton, 1888.

232. O Let the Children Come to Me.

O Fader vår, barmhertig, god. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7, 8 7 7. Strassburger Kirchenampt, 1525.


1. "O let the chil-dren come to Me," Dear Sav-iour, Thou com-mand - est;
And for these lit - tle ones we see How Thou in wel-come stand - est.
Still goes Thy Spir - it free - ly forth, To glad - den souls that
need Thee, And Thou be - stow - est heav'n - ly birth, If they like
chil - dren heed Thee: To them be - longs the king - dom. A-MEN.

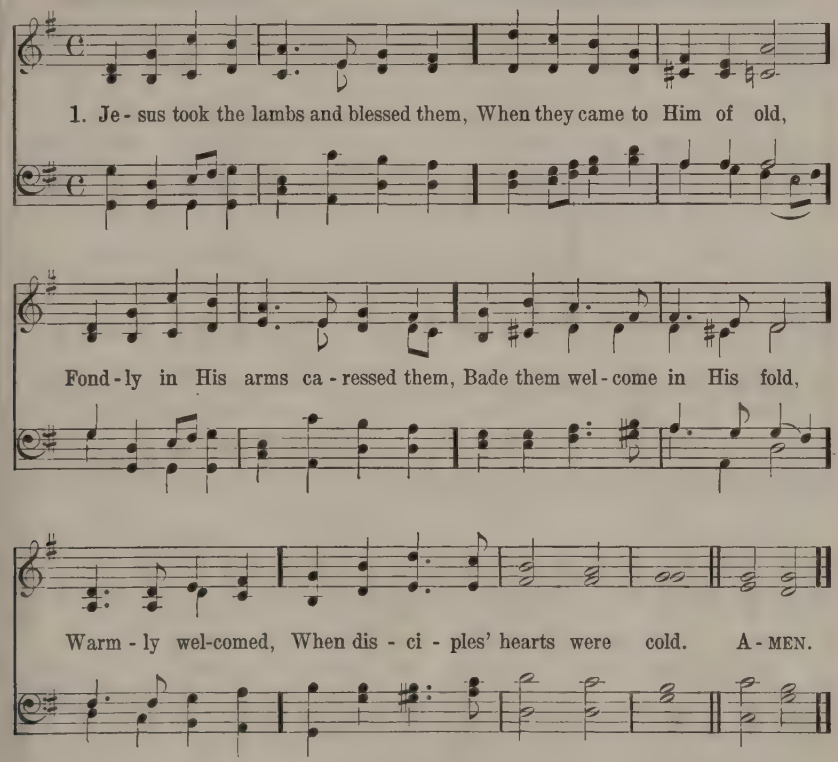
2 By water and the Spirit Thou
Our sinful nature cleansest;
Thy Word doth show the path to go,
And daily grace Thou sendest.
O may Thy sanctifying love
Surround us all with blessing;
And may we all Thy favor prove
In daily Thee confessing,
And close to Thee abiding.

3 O soul of man, remember well
The holy Name thou bearest:
Of everything that tongue can tell
That Name is still the dearest.
O child of God, His voice attend,
Live worthy of His choosing;
For He is thy eternal Friend:
Beware lest thou be losing
His grace so freely given.

Johan Olof Wallin. (1773–1839).

233. Jesus Took the Lambs and Blessed Them.

Orient Morning. 8 7, 8 7, 4 7. ARTHUR HENRY MANN, 1885.


1. Je - sus took the lambs and blessed them, When they came to Him of old,
Fond - ly in His arms ca - ressed them, Bade them wel - come in His fold,
Warm - ly wel-comed, When dis - ci - ples' hearts were cold. A - MEN.

2 Jesus calls them still with kindness
Passing every mortal thought,
Bids them come, while human blindness
Still would chide when they are brought,
Takes and blesses
Whom He hath so dearly bought.

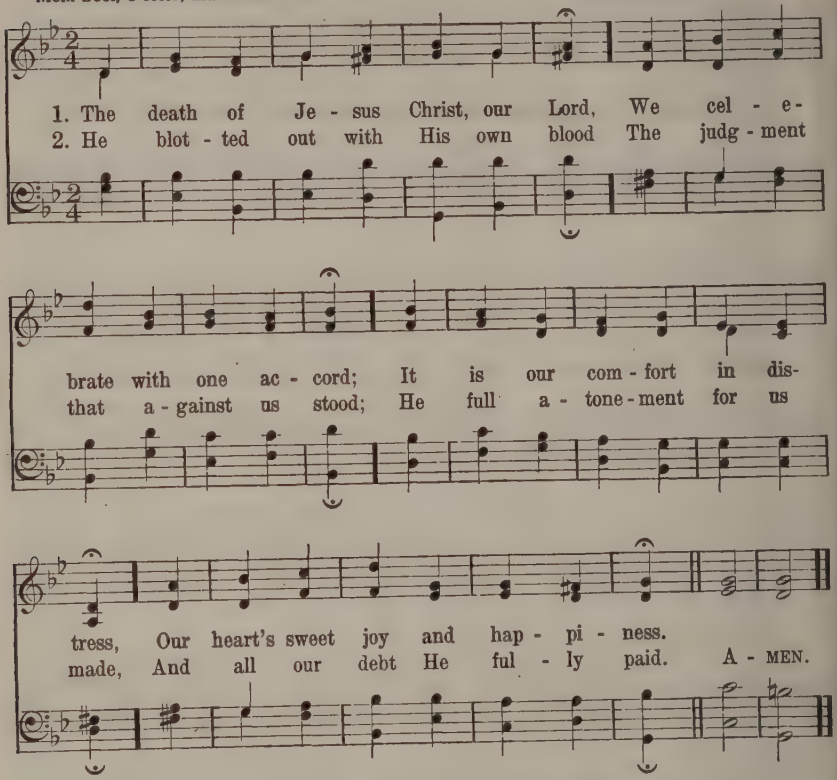
3 Jesus, we would not forbid them,
We would have them brought to Thee;
Thou of all their guilt dost rid them,
From the curse dost set them free,
Thine dost make them—
Thine let them forever be!

Matthias Loy, 1880.

Other hymns on Baptism:
Baptized into Thy Name most holy.
Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding.

234. The Death of Jesus Christ, Our Lord.

Mein Seel, o Herr, muss loben dich. L. M. BARTHOLOMÄUS GESIUS, 1601.


1. The death of Je - sus Christ, our Lord, We cel - e-
2. He blot - ted out with His own blood The judg - ment
brate with one ac - cord; It is our com - fort in dis-
that a - gainst us stood; He full a - tone - ment for us
tress, Our heart's sweet joy and hap - pi - ness.
made, And all our debt He ful - ly paid. A - MEN.

3 That this is so and ever true
He gives an earnest, ever new,
In this His holy Supper, here
We taste His love, so sweet, so near.

4 For His true body, as He said,
And His true blood, for sinners shed,
In this communion we receive:
His sacred Word we do believe.

5 A precious food is this indeed,
It never faileth; such we need.
A heavenly manna for our soul,
Until we safely reach our goal.

6 Then blest is every worthy guest
Who in this promise findeth rest,
For Jesus will in love abide
With those who do in Him confide.

7 O sinner, come with true intent
To turn to God and to repent,
To live for Christ, to die to sin,
And thus a holy life begin.

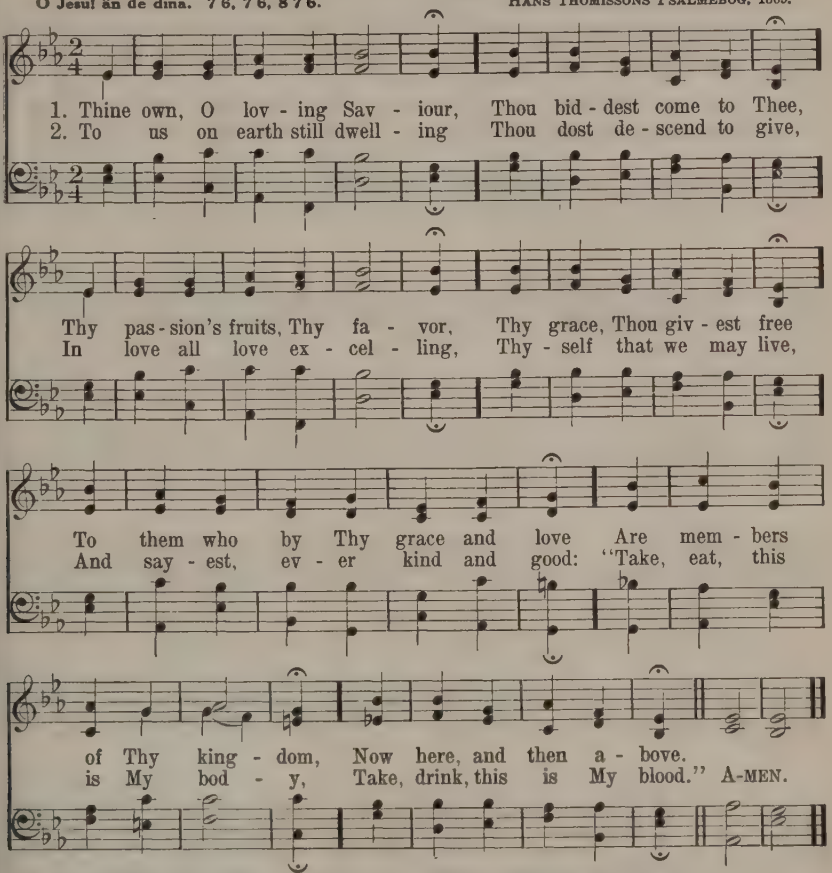
8 Who does unworthy here appear,
Does not believe, nor is sincere,
Salvation here can never find.
May we this warning bear in mind.

9 O Jesus Christ, our Brother dear,
Unto Thy cross we now draw near;
Thy sacred wounds indeed make whole
A wounded and afflicted soul.

10 Help us sincerely to believe
That we Thy mercy do receive,
And in Thy grace do find our rest,
Amen. He who believes is blest.

Haquin Spegel, 1686.

235. Thine Own, O Loving Saviour.

O Jesu! än de dina. 7 6, 7 6, 8 7 6. HANS THOMISSÖNS PSALMEBOG, 1569.

1. Thine own, O lov - ing Sav - iour, Thou bid - dest come to Thee,
2. To us on earth still dwell - ing Thou dost de - scend to give,
Thy pas - sion's fruits, Thy fa - vor, Thy grace, Thou giv - est free
In love all love ex - cel - ling, Thy - self that we may live,
To them who by Thy grace and love Are mem - bers
And say - est, ev - er kind and good: "Take, eat, this
of Thy king - dom, Now here, and then a - bove.
is My bod - y, Take, drink, this is My blood." A-MEN.

3 We hear Thine invitation;
We hear, O Lord, Thy call,
The word of consolation,
It is for us, for all;
It draws us to Thy loving heart,
It brings to us Thy blessing,
It does Thy peace impart.

4 Thy heart is in all anguish
A refuge to the poor,
Thy heart for us did languish,
And bitter death endure.
Thy heart, yet filled with peace and rest,
With comfort and salvation,
Draws near to every breast.

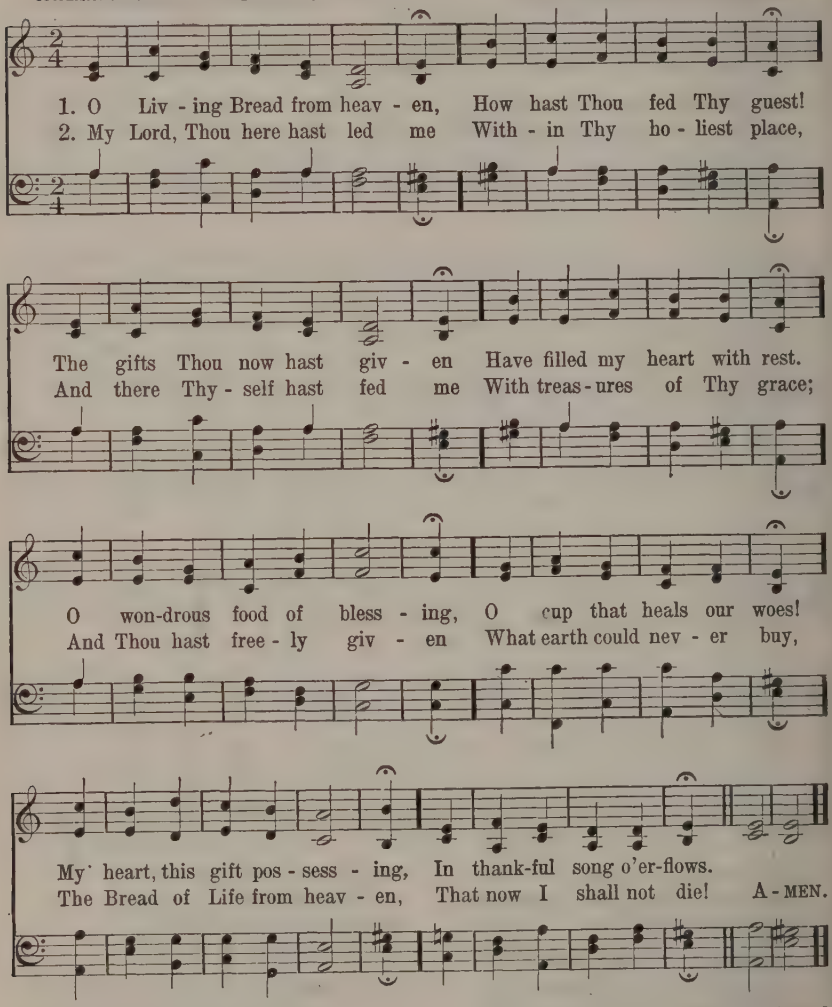
5 Thou still in loving favor
To us, Thine own, art near,
To lead us as our Saviour
Unto a Father dear,
A Father willing to forgive
The children Thou didst ransom,
And who through Thee shall live.

6 We are Thine own forever;
Until our latest breath
Will we be true, and never
In joy, in grief, in death,
Depart from Thee, for Thou always
Art present with Thy people,
As Thine own promise says.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1814.

236. O Living Bread from Heaven.

Herzlich thut mich verlangen. 7 6, 7 6. D. HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601 and 1613.


1. O Liv - ing Bread from heav - en, How hast Thou fed Thy guest!
2. My Lord, Thou here hast led me With - in Thy ho - liest place,
The gifts Thou now hast giv - en Have filled my heart with rest.
And there Thy - self hast fed me With treas - ures of Thy grace;
O won-drous food of bless - ing, O cup that heals our woes!
And Thou hast free - ly giv - en What earth could nev - er buy,
My heart, this gift pos - sess - ing, In thank-ful song o'er-flows.
The Bread of Life from heav - en, That now I shall not die! A - MEN.

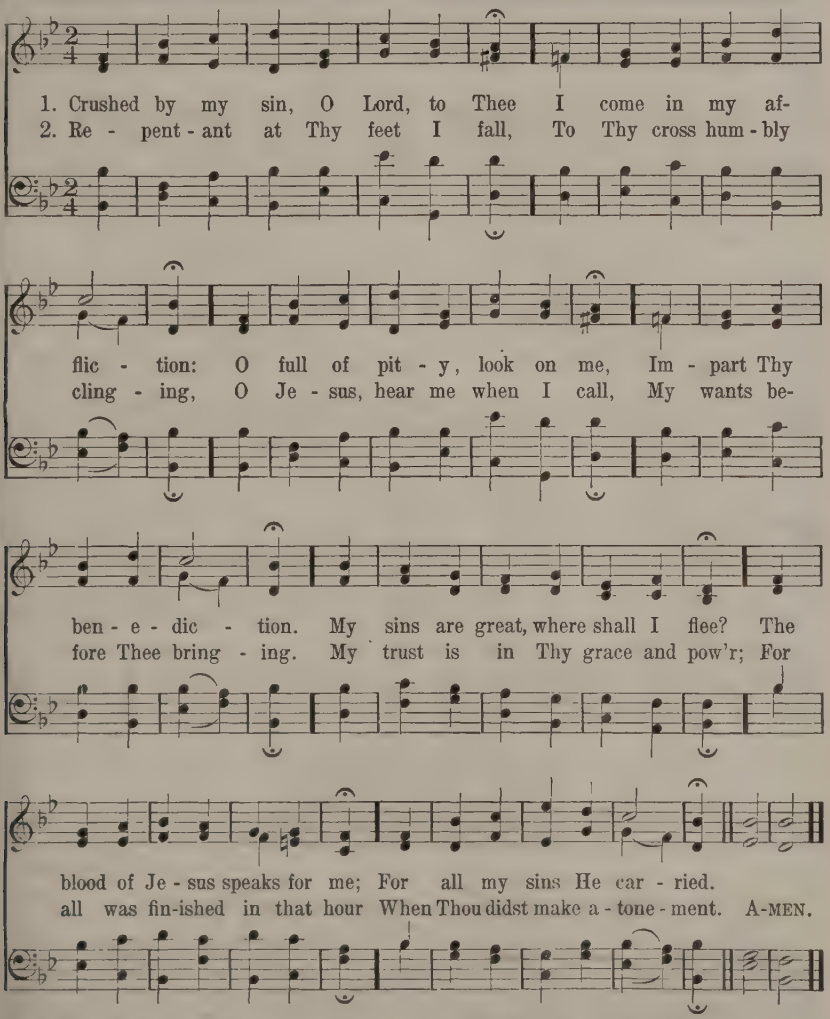
3 Thou givest all I wanted;
Let praise my tongue employ,
For Thou hast freely granted
The Cup of endless joy.
Ah, Lord, I do not merit
The favor Thou hast shown,
With all my soul and spirit
I bow before Thy throne.

4 Lord, grant me that, thus strengthened
With heavenly food, while here
My course on earth is lengthened,
I serve with holy fear:
And when Thou call'st my spirit
To leave this world below,
I enter, through Thy merit,
Where joys unmingled flow.

Johann Rist, 1651.

237. Crushed by My Sin, O Lord, to Thee.

Du lifvets bröd. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. PETER SOHREN, 1668.


1. Crushed by my sin, O Lord, to Thee I come in my af-
2. Re - pent - ant at Thy feet I fall, To Thy cross hum - bly
flic - tion: O full of pit - y, look on me, Im - part Thy
cling - ing, O Je - sus, hear me when I call, My wants be-
ben - e - dic - tion. My sins are great, where shall I flee? The
fore Thee bring - ing. My trust is in Thy grace and pow'r; For
blood of Je - sus speaks for me; For all my sins He car - ried.
all was fin-ished in that hour When Thou didst make a - tone - ment. A-MEN.

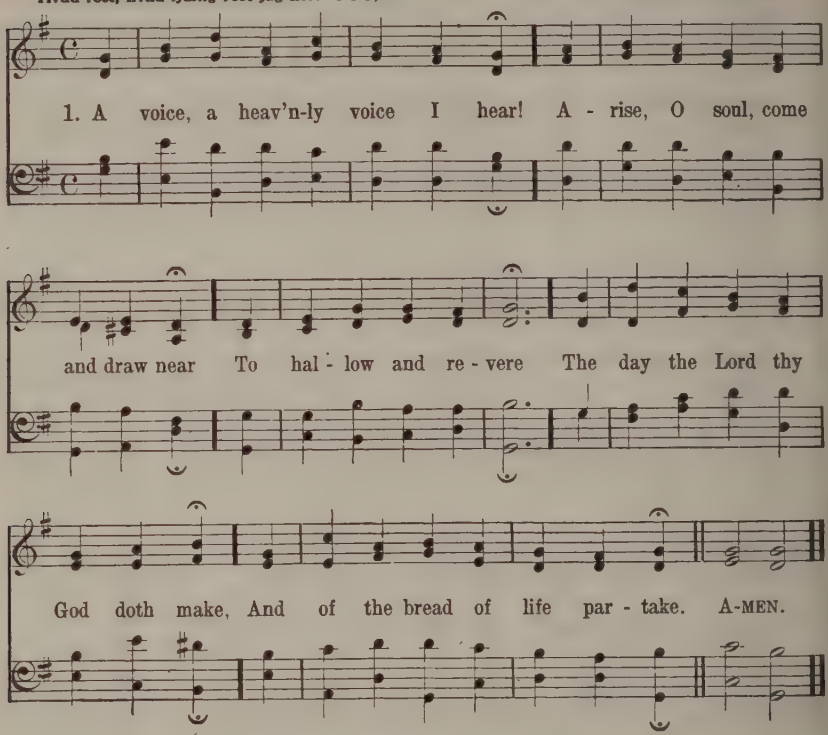
3 When I approach Thine altar, Lord,
May I this comfort cherish,
That on the cross Thy blood was poured
For me, lest I should perish.
Thou didst for me God's law fulfill,
That holy joy my heart might thrill,
When on Thy love I'm feasting.

4 Shield me against the tempter's power,
Whene'er he would assail me;
Confirm my faith in death's dark hour,
O let it never fail me!
Lord Jesus, who hast died for me,
My life I would devote to Thee,
To praise Thy Name forever.

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, 1767.

238. A Voice, a Heavenly Voice I Hear.

Hvad röst, hvad ljuflig röst jag hör! 8 8 6, 8 8. OLOF ÅHLSTRÖM, 1825.


1. A voice, a heav'n-ly voice I hear! A - rise, O soul, come
and draw near To hal - low and re - vere The day the Lord thy
God doth make, And of the bread of life par - take. A-MEN.

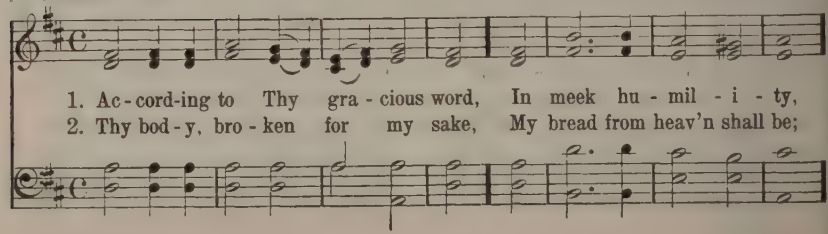
2 I come, dear Jesus, at Thy word,
A guest unworthy to Thy board,
My Saviour and my Lord,
O clothe me with Thy righteouness,
My soul with Thy salvation bless!

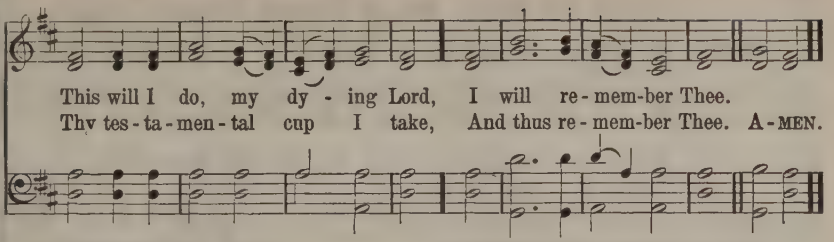
Johan Olof Wallin, 1814.

239. According to Thy Gracious Word.

Naomi. C. M.

Arr. from JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI by LOWELL MASON, 1836.





3 Gethsemane can I forget,
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember Thee.

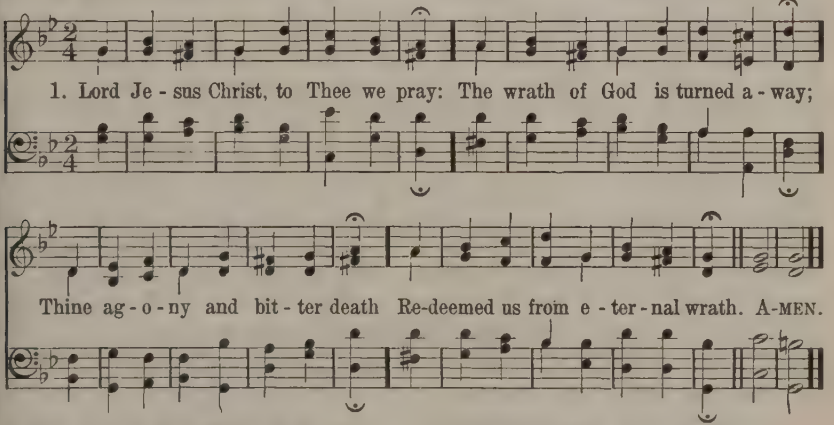
5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come.
O Lord, remember me!

James Montgomery, 1825.

240. Lord Jesus Christ, to Thee We Pray.

Ack, blif hos oss, o Jesu Krist L. M. Swedish Melody, 1697.


1. Lord Je - sus Christ, to Thee we pray: The wrath of God is turned a - way;
Thine ag - o - ny and bit - ter death Re-deemed us from e - ter - nal wrath. A - MEN.

2 That we may keep this truth in mind,
Thy broken body here we find;
Here we receive Thy precious blood,
A cleansing, sacrificial flood.

3 Then praise the Father, by whose love
The Son descended from above,
Became the Bread of Life to thee,
And bore thy sins upon the tree.

4 Most firmly this we do believe,
That here the sick their food receive,
Which heals them from the wounds of sin,
Creating heavenly health within.

5 Our Saviour saith: Come unto Me,
All ye who feel your poverty:
My mercy I will freely give,
Your anguished conscience to relieve.

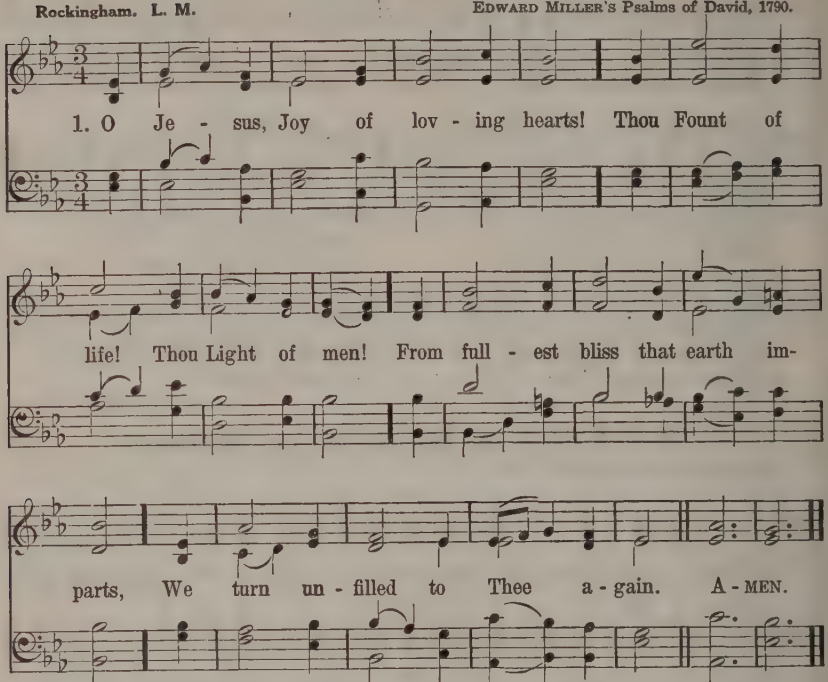
6 If in thy heart this faith doth rest
Which thou hast here in words confessed,
A welcome guest thou here shalt be,
And Christ Himself shall banquet thee.

7 But fruits must still thy faith approve,
Thy neighbor thou must truly love;
That love let him from thee receive
Which here to thee thy God doth give.

Martin Luther, 1524.

241. O Jesus, Joy of Loving Hearts.

Rockingham. L. M. EDWARD MILLER'S Psalms of David, 1790.


1. O Je - sus, Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of
life! Thou Light of men! From full - est bliss that earth im-
parts, We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain. A - MEN.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood,
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountainhead,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

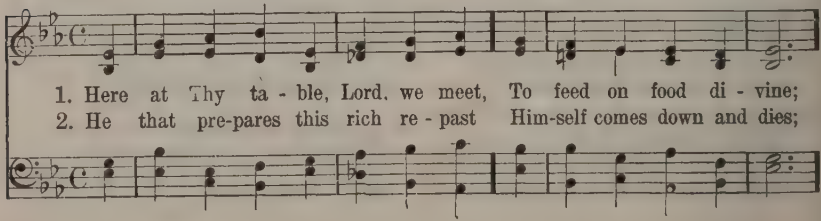
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
Glad, that Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, that our faith can hold Thee fast.

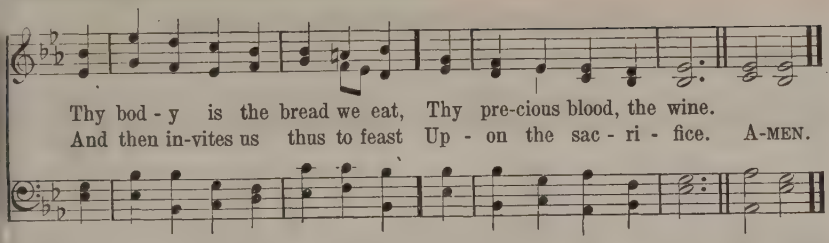
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, (1091–1153).

242. Here at Thy Table, Lord, We Meet.

Dundee. C. M. HART'S Psalter, 1615.





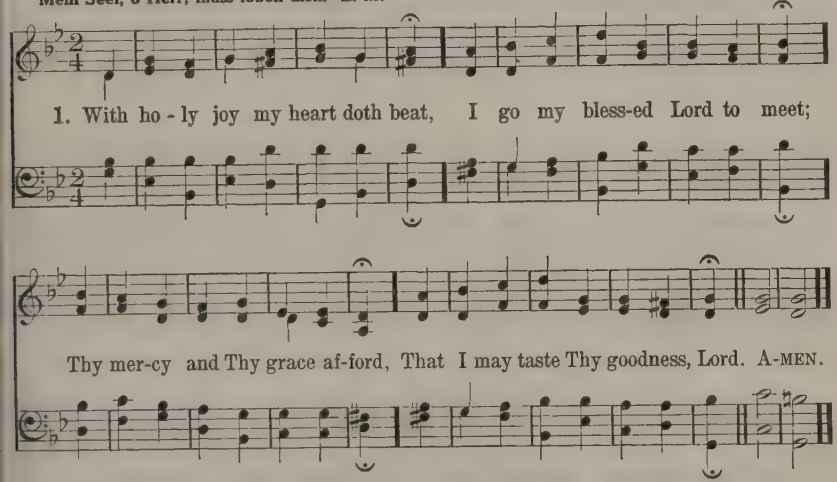
3 O was there ever love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine!
Well Thou may'st claim that heart of me
Which owes so much to Thine.

4 Yea, surely Thou shalt have my heart,
My soul, my strength, my all;
With life itself I'll freely part,
My Jesus, at Thy call.

Samuel Stennett, 1777.

243. With Holy Joy My Heart Doth Beat.

Mein Seel, o Herr, muss loben dich. L. M. BARTHOLOMÄUS GESIUS, 1601.


1. With ho - ly joy my heart doth beat, I go my bless-ed Lord to meet;
Thy mer-cy and Thy grace af-ford, That I may taste Thy goodness, Lord. A-MEN.

2 O Lord, forgive my sin, I pray,
Turn not from my distress away;
Thou bearest all our sin and woe,
On me Thy saving grace bestow.

3 Though I have done this evil, Lord,
And sinned against Thy holy Word,
Yet do I now draw near to Thee;
Extend Thy mercy, Lord, to me.

4 O let me all my sorrows see
Turned into joy and peace by Thee;
When at Thy table, Lord, I kneel,
Let me Thy loving presence feel.

5 A heavenly food I there receive,
Which doth my hungry soul relieve;
What care I now for want or need?
Thy precious love is wealth indeed.

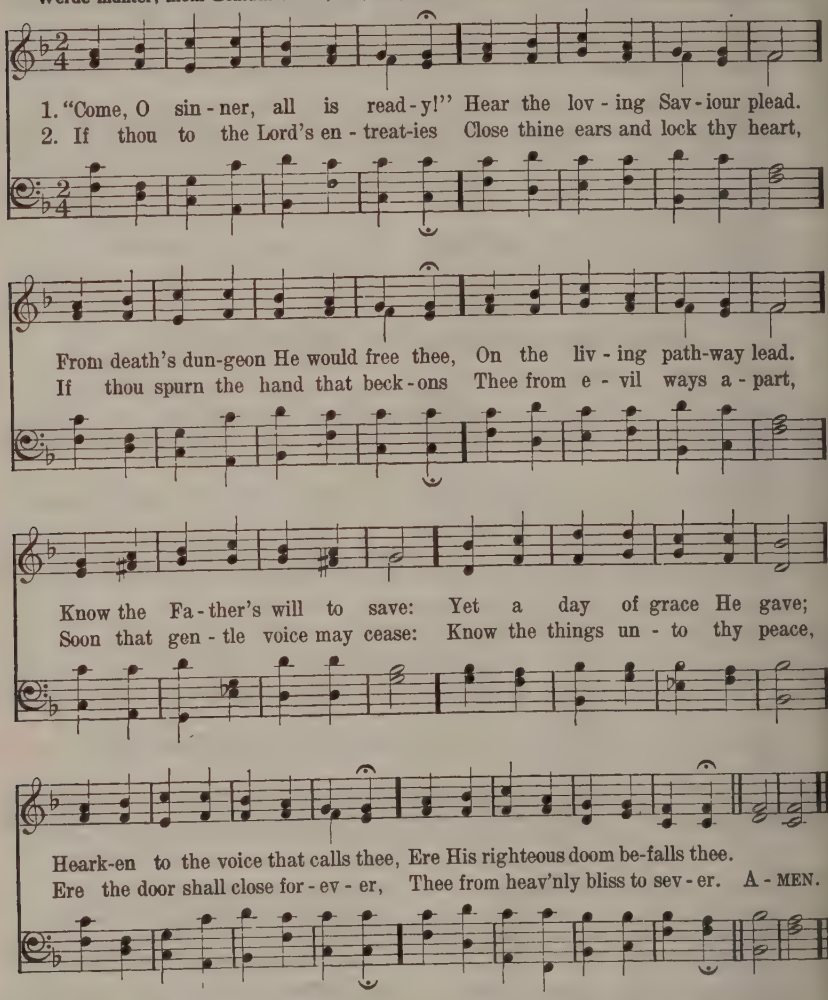
6 O come, dear Saviour, then, to me,
Deign to prepare a place for Thee
Within my heart and there remain,
And faith, and hope, and love maintain.

7 Thine let me be, whate'er befall.
Thou art my Life, my Joy, mine All;
Thou Light and Comfort of my heart,
In life, in death, my Hope Thou art.

Samuel Johan Hedborn, 1814.

244. Come, O Sinner, All Is Ready.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.


1. "Come, O sin - ner, all is read - y!" Hear the lov - ing Sav - iour plead.
2. If thou to the Lord's en - treat-ies Close thine ears and lock thy heart,
From death's dun-geon He would free thee, On the liv - ing path-way lead.
If thou spurn the hand that beck - ons Thee from e - vil ways a - part,
Know the Fa - ther's will to save: Yet a day of grace He gave;
Soon that gen - tle voice may cease: Know the things un - to thy peace,
Heark-en to the voice that calls thee, Ere His righteous doom be-falls thee.
Ere the door shall close for - ev - er, Thee from heav'nly bliss to sev - er. A - MEN.

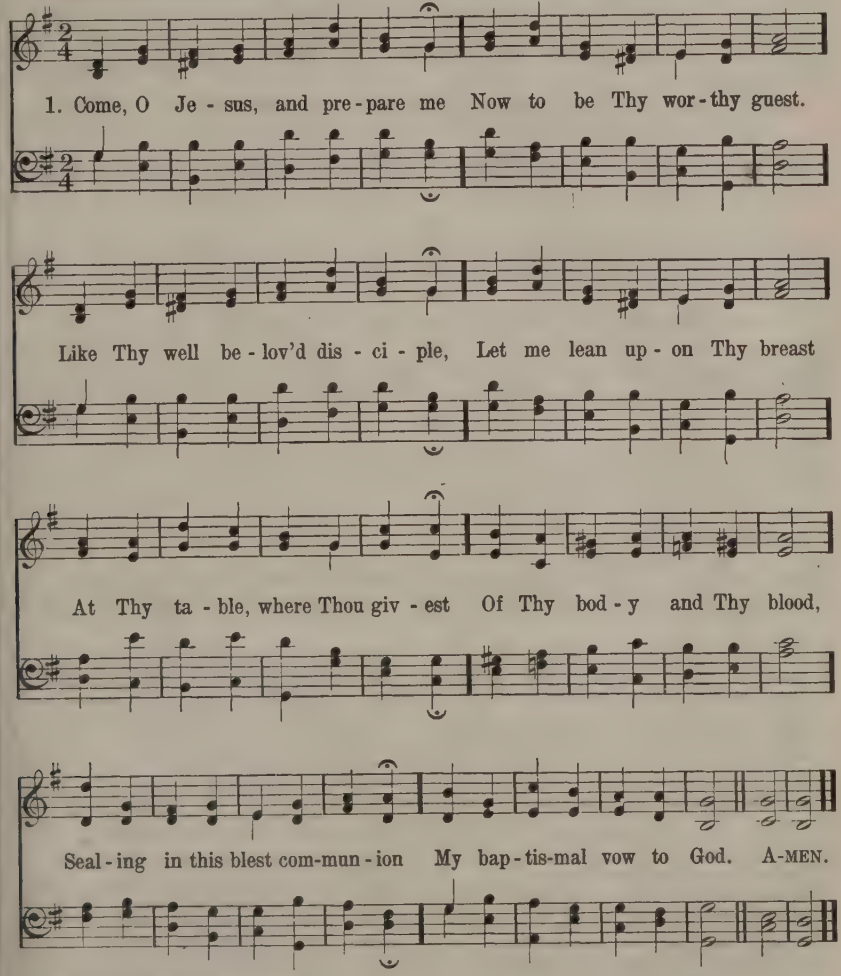
3 But if thou in deep contrition
Ownest to thy helplessness,
Trusting solely in His merit
Who achieved thy righteousness,
Hearken, then, unto His call,
At His table humbly fall,
There receive the food from heaven
For thy faith's sustention given.

4 Lord and Saviour, keep and guide me
By Thy gospel light, I pray,
That the world by her seductions
Draw me not from Thee away.
In Thy body and Thy blood
Give me now that precious food
Which Thy witness here shall make me,
Till to Thine abode Thou take me.

Christopher Dahl, 1814.

245. Come, O Jesus, and Prepare Me.

Jesus är min vän den bäste. 8 7, 8 7. D. GUSTAF DÜBEN, 1674.


1. Come, O Je - sus, and pre - pare me Now to be Thy wor - thy guest.
Like Thy well be - lov'd dis - ci - ple, Let me lean up - on Thy breast
At Thy ta - ble, where Thou giv - est Of Thy bod - y and Thy blood,
Seal - ing in this blest com-mun - ion My bap - tis-mal vow to God. A-MEN.

First Communion of Catechumens.

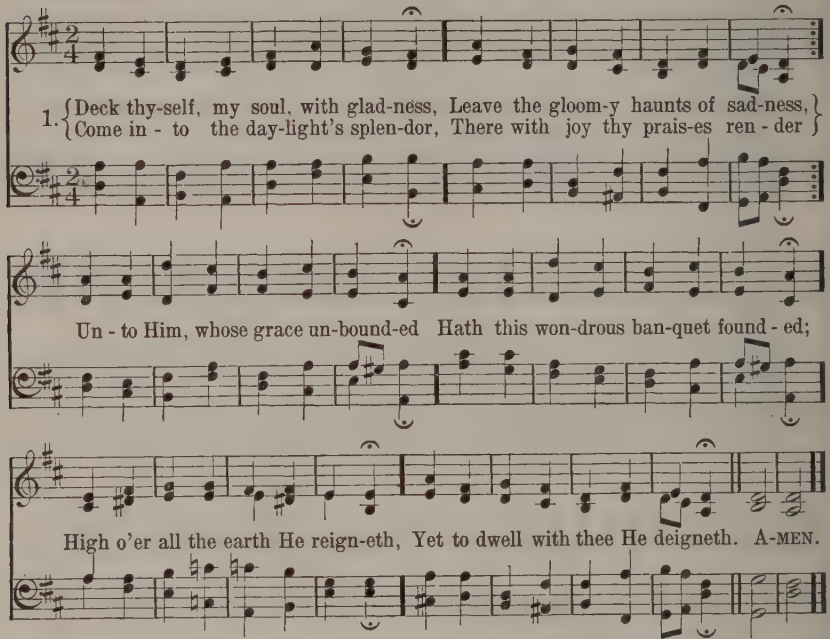
2 Take my heart and make it holy
By Thy Spirit and Thy grace;
Back into Thy footsteps guide me,
If I stray in evil ways.
Thou who lovèdst me from childhood,
Be my Refuge in my youth;
In a world where error lures me,
Lead me in Thy paths of truth.

3 Let me heed Thy voice entreating,
"Come, my child, abide with Me;
Wouldst thou spurn the loving-kindness
Of the Friend who died for thee?"
Grant that, at Thy sacred altar,
Through Thy sacrament of grace,
With the faithful I be numbered,
And Thy saving love embrace.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1814.

246. Deck Thyself, My Soul, with Gladness.

Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele. L. M. D. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1649.


1. Deck thy-self, my soul, with glad-ness, Leave the gloom-y haunts of sad-ness,
Come in - to the day-light's splen-dor, There with joy thy prais-es ren - der
Un - to Him, whose grace un-bound-ed Hath this won-drous ban-quet found - ed;
High o'er all the earth He reign-eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deigneth. A-MEN.

2 Hasten as a bride to meet Him,
And with loving reverence greet Him,
For with words of life immortal
Now He knocketh at thy portal;
Open wide the gates before Him,
Saying, while thou dost adore Him,
"Suffer, Lord, that I receive Thee,
And I nevermore will leave Thee."

3 He who costly goods desireth
To obtain, much gold requireth;
But to freely give the treasure
Of Thy love is Thy good pleasure,
For on earth there is no coffer
Which as payment we might offer
For this cup Thy blood containing,
And this manna on us raining.

4 Ah! how hungers all my spirit
For the love I do not merit!
Oft have I, with sighs fast thronging,
Thought upon this food with longing;
In the battle, well-nigh worsted,
For this cup of life have thirsted,
For the Friend who here invites us,
And to God Himself unites us.

5 Sun, who all my life dost brighten,
Light, who dost my soul enlighten,
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,
Fount, whence all my being floweth,
At Thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessèd food from heaven,
For our good, Thy glory, given.

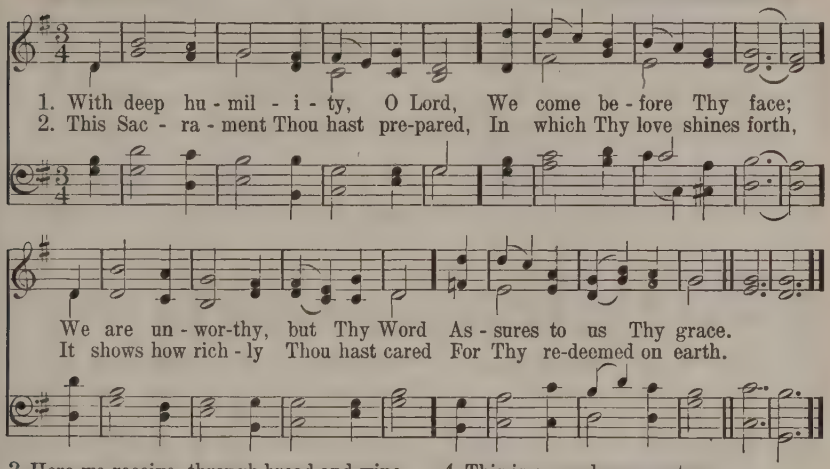
6 Lord, Thy fervent love hath driven
Thee to leave Thy throne in heaven,
For us on the cross to languish,
And to die in bitter anguish,
To forego all joy and gladness,
And to shed Thy blood in sadness,
Which we drink now; grant that never
We forget Thy love, dear Saviour!

7 Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray Thee,
Let me gladly here obey Thee;
By Thy love I am invited,
Be Thy love with love requited;
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep love's treasure;
Through the gifts Thou here dost give me
As Thy guest in heaven receive me.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1653.

247. With Deep Humility, O Lord.

Belmont. C. M. WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812.


1. With deep hu - mil - i - ty, O Lord, We come be - fore Thy face;
2. This Sac - ra - ment Thou hast pre-pared, In which Thy love shines forth,
We are un - wor-thy, but Thy Word As - sures to us Thy grace.
It shows how rich - ly Thou hast cared For Thy re-deemed on earth.

3 Here we receive, through bread and wine,
Thy body and Thy blood,
We are refreshed by grace divine
With this most precious food.

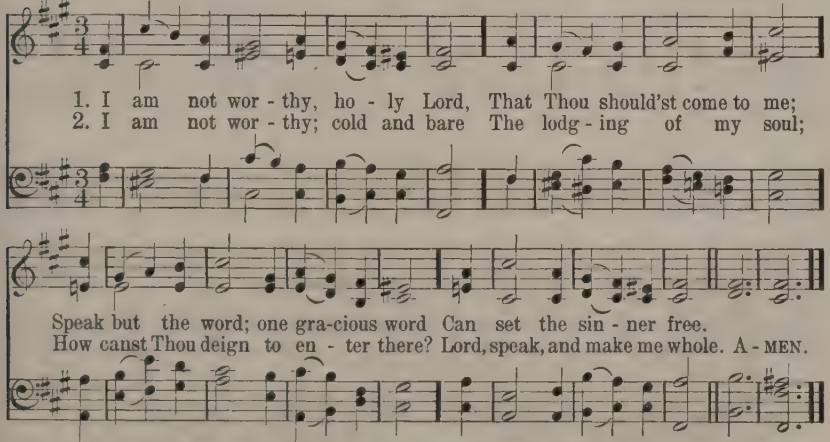
4 This is a wondrous mystery,
But we believe Thy Word;
All who confess their sins will see
How Thou dost life afford.

George Henry Trabert, 1922.

248. I Am Not Worthy, Holy Lord.

Crowle. C. M.

JAMES GREEN'S Book of Psalm Tunes, 1724.
Arranged by EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.


1. I am not wor - thy, ho - ly Lord, That Thou should'st come to me;
2. I am not wor - thy; cold and bare The lodg - ing of my soul;
Speak but the word; one gra-cious word Can set the sin - ner free.
How canst Thou deign to en - ter there? Lord, speak, and make me whole. A - MEN.

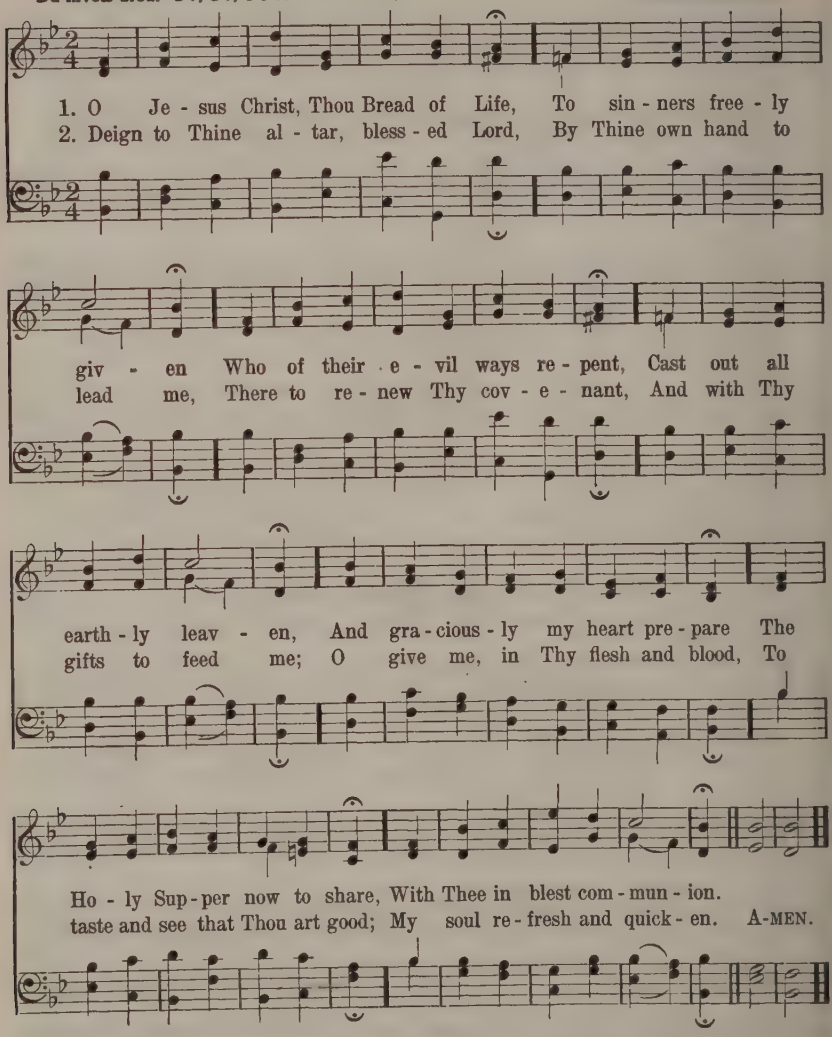
3 I am not worthy; yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay,
Thee who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

4 O come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine,
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine,

Henry Williams Baker, (1821–1877).

249. O Jesus Christ, Thou Bread of Life.

Du lifvets bröd. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. PETER SOHREN, 1668.


1. O Je - sus Christ, Thou Bread of Life, To sin - ners free - ly
2. Deign to Thine al - tar, bless - ed Lord, By Thine own hand to
giv - en Who of their e - vil ways re - pent, Cast out all
lead me, There to re - new Thy cov - e - nant, And with Thy
earth - ly leav - en, And gra - cious - ly my heart pre - pare The
gifts to feed me; O give me, in Thy flesh and blood, To
Ho - ly Sup - per now to share, With Thee in blest com - mun - ion.
taste and see that Thou art good; My soul re - fresh and quick - en. A-MEN.

3 O give me strength to walk with Thee,
And grace Thy steps to follow,
Thus to fulfill the law of God,
To Him my service hallow.
Bless now Thy sacramental guest,
Take Thine abode within my breast,
And nevermore forsake me.

4 Cleanse me of all iniquity,
Renew my heart within me;
My soul so fully occupy
That evil shall not win me.
As Thou didst suffer on the cross,
So teach Thy child to suffer loss,
Through faith in Thee, my Saviour.

5 Thy grace, O God, I merit less
Than stripes of Thy chastising;
In all my sins and dire distress
I yet were agonizing,
Save for the willing sacrifice
Of Christ, who bought us with a price,
And earned our full salvation.

6 Sore stricken, unto Thee I come,
For grace and succor pleading.
Mine eyes are blind; to Thee I turn
For light and gentle leading.
Whene'er I stumble, raise me up;
When faint and famished, from Thy cup,
Lord, tender me Thy healing!

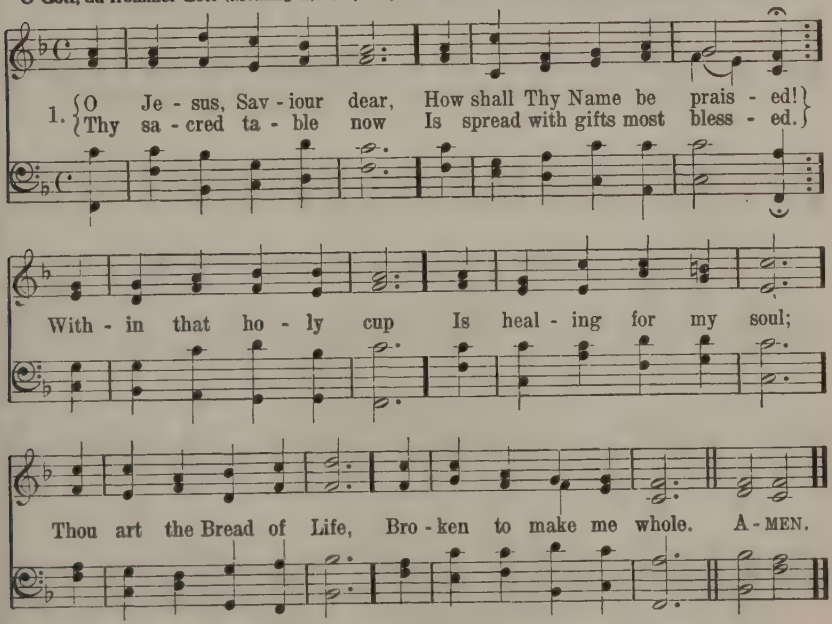
7 Come, Saviour dear, with me abide,
Thy love in me upwelling;
O Holy Spirit, be my Guide,
And make my heart Thy dwelling.
In all my griefs my comfort be,
Grant me that unity with Thee
Which life nor death can sever.

8 Before Thy sacred table, Lord,
My prayers grow faint and falter;
Now make me worthy to partake
The bounties of Thine altar.
If one with Thee Thou make me there,
I know that also I shall share
With Thee the joy of heaven.

Johann Rist, 1654.

250. O Jesus, Saviour Dear.

O Gott, du frommer Gott (Meiningen). 6 7, 6 7, 6 6, 6 6. JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL, 1710.


1. O Jesus, Saviour dear, How shall Thy Name be praised!
Thy sacred table now Is spread with gifts most blessed.
With in that holy cup Is healing for my soul;
Thou art the Bread of Life, Broken to make me whole. AMEN.

2 The burden of my sins
Hast Thou in mercy taken;
Thou touchest but my heart,
And Christian graces waken.
The feeble flame of faith
Is quickened by Thy grace;
My soul to peace restored,
With Thee at hand to bless.

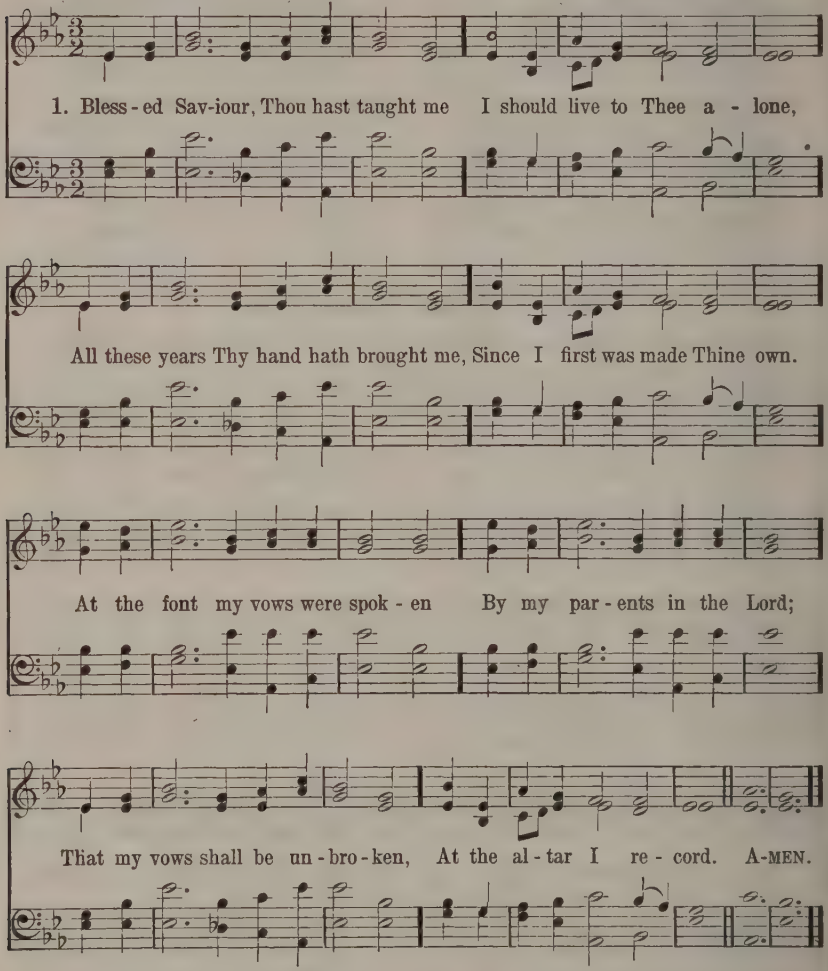
3 My Treasure, Lord, Thou art,
The Fount of every blessing;
If Thou be in my heart,
All else am I possessing.
Be and abide with me,
A constant Eucharist,
Then death to me is life
With Thee, O Jesus Christ.

Johann Heermann, (1585–1647).

251. Blessed Saviour, Who Hast Taught Me.

Ripley. 8 7, 8 7. D.

From a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1839.

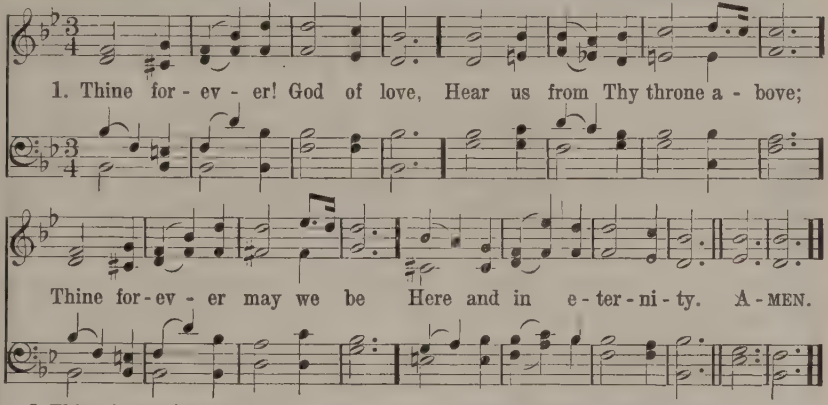

1. Bless - ed Sav-iour, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone,
All these years Thy hand hath brought me, Since I first was made Thine own.
At the font my vows were spok - en By my par - ents in the Lord;
That my vows shall be un - bro - ken, At the al - tar I re - cord. A-MEN.

2 I would trust in Thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon Thine arm;
Follow wholly Thy directing,
O my only Guard from harm!
Meet me now with Thy salvation,
In the Church's ordered way;
Let me feel Thy confirmation
In Thy truth and fear to-day:

3 So that, faith and firmness gaining,
Hope in danger, joy in grief,
Now and evermore remaining
Steadfast in the true belief,
Resting in my Saviour's merit,
Strengthened with the Spirit's strength,
With Thy Church I may inherit
All my Father's joy at length.

John Mason Neale, 1842.

252. Thine Forever! God of Love.

Mercy. 7 7, 7 7. Arranged from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, 1867.

2 Thine forever! Lord of Life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever! O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

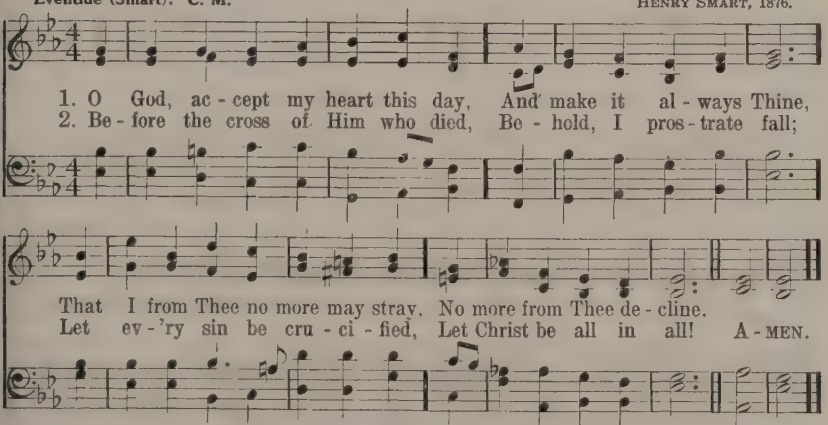
4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep
These, Thy frail and trembling sheep,
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever! Thou our Guide.
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary Fawler Maude (Hooper), 1847.

253. O God, Accept My Heart This Day.

Eventide (Smart). C. M. HENRY SMART, 1876.


1. O God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,
2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold, I pros - trate fall;
That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.
Let ev - 'ry sin be cru - ci - fied, Let Christ be all in all! A - MEN.

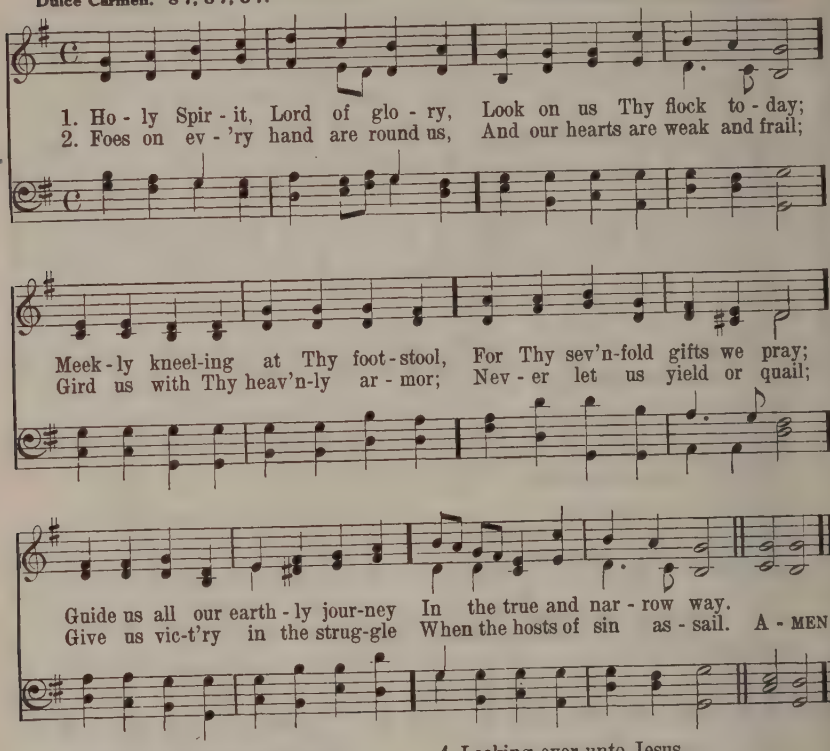
3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

254. Holy Spirit, Lord of Glory.

Dulce Carmen. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, (1737–1806)?


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of glo - ry, Look on us Thy flock to - day;
2. Foes on ev - 'ry hand are round us, And our hearts are weak and frail;
Meek - ly kneel-ing at Thy foot - stool, For Thy sev'n-fold gifts we pray;
Gird us with Thy heav'n-ly ar - mor; Nev - er let us yield or quail;
Guide us all our earth - ly jour-ney In the true and nar - row way.
Give us vic-t'ry in the strug-gle When the hosts of sin as - sail. A - MEN.

3 Lead us by Thy guiding presence
Through the waste, with danger rife;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake the thirst of weary spirits
From the living well of life.

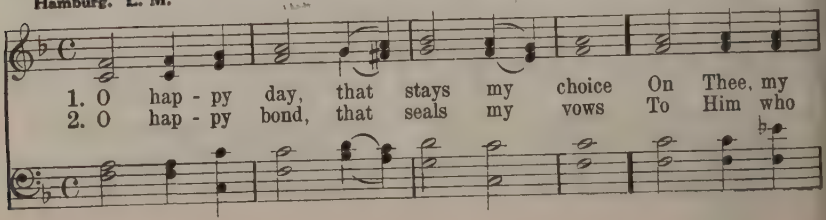
4 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod,
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that He has trod,
Till we dwell with Him forever
In the Paradise with God.

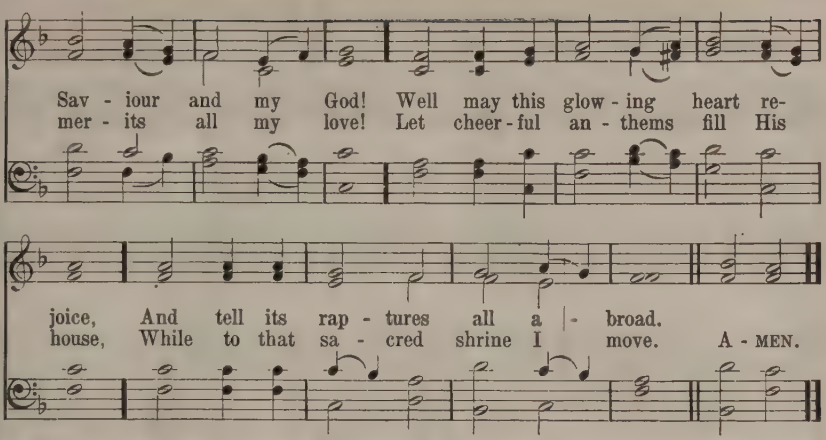
Robert Hall Baynes, 1864.

255. O Happy Day, That Stays My Choice.

From a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1825.

Hamburg. L. M.




Sav - iour and my God! Well may this glow - ing heart re-
mer - its all my love! Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His
joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move. A - MEN.

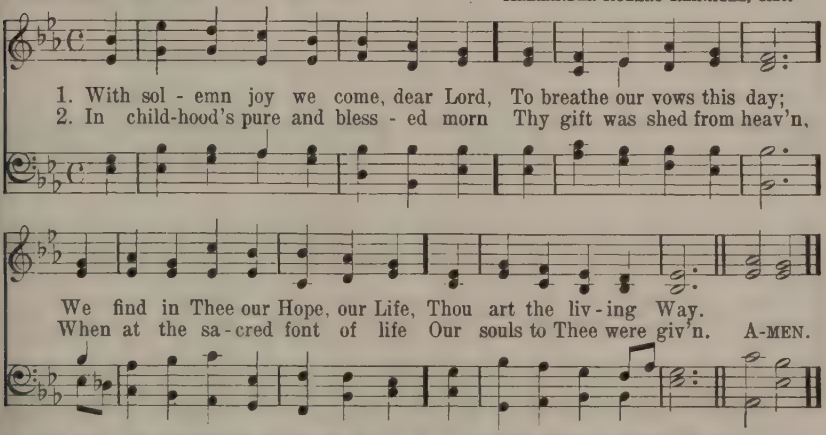
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Glad to obey the voice divine.

4 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

256. With Solemn Joy We Come, Dear Lord.

St. Peter. C. M. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.


1. With sol - emn joy we come, dear Lord, To breathe our vows this day;
2. In child-hood's pure and bless - ed morn Thy gift was shed from heav'n,
We find in Thee our Hope, our Life, Thou art the liv - ing Way.
When at the sa - cred font of life Our souls to Thee were giv'n. A-MEN.

3 And thro' the years Thy wondrous grace
Has followed all the way;
Thy love has never let us go,
Though we are prone to stray.

4 Forgive, dear Lord, each fault and stain,
And cleanse our hearts from sin;
Help us to walk in humble faith,
And keep us pure within.

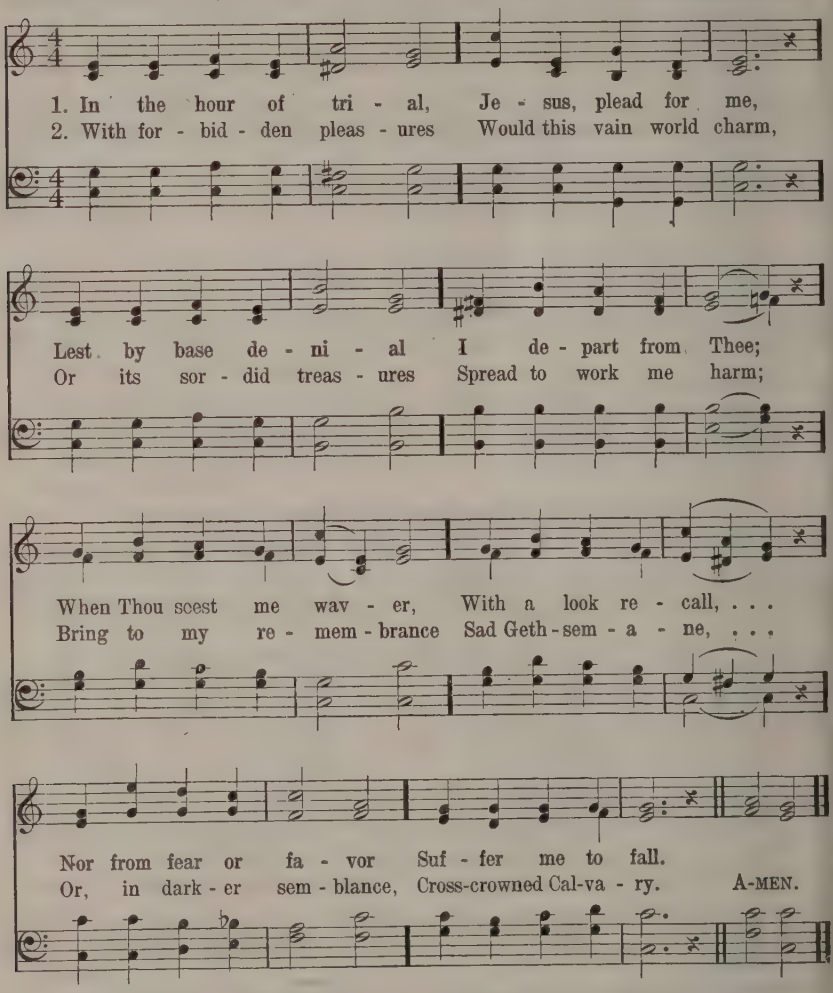
5 O precious Saviour, Thine we are,
Thy Name we would confess;
Thy Spirit pour into our hearts,
Our youthful lives to bless.

6 O keep us faithful, keep us true,
And seal us for Thine own,
That we may stand at last with joy
Before Thy great white throne!

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1923.

257. In the Hour of Trial.

Penitence (Lane). 6 5, 6 5. D. SPENCER LANE, 1879.

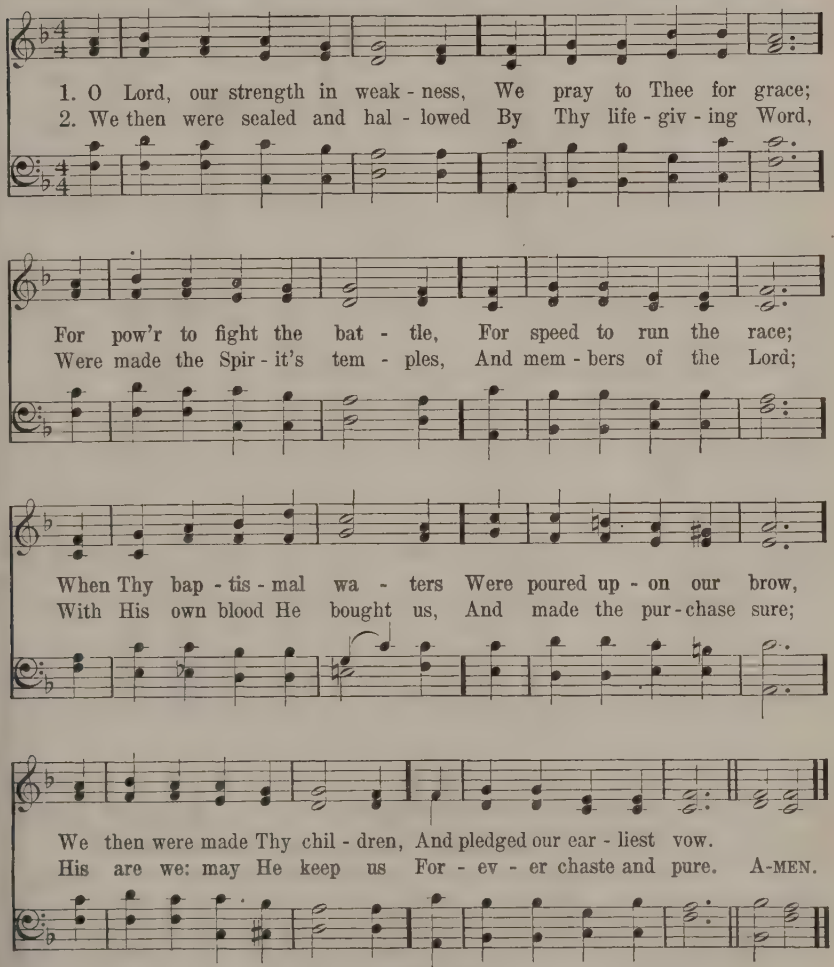

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me,
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm,
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
When Thou seest me wav - er, With a look re - call, . . .
Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth - sem - a - ne, . . .
Nor from fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross-crowned Cal-va - ry. A-MEN.

3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again,
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1834, a.

258. O Lord, Our Strength in Weakness.

Need. 76, 76. D. Composer Unknown.

1. O Lord, our strength in weak - ness, We pray to Thee for grace;
2. We then were sealed and hal - lowed By Thy life - giv - ing Word,
For pow'r to fight the bat - tle, For speed to run the race;
Were made the Spir - it's tem - ples, And mem - bers of the Lord;
When Thy bap - tis - mal wa - ters Were poured up - on our brow,
With His own blood He bought us, And made the pur - chase sure;
We then were made Thy chil - dren, And pledged our ear - liest vow.
His are we: may He keep us For - ev - er chaste and pure. A-MEN.

Or: Aurelia, No. 16.

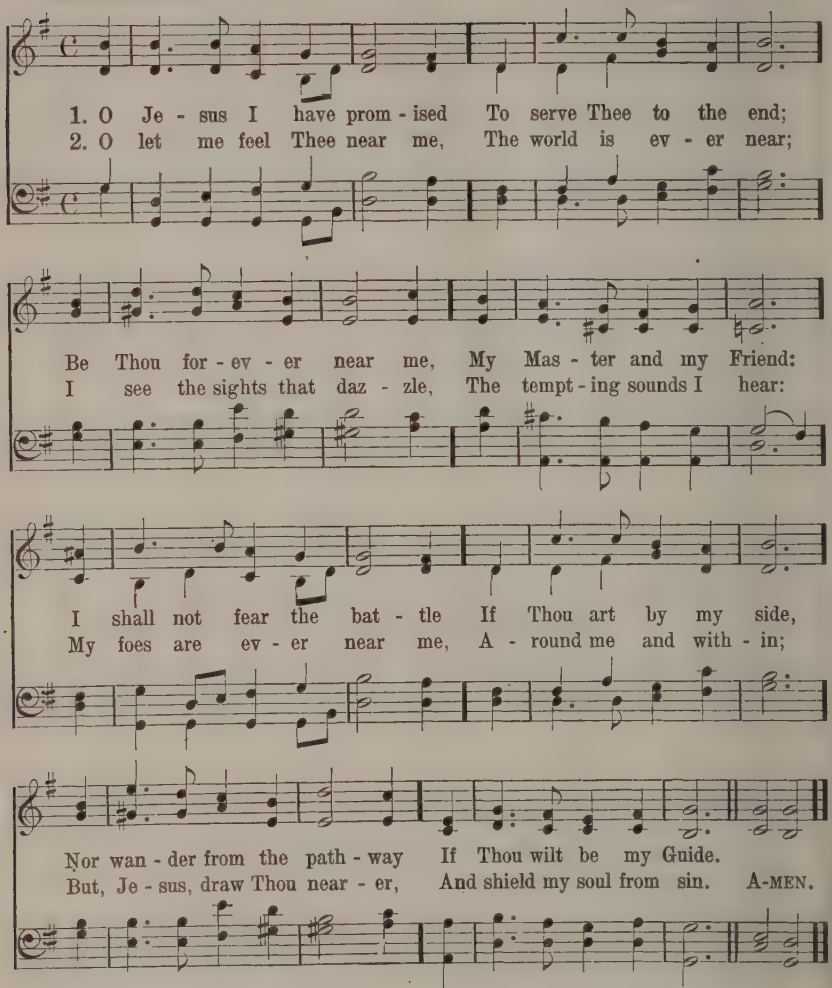
3 Conformed to His own likeness,
May we so live and die,
That in the grave our bodies
In holy peace may lie,
And at the resurrection
Forth from those graves may spring
Like to the glorious body
Of Christ, our Lord and King.

4 The pure in heart are blessèd,
For they shall see the Lord
Forever and forever
By Seraphim adored;
And they shall drink the pleasures,
Such as no tongue can tell,
From heaven's crystal river,
And life's eternal well.

Christopher Wordsworth, (1807–1885), a.

259. O Jesus, I Have Promised.

Angel's Story (Norwich). 7 6, 7 6. D. ARTHUR HENRY MANN, 1881.


1. O Je - sus I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend:
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear:
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin. A-MEN.

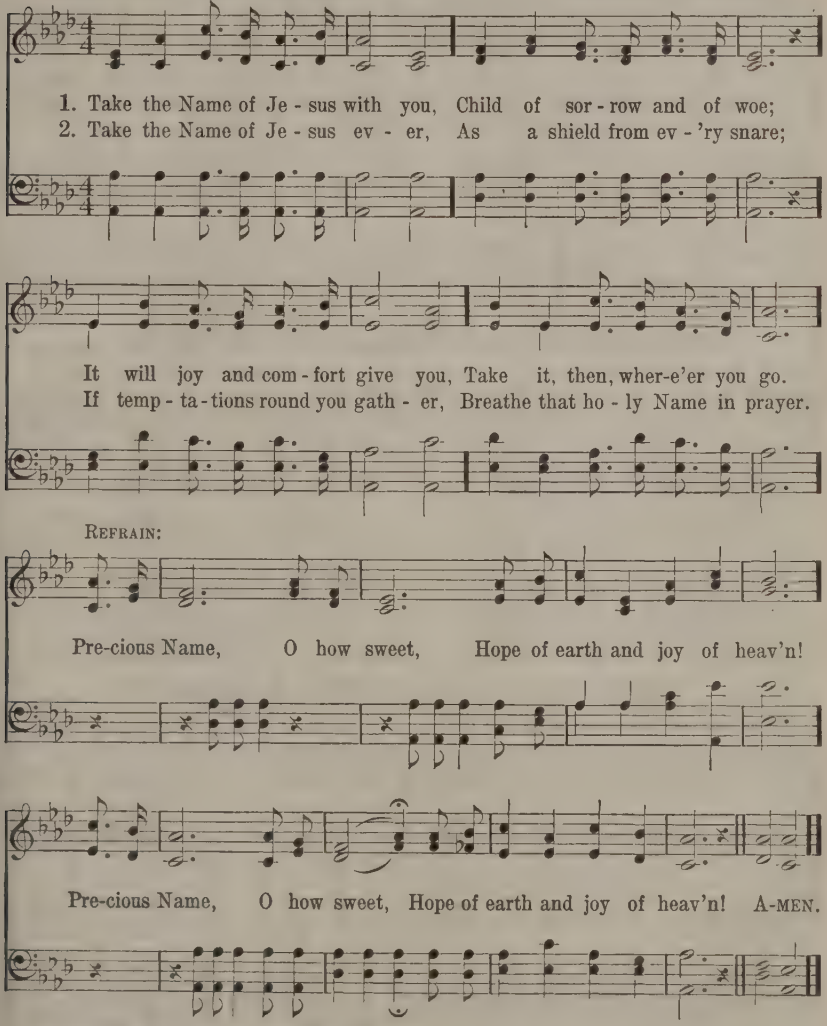
3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will:
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

John Ernest Bode, 1868.

260. Take the Name of Jesus with You.

Take the Name. 8 7, 8 7. With Refrain. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1871.


1. Take the Name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the Name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly Name in prayer.
REFRAIN:
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n!
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n! A-MEN.

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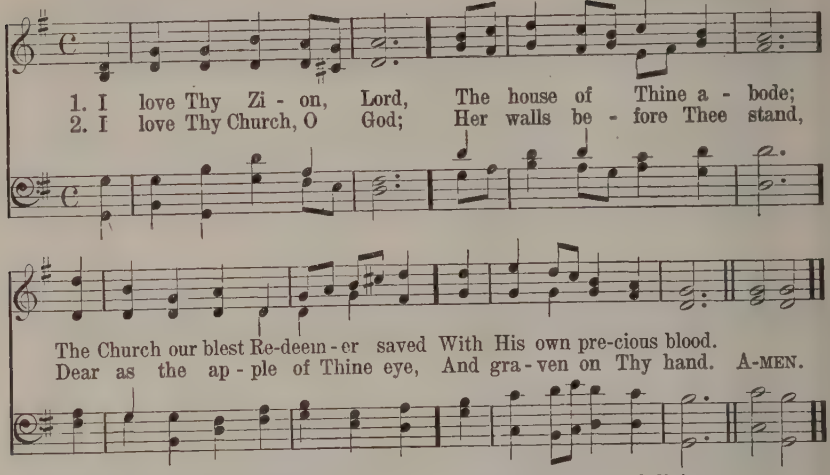
3 O the precious Name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ.

4 At the Name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

Lydia Baxter, 1871.

261. I Love Thy Zion, Lord.

St. Thomas. S. M. AARON WILLIAMS, 1770.


1. I love Thy Zi - on, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode;
2. I love Thy Church, O God; Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
The Church our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra - ven on Thy hand. A-MEN.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toil be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

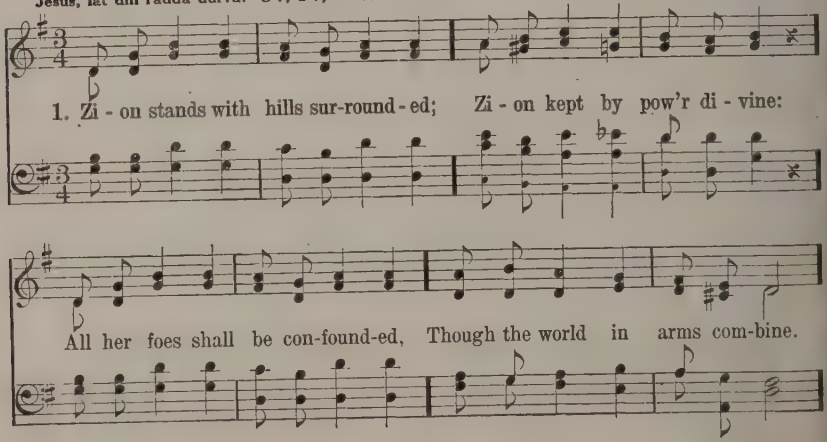
5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

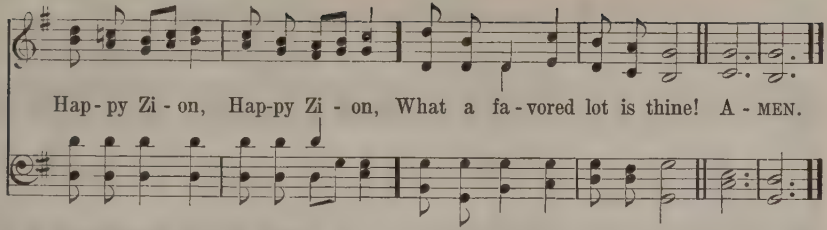
6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800, a.

262 Zion Stands with Hills Surrounded.

Jesus, låt din rädda dufva. 8 7, 8 7, 4 4 7. Swedish Folk Melody.


1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round - ed; Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine:
All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms com-bine.



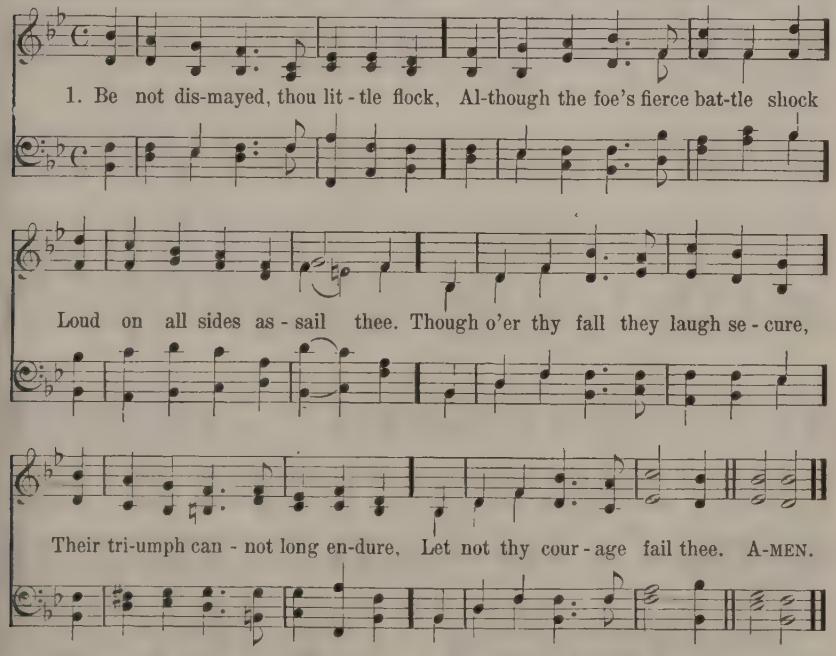
2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove:
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting Light.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

263. Be Not Dismayed, Thou Little Flock.

Agatha. 8 8 7, 8 8 7. CARL JOHANNES SÖDERGREN, 1924.


1. Be not dis-mayed, thou lit - tle flock, Al-though the foe's fierce bat-tle shock
Loud on all sides as - sail thee. Though o'er thy fall they laugh se - cure,
Their tri-umph can - not long en-dure, Let not thy cour - age fail thee. A-MEN.

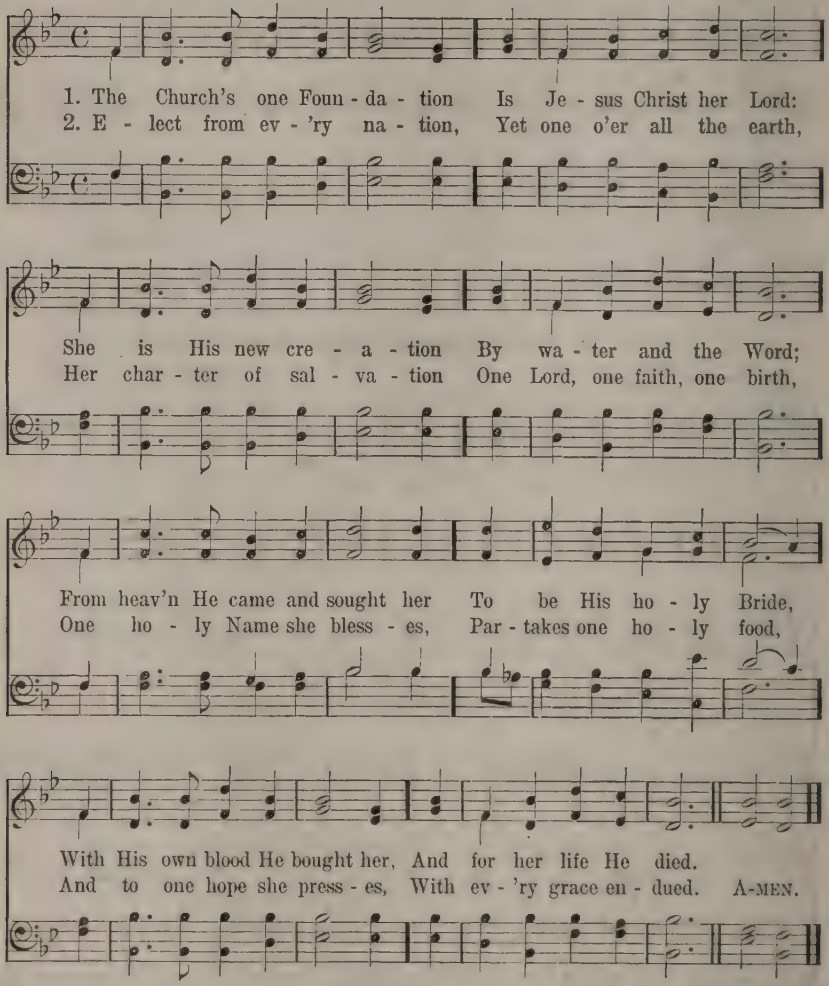
2 Thy cause is God's—go at His call,
And to His hand commit thine all;
Fear thou no ill impending;
His Gideon shall arise for thee,
God's Word and people manfully
In God's own time defending.

3 Our hope is sure in Jesus' might;
Against themselves the godless fight,
Themselves, not us, distressing;
Shame and contempt their lot shall be;
God is with us, with Him are we;
To us belongs His blessing.

Johann Michael Altenburg, 1632.

264. The Church's One Foundation.

Webb. 76, 76. D. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.


1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord:
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth,
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride,
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued. A-MEN.

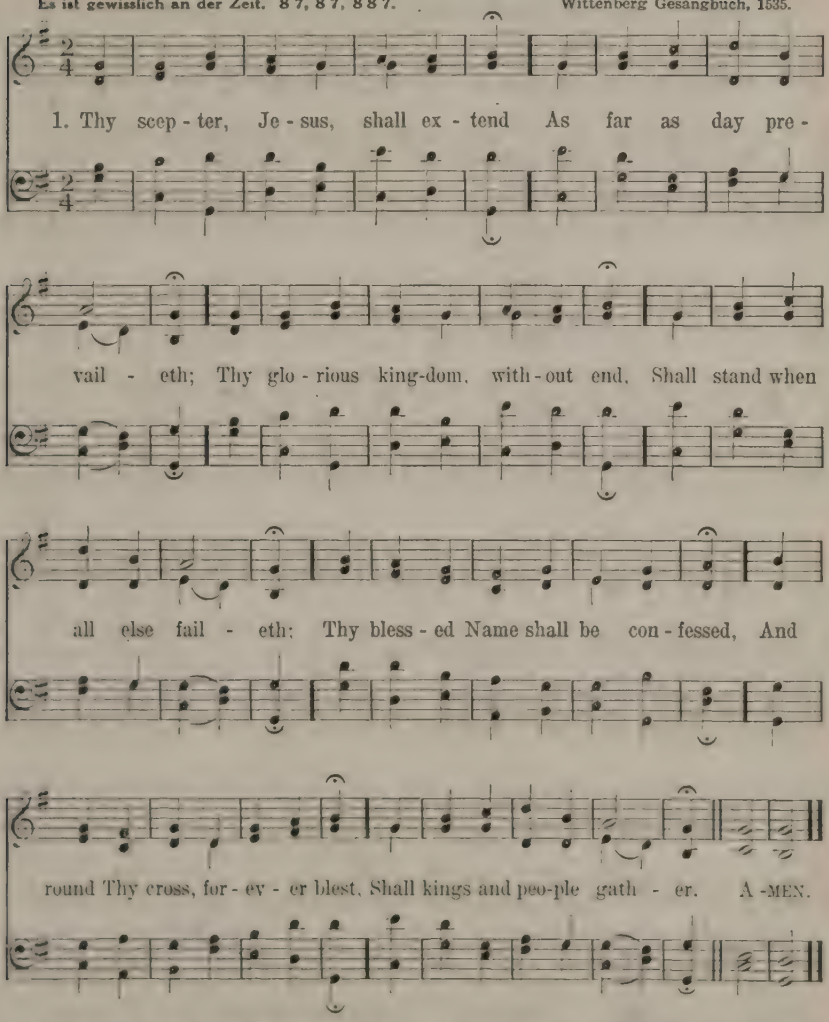
3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress't,
By conflicts rent asunder,
By heresies distress't,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits for consummation
Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Samuel John Stone, 1866.

265. Thy Scepter, Jesus, Shall Extend.

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Wittenberg Gesangbuch, 1535.


1. Thy scep - ter, Je - sus, shall ex - tend As far as day pre -
vail - eth; Thy glo - rious king-dom, with - out end, Shall stand when
all else fail - eth: Thy bless - ed Name shall be con - fessed, And
round Thy cross, for - ev - er blest, Shall kings and peo-ple gath - er. A - MEN.

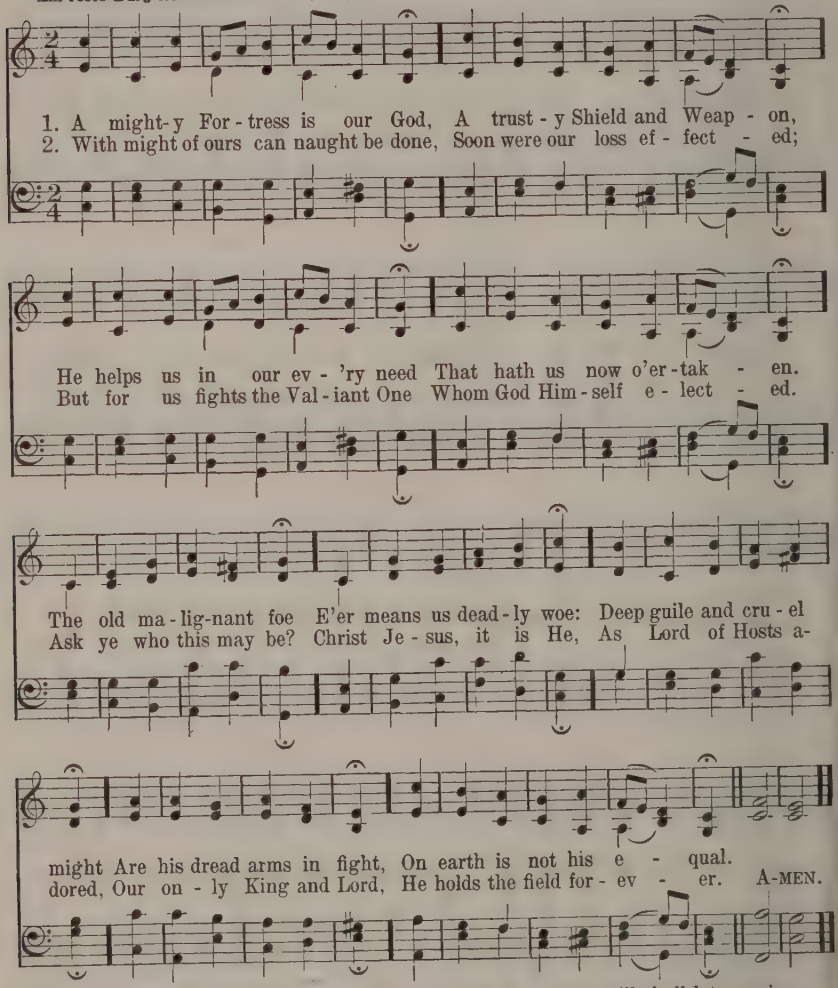
2 The child when born to Thee we take,
To Thee in death we hasten;
In joy we often Thee forsake,
But not when sorrows chasten.
Where truth and virtue are oppressed,
Where sorrow dwells, pain and unrest,
Thy help alone availeth.

3 Come, Jesus, then, in weal and woe,
In life and death be near us;
Thy grace upon our hearts bestow,
And let Thy Spirit cheer us,
For every conflict strength afford,
And gather us in peace, O Lord,
When all the world Thou judgest.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1816.

266. A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott. 8 7, 8 7, 6 6, 6 6 7. MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.


1. A might-y For-tress is our God, A trust-y Shield and Weap-on,
2. With might of ours can naught be done, Soon were our loss ef-fect-ed;
He helps us in our ev-'ry need That hath us now o'er-tak-en.
But for us fights the Val-iant One Whom God Him-self e-lect-ed.
The old ma-lig-nant foe E'er means us dead-ly woe: Deep guile and cru-el
Ask ye who this may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He, As Lord of Hosts a-
might Are his dread arms in fight, On earth is not his e-qual.
dored, Our on-ly King and Lord, He holds the field for-ev-er. A-MEN.

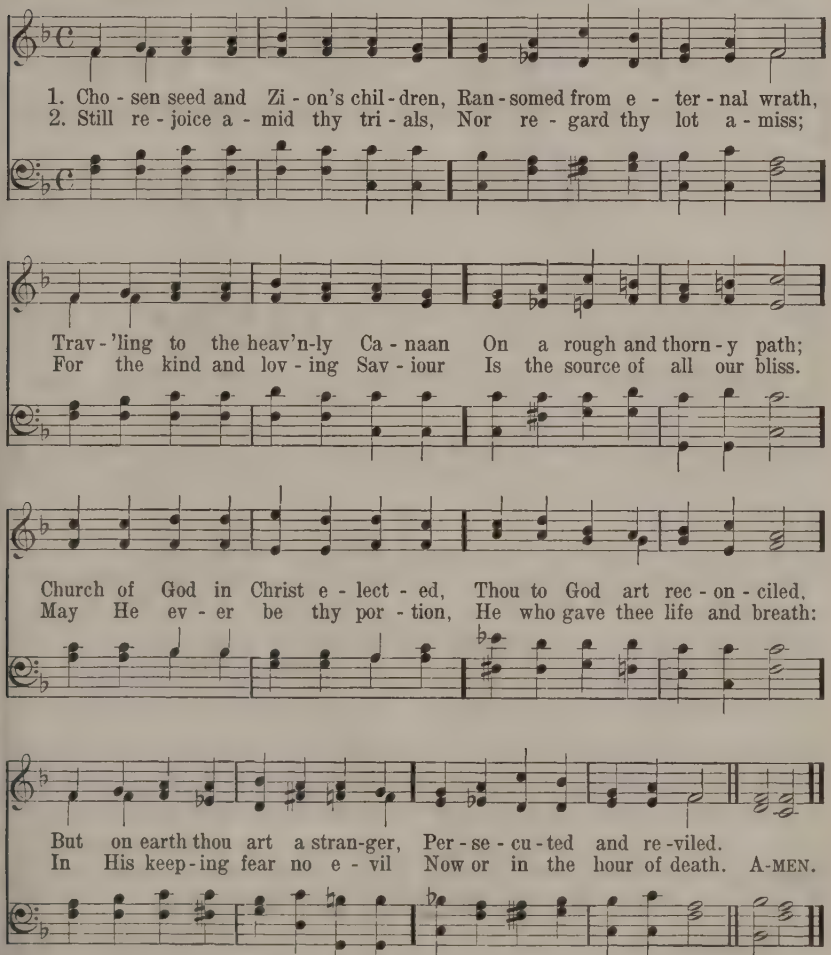
3 Though devils all the world should fill,
All watching to devour us,
We tremble not, we fear no ill,
They cannot overpower us.
For this world's prince may still
Scowl fiercely as he will,
We need not be alarmed,
For he is now disarmed;
One little word o'erthrows him.

4 The Word they still shall let remain,
Nor any thanks have for it;
He's by our side upon the plain,
With His good gifts and Spirit
Take they, then, what they will,
Life, goods, yea, all; and still,
E'en when their worst is done,
They yet have nothing won,
The kingdom ours remaineth.

Martin Luther, 1529.

267. Chosen Seed and Zion's Children.

Love Divine No. 2. 8 7, 8 7. D. GEORGE FITZ-CURWOOD LE JEUNE, 1872.


1. Cho - sen seed and Zi - on's chil - dren, Ran - somed from e - ter - nal wrath,
2. Still re - joice a - mid thy tri - als, Nor re - gard thy lot a - miss;
Trav - 'ling to the heav'n-ly Ca - naan On a rough and thorn - y path;
For the kind and lov - ing Sav - iour Is the source of all our bliss.
Church of God in Christ e - lect - ed, Thou to God art rec - on - ciled,
May He ev - er be thy por - tion, He who gave thee life and breath:
But on earth thou art a stran-ger, Per - se - cu - ted and re - viled.
In His keep - ing fear no e - vil Now or in the hour of death. A-MEN.

Or: Jesus är min vän den bäste, No. 245.

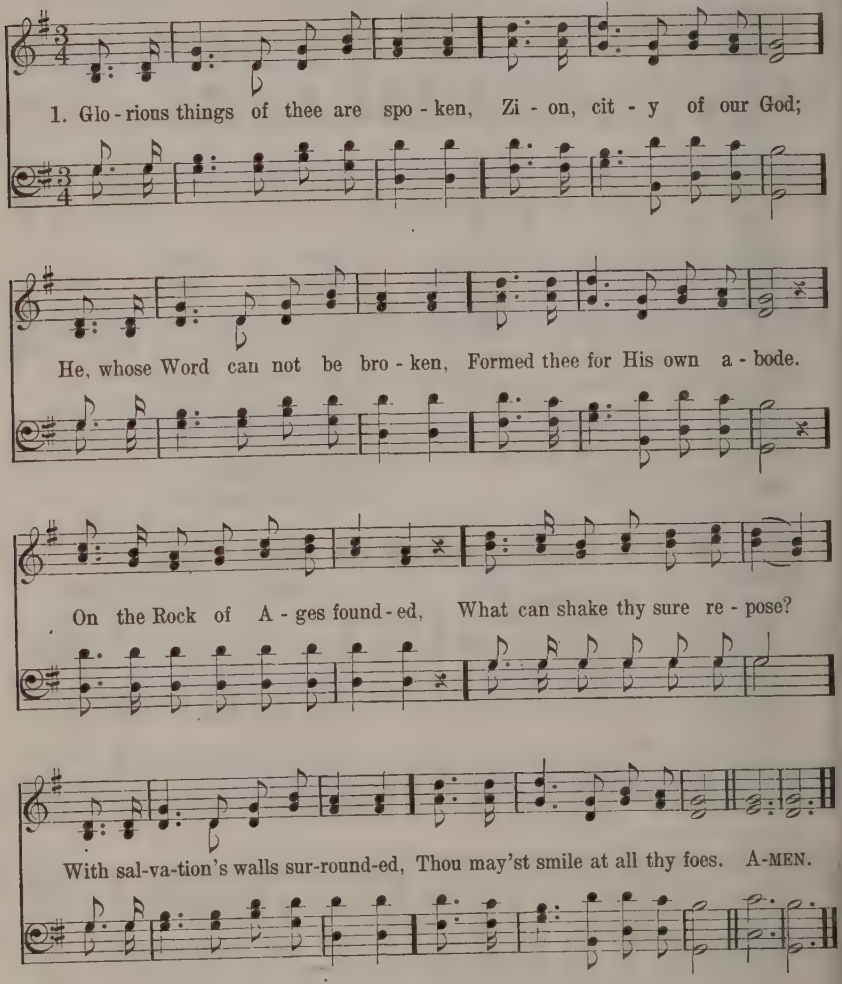
3 Pleasantly thy lines have fallen
Underneath the tree of life;
For the Lord is thy salvation,
And thy shield in all thy strife:
Here the sparrow finds a shelter,
Here the swallow finds a nest,
Trembling fugitive a refuge,
And the weary pilgrim rest.

4 And upon this blest foundation,
Lord, our Lord, and Saviour King,
May Thy Spirit e'er unite us,
To it may we ever cling.
May we, members of one body,
Grow into a perfect whole;
Grant, O Lord, that in Thy people
There may be one heart and soul.

Andreas Carl Rutström, (1721–1772).

271. Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

Harwell. 8 7, 8 7. D. LOWELL MASON, 1840.

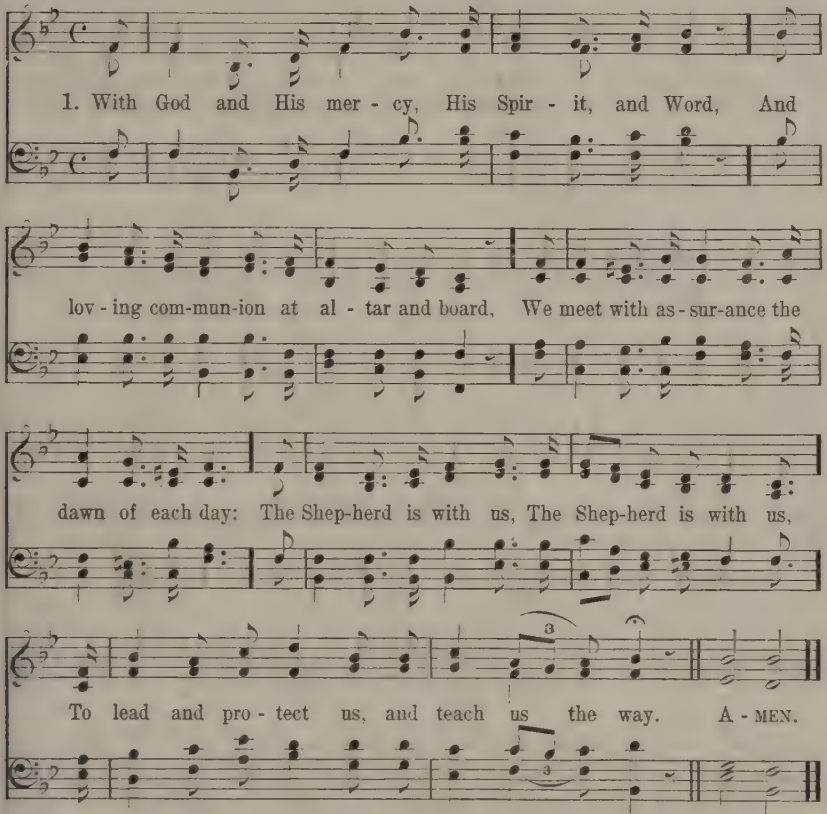

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He, whose Word can not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode.
On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-MEN.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy Name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

John Newton, 1779.

272. With God and His Mercy, His Spirit, and Word.

Ack, saliga stunder. 11 11 11, 6 6 11. OSKAR AHNFELT, (1813–1882).

1. With God and His mer - cy, His Spir - it, and Word, And
lov - ing com-mun-ion at al - tar and board, We meet with as - sur-ance the
dawn of each day: The Shep-herd is with us, The Shep-herd is with us,
To lead and pro - tect us, and teach us the way. A - MEN.

2 In perilous times, amid tempests and night,
A band presses on through the gloom toward light;
Though humble, and meek, and disowned by the world,
They follow the Saviour,
And march on to glory, with banners unfurled.

3 While groveling worldlings with dross are content,
And ever on sin and transgression are bent,
I follow, victorious hosts, at your word,
And march on to glory,
We march on to glory, our captain the Lord.

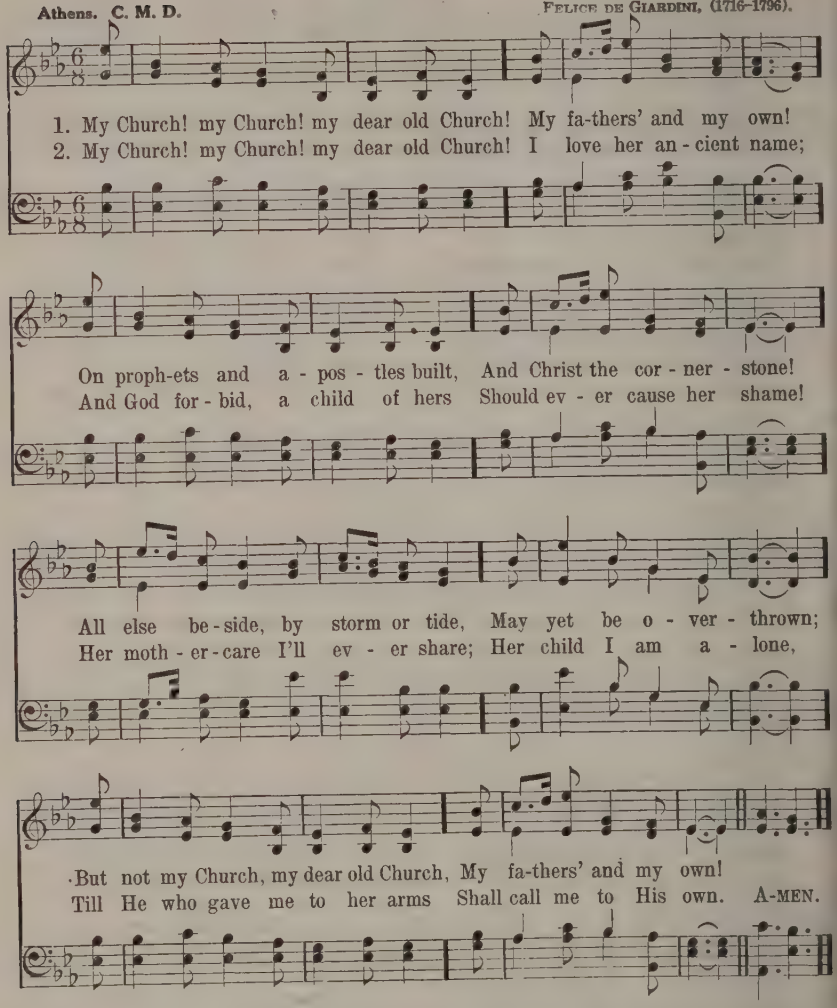
4 The sign of the cross I triumphantly bear,
Though none of my kindred that emblem may wear;
I joyfully follow the champions of right,
Who march on to glory,
Who march on to glory, with weapons of might.

5 O Shepherd, abide with us, care for us still,
And feed us and lead us and teach us Thy will;
And when in Thy heavenly fold we shall be,
Our thanks and our praises,
Our thanks and our praises we'll render to Thee.

Carl Olof Rosenius, (1816–1868).

276. My Church! My Church!

Athens. C. M. D. FELICE DE GIARDINI, (1716–1796).


1. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! My fa-thers' and my own!
2. My Church! my Church! my dear old Church! I love her an-cient name;
On proph-ets and a-pos-tles built, And Christ the cor-ner-stone!
And God for-bid, a child of hers Should ev-er cause her shame!
All else be-side, by storm or tide, May yet be o-ver-thrown;
Her moth-er-care I'll ev-er share; Her child I am a-lone,
But not my Church, my dear old Church, My fa-thers' and my own!
Till He who gave me to her arms Shall call me to His own. A-MEN.

3 My Church! my Church! I love my Church,
For she doth lead me on
To Zion's palace beautiful,
Where Christ my Lord hath gone.
From all below she bids me go
To Him, the Life, the Way,
The Truth to guide my erring feet
From darkness into day.

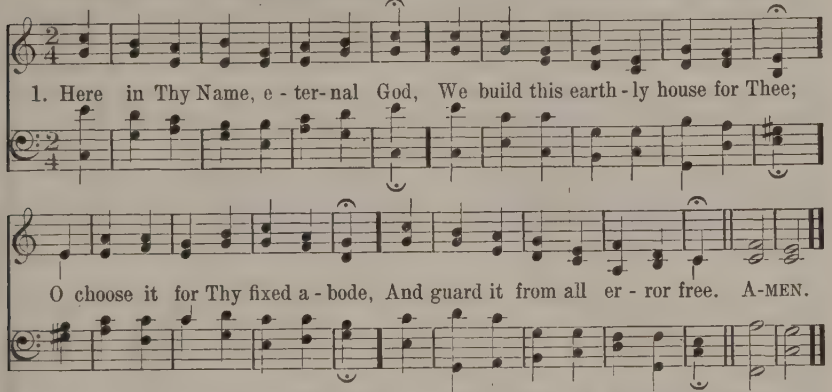
4 Then here, my Church! my dear old Church!
Thy child would add a vow,
To that whose token once was signed
Upon his infant brow:
Assault who may, kiss and betray,
Dishonor and disown,
My Church shall yet be dear to me,
My fathers' and my own!

Anonymous.

277. Here, in Thy Name, Eternal God.

Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her. L. M.

VALENTIN SCHUMANN'S
Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig, 1539.


1. Here in Thy Name, e - ter - nal God, We build this earth - ly house for Thee;
O choose it for Thy fixed a - bode, And guard it from all er - ror free. A-MEN.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessèd gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of Thy great Name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to the heavenly King,
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong;
Hosanna let the angels sing.

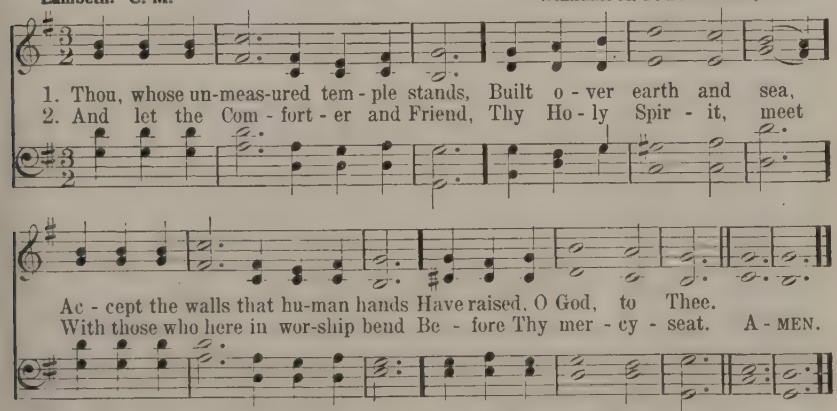
5 Thy glory never hence depart;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

James Montgomery, 1817.

278. Thou, Whose Unmeasured Temple Stands.

Lambeth. C. M.

WILHELM A. F. SCHULTHES, 1871.


1. Thou, whose un-meas-ured tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
2. And let the Com - fort - er and Friend, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, meet
Ac - cept the walls that hu-man hands Have raised, O God, to Thee.
With those who here in wor-ship bend Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

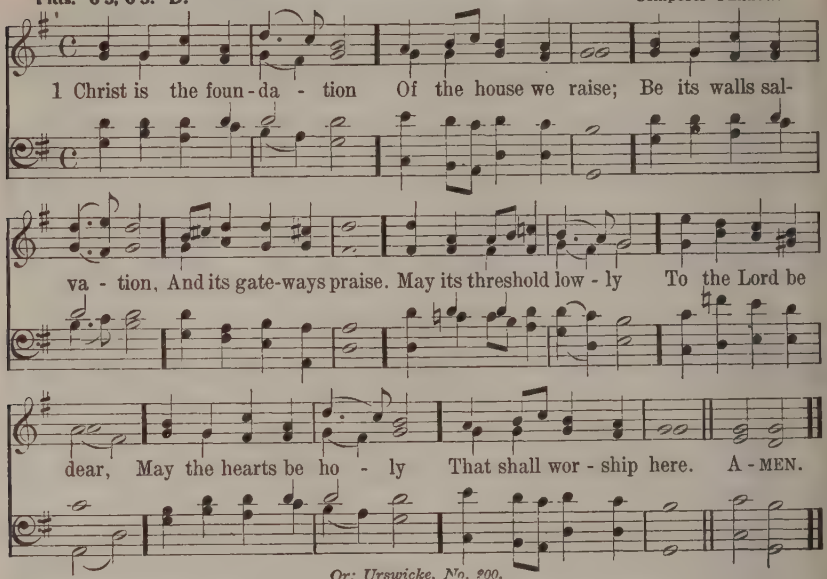
3 May they who err be guided here
To find the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And hallowed wishes rise,
While round these peaceful walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant, 1820.

279. Christ Is the Foundation.

Pitts. 6 5, 6 5. D. Composer Unknown.


1 Christ is the foun - da - tion Of the house we raise; Be its walls sal-
va - tion, And its gate-ways praise. May its threshold low - ly To the Lord be
dear, May the hearts be ho - ly That shall wor - ship here. A - MEN.

Or: Urswicke, No. 200.

2 On the Rock of Ages
Resting broad and deep,
When life's tempest rages
Here let passion sleep:
Here may prayer and praises
Never cease to rise,
Till, through Christ, they raise us
Nearer to the skies.

3 Here may faith attending
Find fruition fair;
Here may spirits bending
Breathe the breath of prayer:
Here may holy gladness
Fill the waiting heart,
Until sin and sadness
Evermore depart.

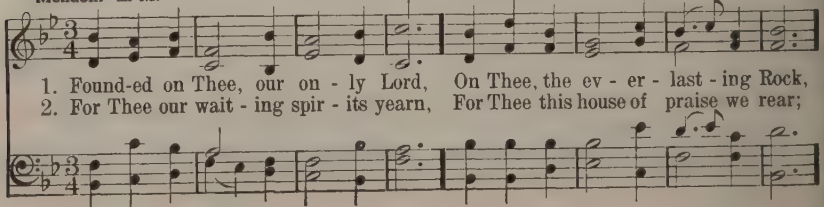
4 Here may every token
Of thy presence be,
Here may chains be broken,
Prisoners here set free:
Here may light illumine
Every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human
Unto the divine.

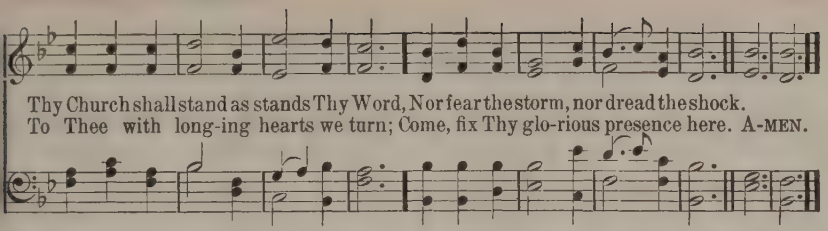
5 Here may God the Father,
God the Saviour, Son,
God the Holy Spirit,
Be adored as One;
Till the whole creation
At Thy footstool fall,
And in adoration
Own Thee Lord of all.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1866.

280. Founded on Thee, Our Only Lord.

Mendon. L. M. German Melody: arr. by Samuel Dyer, 1828.


1. Found-ed on Thee, our on - ly Lord, On Thee, the ev - er - last - ing Rock,
2. For Thee our wait - ing spir - its yearn, For Thee this house of praise we rear;


Thy Church shall stand as stands Thy Word, Nor fear the storm, nor dread the shock.
To Thee with long-ing hearts we turn; Come, fix Thy glo-rious presence here. A-MEN.

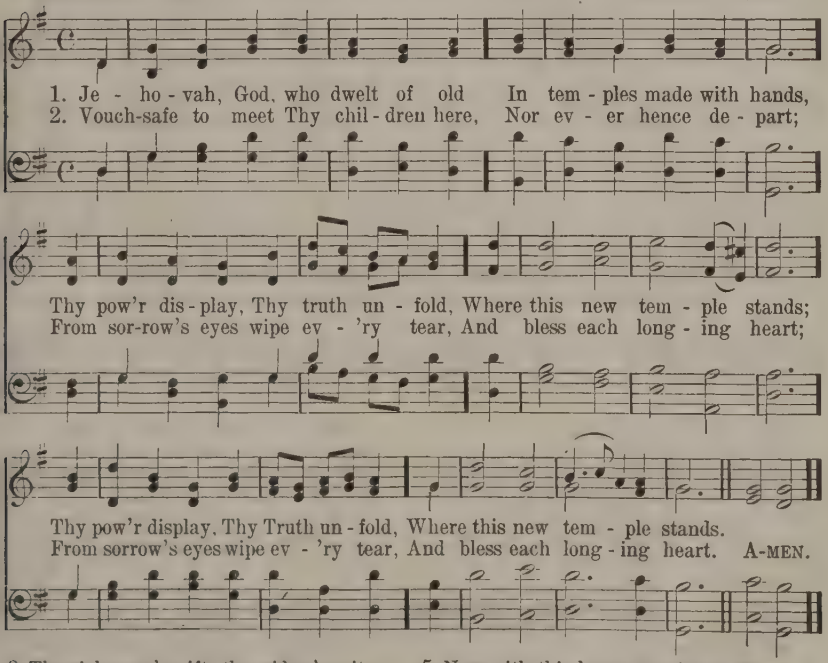
3 Come, with Thy Spirit and Thy power,
The Conqueror, once the Crucified;
Our God, our Strength, our King, our Tower,
Here plant Thy throne, and here abide.

4 Accept the work our hands have wrought;
Accept, O God, this earthly shrine;
Be Thou our Rock, our Life, our Thought,
And we, as living temples, Thine.

Samuel Francis Smith, 1894.

281. Jehovah, God, Who Dwelt of Old.

Coronation. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.


1. Je - ho - vah, God, who dwelt of old In tem - ples made with hands,
2. Vouch-safe to meet Thy chil - dren here, Nor ev - er hence de - part;
Thy pow'r dis - play, Thy truth un - fold, Where this new tem - ple stands;
From sor-row's eyes wipe ev - 'ry tear, And bless each long - ing heart;
Thy pow'r display, Thy Truth un - fold, Where this new tem - ple stands.
From sorrow's eyes wipe ev - 'ry tear, And bless each long - ing heart. A-MEN.

3 The rich man's gift, the widow's mite
Are blended in these walls;
These altars welcome all alike
Who heed God's gracious calls.

4 From things unholy and unclean
We separate this place;
May naught here ever come between
This people and Thy face.

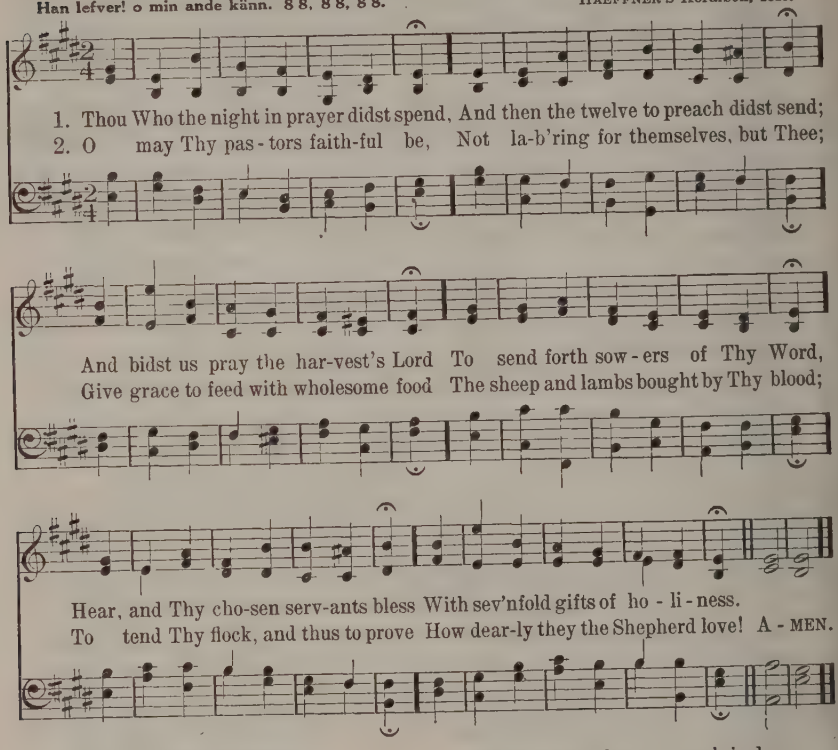
5 Now with this house we give to Thee
Ourselves, our hearts, our all,
The pledge of faith and loyalty,
Held subject to Thy call.

6 And when at last the blood-washed throng
Is gathered from all lands,
We'll enter with triumphant song
The house not made with hands.

Lewis R. Amis, (1856-1904).

282. Thou Who the Night in Prayer Didst Spend.

Han lefver! o min ande känn. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. HAEFFNER'S Koralbok, 1819.


1. Thou Who the night in prayer didst spend, And then the twelve to preach didst send;
2. O may Thy pas - tors faith-ful be, Not la-b'ring for themselves, but Thee;
And bidst us pray the har-vest's Lord To send forth sow - ers of Thy Word,
Give grace to feed with wholesome food The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood;
Hear, and Thy cho-sen serv-ants bless With sev'nfold gifts of ho - li - ness.
To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove How dear-ly they the Shepherd love! A - MEN.

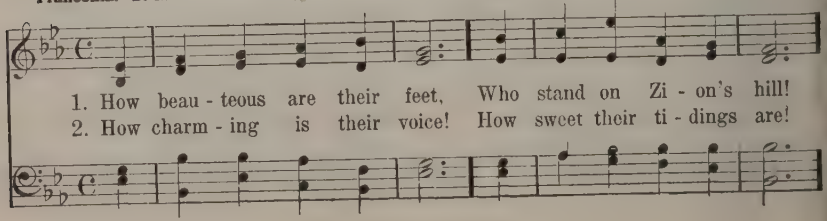
3 O may Thy people faithful be,
And in Thy pastors honor Thee,
And with them work, and for them pray,
And gladly Thee in them obey;
Receive the prophet of the Lord,
And gain the prophet's own reward!

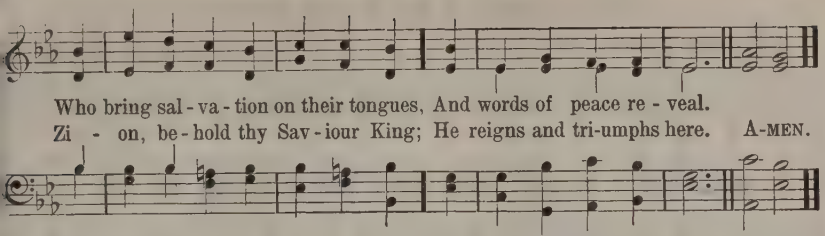
4 So may we, when our work is done,
Together stand before the throne,
And joyful hearts and voices raise
In one united song of praise,
With all the bright celestial host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Anonymous.

283. How Beauteous Are Their Feet.

Franconia. S. M. JOHANN GEORG EBELING? (about 1620–1676).




Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.
Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - iour King; He reigns and tri-umphs here. A-MEN.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Thy saints of old desired it long,
But died without the sight.

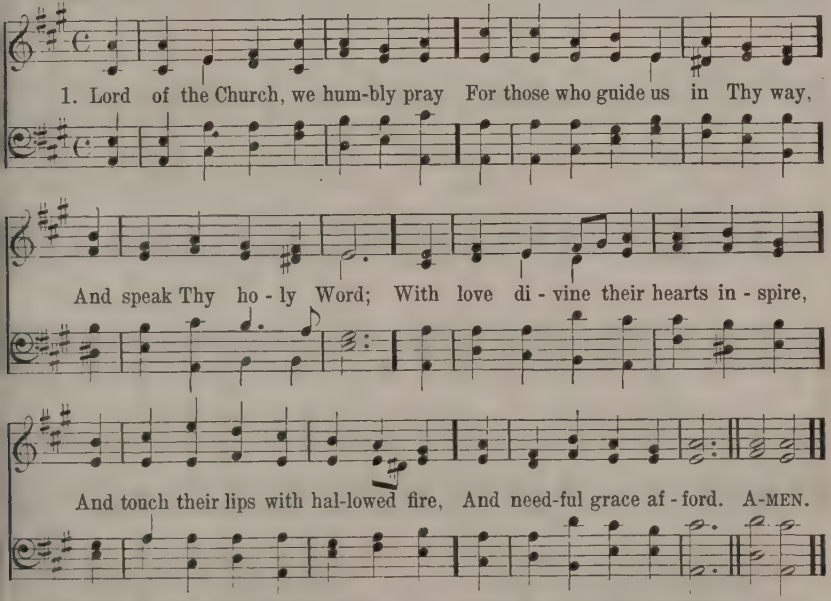
5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let all the nations now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

284. Lord of the Church, We Humbly Pray.

Purleigh. 886. D. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1856.


1. Lord of the Church, we hum-bly pray For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy ho - ly Word; With love di - vine their hearts in - spire,
And touch their lips with hal-lowed fire, And need-ful grace af - ford. A-MEN.

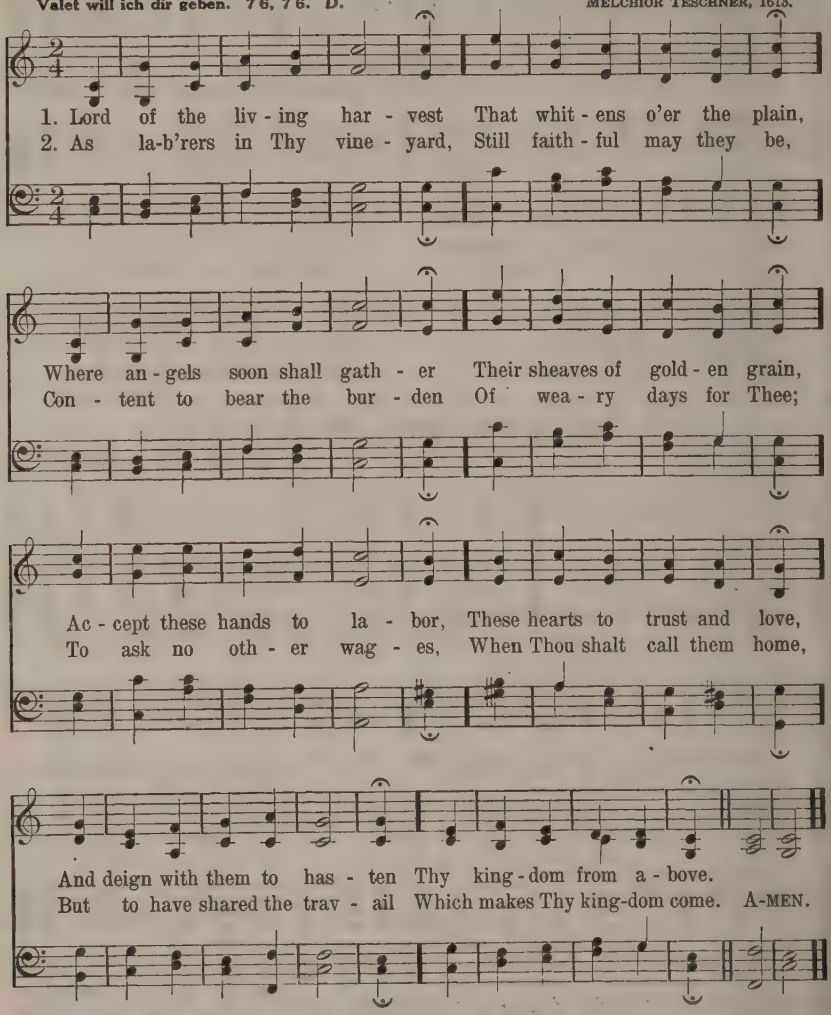
2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
To them a Messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.

3 So may they live to Thee alone,
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love.

Edward Osler, 1836.

285. Lord of the Living Harvest.

Valet will ich dir geben. 7 6, 7 6. D. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.


1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,
2. As la-b'rers in Thy vine - yard, Still faith - ful may they be,
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain,
Con - tent to bear the bur - den Of wea - ry days for Thee;
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,
To ask no oth - er wag - es, When Thou shalt call them home,
And deign with them to has - ten Thy king - dom from a - bove.
But to have shared the trav - ail Which makes Thy king-dom come. A-MEN.

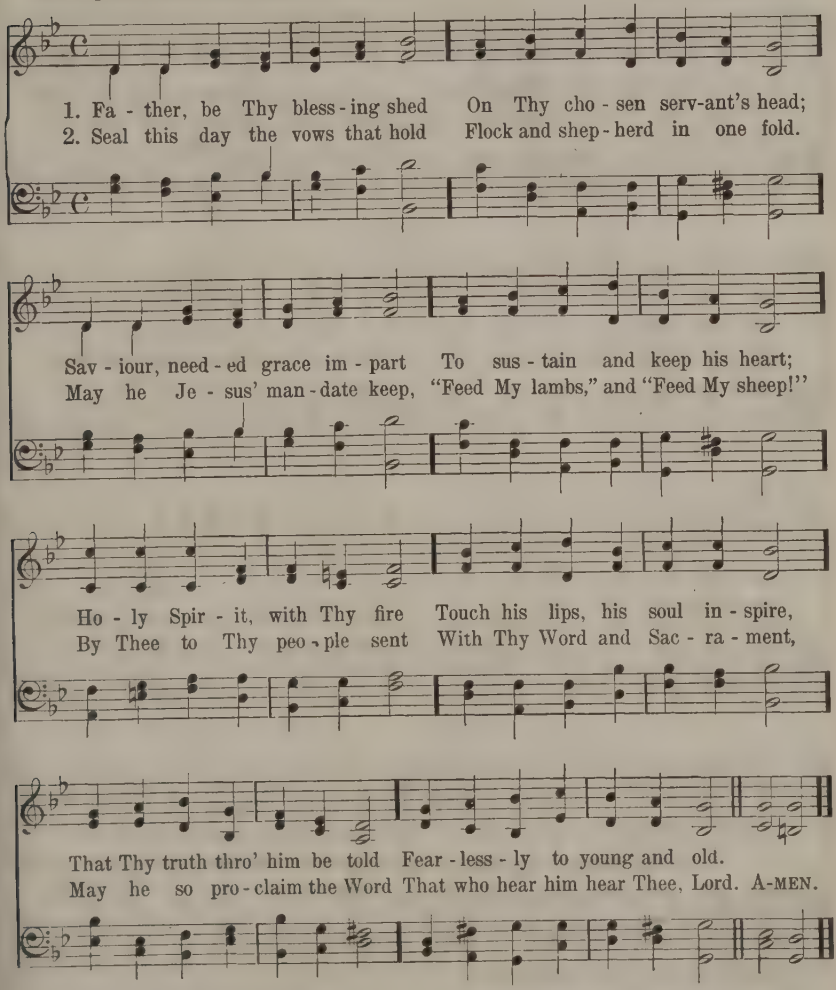
3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light,
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
In this and every land.

4 Be with them, God the Father!
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessèd Three in One!
Make them Thy chosen heralds,
On them the Spirit pour,
And fill them with Thy fullness
Both now and evermore!

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1866.

286. Father, Be Thy Blessing Shed.

Schwing dich auf zu deinem Gott. 7 7, 7 7. D. JOHANN CRÜGER. 1653.


1. Fa - ther, be Thy bless - ing shed On Thy cho - sen serv-ant's head;
2. Seal this day the vows that hold Flock and shep - herd in one fold.
Sav - iour, need - ed grace im - part To sus - tain and keep his heart;
May he Je - sus' man - date keep, "Feed My lambs," and "Feed My sheep!"
Ho - ly Spir - it, with Thy fire Touch his lips, his soul in - spire,
By Thee to Thy peo - ple sent With Thy Word and Sac - ra - ment,
That Thy truth thro' him be told Fear - less - ly to young and old.
May he so pro - claim the Word That who hear him hear Thee, Lord. A-MEN.

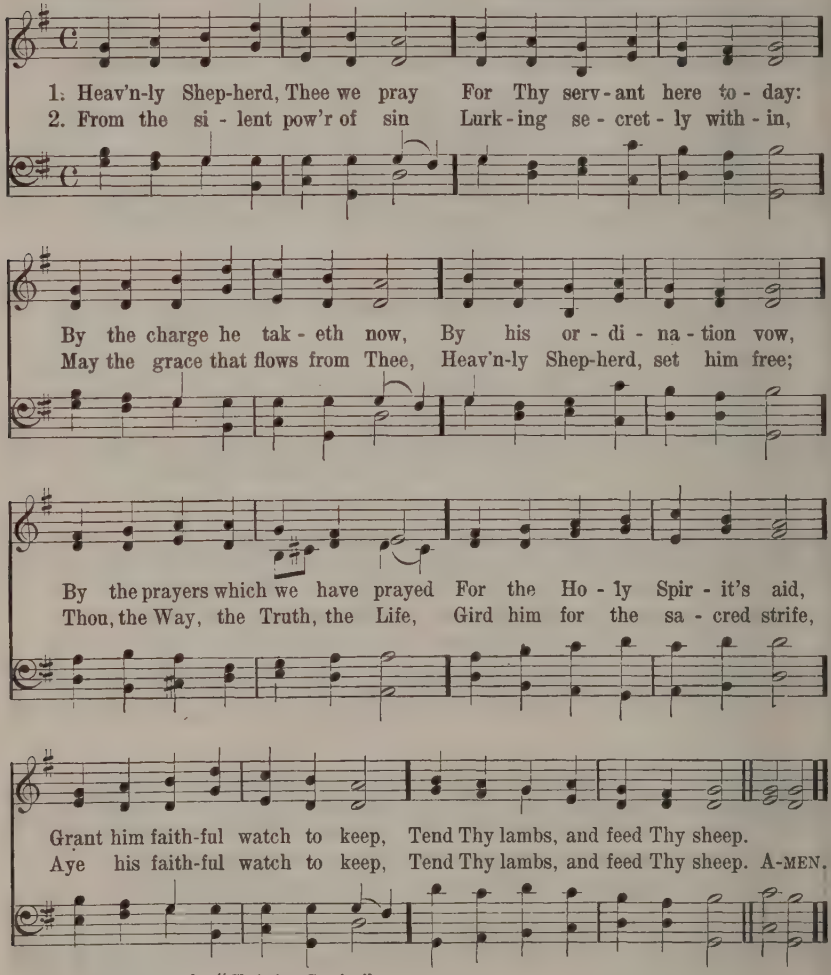
3 In Thy vineyard called to toil,
Wisely may he search the soil;
Sinners may he love and win,
While he hates and brands the sin.
Give him boldness for the right,
Give him meekness in the fight,
Teach him zeal and care to blend,
Give him patience to the end.

4 Grant him in his charge to find
Listening ear and fervent mind,
Helpful counsel, deepening peace,
Earnest life and glad increase;
May they, by each other led,
Grow to one in Christ, their Head,
And at last together be
Ripe for heaven and meet for Thee.

Samuel Gilman, 1869.

287. Heavenly Shepherd, Thee We Pray.

O Liebe meiner Liebe. 7 7, 7 7. D. Manuscript Herrnhut Choralbuch, 1735.


1. Heav'n-ly Shep-herd, Thee we pray For Thy serv-ant here to-day:
2. From the si-lent pow'r of sin Lurk-ing se-cret-ly with-in,
By the charge he tak-eth now, By his or-di-na-tion vow,
May the grace that flows from Thee, Heav'n-ly Shep-herd, set him free;
By the prayers which we have prayed For the Ho-ly Spir-it's aid,
Thou, the Way, the Truth, the Life, Gird him for the sa-cred strife,
Grant him faith-ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
Aye his faith-ful watch to keep, Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep. A-MEN.

See also hymns under "Christian Service."

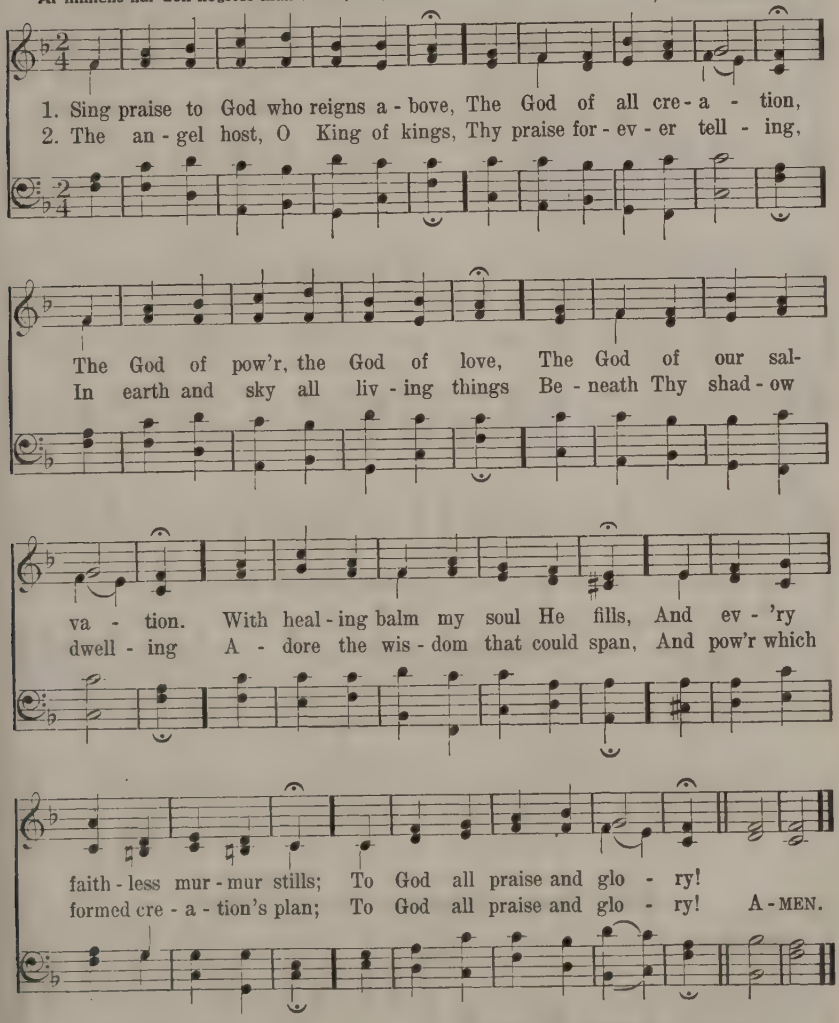
3 Speed him on his life-long way,
Speed him whom we speed to-day,
Till he win the promised crown,
When he lays his burden down
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,
Low before the mercy-seat:
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

4 To the blessèd Trinity
Now let praise and glory be,
In whose Name we meet to-day
For our guidance, as we pray
That we may, in all we do,
Pastor, and his flock, be true,
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,
Ransomed at Thy judgment seat.

Charles Goddard Woodhouse, (1835–1876).

288. Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above.

Af himlens här den högstes makt. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Swedish, 1697.


1. Sing praise to God who reigns a - bove, The God of all cre - a - tion,
2. The an - gel host, O King of kings, Thy praise for - ev - er tell - ing,
The God of pow'r, the God of love, The God of our sal-
In earth and sky all liv - ing things Be - neath Thy shad - ow
va - tion. With heal - ing balm my soul He fills, And ev - 'ry
dwell - ing A - dore the wis - dom that could span, And pow'r which
faith - less mur - mur stills; To God all praise and glo - ry!
formed cre - a - tion's plan; To God all praise and glo - ry! A - MEN.

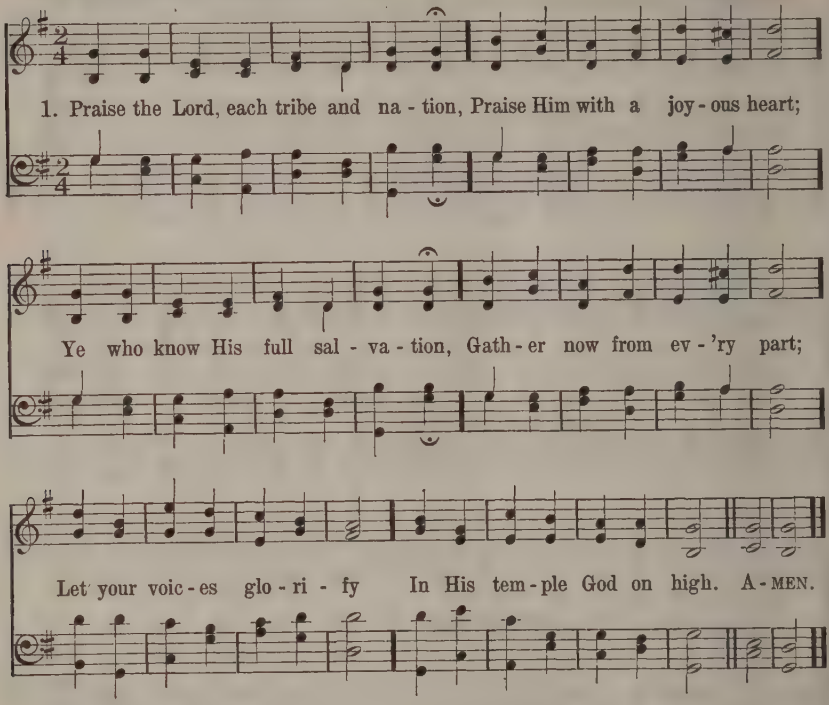
3 I cried to God in my distress,
His mercy heard me calling;
My Saviour saw my helplessness,
And kept my feet from falling;
For this, Lord, praise and thanks to Thee!
Praise God Most High, praise God with me!
To God all praise and glory!

4 Thus all my gladsome way along,
I'll sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises:
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart!
Both soul and body, bear your part!
To God all praise and glory!

Johann Jakob Schütz, 1675.

289. Praise the Lord, Each Tribe and Nation.

Hela världen fröjdes Herran! 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. Swedish, 1689.


1. Praise the Lord, each tribe and na - tion, Praise Him with a joy - ous heart;
Ye who know His full sal - va - tion, Gath - er now from ev - 'ry part;
Let your voic - es glo - ri - fy In His tem - ple God on high. A - MEN.

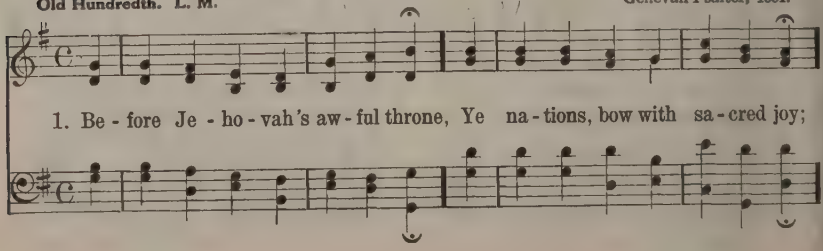
2 He's our God and our Creator,
We, His flock and chosen seed:
He, our Lord and Liberator,
Us from sin and peril freed;
And at last His flock shall rest
In the mansions of the blest.

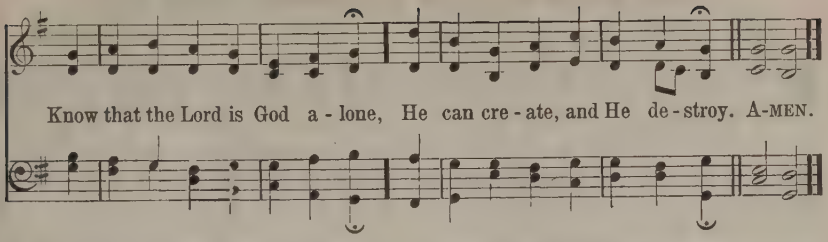
3 Magnify Him in His portals;
In His courts His deeds proclaim;
Hither come, ye ransomed mortals,
Glorify our Saviour's Name.
Ever kind and loving, He
Keeps His faith eternally.

Johann Franck, 1650.

290. Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.

Old Hundredth. L. M. Louis Bourgeois. Genevan Psalter, 1551.





2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

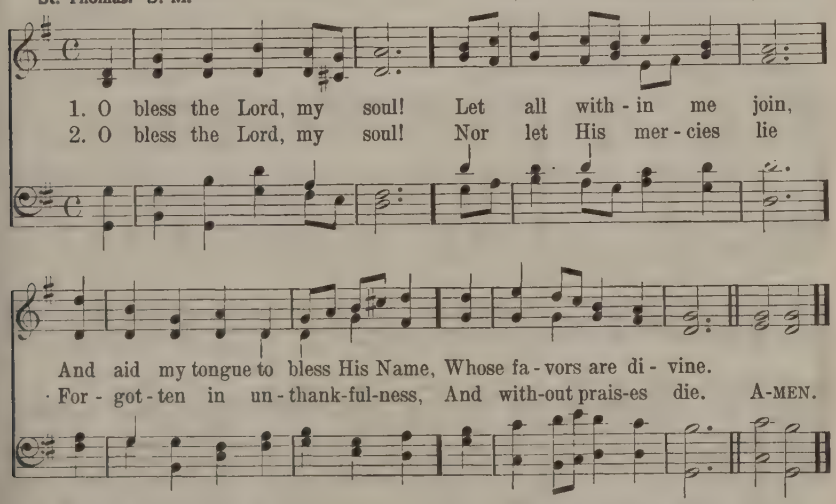
4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

291. O Bless the Lord, My Soul!

St. Thomas. S. M. AARON WILLIAMS, 1770.


1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with - in me join,
2. O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let His mer - cies lie
And aid my tongue to bless His Name, Whose fa - vors are di - vine.
For - got - ten in un - thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die. A-MEN.

3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave.
He that redeemed my soul from death
Hath sovereign power to save.

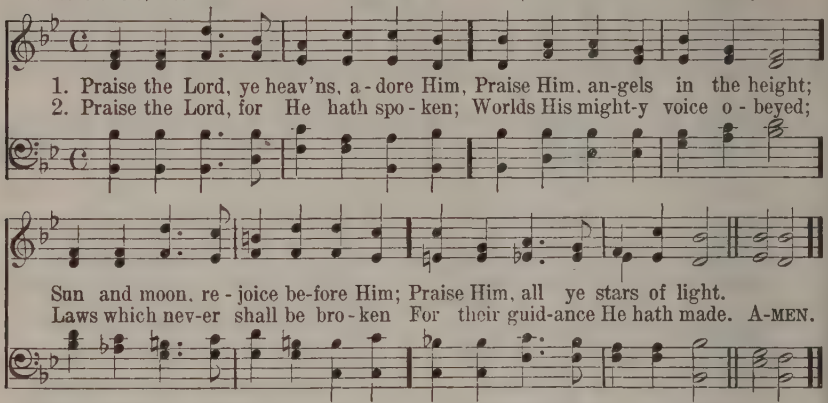
5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

292. Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens, Adore Him.

Lucerne. 8 7, 8 7. T. A. WILLIS, 1876.


1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an-gels in the height;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spo - ken; Worlds His might-y voice o - beyed;
Sun and moon, re - joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Laws which nev-er shall be bro - ken For their guid-ance He hath made. A-MEN.

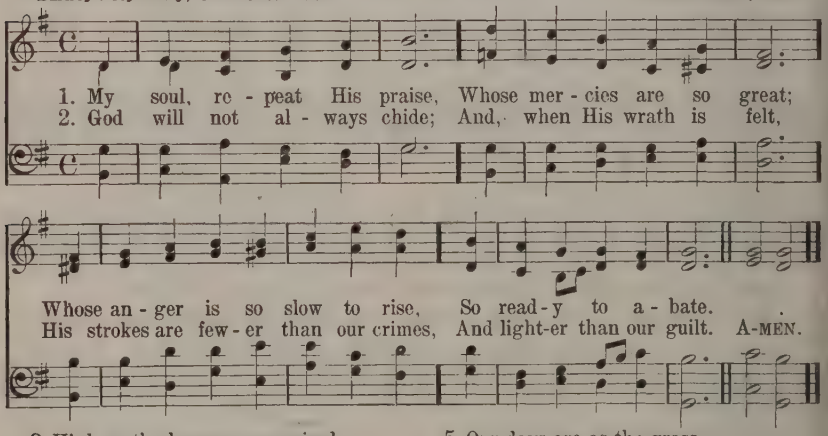
3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

Anonymous.

293. My Soul, Repeat His Praise.

Barnby's Hymnary, Tune 525. S. M. WILLIAM WINN, 1872.


1. My soul, re - peat His praise, Whose mer - cies are so great;
2. God will not al - ways chide; And, when His wrath is felt,
Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate.
His strokes are few - er than our crimes, And light-er than our guilt. A-MEN.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

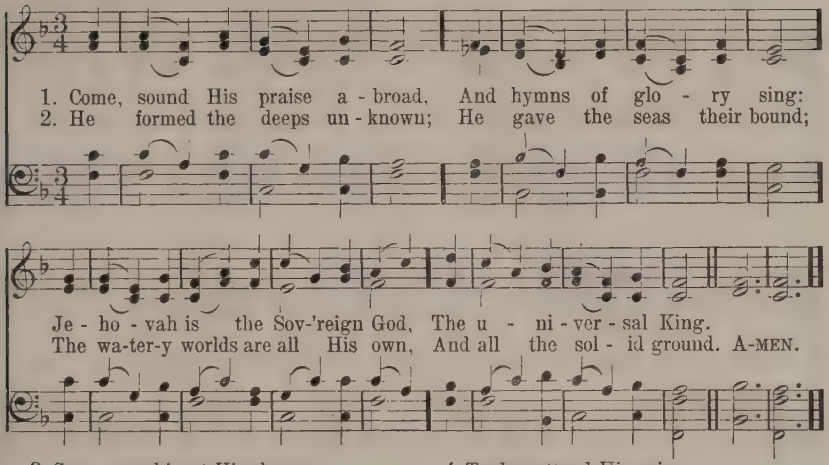
5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719

294. Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.

Dennis. S. M. Arr. from JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON, 1845.

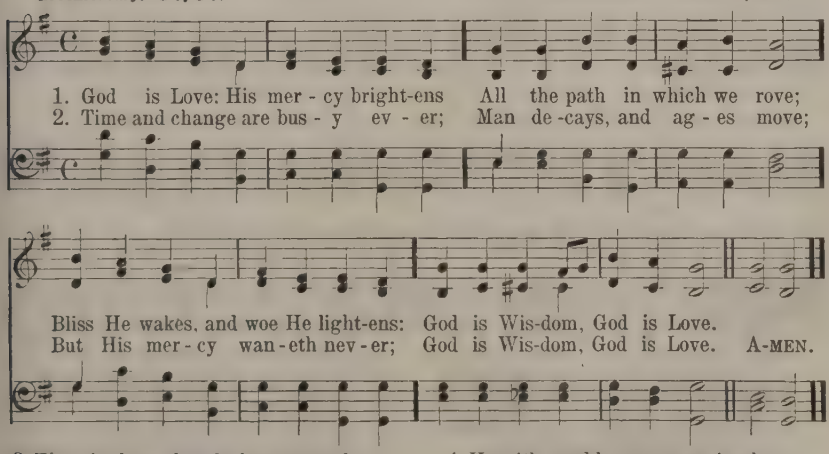

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;
Je - ho - vah is the Sov-'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wa-ter-y worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground. A-MEN.

3 Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord.
We are His work, and not our own:
He formed us by His Word.

4 To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

295. God Is Love: His Mercy Brightens.

Brocklesbury. 8 7, 8 7. CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD, 1868.

1. God is Love: His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Time and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de-cays, and ag - es move;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is Wis-dom, God is Love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is Wis-dom, God is Love. A-MEN.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

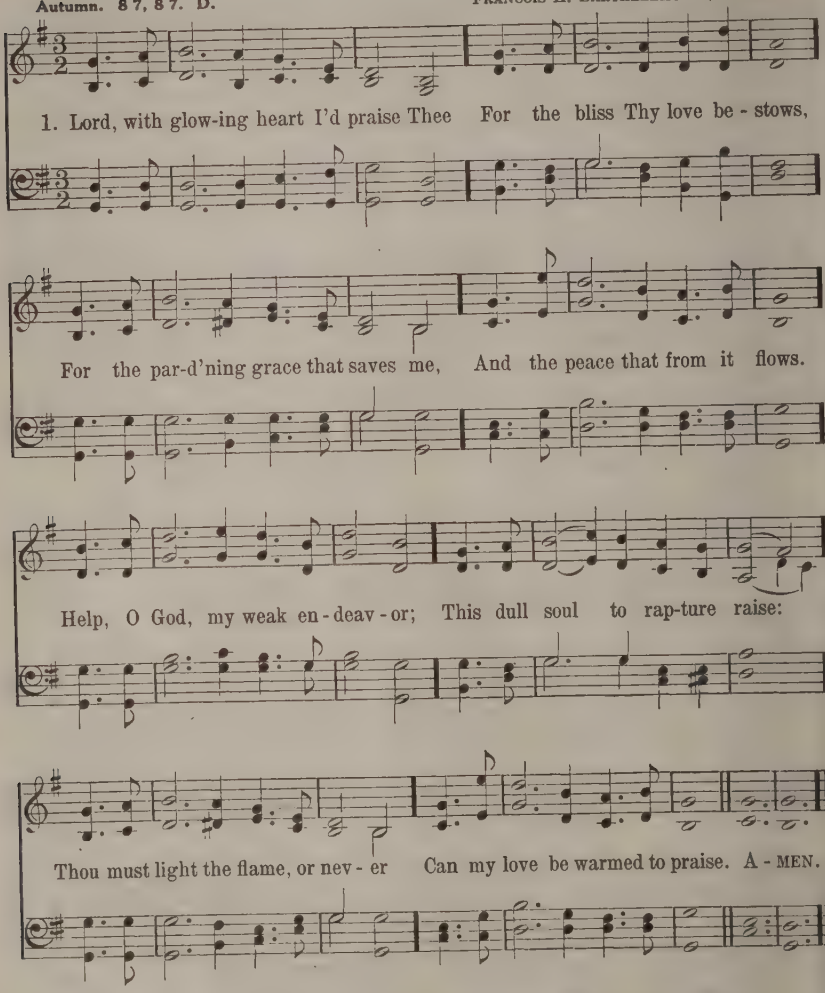
4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is Wisdom, God is Love.

John Bowring, 1825, a.

296. Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

Spanish Melody.
FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON? (1741-1808).

Autumn. 8 7, 8 7. D.


1. Lord, with glow-ing heart I'd praise Thee For the bliss Thy love be - stows,
For the par-d'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A - MEN.

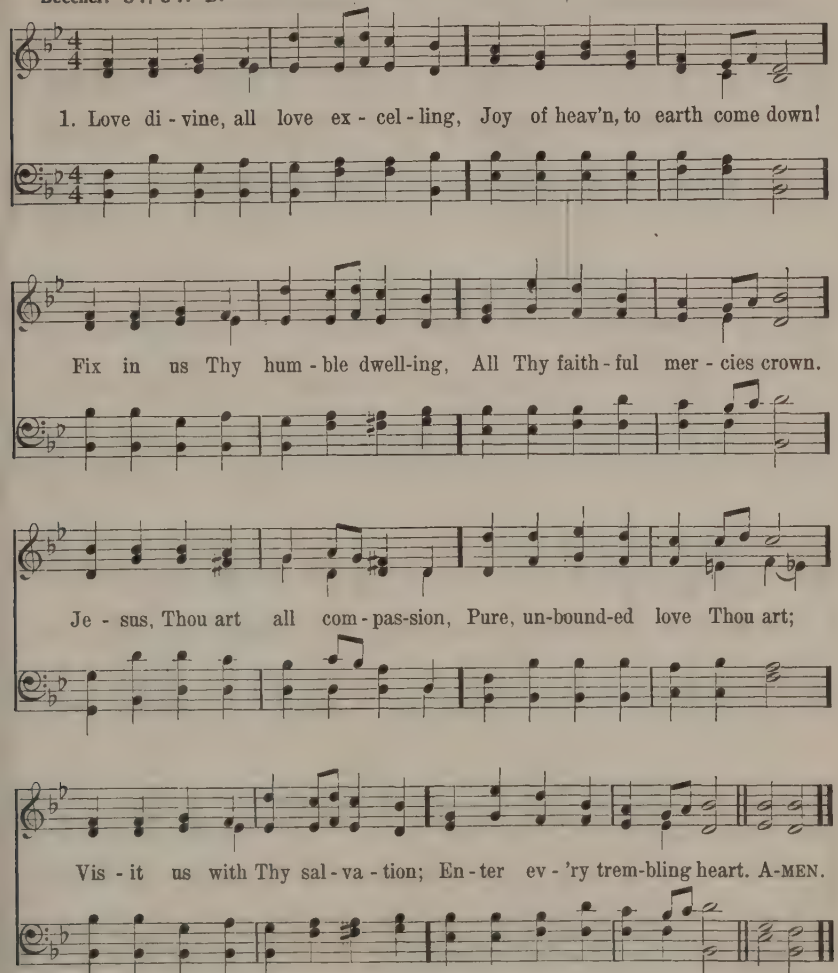
2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away.
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the bloodstained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise:
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

Francis Scott Key, 1823.

297. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

Beecher. 8 7. 8 7. D. JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.


1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart. A-MEN.

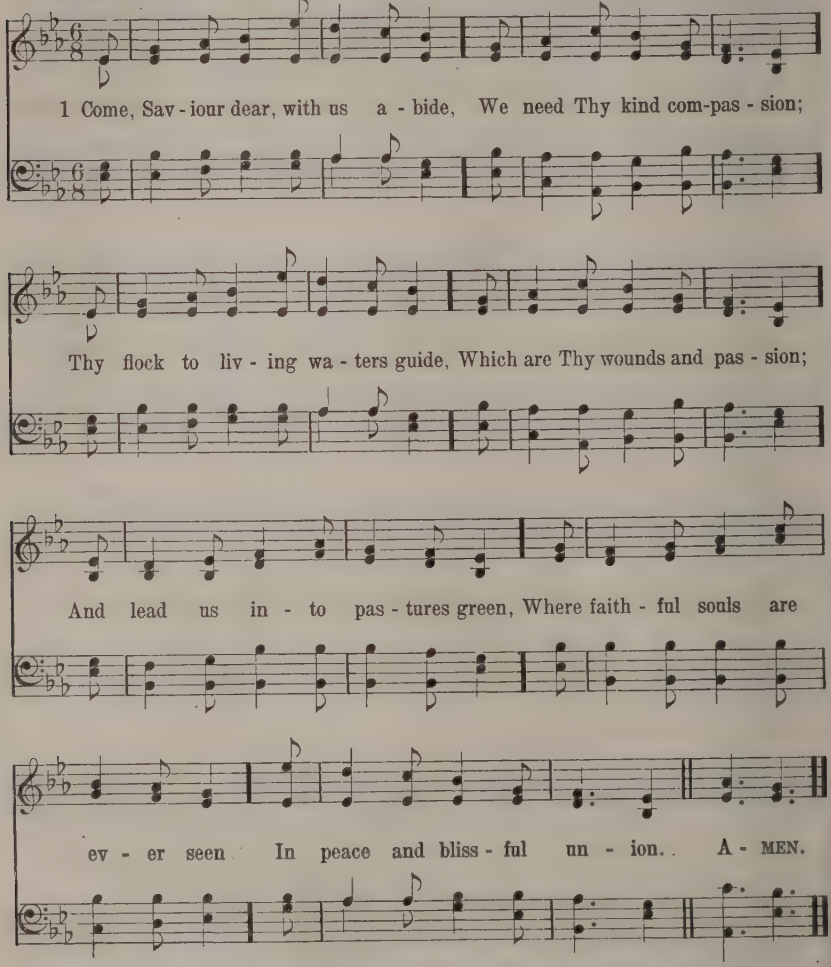
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1747.

298. Come, Saviour Dear, with Us Abide.

Kom, huldaste förbarmare. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. FREDRIK GABRIEL HEDBERG, (1811–1893).

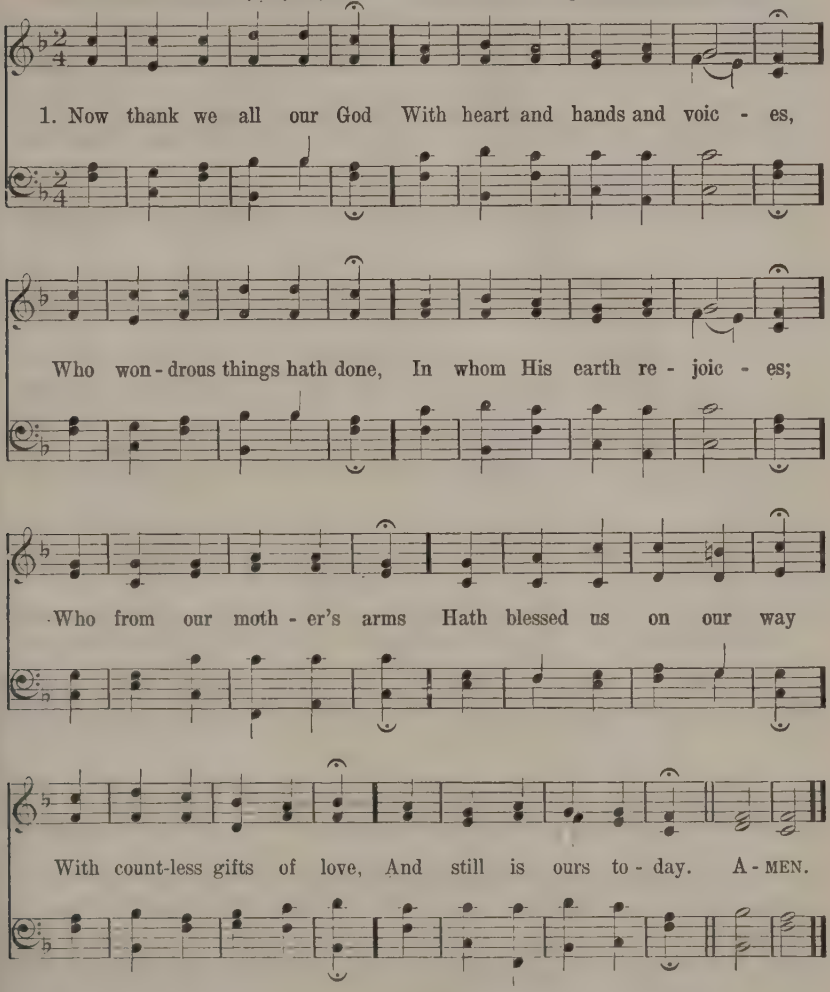

1 Come, Sav - iour dear, with us a - bide, We need Thy kind com-pas - sion;
Thy flock to liv - ing wa - ters guide, Which are Thy wounds and pas - sion;
And lead us in - to pas - tures green, Where faith - ful souls are
ev - er seen In peace and bliss - ful un - ion. A - MEN.

2. O Sea of love, pour out Thy flood
O'er all in blessèd showers;
The fiery darts quench with Thy blood,
And crush hell's evil powers.
Thou, of the world the Mercy-Seat,
Let of Thy love the gentle heat
Set all our hearts aglowing.

Andreas Carl Rutström, (1721–1772).

299. Now Thank We All Our God.

Nun danket alle Gott. 6 7, 6 7, 6 6, 6 6. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1648.


1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,
Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His earth re - joic - es;
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - MEN.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

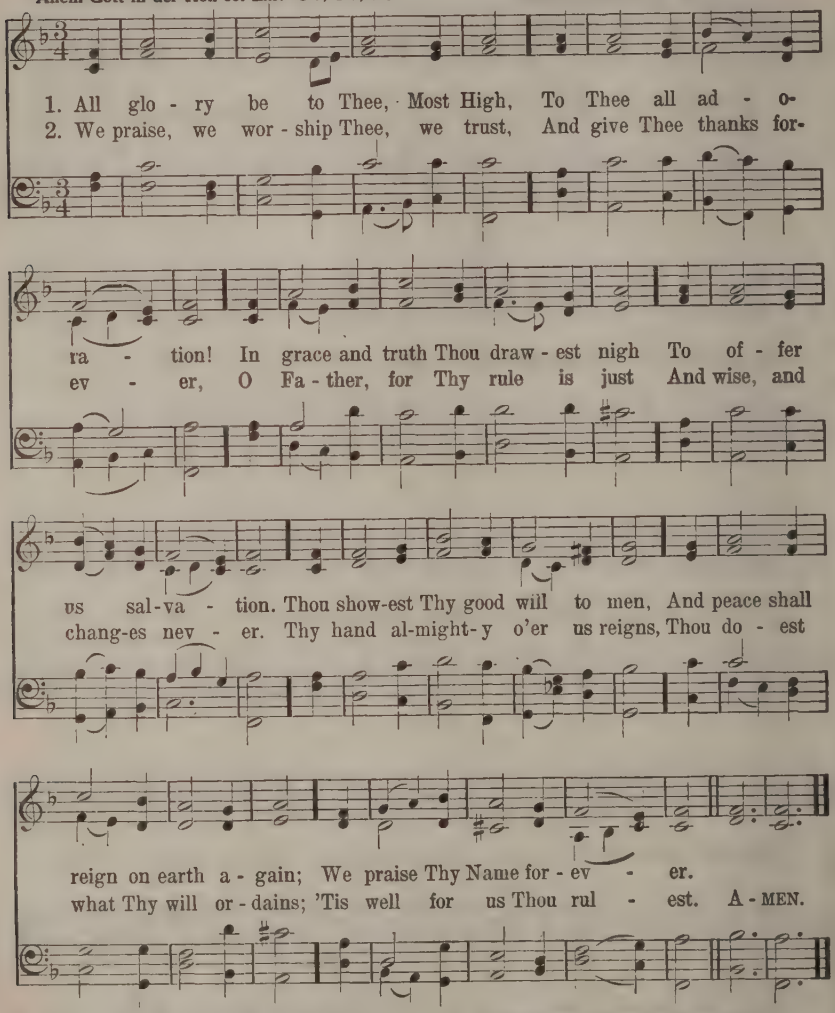
3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart, 1630.

300. All Glory Be to Thee, Most High.

Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7.

VALENTIN SCHUMANN'S Geistliche Lieder, 1539.
NICOLAUS DECIUS? 1539.


1. All glo - ry be to Thee, Most High, To Thee all ad - o-
2. We praise, we wor - ship Thee, we trust, And give Thee thanks for-
ra - tion! In grace and truth Thou draw - est nigh To of - fer
ev - er, O Fa - ther, for Thy rule is just And wise, and
us sal-va - tion. Thou show-est Thy good will to men, And peace shall
chang-es nev - er. Thy hand al-might-y o'er us reigns, Thou do - est
reign on earth a - gain; We praise Thy Name for - ev - er.
what Thy will or - dains; 'Tis well for us Thou rul - est. A - MEN.

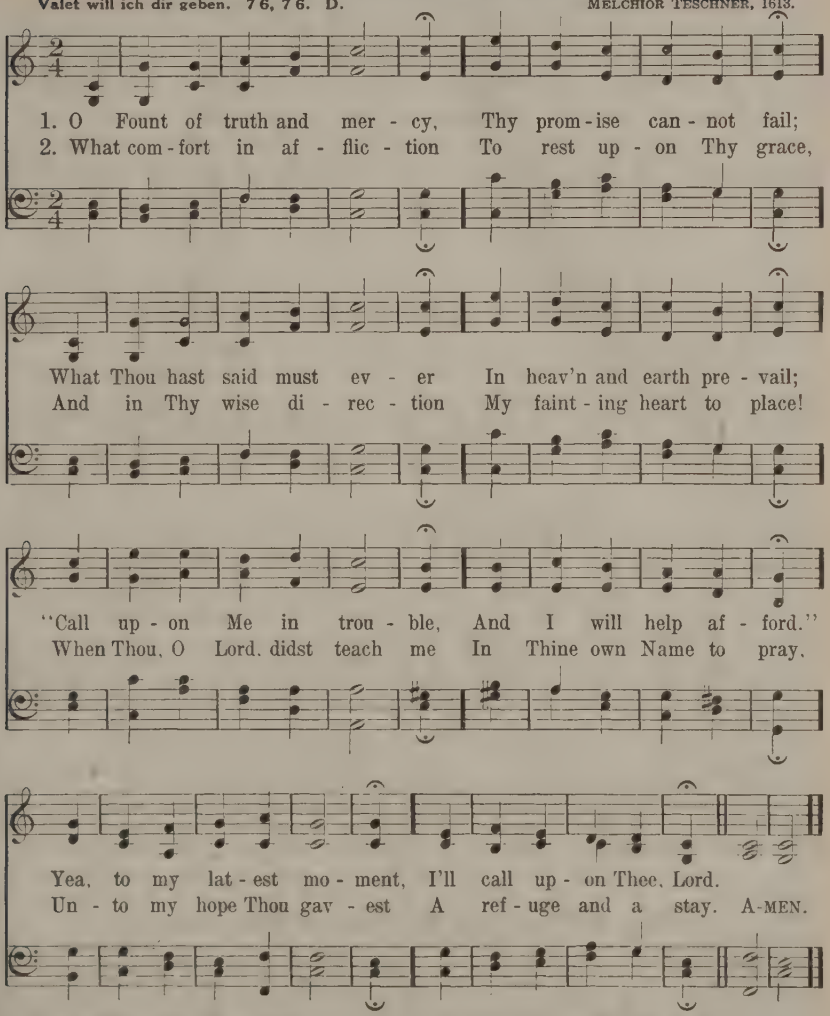
3 O Jesus Christ, our God and Lord,
Son of the Heavenly Father,
O Thou, who hast our peace restored,
The straying sheep dost gather,
Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high
Out of the depths we sinners cry:
Have mercy on us, Jesus!

4 O Holy Ghost, Thou precious gift,
Thou Comforter, unfailing,
From Satan's snares our souls uplift,
And let Thy power, availing,
Avert our woes and calm our dread;
For us the Saviour's blood was shed,
We trust in Thee to save us!

Nicolaus Decius, 1526, 1539.

301. O Fount of Truth and Mercy.

Valet will ich dir geben. 7 6, 7 6. D. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.


1. O Fount of truth and mer - cy, Thy prom - ise can - not fail;
2. What com - fort in af - flic - tion To rest up - on Thy grace,
What Thou hast said must ev - er In heav'n and earth pre - vail;
And in Thy wise di - rec - tion My faint - ing heart to place!
"Call up - on Me in trou - ble, And I will help af - ford."
When Thou, O Lord, didst teach me In Thine own Name to pray,
Yea, to my lat - est mo - ment, I'll call up - on Thee, Lord.
Un - to my hope Thou gav - est A ref - uge and a stay. A-MEN.

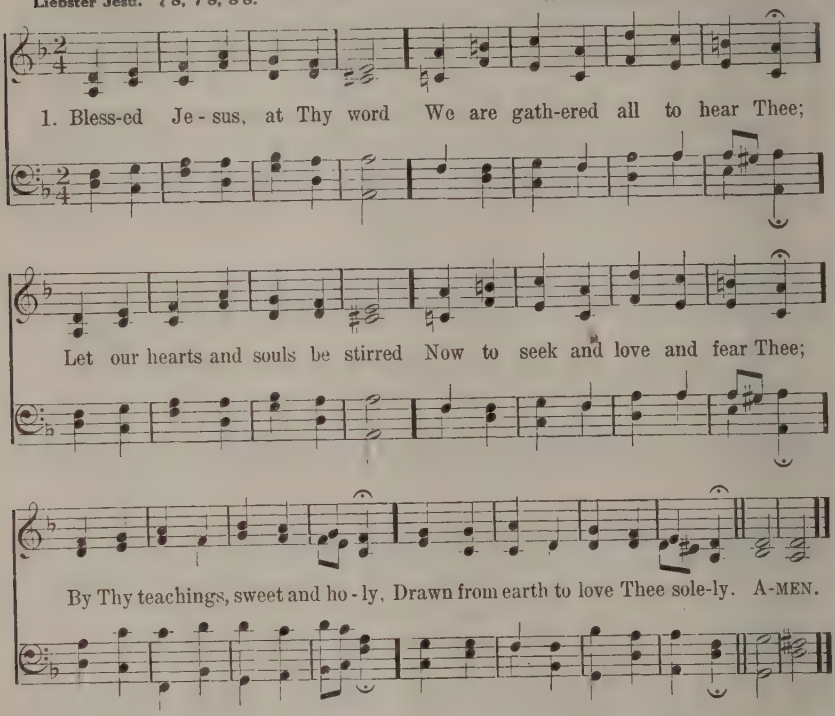
3 The yearnings of my bosom
Thou hearest, Lord, I know;
What to my weal pertaineth
I know Thou wilt bestow.
In times of deepest anguish
Thy helping hand is near,
And on Thy loving bosom
My sorrows Thou wilt bear.

4 And to this blest assurance
I'll cling for evermore;
And never shall I weary
A Father to implore.
Depart, despair and anguish
That oft my soul oppress;
I'll cling unto my Saviour
Till He my soul shall bless.

Per Olof Nyström, 1816.

302. Blessed Jesus, at Thy Word.

Liebster Jesu. 7 8, 7 8, 8 8. CARL WOLFGANG BRIEGEL, 1687.


1. Bless-ed Je - sus, at Thy word We are gath-ered all to hear Thee;
Let our hearts and souls be stirred Now to seek and love and fear Thee;
By Thy teachings, sweet and ho - ly, Drawn from earth to love Thee sole-ly. A-MEN.

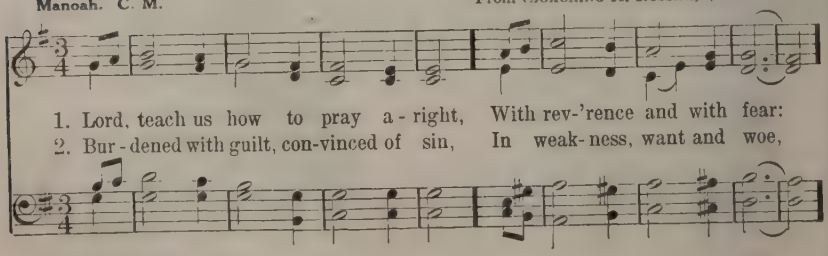
2 All our knowledge, sense, and sight
Lie in deepest darkness shrouded,
Till Thy Spirit breaks our night
With the beams of truth unclouded.
Thou alone to God canst win us;
Thou must work all good within us.

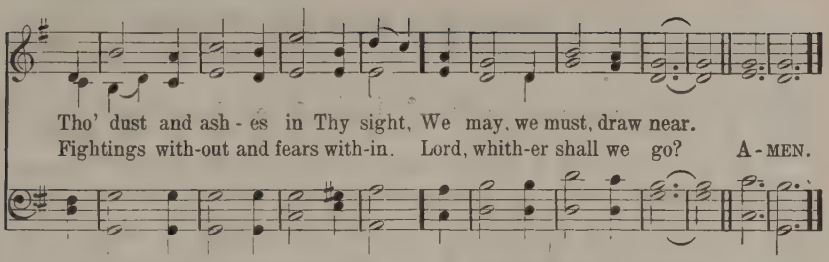
3 Glorious Lord, Thyself impart!
Light of light, from God proceeding,
Open Thou our ears and heart,
Help us by Thy Spirit's pleading;
Hear the cry Thy people raises,
Hear, and bless our prayers and praises.

Tobias Clausnitzer, 1663.

303. Lord, Teach Us How to Pray Aright.

Manoah. C. M. From GIOACHINO A. ROSSINI, (1792–1868).


1. Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With rev-'rence and with fear:
2. Bur - dened with guilt, con-vinced of sin, In weak-ness, want and woe,



3 God of all grace, we come to Thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

4 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desire, with confidence,
To hear Thy voice and live:

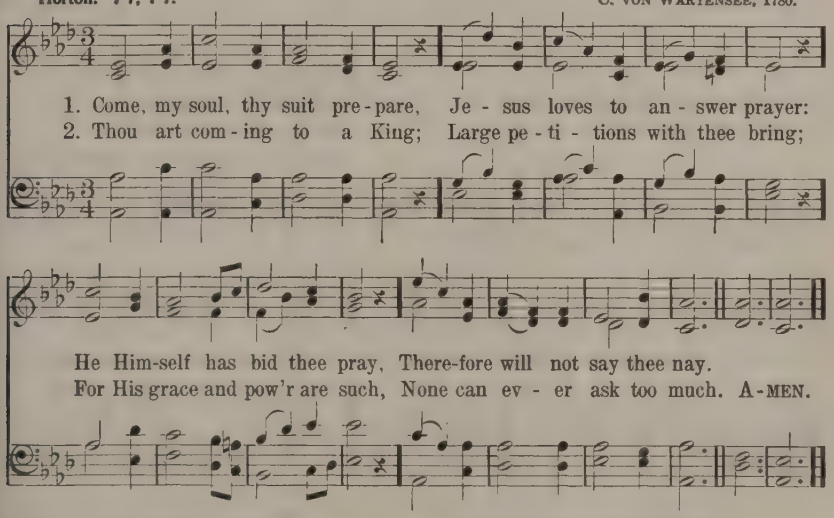
5 Faith in the only Sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone.

6 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, through Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery, 1818.

304. Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare.

Horton. 77, 77. C. VON WARTENSEE, 1780.


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer:
2. Thou art com - ing to a King; Large pe - ti - tions with thee bring;
He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay.
For His grace and pow'r are such, None can ev - er ask too much. A - MEN.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

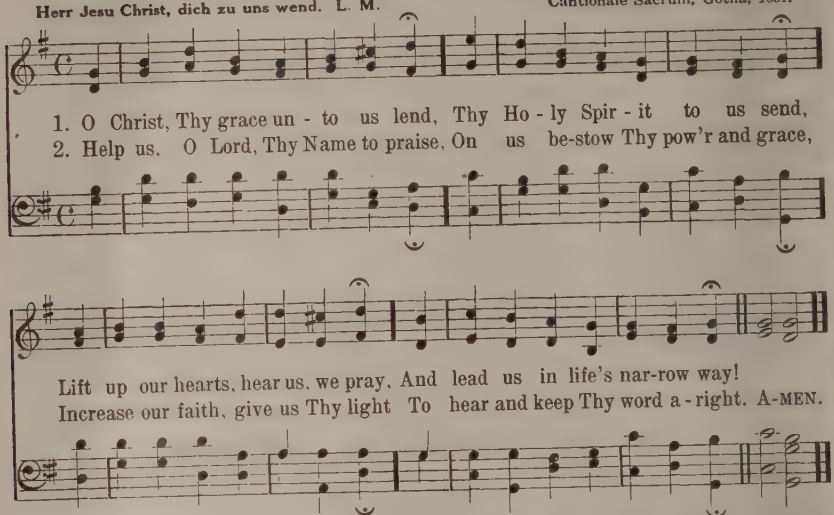
5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer:
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779.

305. O Christ, Thy Grace unto Us Lend.

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend. L. M. Cantionale Sacrum, Gotha, 1651.


1. O Christ, Thy grace un - to us lend, Thy Ho - ly Spir - it to us send,
2. Help us, O Lord, Thy Name to praise, On us be-stow Thy pow'r and grace,
Lift up our hearts, hear us, we pray, And lead us in life's nar-row way!
Increase our faith, give us Thy light To hear and keep Thy word a - right. A-MEN.

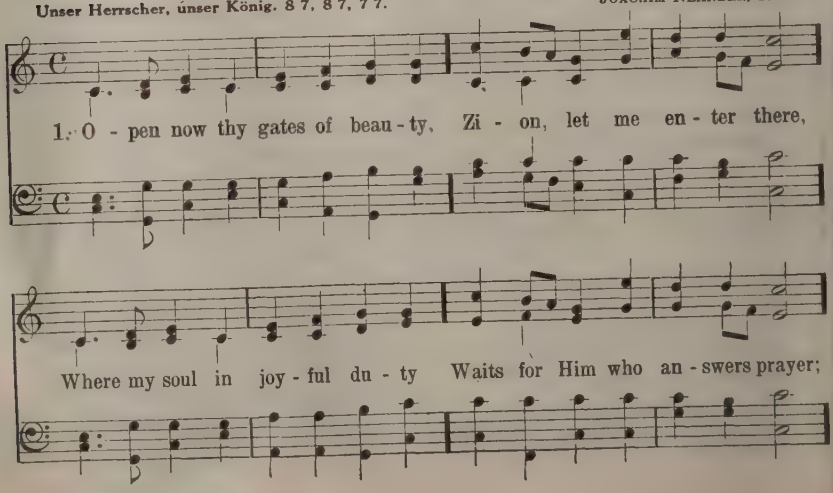
3 Till we in heaven, with one accord,
Sing, "Holy, holy, holy Lord."
And there in glory Thee behold,
Revealed 'mid angel hosts untold.

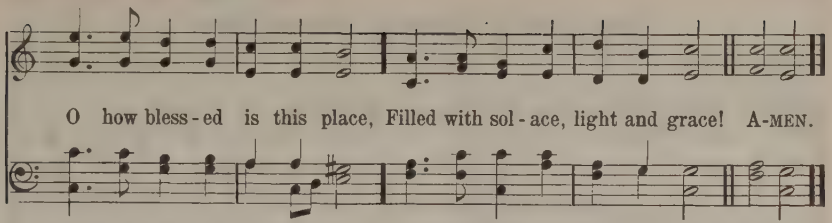
4 Praise to the Father and the Son,
And to the Spirit, Three in One.
Yea, to the Holy Trinity
Be praise throughout eternity!

Wilhelm II, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, 1651.

306. Open Now Thy Gates of Beauty.

Unser Herrscher, unser König. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. JOACHIM NEANDER, 1679.





2 Gracious God, I come before Thee,
Come Thou also down to me;
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart O enter Thou,
Let it be Thy temple now.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,
Here Thy seed is duly sown:
Let my soul, where it is planted,
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,
So that all I hear may be
Fruitful unto life in me.

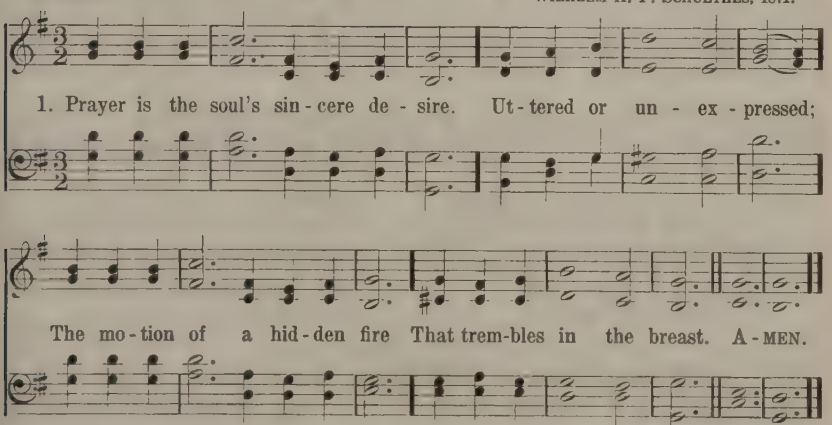
4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep Thy gift divine;
Howsoe'er temptations thicken,
May Thy Word still o'er me shine
As my guiding star through life,
As my comfort in all strife.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,
Let Thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near Thee
While Thy people Thou dost feed:
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1734.

307. Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

Lambeth. C. M. WILHELM A. F. SCHULTHES, 1871.



2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

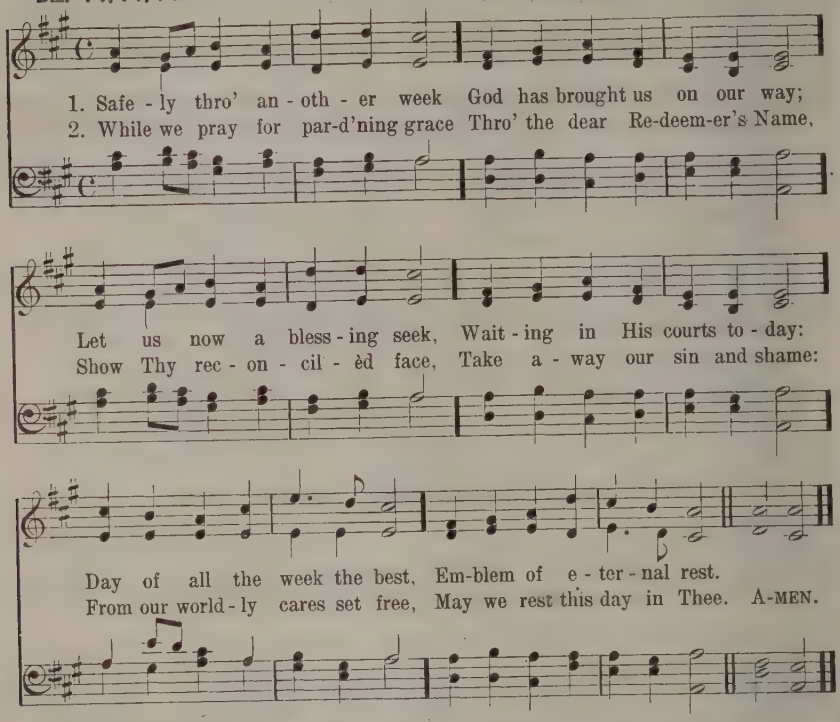
4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The paths of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery, 1818.

308. Safely Through Another Week.

Dix. 77, 77, 77. CONRAD KOCHER, 1838.


1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's Name,
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day:
Show Thy rec - on - cil - èd face, Take a - way our sin and shame:
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee. A-MEN.

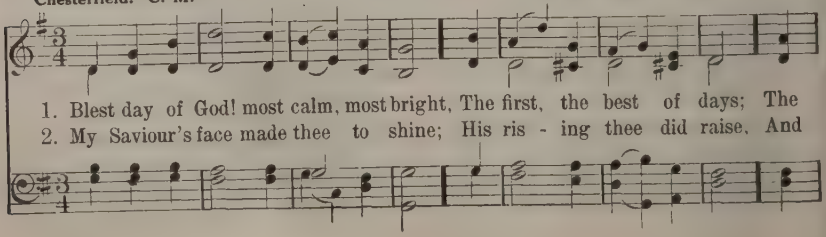
3 Here we come, Thy Name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting rest.

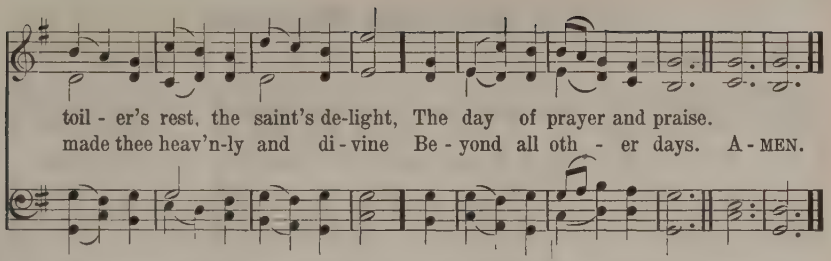
4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

John Newton, 1774, a.

309. Blest Day of God! Most Calm, Most Bright.

Chesterfield. C. M. THOMAS HAWEIS, 1780.
Har. by HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT.


1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; The
2. My Saviour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise, And



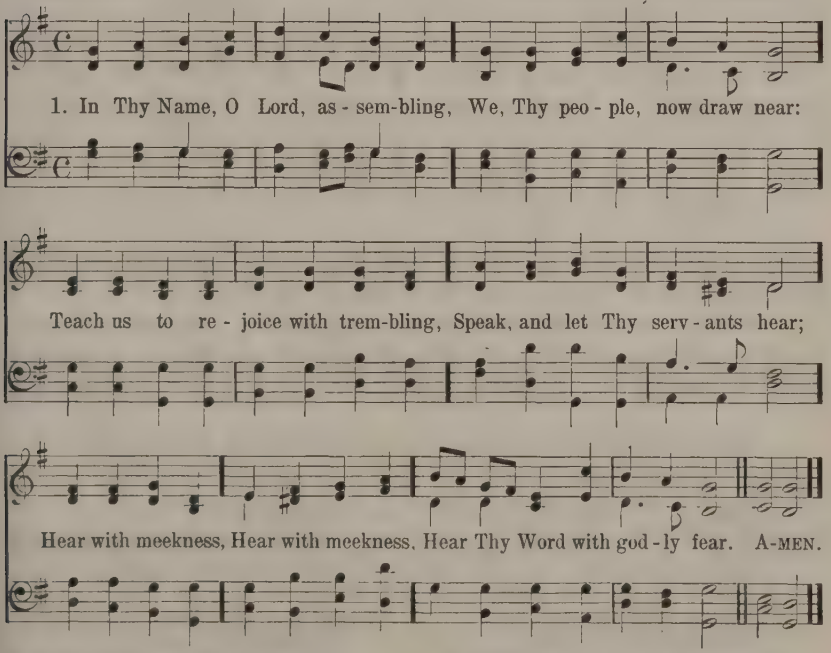
3 The firstfruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

John Mason, 1683.

310. In Thy Name, O Lord, Assembling.

Dulce Carmen. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, (1737-1806)?


1. In Thy Name, O Lord, as - sem-bling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near:
Teach us to re - joice with trem-bling, Speak, and let Thy serv - ants hear;
Hear with meekness, Hear with meekness, Hear Thy Word with god - ly fear. A-MEN.

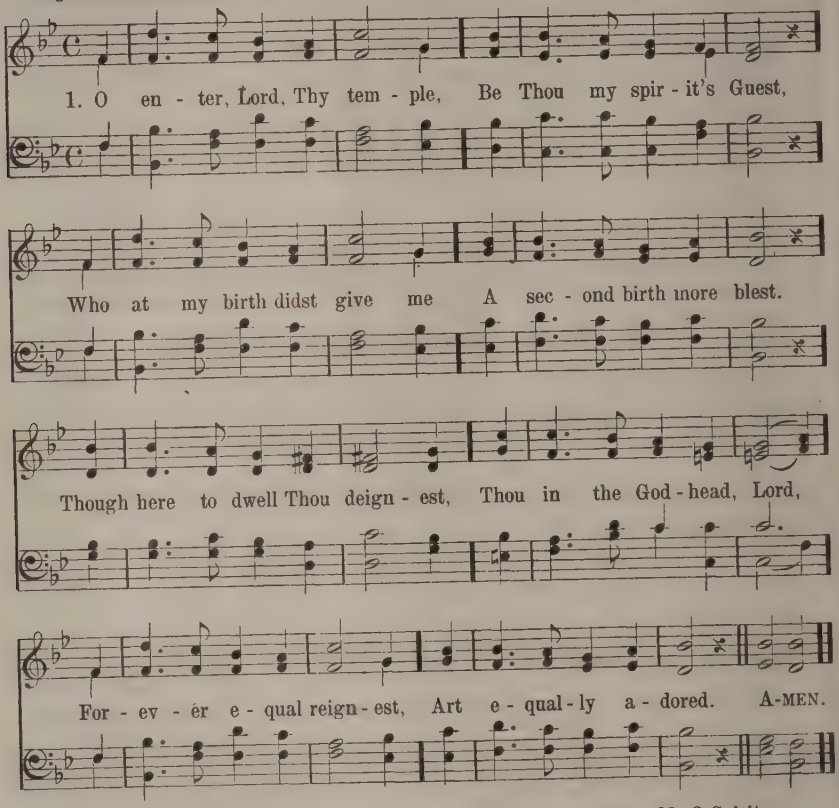
2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till the glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full and pure for evermore.

Thomas Kelly, 1815.

311. O Enter, Lord, Thy Temple.

Mig kläd i helig prydnad. 76, 76. D. ALBERT ESAIAS LINDSTRÖM, b. 1853.


1. O en - ter, Lord, Thy tem - ple, Be Thou my spir - it's Guest,
Who at my birth didst give me A sec - ond birth more blest.
Though here to dwell Thou deign - est, Thou in the God - head, Lord,
For - ev - er e - qual reign - est, Art e - qual - ly a - dored. A-MEN.

2 O enter, let me know Thee,
And feel Thy power within,
The power that breaks our fetters,
And rescues us from sin.
That I may serve Thee truly,
O wash and cleanse Thou me,
To render honor duly
With perfect heart to Thee.

3 'Tis Thou, O Spirit, teachest
The soul to pray aright;
Thy songs are sweetest music,
Thy prayers have wondrous might.
They pierce the highest heaven,
Unheard they cannot fall,
Till He His help hath given
Who surely helpeth all.

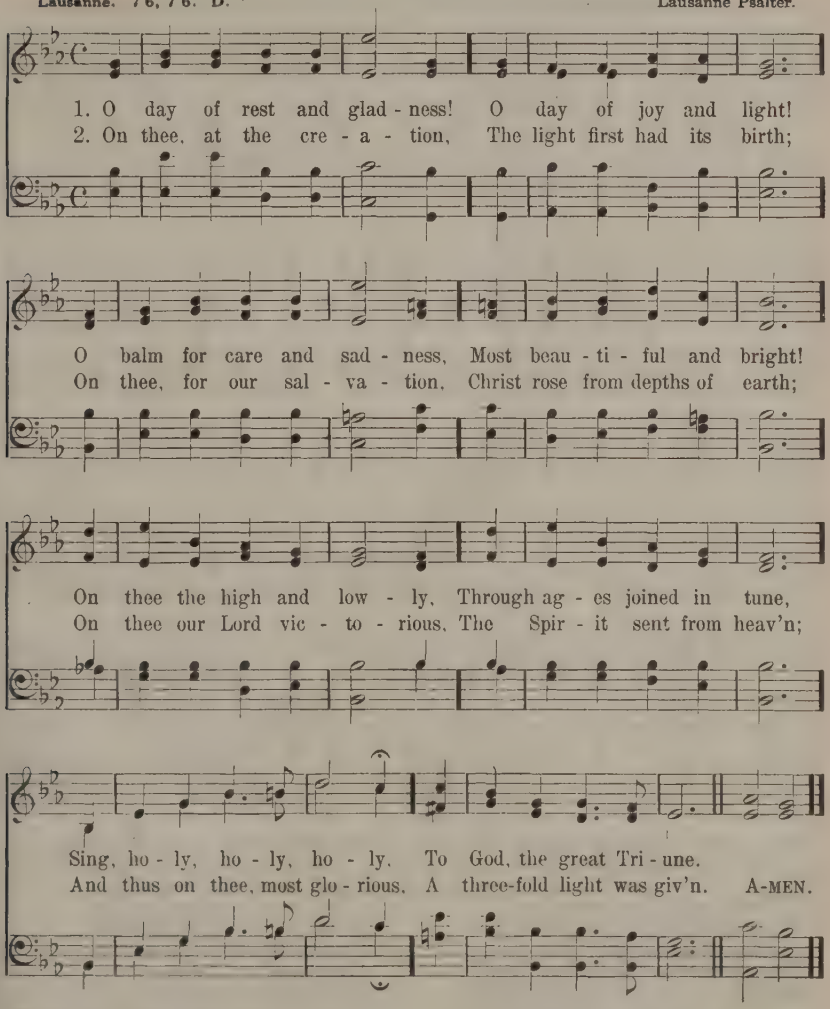
4 The whole wide world, O Spirit,
Upon Thy hands doth rest;
Our wayward hearts Thou turnest
As to Thee seemeth best.
As Thou hast done so often,
Once more Thy power make known,
Convert the wicked, soften
To tears the heart of stone.

5 Our path in all things order
According to Thy mind;
And when this life is over,
And all must be resigned,
With calm and fearless spirit
O grant us then to die,
And after death inherit
Eternal life on high.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

312. O Day of Rest and Gladness!

Lausanne. 7 6, 7 6. D. Lausanne Psalter.


1. O day of rest and glad - ness! O day of joy and light!
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
O balm for care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful and bright!
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee the high and low - ly, Through ag - es joined in tune,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heav'n;
Sing, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly. To God, the great Tri - une.
And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A three-fold light was giv'n. A-MEN.

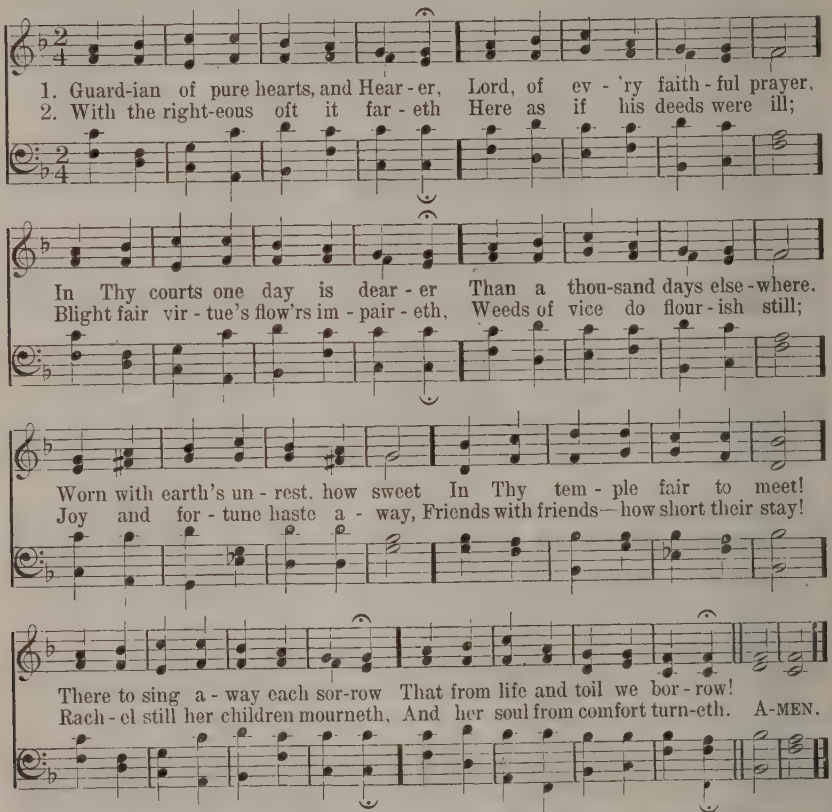
3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this one day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son,
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862, a.

313. Guardian of Pure Hearts, and Hearer.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.


1. Guard-ian of pure hearts, and Hear-er, Lord, of ev-'ry faith-ful prayer,
2. With the right-eous oft it far-eth Here as if his deeds were ill;
In Thy courts one day is dear-er Than a thou-sand days else-where.
Blight fair vir-tue's flow'rs im-pair-eth, Weeds of vice do flour-ish still;
Worn with earth's un-rest, how sweet In Thy tem-ple fair to meet!
Joy and for-tune haste a-way, Friends with friends—how short their stay!
There to sing a-way each sor-row That from life and toil we bor-row!
Rach-el still her children mourneth, And her soul from comfort turn-eth. A-MEN.

3 But when here devoutly soareth
High the temple-anthem sweet,
Grief grows calm, no plaint outpoureth,
Hearts with holy rapture beat:
Free from earthly clouds, the soul
Presses toward a higher goal,
Takes from hope the comfort given,
Speaks e'en now the tongue of heaven.

4 O my soul, on wings ascending,
Thou on Salem's mount shalt rest:
There where cherub-harps are blending
With the singing of the blest:
Let thy note of praise and prayer
To thy God precede thee there,
While e'en yet a careworn mortal,
Still without thy Father's portal.

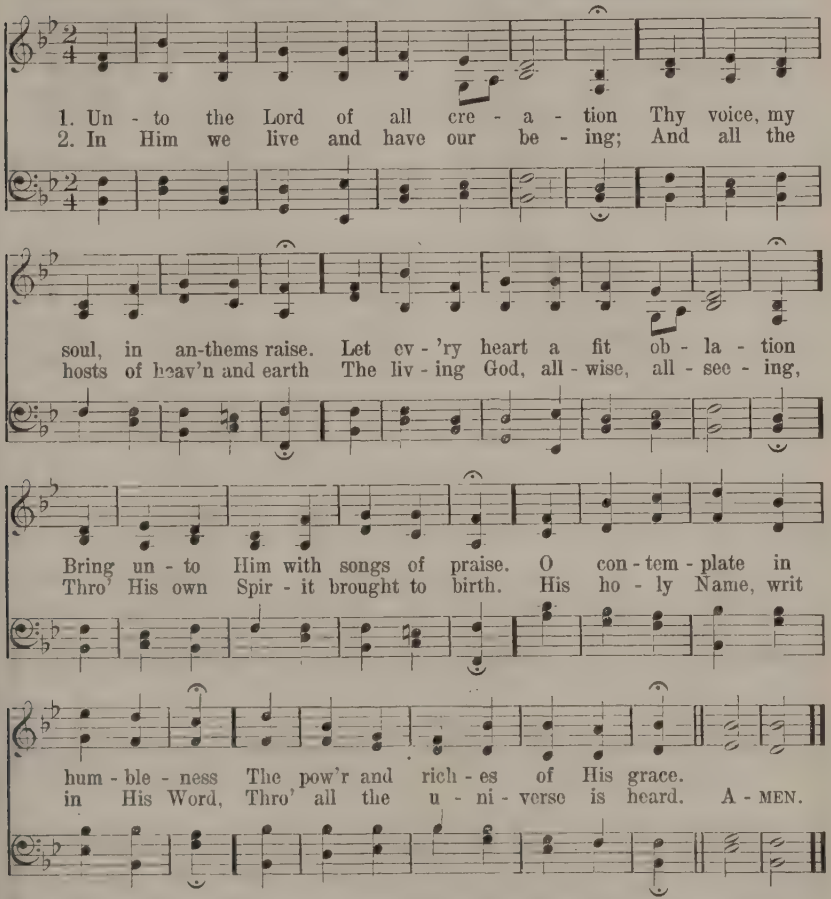
5 Christians, while on earth abiding,
Let us ever praise and pray,
Firmly in our God confiding,
As our fathers in their day;
Be the children's voices raised
To the God their fathers praised.
Let His bounty, failing never,
Be on us and all forever.

6 Bless us, Father, and protect us,
Be our souls' sure hiding-place,
Let Thy wisdom still direct us,
Light our darkness with Thy grace!
Let Thy countenance on us shine,
Fill us all with peace divine.
Praise the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Praise Him all that life inherit.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

314. Unto the Lord of All Creation.

Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende. 9 8, 9 8, 8 8. BRONNER'S Choral-Buch, 1715.


1. Un - to the Lord of all cre - a - tion Thy voice, my
2. In Him we live and have our be - ing; And all the
soul, in an-thems raise. Let ev - 'ry heart a fit ob - la - tion
hosts of heav'n and earth The liv - ing God, all - wise, all - see - ing,
Bring un - to Him with songs of praise. O con - tem - plate in
Thro' His own Spir - it brought to birth. His ho - ly Name, writ
hum - ble - ness The pow'r and rich - es of His grace.
in His Word, Thro' all the u - ni - verse is heard. A - MEN.

3 The Lord who laid the earth's foundation,
And for the stars their course decreed,
Whose hand hath ordered all creation,
Provideth for our every need;
For God is Love: the Father's care
His smallest child shall duly share.

4 From out the gloom mine eye descrieth
The Maker's footprints in the sky;
The starry chorus testifieth
To His eternal majesty;
While on my path each tiny flower
Proclaims His glory and His power.

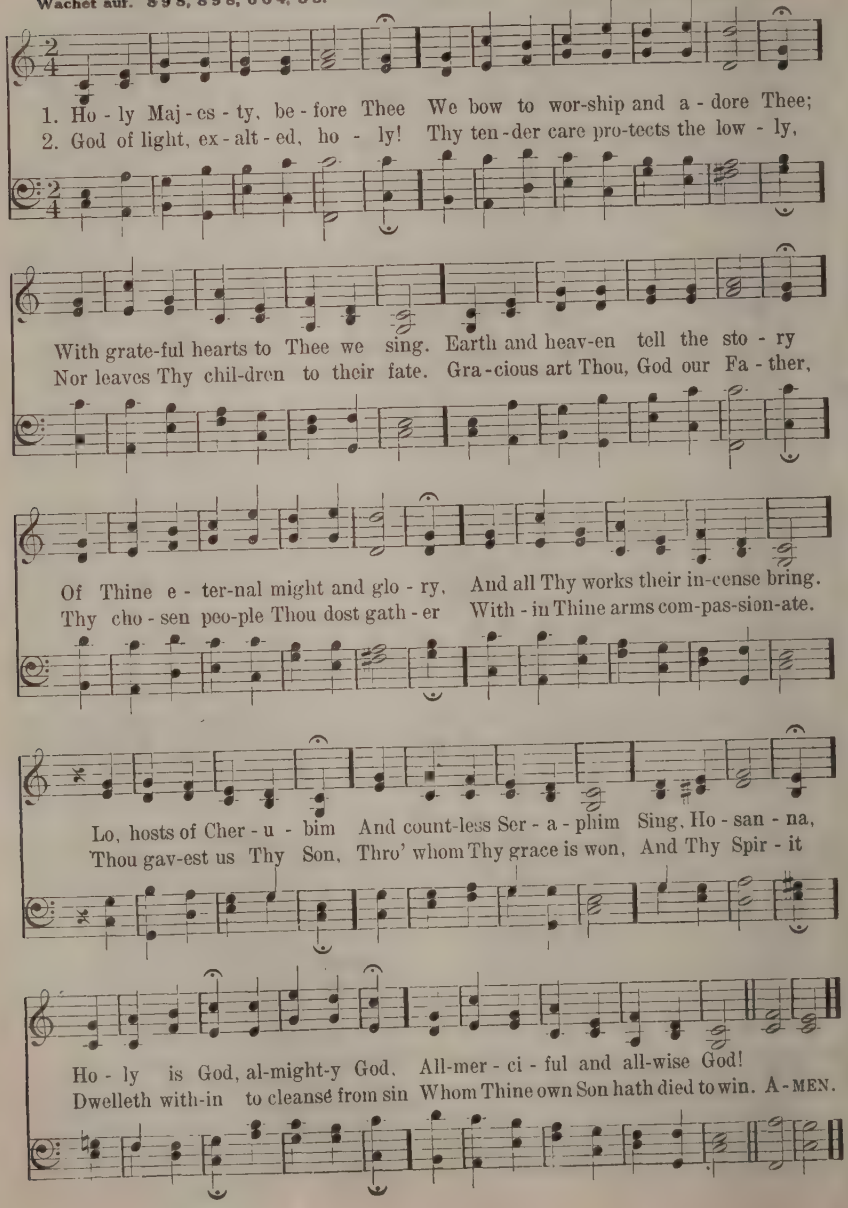
5 Into Thy hand, O God Almighty,
My weal and woe I will entrust;
My need Thou seest who takest pity
On every worm that crawls the dust.
In pleasure's path or sorrow's way
Be Thou my Guide, O Lord, I pray.

6 And when the morning star appeareth,
Thy grace, Thy glory we proclaim;
When falls the dew, and evening neareth,
O Lord, we call upon Thy Name.
Upon Thy mercy we rely,
Father, Creator, God on high.

Arvid August Afzelius, 1814.

315. Holy Majesty, Before Thee.

Wachet auf. 8 9 8, 8 9 8, 6 6 4, 8 8. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.


1. Ho - ly Maj - es - ty, be - fore Thee We bow to wor-ship and a - dore Thee;
2. God of light, ex - alt - ed, ho - ly! Thy ten - der care pro-tects the low - ly,
With grate-ful hearts to Thee we sing. Earth and heav-en tell the sto - ry
Nor leaves Thy chil-dren to their fate. Gra - cious art Thou, God our Fa - ther,
Of Thine e - ter-nal might and glo - ry, And all Thy works their in-cense bring.
Thy cho - sen peo-ple Thou dost gath - er With - in Thine arms com-pas-sion-ate.
Lo, hosts of Cher - u - bim And count-less Ser - a - phim Sing, Ho - san - na,
Thou gav-est us Thy Son, Thro' whom Thy grace is won, And Thy Spir - it
Ho - ly is God, al-might-y God, All-mer - ci - ful and all-wise God!
Dwelleth with-in to cleanse from sin Whom Thine own Son hath died to win. A - MEN.

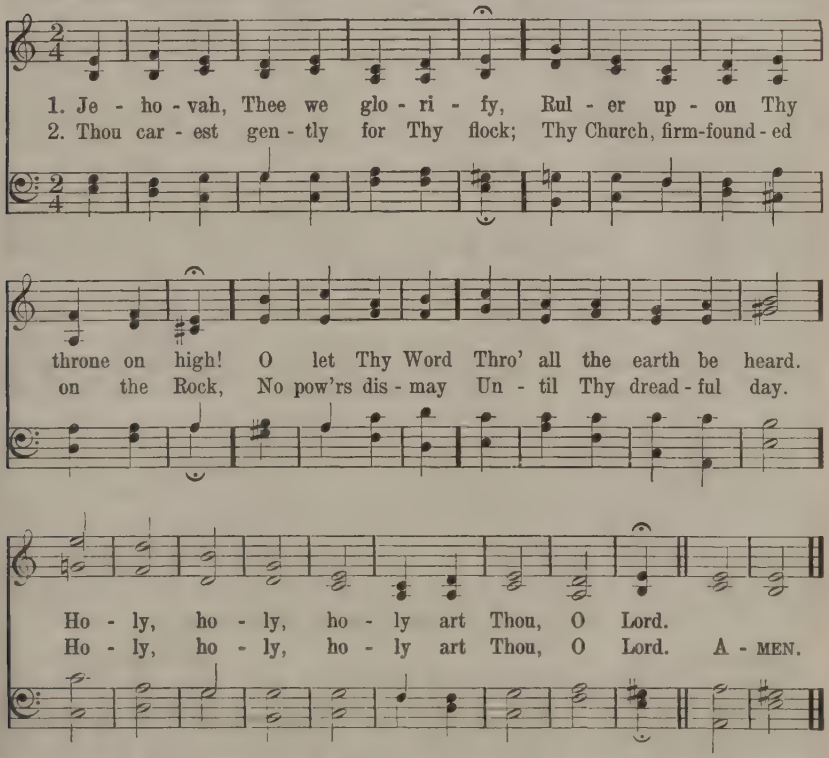
3 Choirs of faithful voices name Thee,
And all Thy chosen seed proclaim Thee,
Most holy, holy, holy Lord.
Hear Thy ransomed children praying
That we may do Thy will, ne'er straying
Away from Thee, nor from Thy Word.
Vouchsafe to us Thy love,
Thy wisdom from above;
Grant us, Father,
That in its light we walk aright
In holiness as in Thy sight.

4 Bless and keep, O Lord, Thy creatures,
Reveal to us Thy gracious features,
O turn to us Thy face with peace.
Here our songs we humbly tender,
Till glorified our tongues shall render
To Thee our praise without surcease,
Where hosts of Cherubim
And countless Seraphim
Sing, Hosanna,
Holy is God, almighty God,
All-merciful and all-wise God!

Samuel Johan Hedborn, 1812.

316. Jehovah, Thee We Glorify.

Vi lofve dig, o store Gud. 8 8, 4 6, 10. Rostockerhandboken, 1529.


1. Je - ho - vah, Thee we glo - ri - fy, Rul - er up - on Thy
2. Thou car - est gen - tly for Thy flock; Thy Church, firm-found - ed
throne on high! O let Thy Word Thro' all the earth be heard.
on the Rock, No pow'rs dis - may Un - til Thy dread - ful day.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly art Thou, O Lord.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly art Thou, O Lord. A - MEN.

3 All nations, in her fold comprised,
Shall bow their knees unto the Christ,
All tongues shall raise
Their orisons and praise:
Holy, holy, holy art Thou, O Lord.

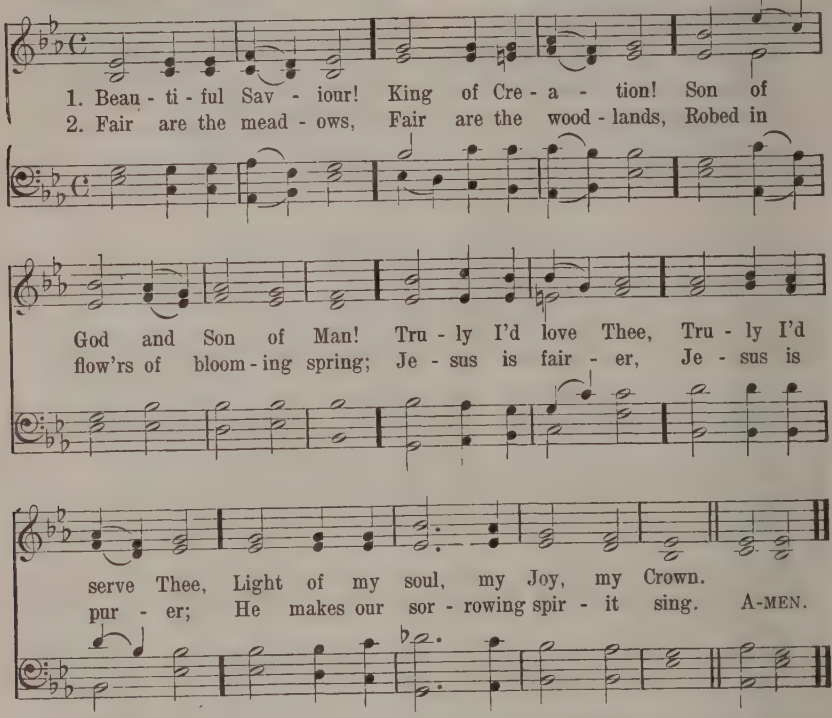
4 Around Thy throne the countless throng
At last in triumph swell the song,
When Cherubim
Shall answer Seraphim:
Holy, holy, holy art Thou, O Lord.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

317. Beautiful Saviour! King of Creation.

Schönster Herr Jesu. 5 5 7, 5 5 7.

Silesian Folksong.
Hoffmann von Fallersleben's Volkslieder, 1842.


1. Beau - ti - ful Sav - iour! King of Cre - a - tion! Son of
2. Fair are the mead - ows, Fair are the wood - lands, Robed in
God and Son of Man! Tru - ly I'd love Thee, Tru - ly I'd
flow'rs of bloom - ing spring; Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is
serve Thee, Light of my soul, my Joy, my Crown.
pur - er; He makes our sor - rowing spir - it sing. A-MEN.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fair is the moonlight,
Bright the sparkling stars on high;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels in the sky.

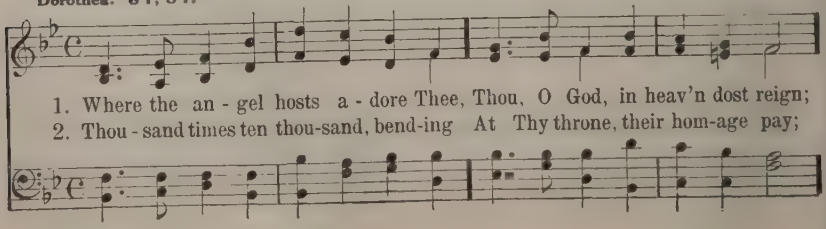
4 Beautiful Saviour!
Lord of the nations!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Glory and honor,
Praise, adoration,
Now and for evermore be Thine!

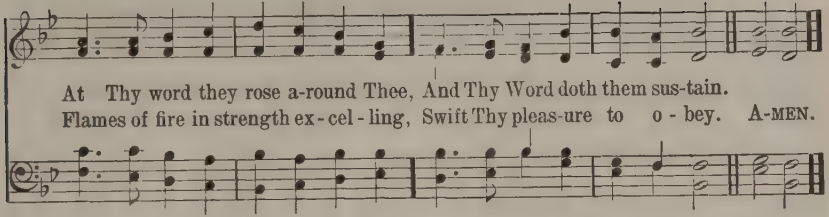
Münster Gesangbuch, 1677.

318. Where the Angel Hosts Adore Thee.

Dorothea. 8 7, 8 7.

Peter Johnson, 1923.


1. Where the an - gel hosts a - dore Thee, Thou, O God, in heav'n dost reign;
2. Thou - sand times ten thou-sand, bend-ing At Thy throne, their hom-age pay;


At Thy word they rose a-round Thee, And Thy Word doth them sus-tain.
Flames of fire in strength ex-cel-ling, Swift Thy pleas-ure to o-bey. A-MEN.

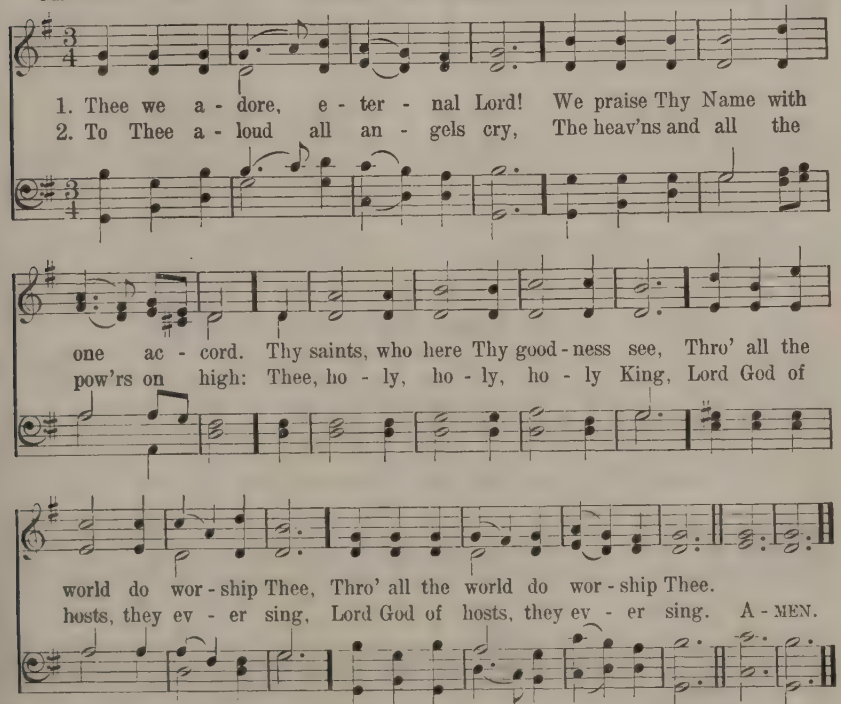
3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,
Thee they serve, their Lord and King;
Grant that in our cares and dangers
They may timely succor bring.

4 Praise to Thee who hast created
Earth and heaven with all their host;
Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John Baptiste De Santeuil, 1680.

319. Thee We Adore, Eternal Lord.

Park Street. L. M. Arranged from FREDERICK MARC ANTOINE VENUA, about 1810.


1. Thee we a-dore, e-ter-nal Lord! We praise Thy Name with
2. To Thee a-loud all an-gels cry, The heav'ns and all the
one ac-cord. Thy saints, who here Thy good-ness see, Thro' all the
pow'rs on high: Thee, ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly King, Lord God of
world do wor-ship Thee, Thro' all the world do wor-ship Thee.
hosts, they ev-er sing, Lord God of hosts, they ev-er sing. A-MEN.

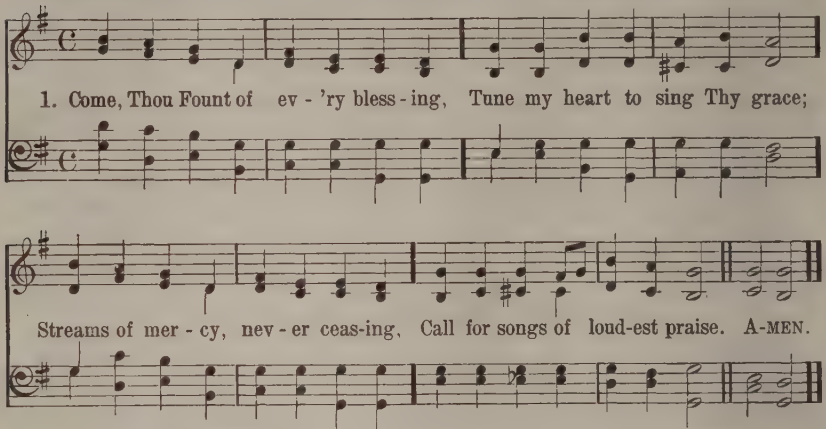
3 Apostles join the glorious throng,
And prophets swell the immortal song;
Thy martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Exalt and highly honor Thee!
Thy Name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

Moravian Collection, 1724.

320. Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Brocklesbury. 8 7, 8 7. CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD, 1868.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. A-MEN.

2 Teach me some melodious measure
Sung by flaming tongues above;
O the vast, the boundless treasure
Of Thy free, unchanging love!

3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Freely shed His precious blood.

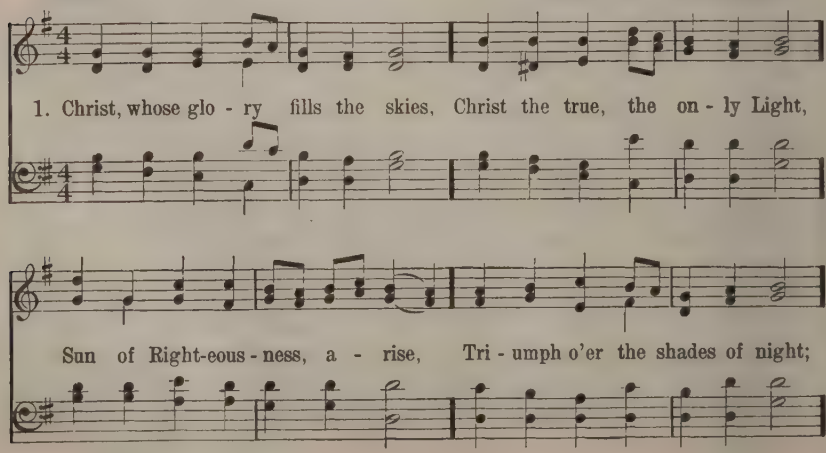
4 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

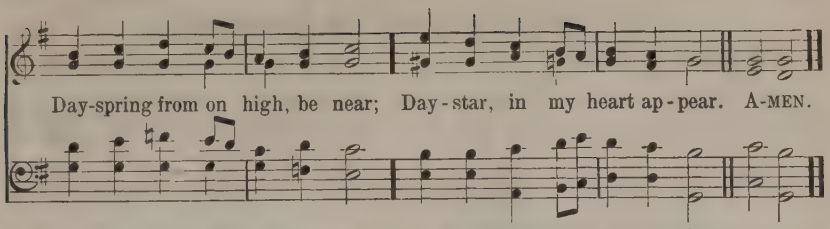
5 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love,
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1759, a.

321. Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies.

Lux Prima. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD, 1872.


1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ the true, the on - ly Light,
Sun of Right-eous - ness, a - rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;



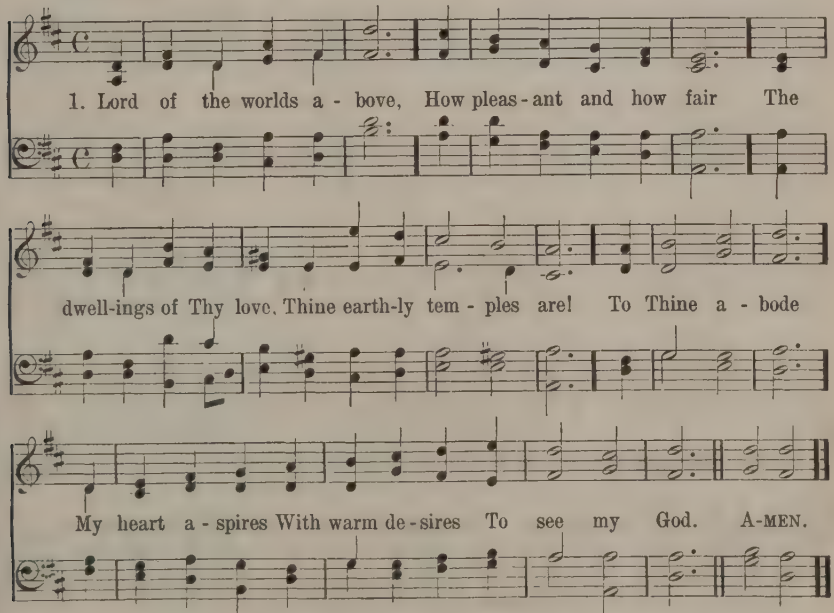
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till Thou inward light impart,
Cheer my soul, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiance divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

322. Lord of the Worlds Above.

Darwall's 148th. 6 6, 6 6, 4 4, 4 4. JOHN DARWALL, 1770.


1. Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleas-ant and how fair The
dwell-ings of Thy love, Thine earth-ly tem-ples are! To Thine a-bode
My heart a-spires With warm de-sires To see my God. A-MEN.

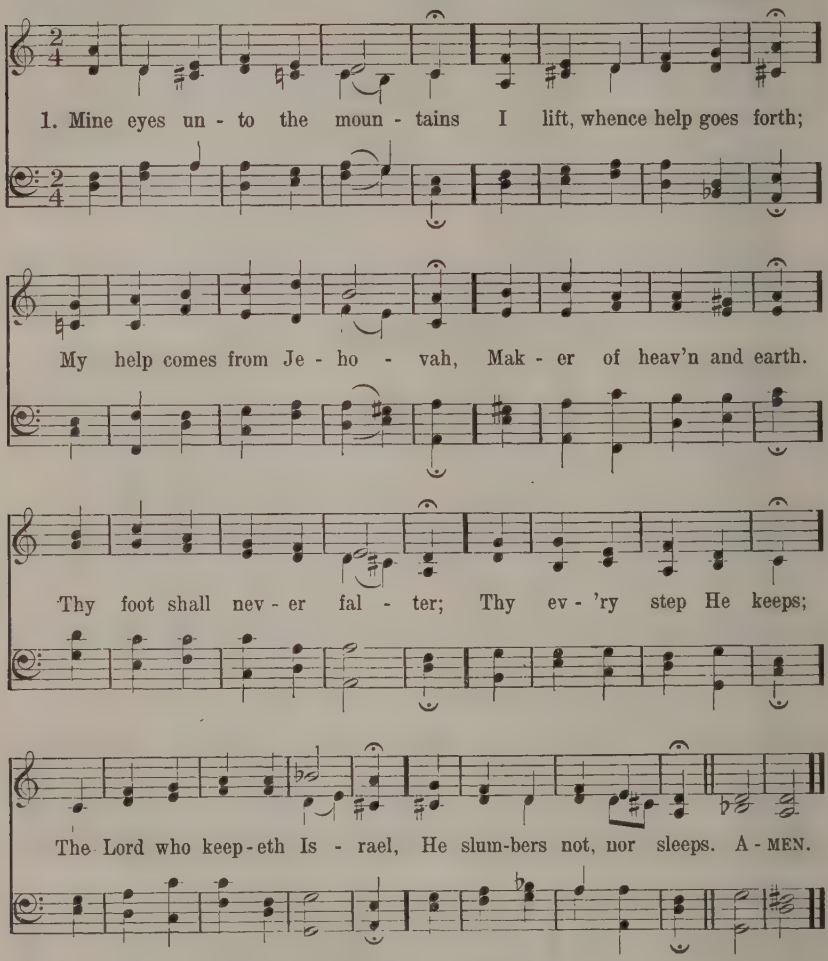
2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat
Of God our King!
Lord, thither bring
Our willing feet!

Isaac Watts, 1719.

323. Mine Eyes unto the Mountains.

Old 130th Psalm. 7 6, 7 6. D. Genevan Psalter, 1556.


1. Mine eyes un - to the moun - tains I lift, whence help goes forth;
My help comes from Je - ho - vah, Mak - er of heav'n and earth.
Thy foot shall nev - er fal - ter; Thy ev - 'ry step He keeps;
The Lord who keep - eth Is - rael, He slum-bers not, nor sleeps. A - MEN.

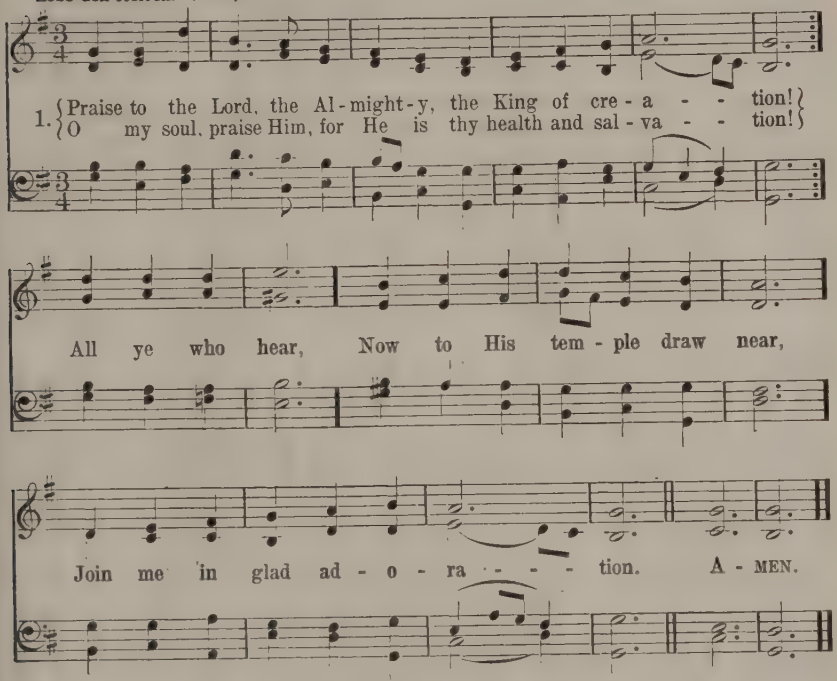
2 The shade of the Almighty
Shields thee upon the right.
The sunlight shall not smite thee,
Nor shall the moon by night.
Thy coming in He blesseth,
And from the temple door
Thy going out He guideth
Now and forevermore.

Ernst William Olson, 1922.

324. Praise to the Lord, the Almighty.

Lobe den Herren. 14 14, 4 7 8.

Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665.
Present form since 1708.


1. Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a - - tion!
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal-va - - tion!
All ye who hear, Now to His tem-ple draw near,
Join me in glad ad-o-ra - - - - tion. A-MEN.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under His wings, yea, so gently sustaineth!
Hast thou not seen
How thy desires e'er have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and defend thee!
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee!

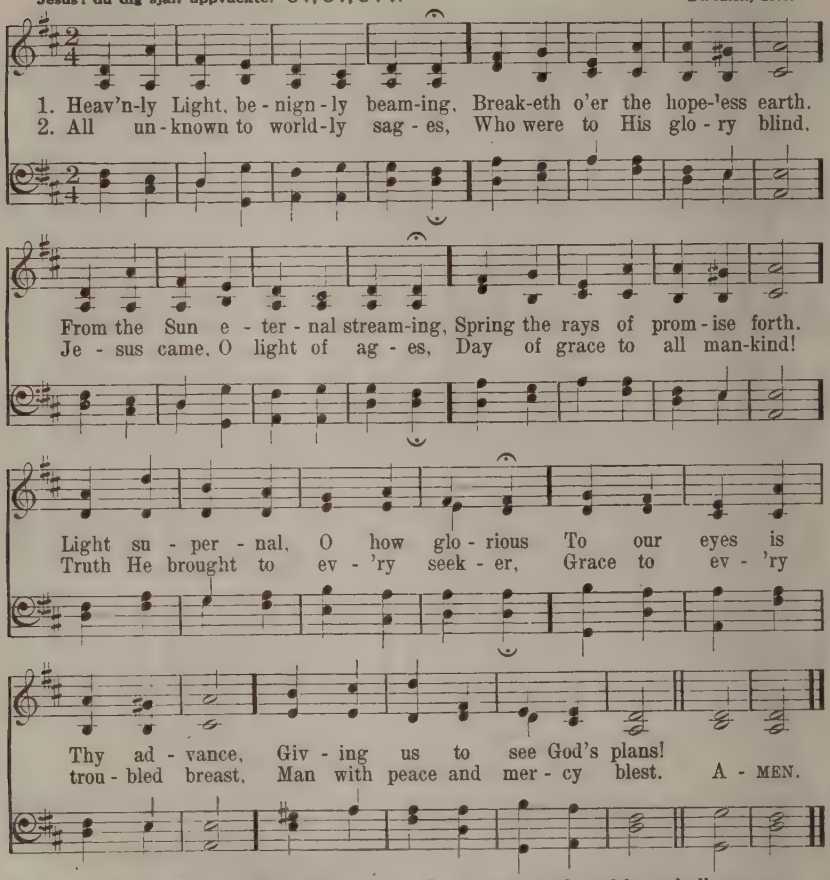
4 Praise thou the Lord, who with marvelous wisdom hath made thee,
Decked thee with health, and with loving hand guided and stayed thee.
How oft in grief
Hath not He brought thee relief,
Spreading His wings to o'ershade thee!

5 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore Him!
All that hath life and breath, come now with praises before Him!
Let the Amen
Sound from His people again;
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

Joachim Neander, 1680.

325. Heavenly Light, Benignly Beaming.

Jesus! du dig själf uppväckte. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7 7. Swedish, 1675.


1. Heav'n-ly Light, be-nign-ly beam-ing, Break-eth o'er the hope-less earth.
2. All un-known to world-ly sag-es, Who were to His glo-ry blind.
From the Sun e-ter-nal stream-ing, Spring the rays of prom-ise forth.
Je-sus came, O light of ag-es, Day of grace to all man-kind!
Light su-per-nal, O how glo-rious To our eyes is
Truth He brought to ev-'ry seek-er, Grace to ev-'ry
Thy ad-vance, Giv-ing us to see God's plans!
trou-bled breast, Man with peace and mer-cy blest. A-MEN.

3 In a world where lusts contended,
Crimes were bred and bitterness,
Christ appeared; with Him descended
Love divine and holiness.
Hearts were filled with His pure Spirit,
Love bade warring passions cease;
Earth was blest with joy and peace.

4 Blessèd they who ever ready
Hear the heavenly Teacher's Word,
They who walk with purpose steady
In the footsteps of the Lord;
Guided by His Holy Spirit,
Led by faith, and not by sight,
They shall gain the realms of light.

5 Lo, their faith and love shall conquer
Vanity and unbelief,
Shedding o'er a word of rancor
Kindly light, to solace grief.
In life's turmoil, in death's shadow
Anchor they their hope secure
On the Rock that shall endure.

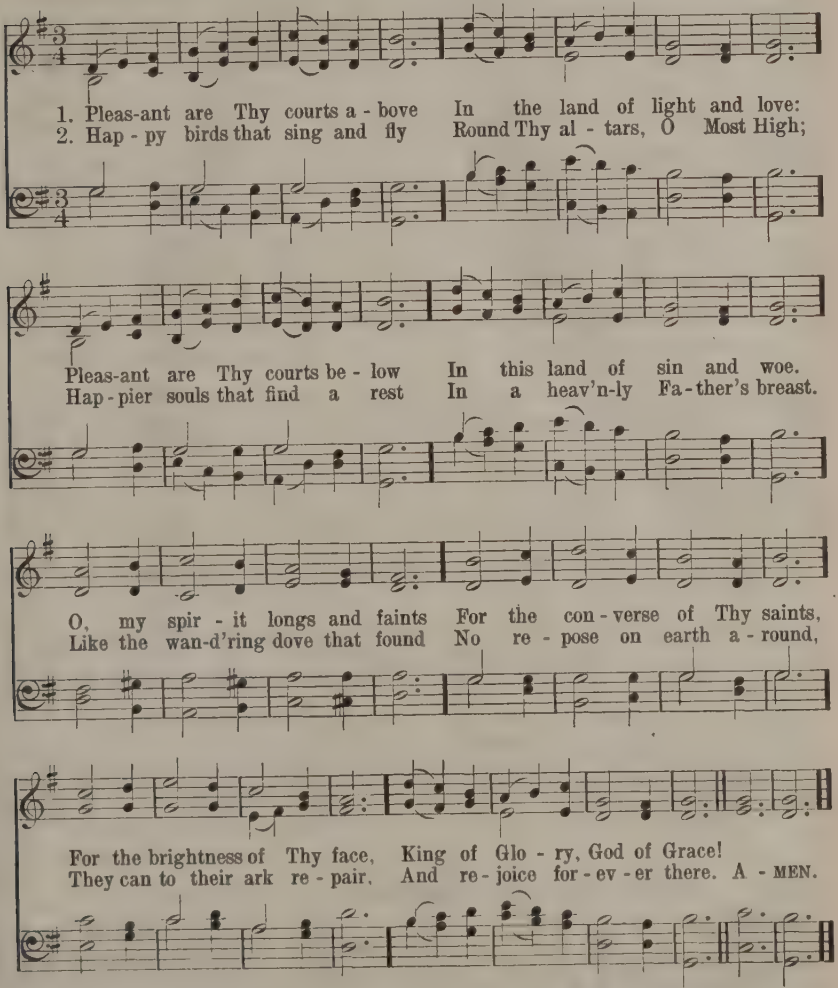
6 Radiance of the Father's glory,
Send Thy beams in splendor forth.
Break upon the ages hoary,
Dawn of faith and peace on earth!
Let this world be as the pathway
To that heaven where shall be
Gathered they who walked with Thee.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

326. Pleasant Are Thy Courts Above.

Maidstone. 7 7, 7 7. D.

WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1862.


1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove In the land of light and love:
2. Hap - py birds that sing and fly Round Thy al - tars, O Most High;
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.
Hap - pier souls that find a rest In a heav'n-ly Fa - ther's breast.
O, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,
Like the wan-d'ring dove that found No re - pose on earth a - round,
For the brightness of Thy face, King of Glo - ry, God of Grace!
They can to their ark re - pair, And re - joice for - ev - er there. A - MEN.

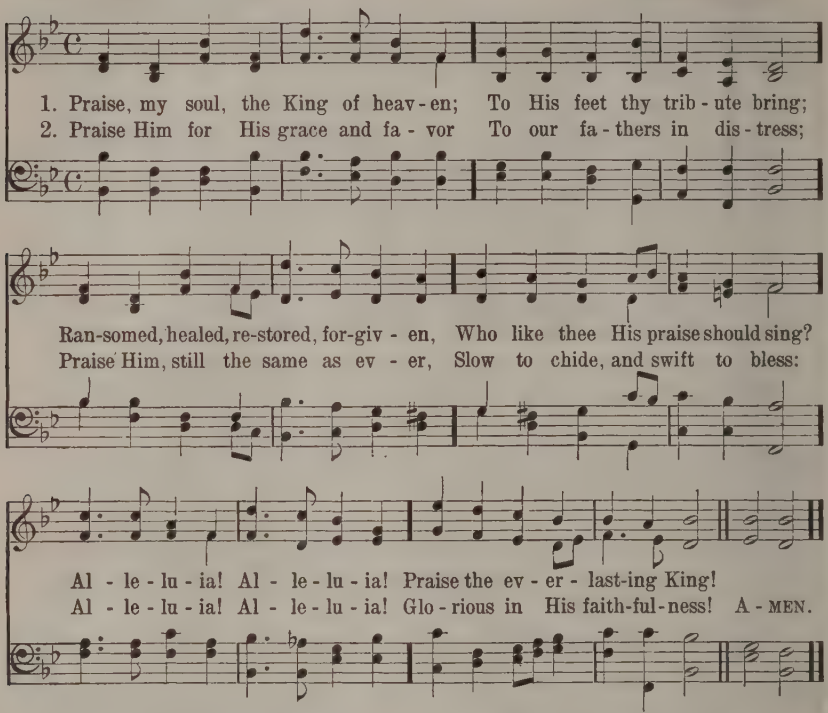
3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise.
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834, a.

327. Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven.

Regent Square. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. HENRY SMART, 1867.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for-giv - en, Who like thee His praise should sing?
Praise Him, still the same as ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Praise the ev - er - last-ing King!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - rious in His faith-ful-ness! A - MEN.

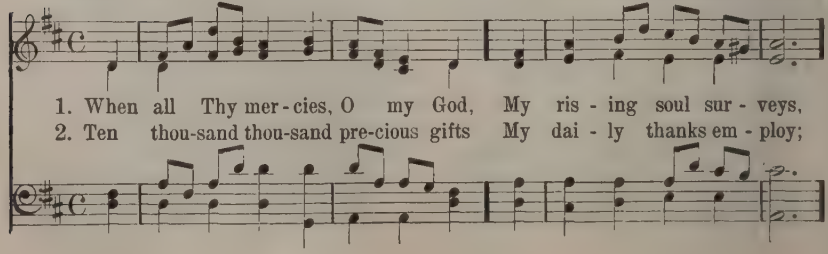
3 Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely as His mercy flows!

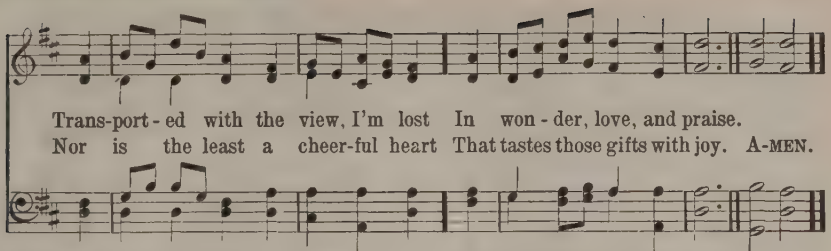
4 Angels in the height adore Him,
Who behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon bow down before Him;
Dwellers in all time and space:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834, a.

328. When All Thy Mercies, O My God.

Warwick. C. M. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.




Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
Nor is the least a cheer-ful heart That tastes those gifts with joy. A-MEN.

3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

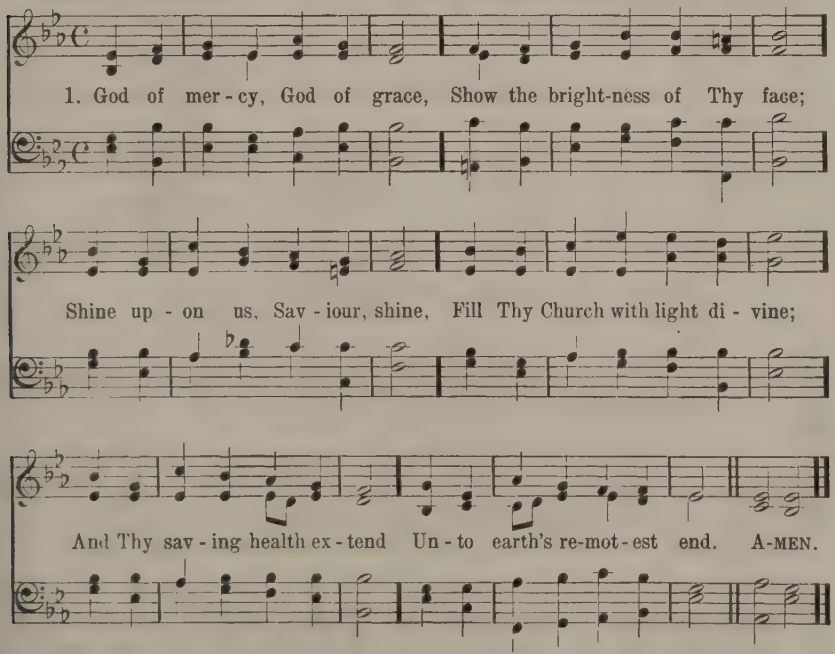
4 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1712.

329. God of Mercy, God of Grace.

Demmin. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7.

JOHANN SCHOP (D. 1664).
Harm. by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, (1810-1876).


1. God of mer-cy, God of grace, Show the bright-ness of Thy face;
Shine up-on us, Sav-iour, shine, Fill Thy Church with light di-vine;
And Thy sav-ing health ex-tend Un-to earth's re-mot-est end. A-MEN.

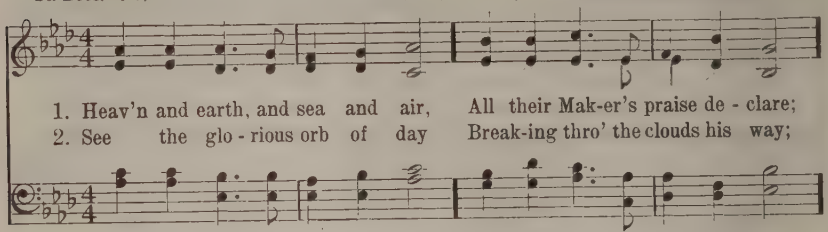
2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored:
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

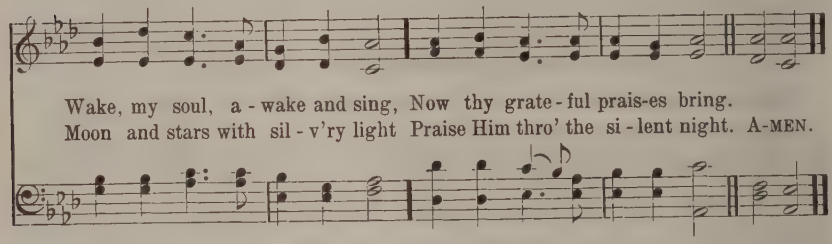
3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford,
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

330. Heaven and Earth, and Sea and Air.

St. Bees. 7 7, 7 7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1874.


1. Heav'n and earth, and sea and air, All their Mak-er's praise de - clare;
2. See the glo - rious orb of day Break-ing thro' the clouds his way;


Wake, my soul, a - wake and sing, Now thy grate - ful prais-es bring.
Moon and stars with sil - v'ry light Praise Him thro' the si - lent night. A-MEN.

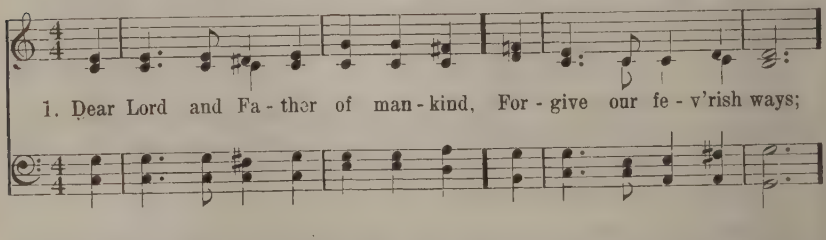
3 See how He hath everywhere
Made this earth so rich and fair;
Hill and vale and fruitful land,
All things living show His hand.

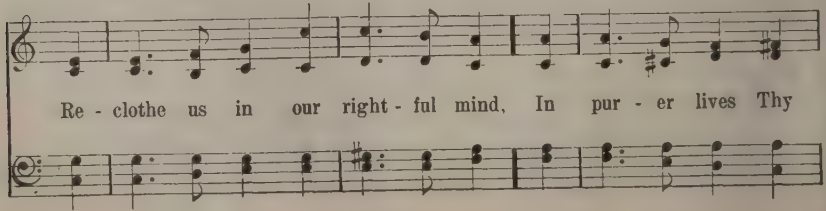
4 Lord, great wonders workest Thou!
To Thy sway all creatures bow.
Write Thou deeply in my heart
What I am, and what Thou art!

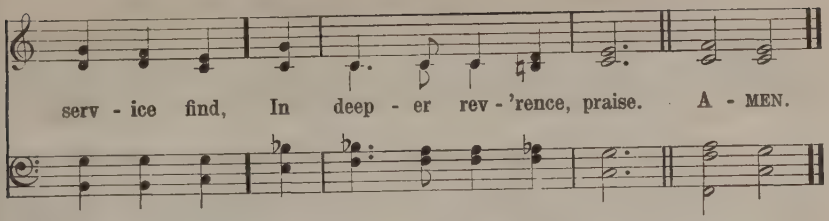
Joachim Neander, 1680.

331. Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

Rest (Maker). 8 6, 8 8 6. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1887.







2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above.
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity
Interpreted by love!

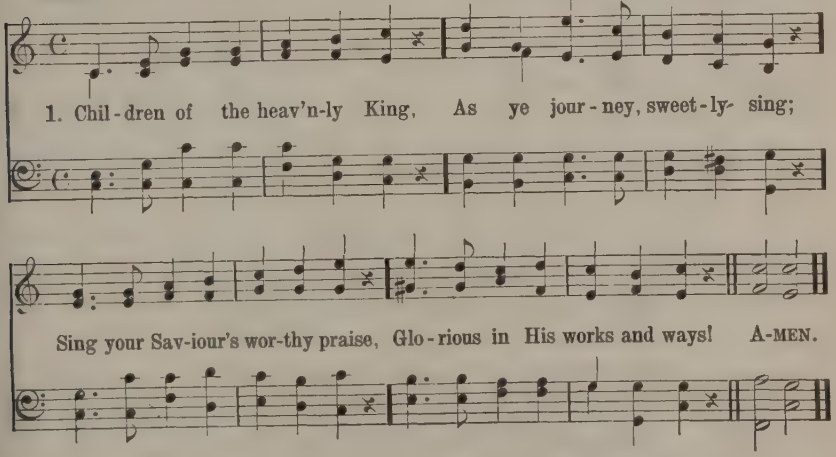
4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the heat of our desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872

332. Children of the Heavenly King.

Händel. 7 7, 7 7. GEORGE FREDERICK HÄNDEL, (1685-1759).


1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly- sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways! A-MEN.

2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

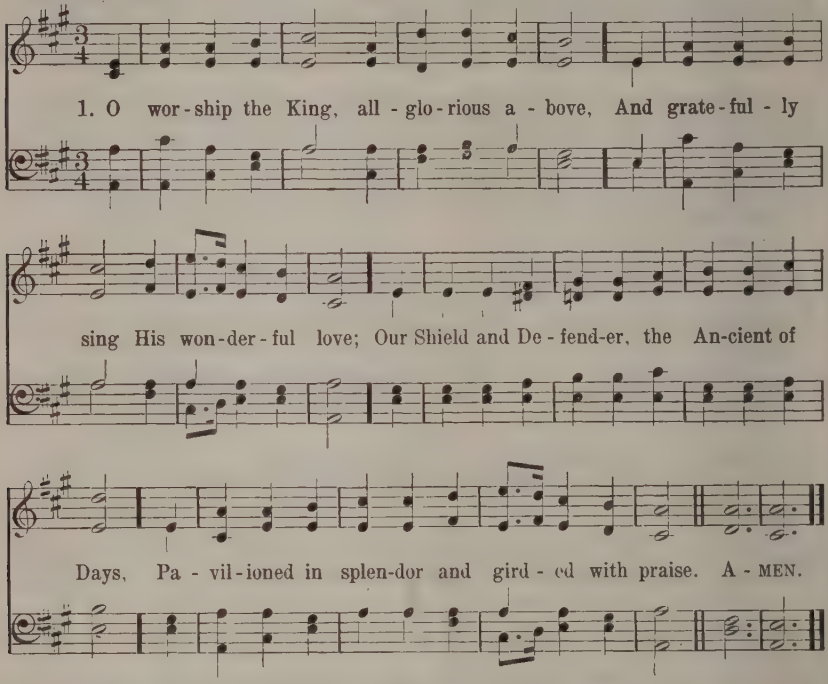
4 Sing, ye little flock and blest;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick, 1742.

333. O Worship the King, All-glorious Above.

Lyons. 10 10, 11 11. Arr. from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, (1737–1806).


1. O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove, And grate-ful-ly
sing His won-der-ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of
Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise. A-MEN.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

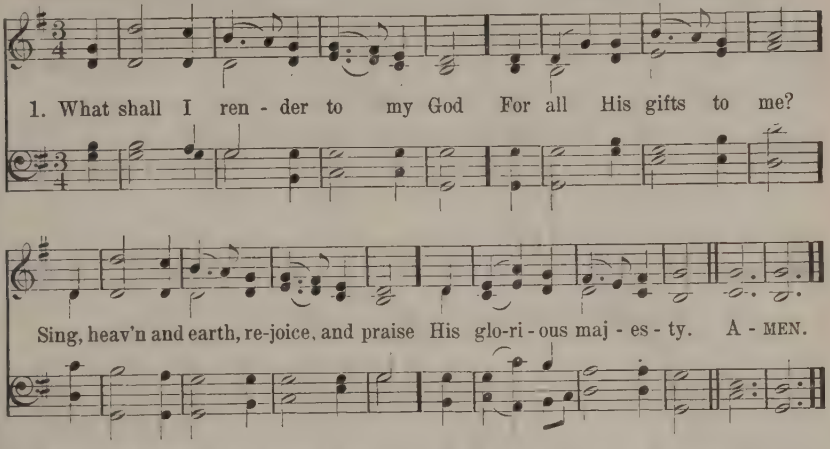
6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humble creation, though feeble its lays,
With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.

Robert Grant, 1833, a.

334. What Shall I Render to My God?

Devereux. C. M.

L. DEVEREUX.
Arranged by G. KINGSLEY, 1839.



2 O let me praise Thee while I live,
And praise Thee when I die.
And praise Thee when I rise again,
And to eternity.

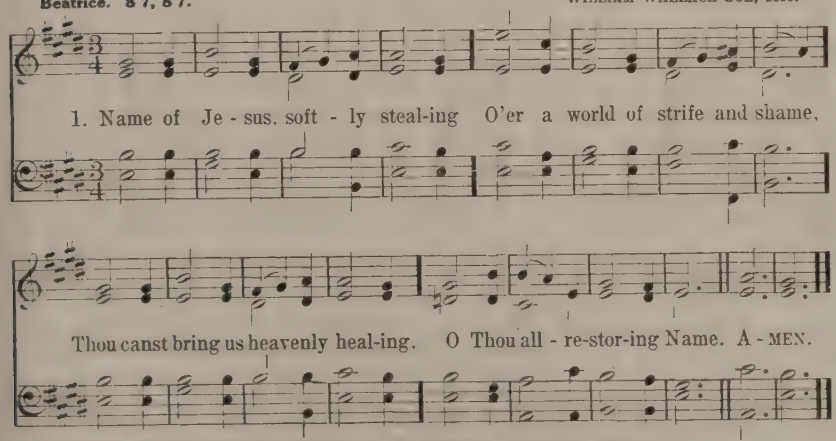
3 Mysterious depths of endless love
Our admiration raise;
My God, Thy Name exalted is
Above our highest praise.

John Mason, 1683, a.

335. Name of Jesus, Softly Stealing.

Beatrice. 8 7, 8 7.

WILLIAM WALLACE COE, 1895.


1. Name of Je - sus, soft - ly steal-ing O'er a world of strife and shame,
Thou canst bring us heavenly heal-ing. O Thou all - re-stor-ing Name. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1895, by the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work.

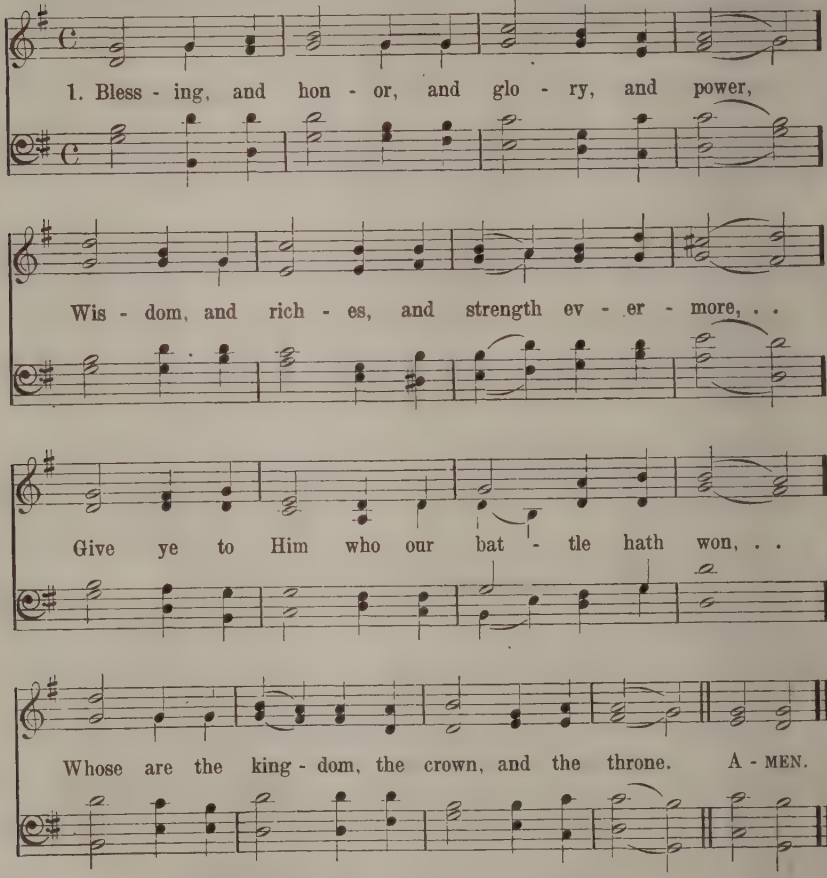
2 Name of Jesus, Heaven of gladness,
Cause our doubts and fears to cease;
Soothe away the aching sadness;
Name of Jesus, give us peace.

Unknown.

336. Blessing, and Honor, and Glory, and Power.

Regnator orbis (O quanta qualia). 10 10, 10 10.

Adapted from a Melody in LA FEILLEE. Plain Chant, 1782.


1. Bless - ing, and hon - or, and glo - ry, and power,
Wis - dom, and rich - es, and strength ev - er - more, . .
Give ye to Him who our bat - tle hath won, . .
Whose are the king - dom, the crown, and the throne. A - MEN.

2 Dwelleth the light of the glory with Him,
Light of a glory that cannot grow dim,
Light in its silence, and beauty, and calm,
Light in its gladness, and brightness, and balm.

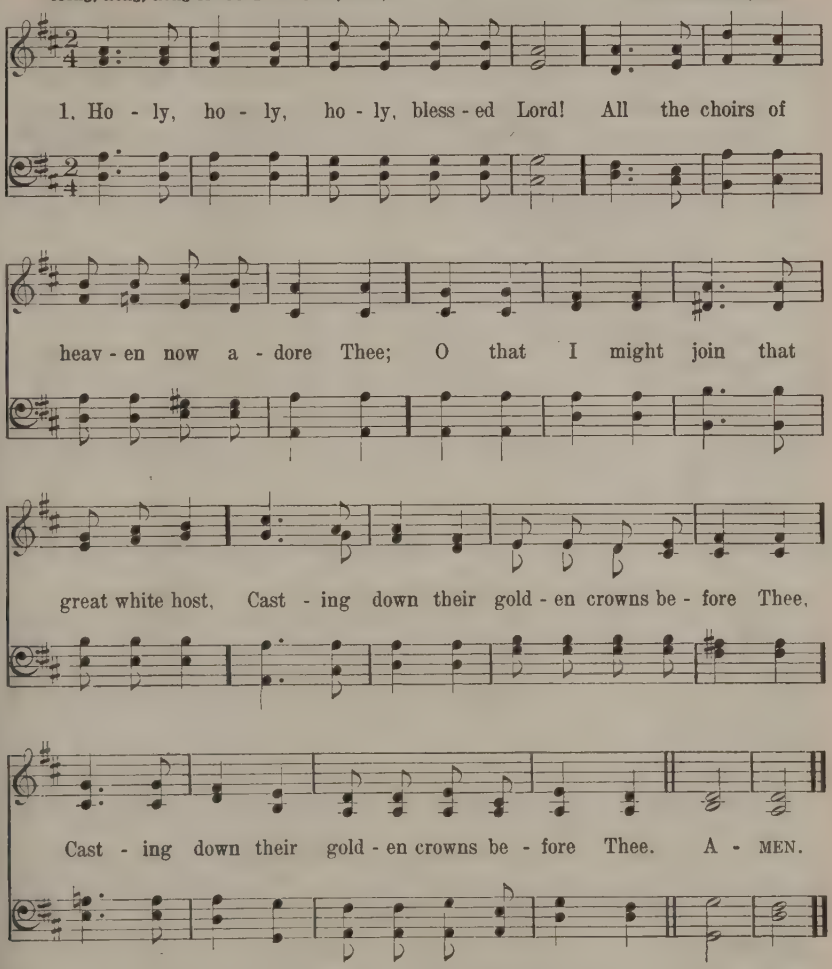
3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing, and honor, and glory, and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

337. Holy, Holy, Holy, Blessed Lord.

Helig, helig, helig Herre Gud. 9 10, 9 10, 10. GUSTAF STOLPE, 1892.


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, bless - ed Lord! All the choirs of
heav - en now a - dore Thee; O that I might join that
great white host, Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns be - fore Thee,
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns be - fore Thee. A - MEN.

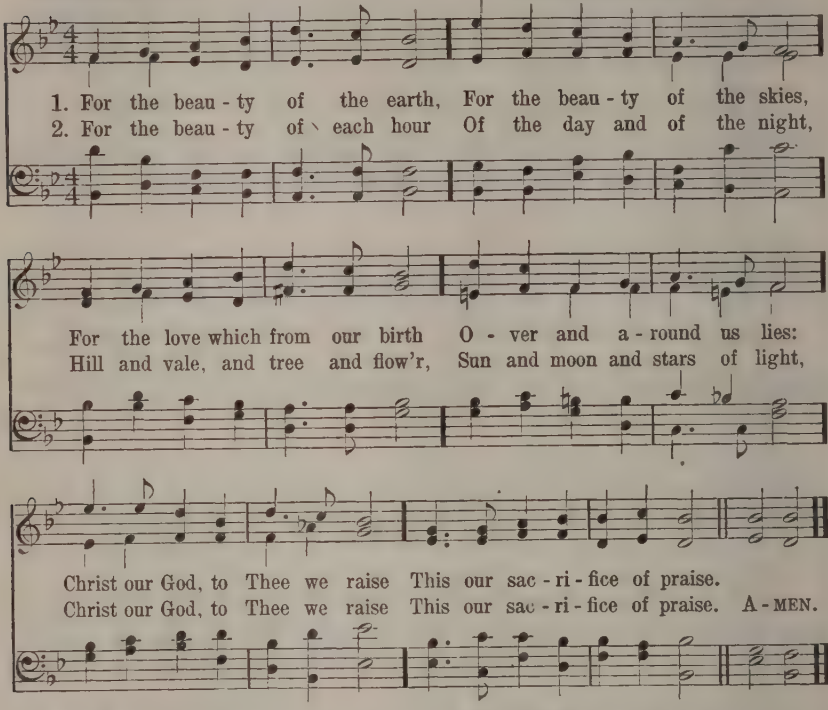
2 Look on me, a creature of the dust,
Pity me, though I have naught of merit;
Let me bring to Thee for Jesus' sake
Humble praises of a contrite spirit.

3 Bend Thine ear, dear Lord, and hear my prayer;
Cleanse me in Thy blood for sinners given;
Deck me in the robe of spotless white
Thou hast promised to Thy bride in heaven.

Friedrich Karl von Gerok, (1815–1890).

338. For the Beauty of the Earth.

God of Hosts. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, (1818–1901).


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:
Hill and vale, and tree and flow'r, Sun and moon and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our sac - ri - fice of praise.
Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our sac - ri - fice of praise. A - MEN.

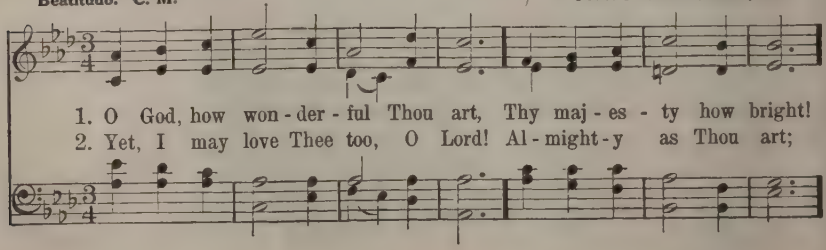
3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

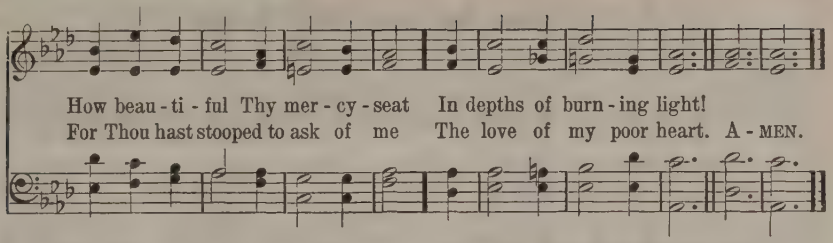
4 For Thyself, best Gift divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, 1864.

339. O God! How Wonderful Thou Art.

Beatitudo. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.





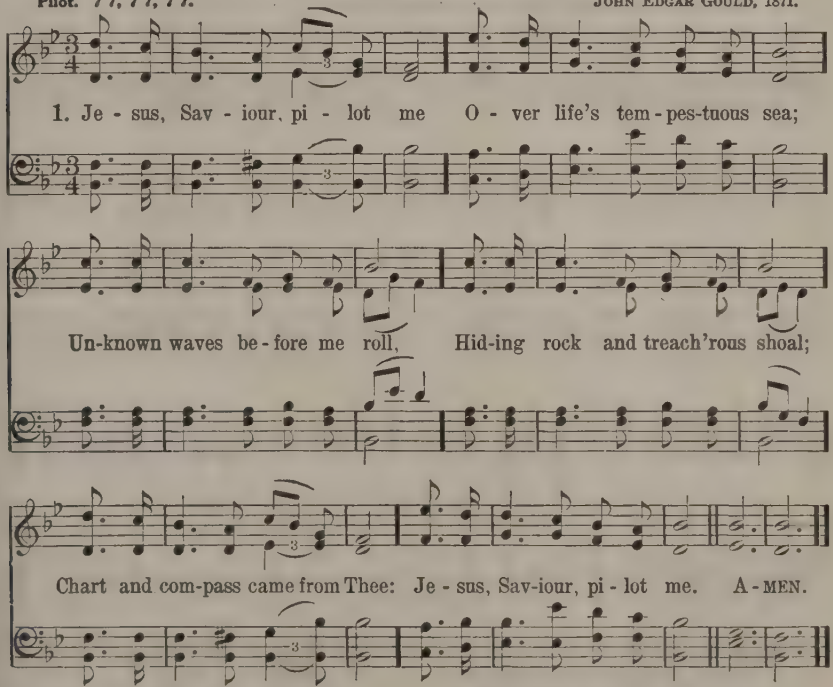
3 No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother e'er so mild
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me, Thy sinful child.

4 O God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend!
On Thee I stay my trusting heart
Till faith and vision end.

Frederick William Faber, 1849.

340. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Pilot. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. JOHN EDGAR GOULD, 1871.


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me. A - MEN.

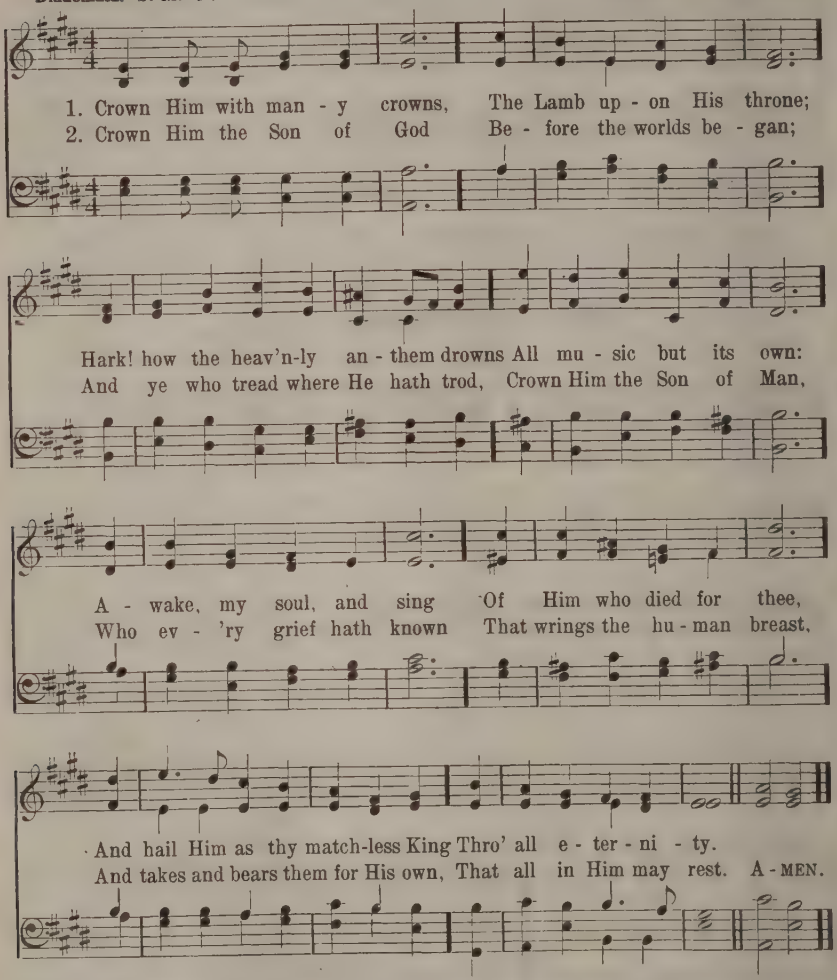
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1871.

341. Crown Him with Many Crowns.

Diademata. S. M. D. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1868.


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Son of God Be - fore the worlds be - gan;
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
And ye who tread where He hath trod, Crown Him the Son of Man,
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
Who ev - 'ry grief hath known That wrings the hu - man breast,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
And takes and bears them for His own, That all in Him may rest. A - MEN.

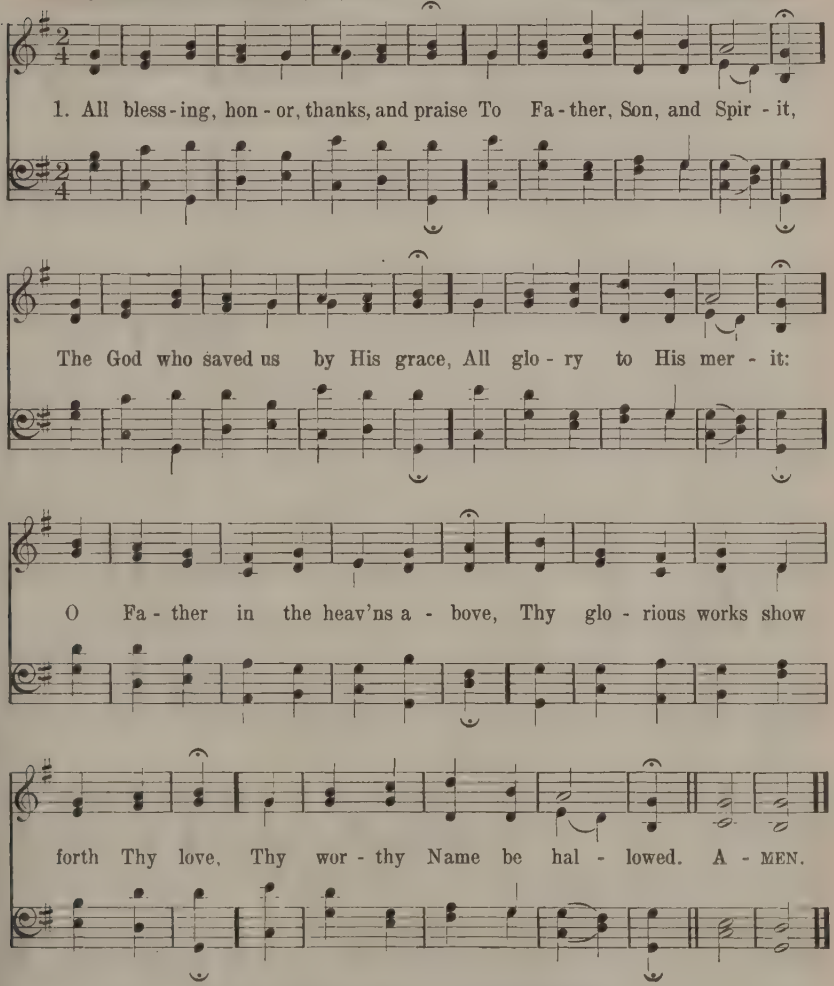
3 Crown Him the Lord of life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing,
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

4 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above,
Crown Him the King to whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

Stanza 1, Matthew Bridges, 1851.
Stanzas 2-4, Godfrey Thring, 1882.

342. All Blessing, Honor, Thanks, and Praise.

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Wittenberg Gesangbuch, 1535.

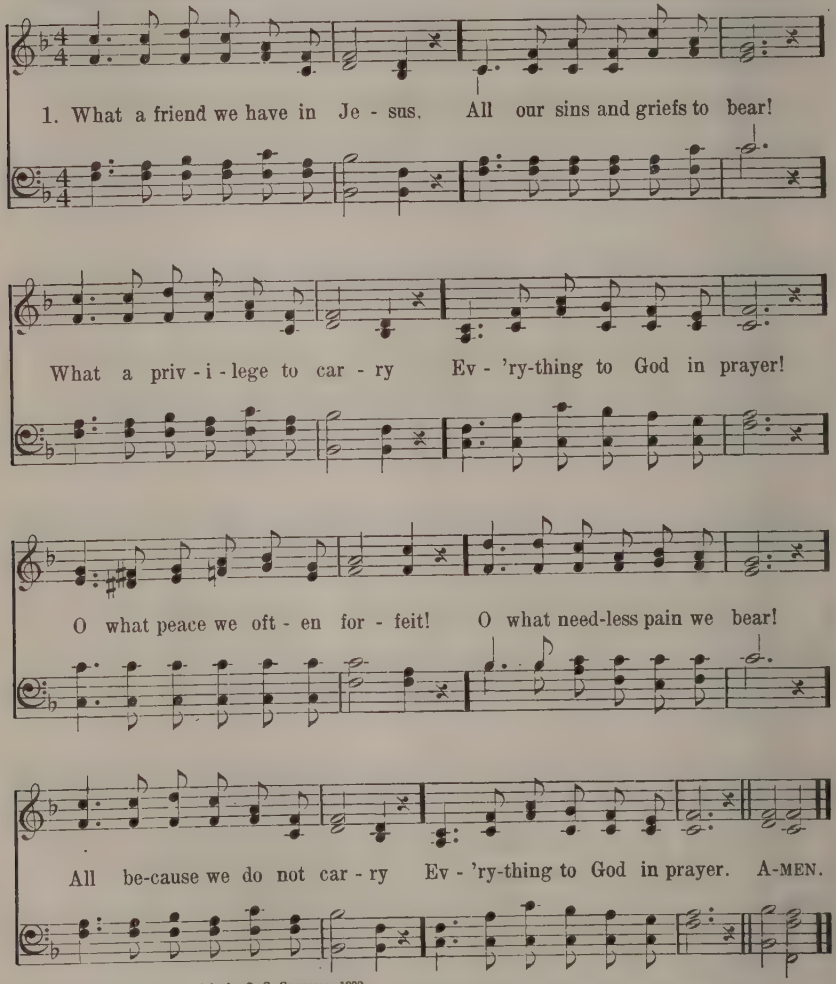

1. All bless-ing, hon-or, thanks, and praise To Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it,
The God who saved us by His grace, All glo-ry to His mer-it:
O Fa-ther in the heav'ns a-bove, Thy glo-rious works show
forth Thy love, Thy wor-thy Name be hal-lowed. A-MEN.

2 Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
In earth, as 'tis in heaven:
Keep us in life, by grace led on,
Forgiving and forgiven;
Save Thou us in temptation's hour,
And from all ills; Thine is the power,
And all the glory, Amen!

Paul Speratus, 1523.

343. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

What a friend. 8 7, 8 7. D. CHARLES CROZAT CONVERSE, 1868.


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we oft - en for - feit! O what need-less pain we bear!
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer. A-MEN.

By permission. New copyright by C. C. Converse, 1892.

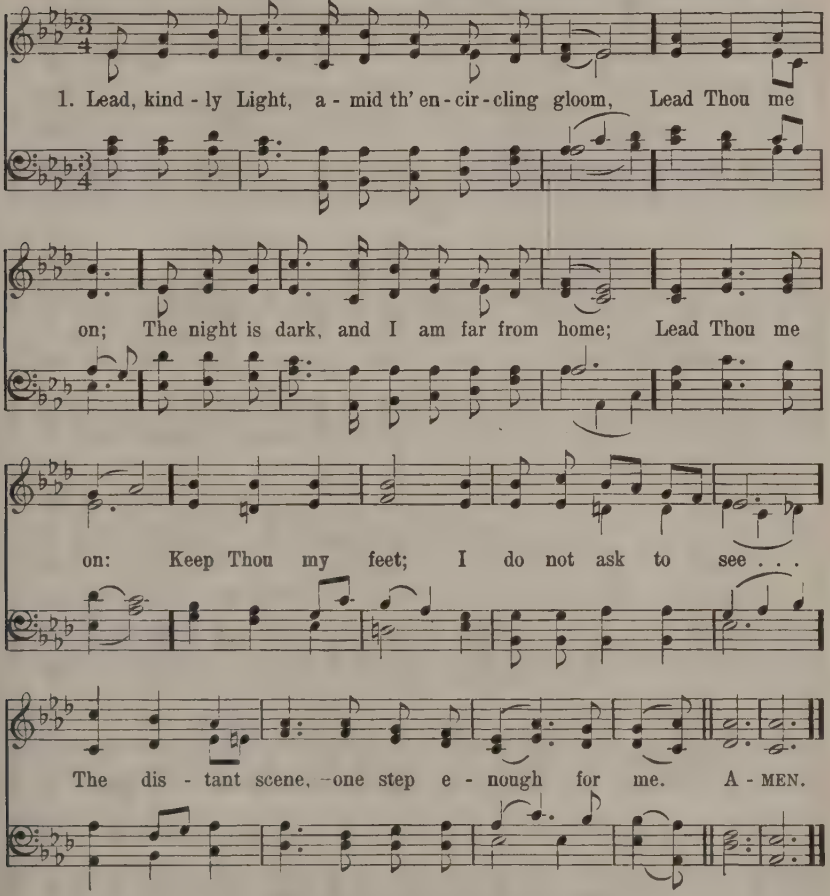
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven, 1855.

344. Lead, Kindly Light.

Lux Benigna. 10 4, 10 4, 10 10. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1867.


1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th' en - cir - cling gloom, Lead Thou me
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me
on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.

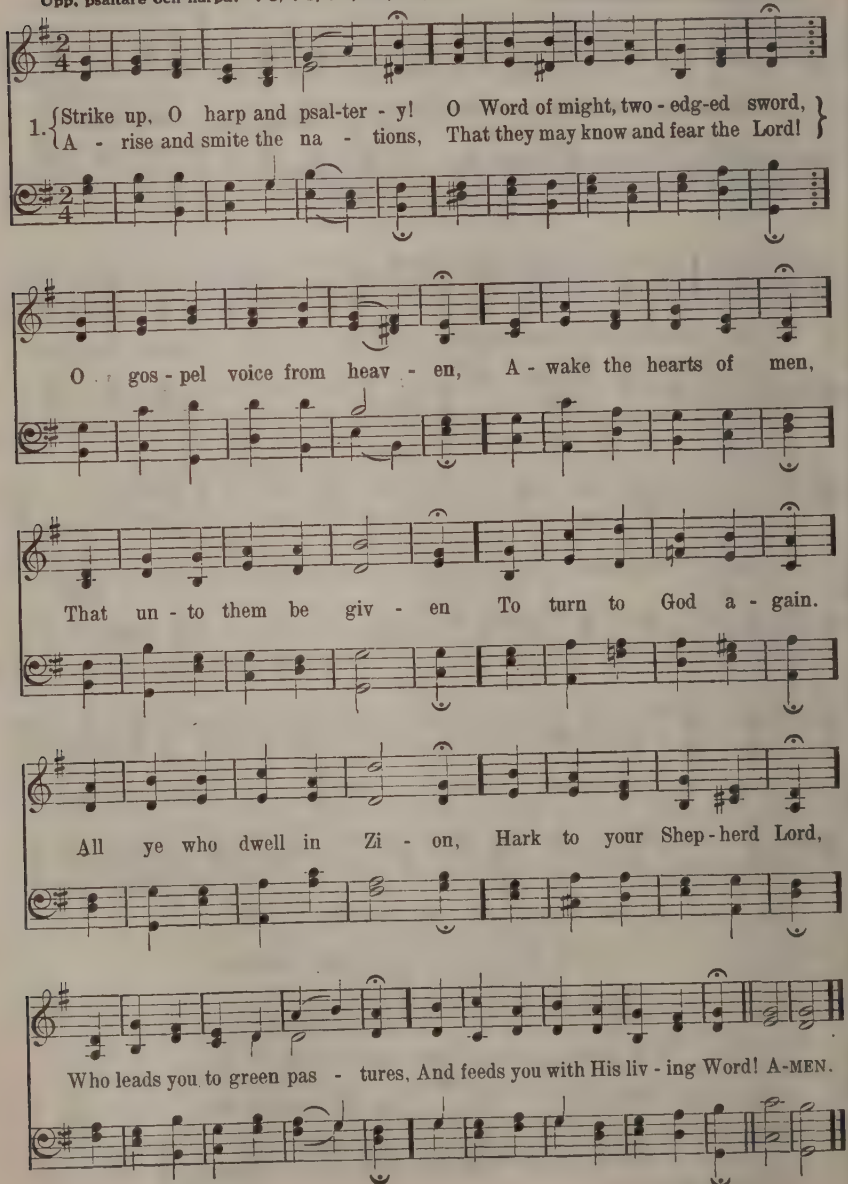
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833.

345. Strike Up, O Harp and Psaltery!

Upp, psaltare och harpa! 7 8, 7 8, 7 6, 7 6, 7 6, 7 8. JOHAN KUGELMANN, about 1540.


1. Strike up, O harp and psal-ter - y! O Word of might, two - edg-ed sword,
A - rise and smite the na - tions, That they may know and fear the Lord!
O gos - pel voice from heav - en, A - wake the hearts of men,
That un - to them be giv - en To turn to God a - gain.
All ye who dwell in Zi - on, Hark to your Shep - herd Lord,
Who leads you to green pas - tures, And feeds you with His liv - ing Word! A-MEN.

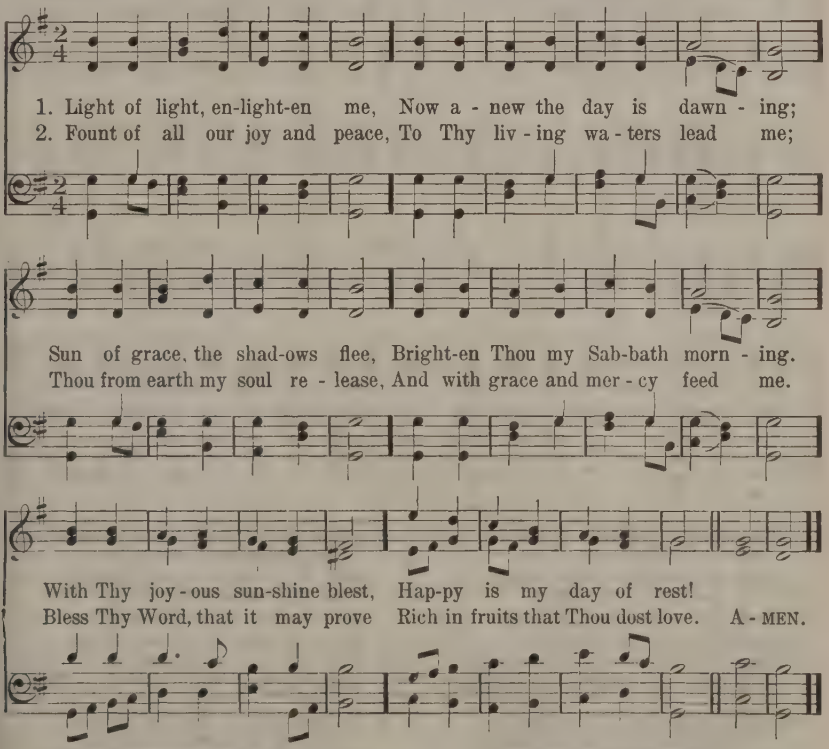
2 Adorn thyself to meet Him,
O Shulamite, O bride of Christ!
Go gladly forth to greet Him,
When of His coming now apprised!
He for thy sin was given,
And thou art sanctified.
Behold, the Son of heaven
Hath claimed thee for His bride!
Give Him thy heart forever,
Whose love shall never cease;
Let no affliction sever
The bonds of unity and peace!

3 O Lord, Thy Zion, thronging
Thy holy temple, e'er shall raise,
With hearts and tongues in rapture,
To Thee their solemn prayer and praise!
O let Thy Word in clearness
A day-star o'er us shine,
That we may feel Thy nearness,
And bring forth fruit divine.
Like sands from out the ocean,
So let Thy people be,
To voice our heart's devotion,
And praise Thee through eternity.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

346. Light of Light, Enlighten Me.

Meinhold. 7 8, 7 8, 7 7. From JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, (1685-1750).


1. Light of light, en-light-en me, Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;
2. Fount of all our joy and peace, To Thy liv - ing wa - ters lead me;
Sun of grace, the shad-ows flee, Bright-en Thou my Sab-bath morn - ing.
Thou from earth my soul re - lease, And with grace and mer - cy feed me.
With Thy joy - ous sun-shine blest, Hap-py is my day of rest!
Bless Thy Word, that it may prove Rich in fruits that Thou dost love. A - MEN.

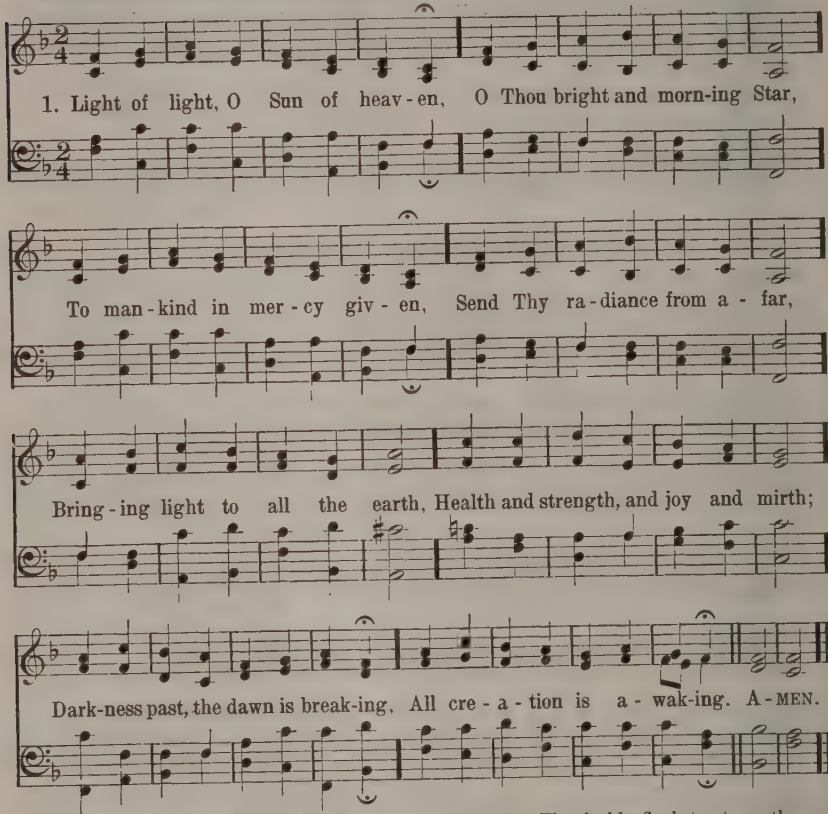
3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given.
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1715.

347. Light of Light, O Sun of Heaven.

Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. French Psalter, 1555.


1. Light of light, O Sun of heav-en, O Thou bright and morn-ing Star,
To man-kind in mer-cy giv-en, Send Thy ra-diance from a-far,
Bring-ing light to all the earth, Health and strength, and joy and mirth;
Dark-ness past, the dawn is break-ing, All cre-a-tion is a-wak-ing. A-MEN.

2 Still my soul is thickly shrouded
In the chilling mist of sin,
And my conscience is beclouded
By the ignorance within.
Lead me by the hand, I pray,
Lest in error's path I stray;
Make Thy light my sole attraction,
Guiding every thought and action.

3 Spirit of the heavenly morning,
Shine into my darkened heart,
That, the way of life discerning,
I may choose the better part.
Make my erring walk secure,
Every thought and action pure;
Wheresoe'er my feet be turning,
Keep Thy zeal within me burning.

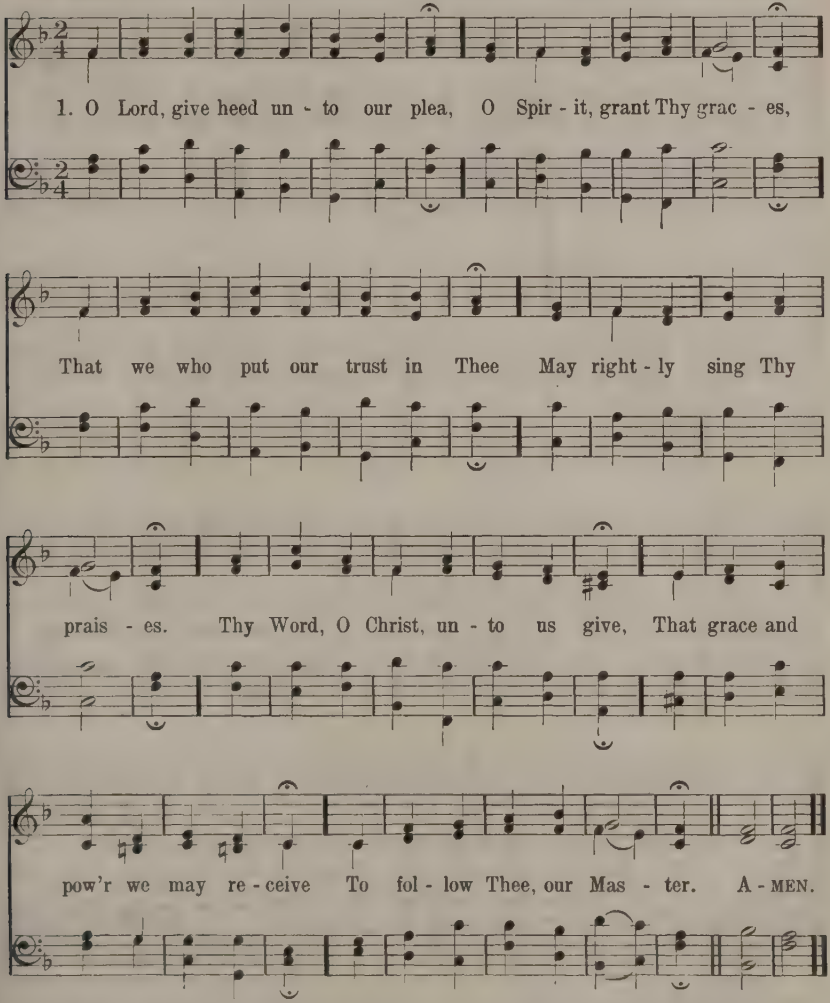
4 Deign Thy feeble flock to strengthen
By the bonds of sacred love.
And Thy lines of empire lengthen
By Thy power from above.
Help us govern in Thy sight,
That our laws be just and right;
That we suffer no oppression,
Make our land Thine own possession.

5 Let our lamp of faith be burning
On that awful judgment day.
While in sin's domain sojourning,
Guide us in the heavenward way:
Then their praise and thanks to Thee,
Lord, in all eternity
Shall Thy happy children render,
For Thy mercies, kind and tender.

Martin Opitz (1597–1639).

348. O Lord, Give Heed unto Our Plea.

Af himlens här den högstes makt. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Swedish, 1697.


1. O Lord, give heed un - to our plea, O Spir - it, grant Thy grac - es,
That we who put our trust in Thee May right - ly sing Thy
prais - es. Thy Word, O Christ, un - to us give, That grace and
pow'r we may re - ceive To fol - low Thee, our Mas - ter. A - MEN.

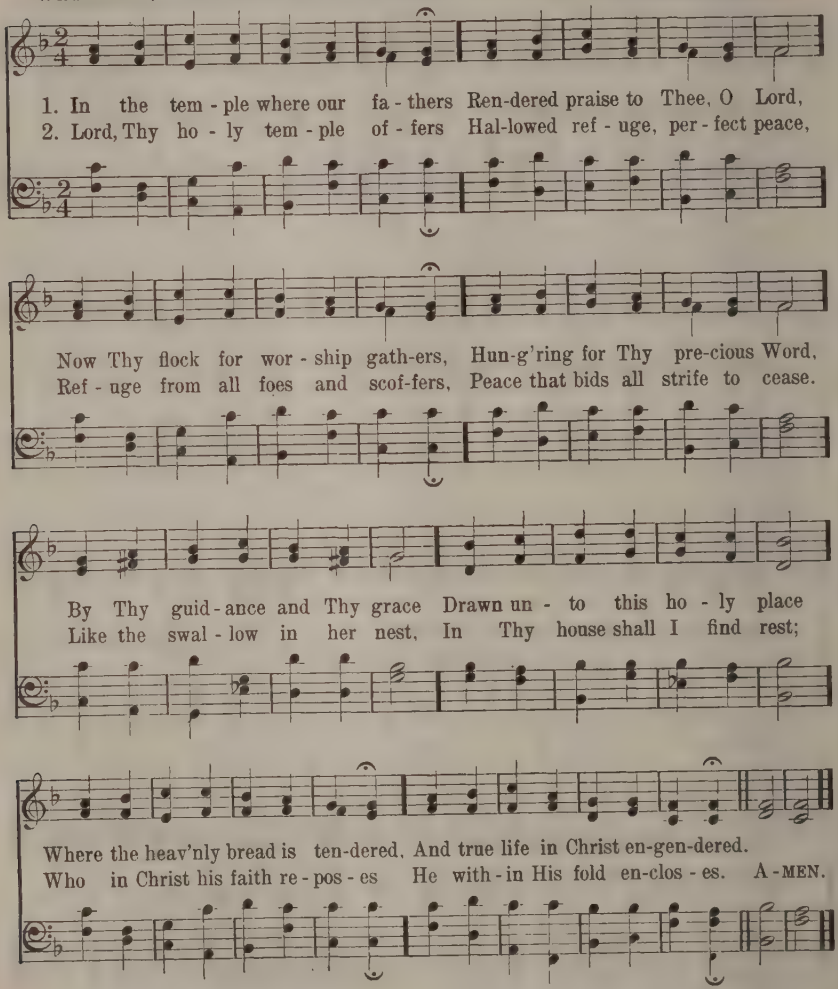
2 Touch Thou the shepherd's lips, O Lord,
That in this blessèd hour
He may proclaim Thy sacred Word
With unction and with power.
What Thou wouldst have Thy servant say,
Put Thou into his heart, we pray,
With grace and strength to say it.

3 Let heart and ear be opened wide
Unto Thy Word and pleading;
Our minds, O Holy Spirit, guide
By Thine own light and leading.
The law of Christ we would fulfill,
And walk according to His will,
His Word our rule of living.

Jesper Swedberg.

349. In the Temple Where Our Fathers.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.


1. In the tem - ple where our fa - thers Ren-dered praise to Thee, O Lord,
2. Lord, Thy ho - ly tem - ple of - fers Hal-lowed ref - uge, per - fect peace,
Now Thy flock for wor - ship gath-ers, Hun-g'ring for Thy pre-cious Word,
Ref - uge from all foes and scof-fers, Peace that bids all strife to cease.
By Thy guid - ance and Thy grace Drawn un - to this ho - ly place
Like the swal - low in her nest, In Thy house shall I find rest;
Where the heav'nly bread is ten-dered, And true life in Christ en-gen-dered.
Who in Christ his faith re - pos - es He with - in His fold en-clos - es. A - MEN.

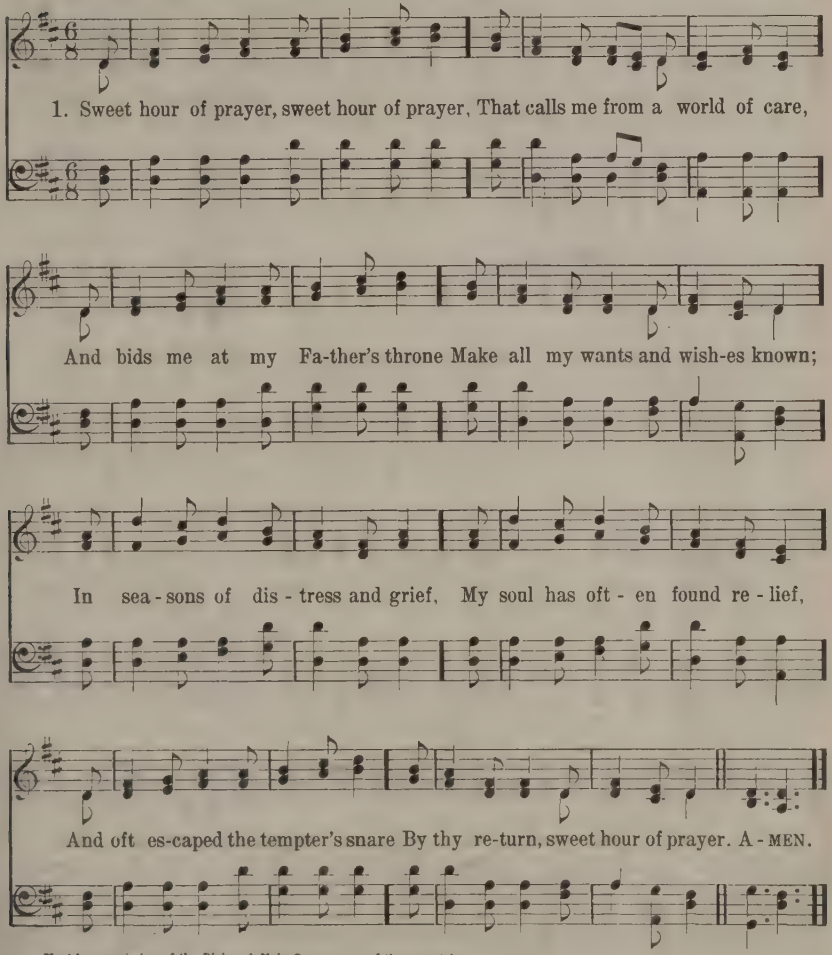
3 Not the peace of false assurance
In Thy house, O Father, dwells;
There the strength for our endurance
From Thy sacred altar wells.
To Thy presence we draw nigh,
Grant us power from on high;
With Thy sword and helmet arm us,
That no worldly foes alarm us.

4 Let Thy Church, O heavenly Father,
Be to us the open way
To that temple where we gather
Round Thy throne some blessèd day.
Gentle Shepherd, as of old,
Feed us, tend us, in Thy fold,
And at last Thy flock deliver,
In Thy heaven to dwell forever.

Erik Natanael Söderberg, (b. 1869).

350. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer. L. M. D. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, (1816–1868).


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known;
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer. A - MEN.

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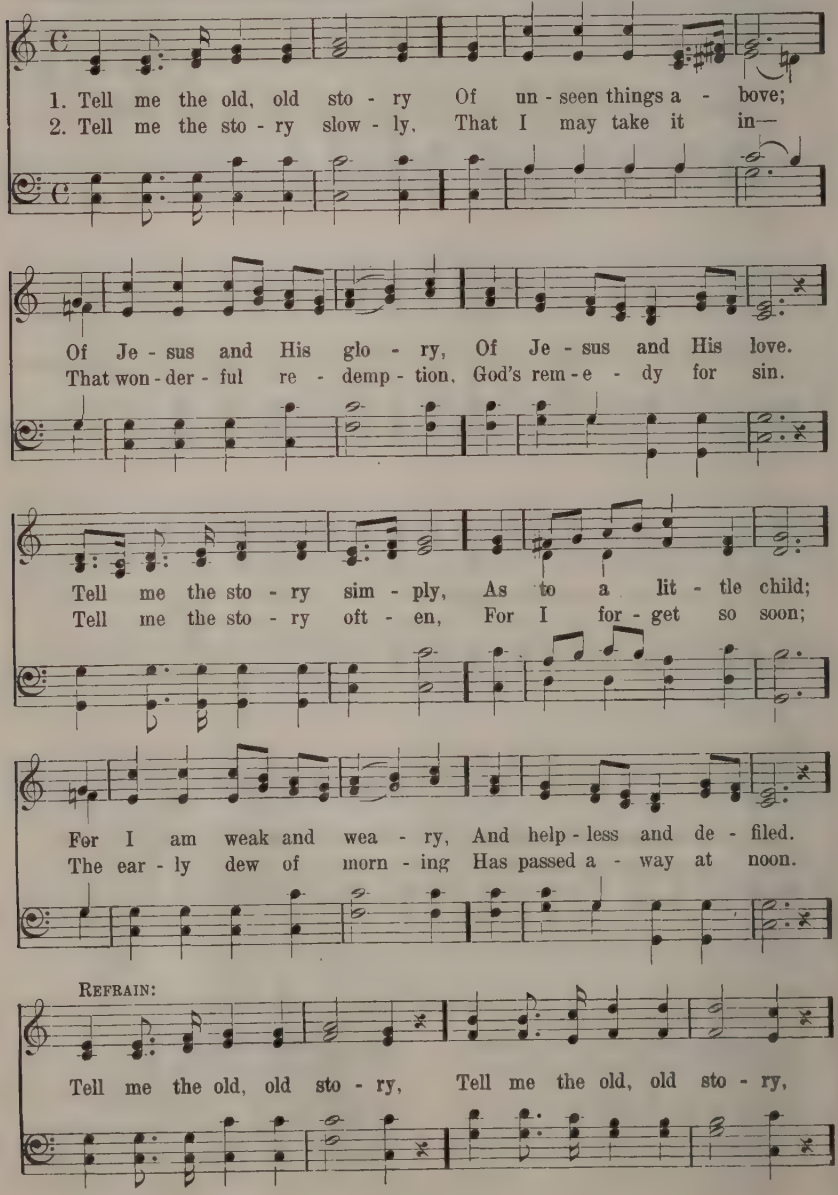
2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petitions bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His Word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

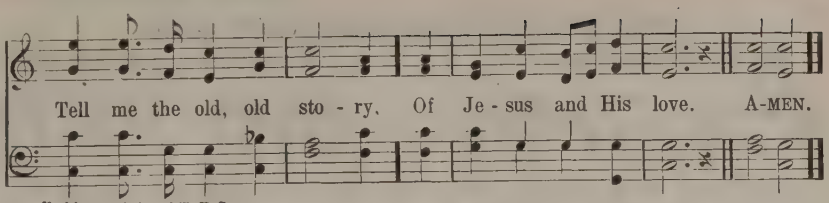
3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1861.

351. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Evangel. 7 6, 7 6. D. With Refrain. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1869.


1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove;
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in—
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin.
Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child;
Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon;
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
The ear - ly dew of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
REFRAIN:
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,



Used by permission of W. H. Doane.

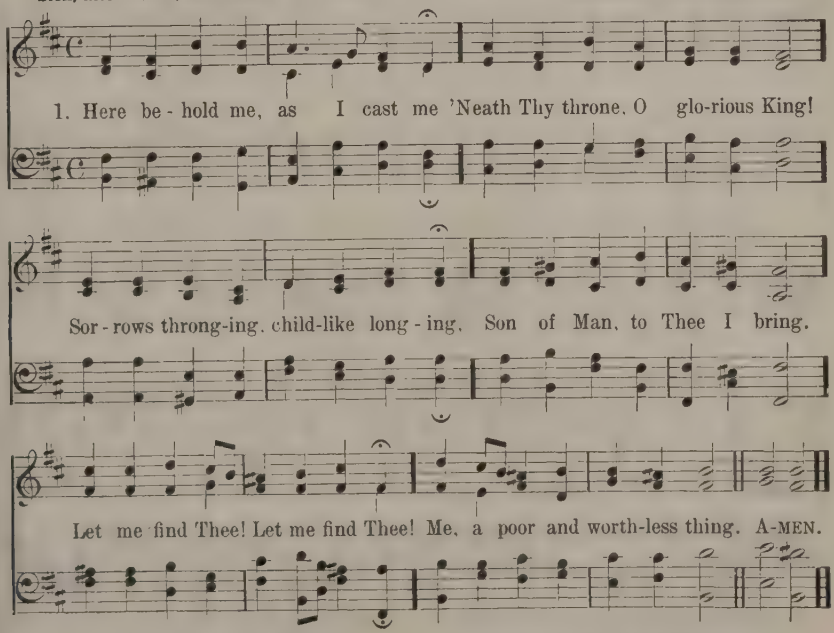
3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
And when the light of heaven
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Katherine Hankey, 1866.

352. Here Behold Me, As I Cast Me.

Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig. 8 7, 8 7, 4 4 7. Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698.


1. Here be - hold me, as I cast me 'Neath Thy throne, O glo-rious King!
Sor - rows throng-ing, child-like long - ing, Son of Man, to Thee I bring.
Let me find Thee! Let me find Thee! Me, a poor and worth-less thing. A-MEN.

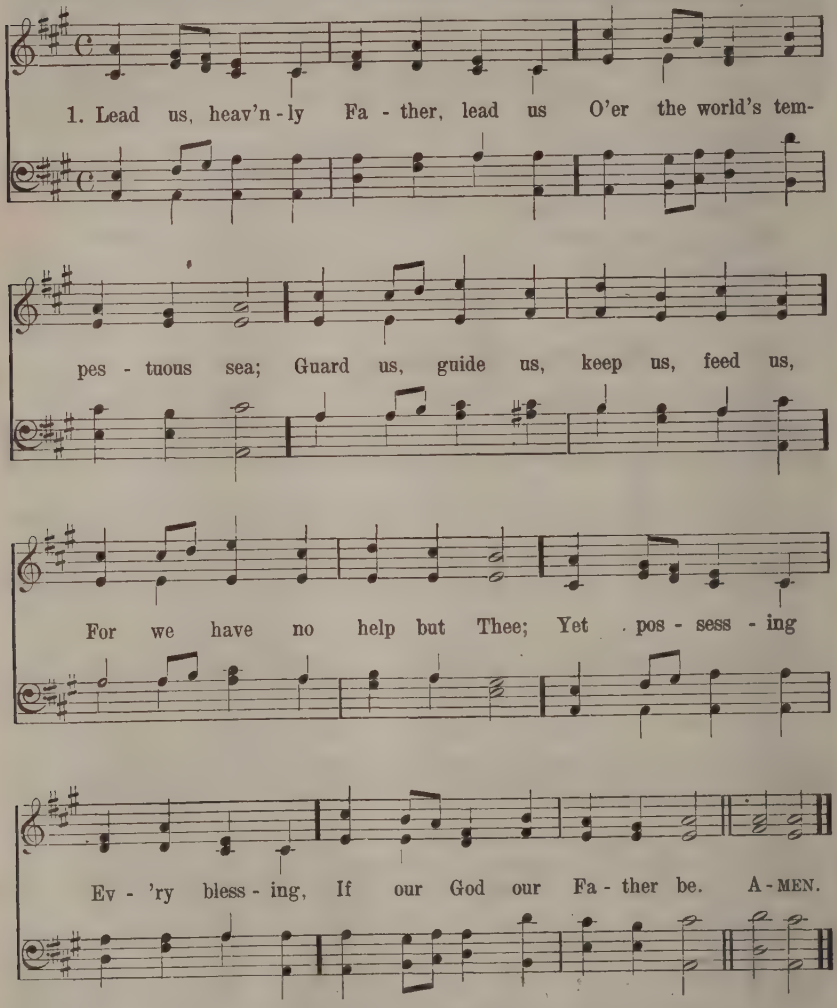
2 Look upon me, Lord, I pray Thee,
Let Thy Spirit dwell in mine;
Thou hast sought me, Thou hast bought me,
Only Thee to know I pine.
Let me find Thee!
Take my heart, and own me Thine!

3 Naught I ask for, naught I strive for,
But Thy grace, so rich and free,
That Thou givest whom Thou lovest,
And who truly cleave to Thee.
Let me find Thee!
He hath all things who hath Thee.

Joachim Neander, 1680.

353. Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us.

Guide me. 8 7, 8 7, 4 4 7. WILLIAM LETTON VINER, (1790–1867).


1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-
pes-tuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee; Yet pos-sess-ing
Ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-MEN.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love, all other love transcending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

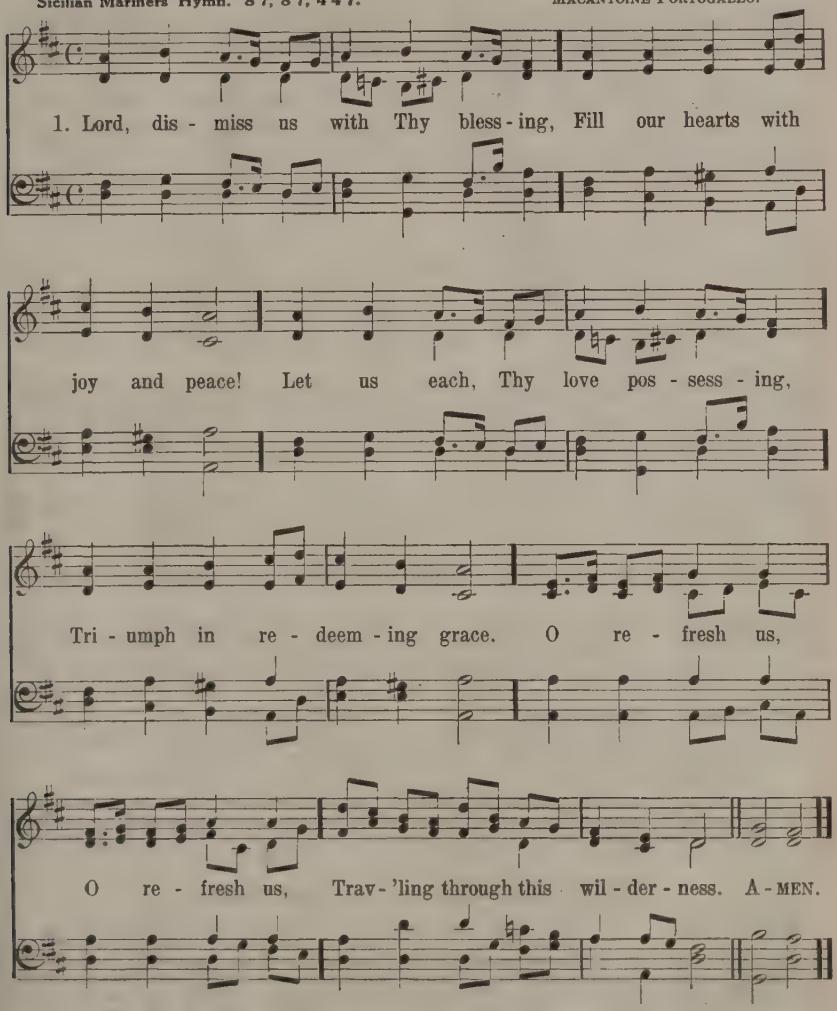
See also Morning and Evening Hymns.

James Edmeston, 1821, a.

354. Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing.

Sicilian Mariners' Hymn. 8 7, 8 7, 4 4 7.

Old Latin Hymn, "O Sanctissima."
MACANTOINE PORTOGALLO.


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
joy and peace! Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us,
O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness. A - MEN.

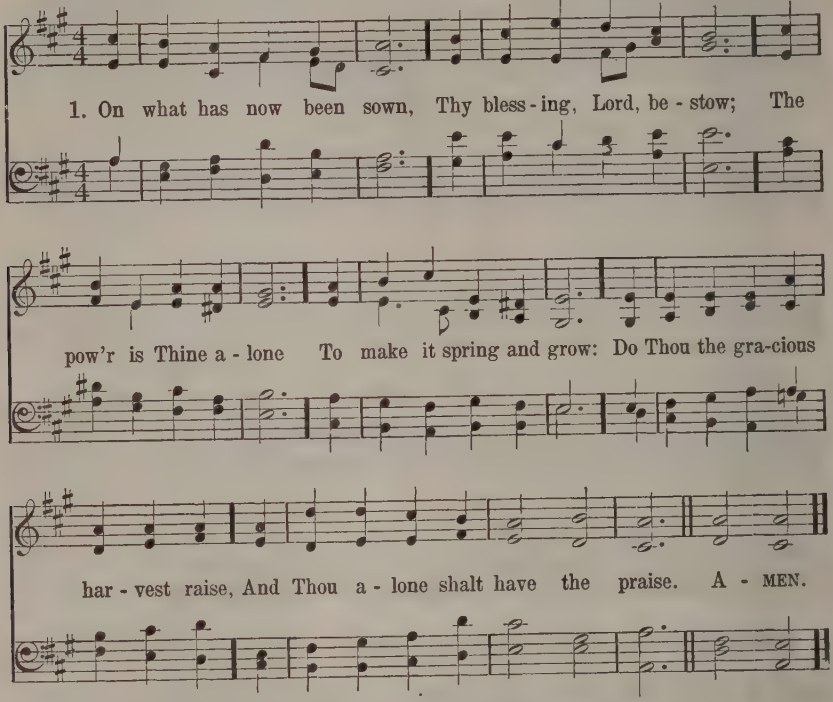
2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound.
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

John Fawcett, 1773, a.

355. On What Has Now Been Sown.

St. Godric. 66, 66, 88. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.


1. On what has now been sown, Thy bless-ing, Lord, be-stow; The
pow'r is Thine a-lone To make it spring and grow: Do Thou the gra-cious
har-vest raise, And Thou a-lone shalt have the praise. A-MEN.

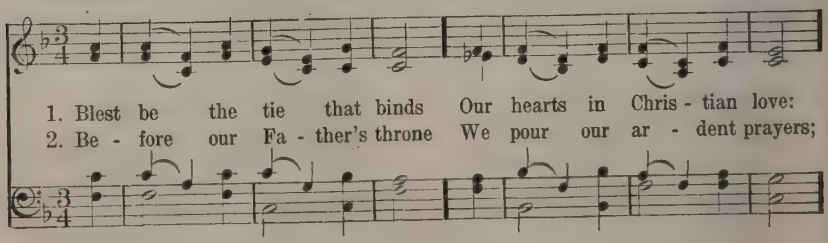
2 To Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers,
Accept what is Thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to Thy Word a blessing give.

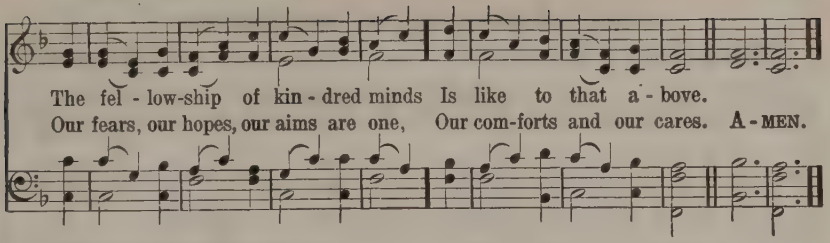
3 O grant that each of us,
Who meet before Thee here,
May meet together thus,
When Thou and Thine appear,
And follow Thee to heaven, our home;
E'en so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come!

John Newton, 1779.

356. Blest Be the Tie That Binds.

Dennis. S. M. Arr. from JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON, 1845.





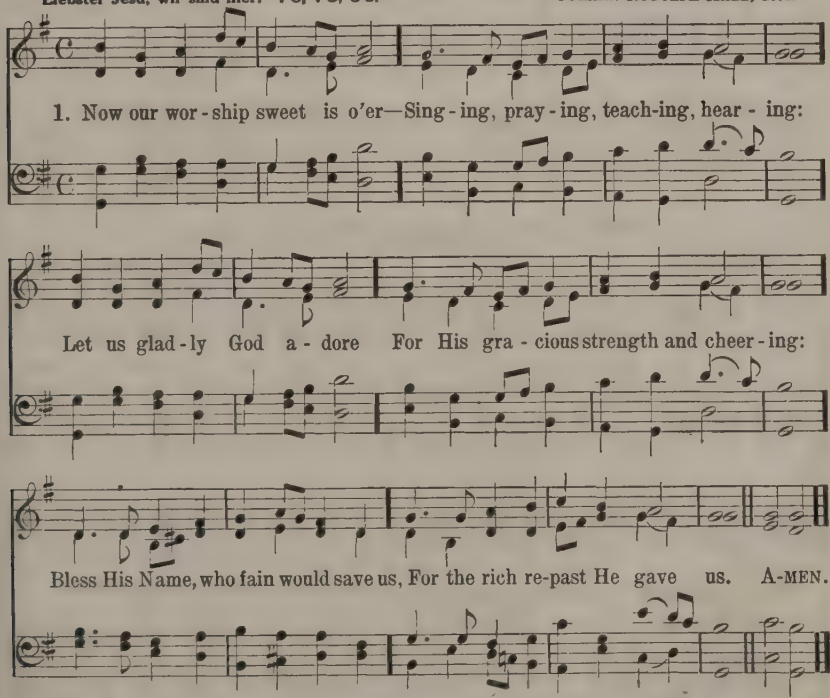
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett, 1772.

357. Now Our Worship Sweet Is O'er.

Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier. 7 8, 7 8, 8 8. JOHANN RUDOLPH AHLE, 1664.


1. Now our wor - ship sweet is o'er—Sing - ing, pray - ing, teach-ing, hear - ing:
Let us glad - ly God a - dore For His gra - cious strength and cheer - ing:
Bless His Name, who fain would save us, For the rich re-past He gave us. A-MEN.

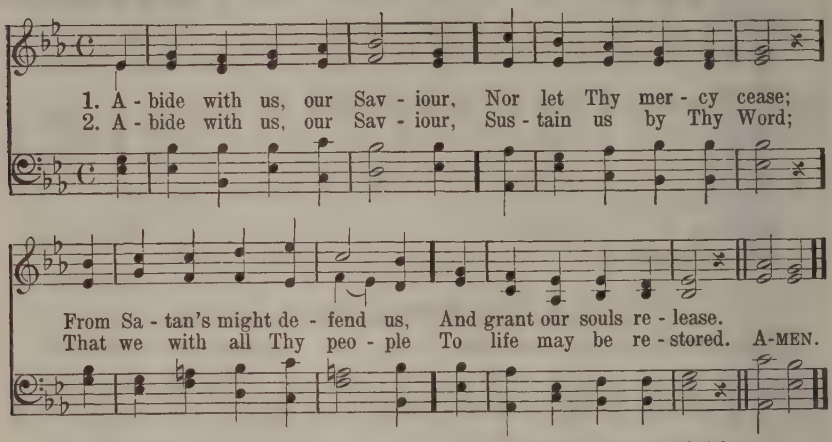
2 Now the blessing cheers our heart,
And the service all is ended,
Let us joyfully depart,
Be our souls to God commended:
His good Spirit ever guide us,
And with all things well provide us.

3 Let our going out be blest,
Bless our entrance in like measure;
Bless, O Lord, our toil and rest,
Bless our bread, our grief, and pleasure;
Be in death Thy blessing given;
Make us blessèd heirs of heaven!

Hartmann Schenk, (1634–1681).

358. Abide with Us, Our Saviour.

Christus der ist mein Leben. 7 6, 7 6. MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.


1. A - bide with us, our Sav - iour, Nor let Thy mer - cy cease;
2. A - bide with us, our Sav - iour, Sus - tain us by Thy Word;
From Sa - tan's might de - fend us, And grant our souls re - lease.
That we with all Thy peo - ple To life may be re - stored. A-MEN.

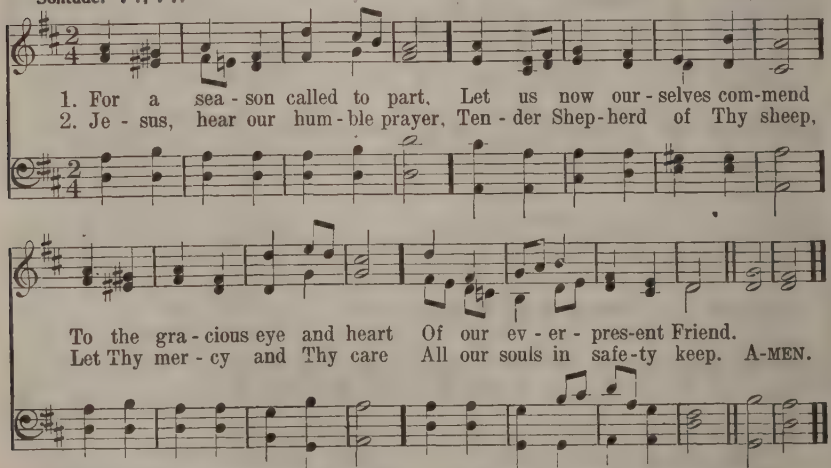
3 Abide with us, our Saviour,
Thou Light of endless light;
Increase to us Thy blessings,
And save us by Thy might.

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Eternal One in Three,
As was, and is forever,
All praise and glory be.

Joshua Stegmann, 1628.

359. For a Season Called to Part.

Solitude. 7 7, 7 7. LEWIS THOMAS DOWNES, 1851.


1. For a sea - son called to part, Let us now our - selves com-mend
2. Je - sus, hear our hum - ble prayer, Ten - der Shep - herd of Thy sheep,
To the gra - cious eye and heart Of our ev - er - pres-ent Friend.
Let Thy mer - cy and Thy care All our souls in safe - ty keep. A-MEN.

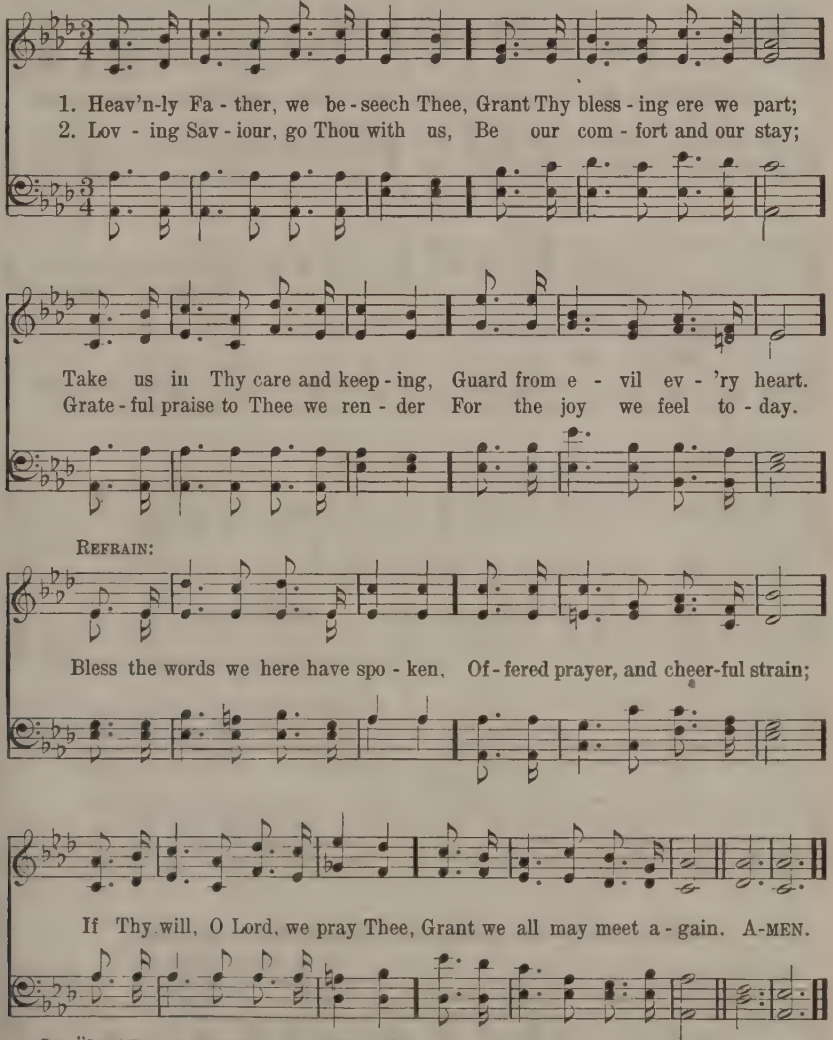
3 What we each have now been taught,
Let our memories retain.
May we, if we live, be brought
Here to meet in peace again.

4 Then, if Thou instruction bless,
Songs of praises shall be given;
We'll our thankfulness express,
Here on earth, and then in heaven.

John Newton, 1779.

360. Heavenly Father, We Beseech Thee.

Heavenly Father. 8 7, 8 7. With Refrain. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826–1899).


1. Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, we be - seech Thee, Grant Thy bless - ing ere we part;
2. Lov - ing Sav - iour, go Thou with us, Be our com - fort and our stay;
Take us in Thy care and keep - ing, Guard from e - vil ev - 'ry heart.
Grate - ful praise to Thee we ren - der For the joy we feel to - day.
REFRAIN:
Bless the words we here have spo - ken, Of - fered prayer, and cheer-ful strain;
If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a - gain. A-MEN.

From "Gospel Hymns." Copyright, 1878, by Biglow & Main.

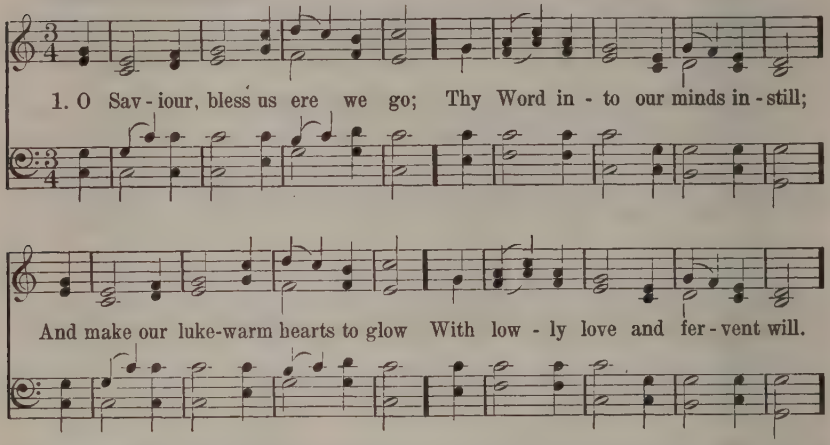
3 Holy Spirit, dwell within us,
May our souls Thy temple be;
May we tread the path to glory,
Led and guided still by Thee.

4 Heavenly Father, loving Saviour,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As among Thy saints and angels,
So on earth Thy will be done.

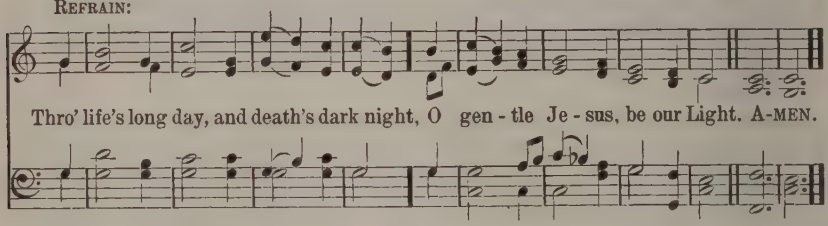
Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, (1820–1915).

361. O Saviour, Bless Us Ere We Go.

St. Petersburg. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. DIMITRI BORTNIANSKY, (1752–1828).


1. O Sav - iour, bless us ere we go; Thy Word in - to our minds in - still;
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

REFRAIN:



2 Grant us, O Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

3 Do more than pardon: give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

4 Our tasks are sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Ah, never let our works be soiled
With self, or by deceit ensnared.

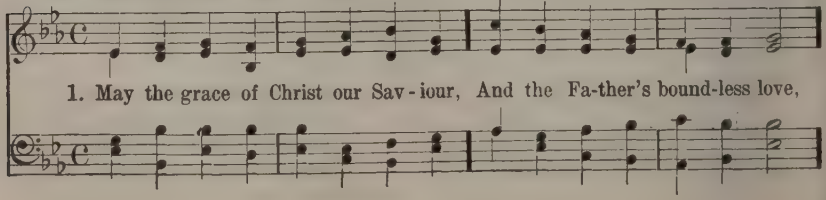
5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

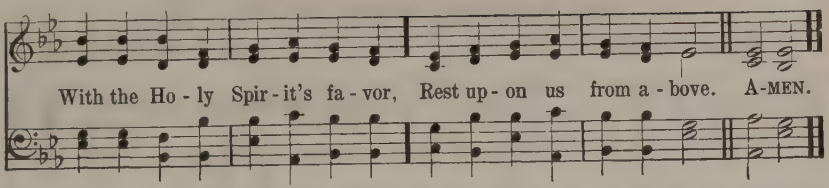
Frederick William Faber, 1849.

362. May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour.

Gnadauer Choralbuch, 1784.

Batty (Ringe recht wenn Gottes Gnade). 8 7, 8 7. Har. by WILLIAM HENRY MONK, (1823–1889).



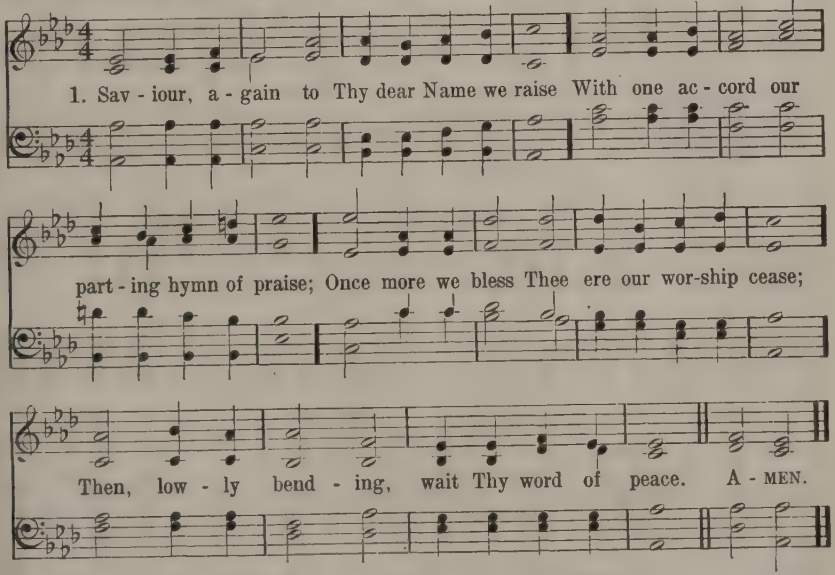


2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779.

363. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.

Ellers. 10 10, 10 10. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, 1869.


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac - cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;
Then, low - ly bend - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - MEN.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day:
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

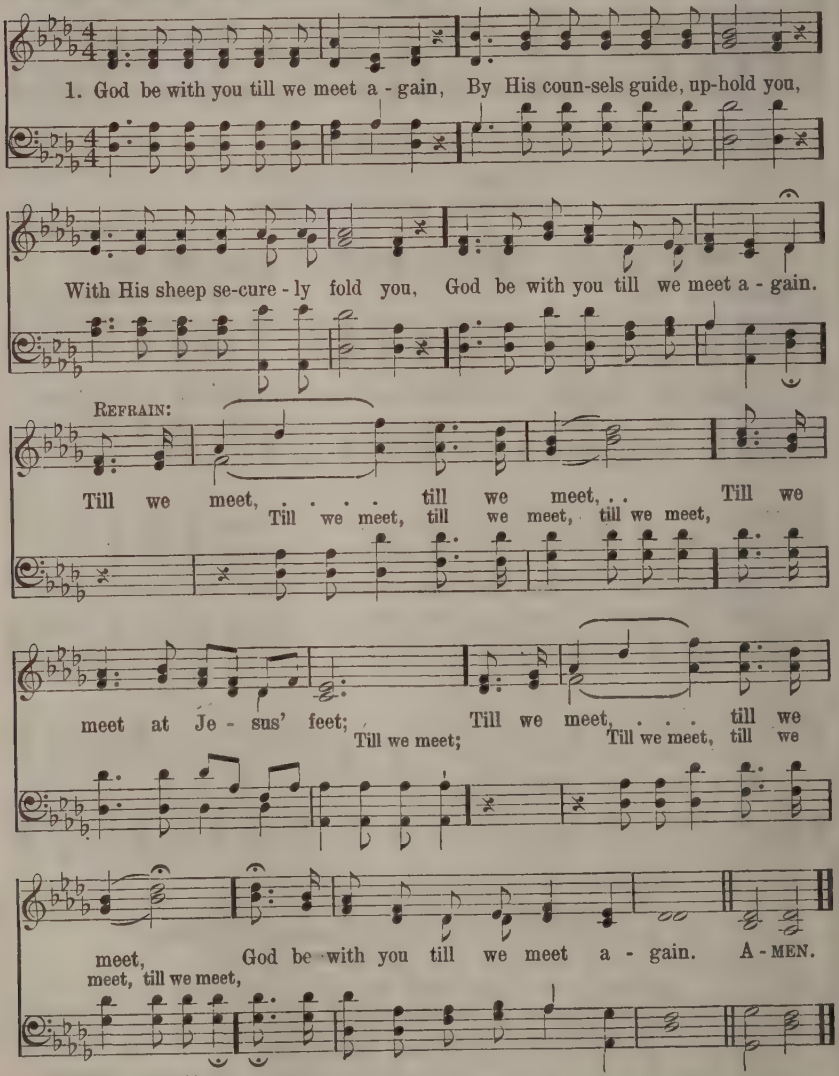
3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1866. (Text of 1868.)

364. God Be with You Till We Meet Again.

God be with you. 9 8, 8 9. With Refrain. WILLIAM GOULD TOMER, 1882.


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
REFRAIN:
Till we meet, . . . till we meet, . . Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, . . . till we
Till we meet; Till we meet, till we
meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A - MEN.
meet, till we meet,

Copyright by J. E. Rankin.

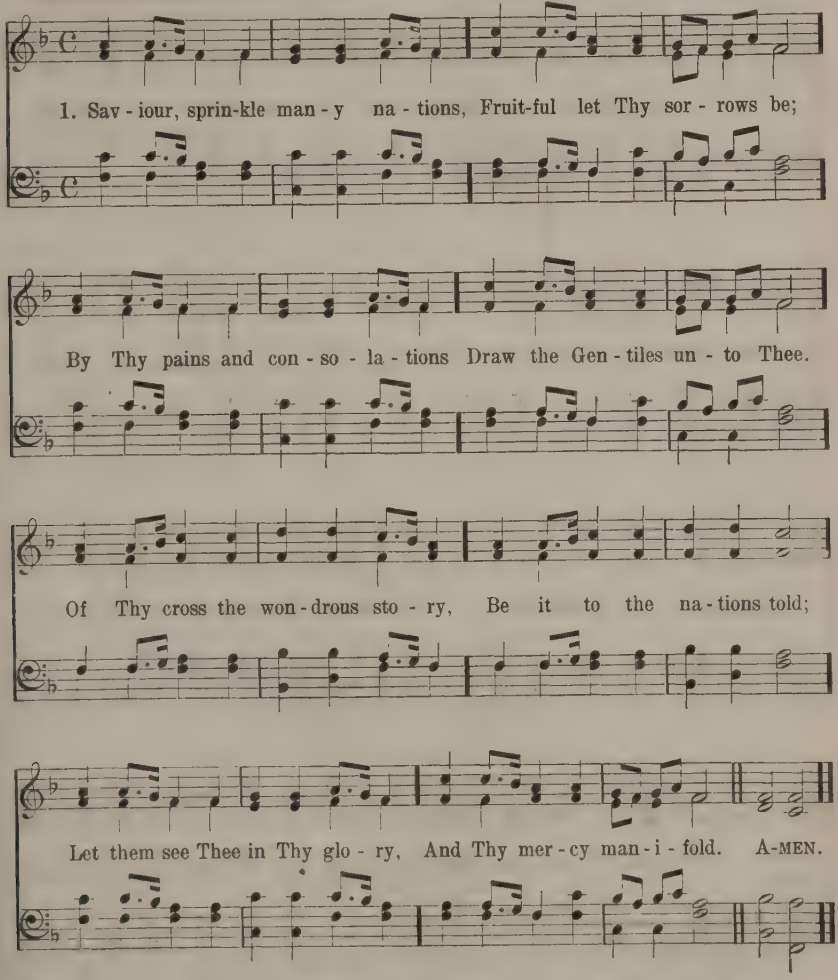
2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

See also Evening Hymns.

Jeremiah Eames Rankin, 1882.

365. Saviour, Sprinkle Many Nations.

Greenville. 8 7, 8 7. D. • JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, (1712-1778).


1. Sav - iour, sprin-kle man - y na - tions, Fruit-ful let Thy sor - rows be;
By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee.
Of Thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A-MEN.

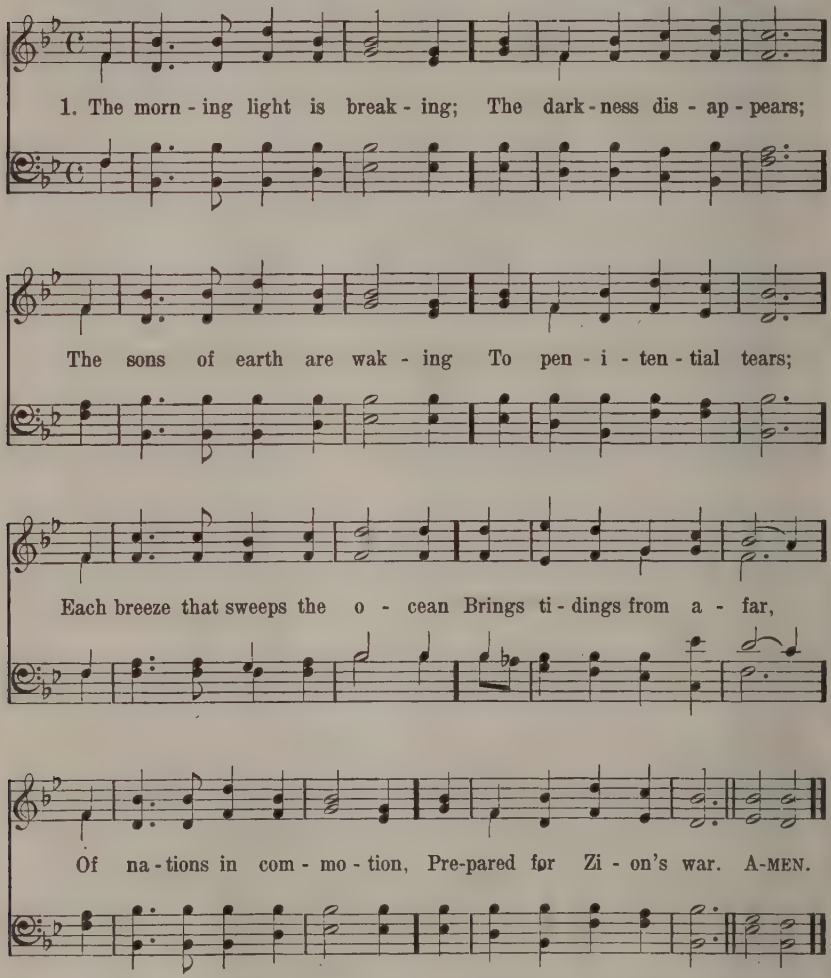
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast:
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.
Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man, for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new-creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature,
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1851.

366. The Morning Light Is Breaking.

Webb. 76, 76. D. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far,
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war. A-MEN.

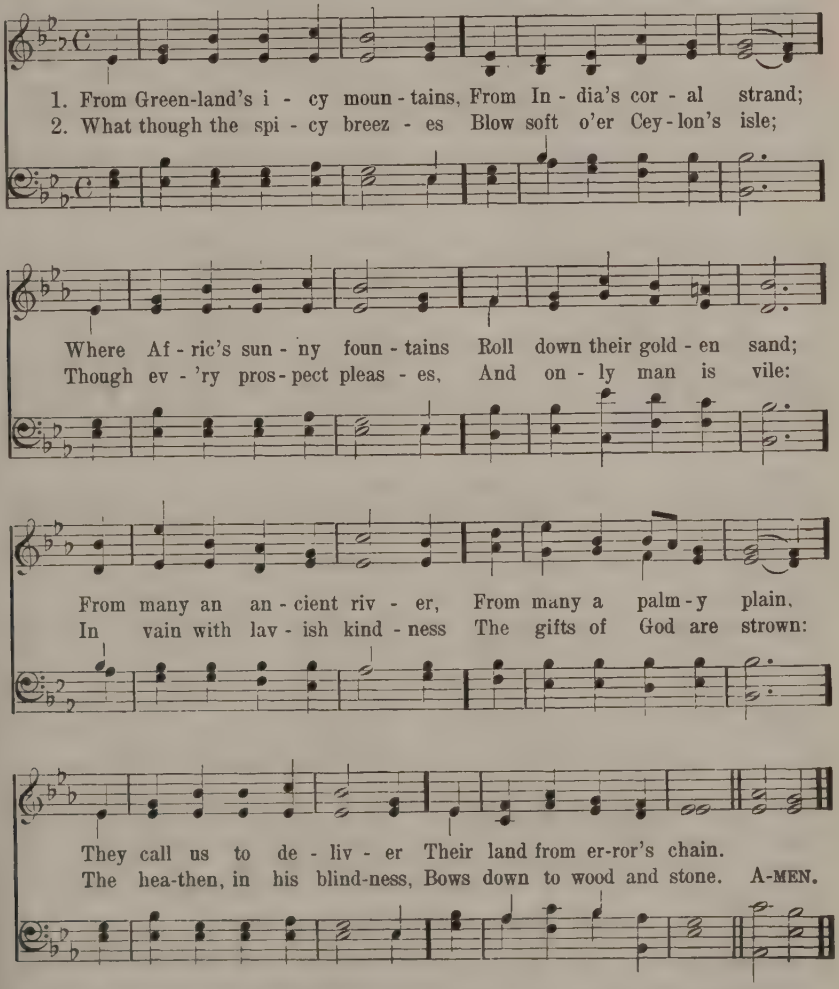
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832.

367. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Missionary Hymn. 76, 76. D. LOWELL MASON, 1823.


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand;
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain.
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile:
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown:
The hea-then, in his blind-ness, Bows down to wood and stone. A-MEN.

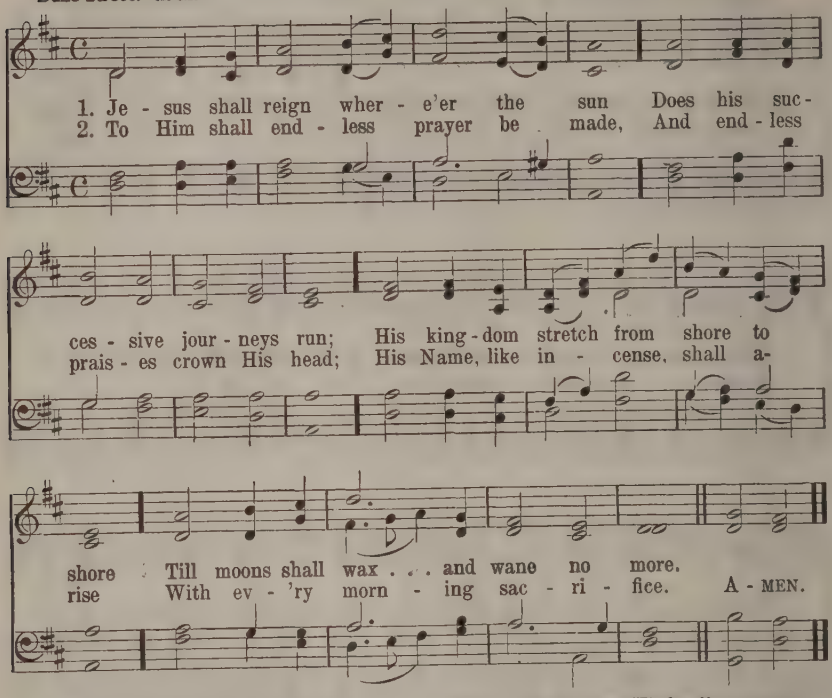
3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819.

368. Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

Duke Street. L. M. JOHN HATTON, 1790.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc -
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less
ces - sive jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to
prais - es crown His head; His Name, like in - cense, shall a-
shore Till moons shall wax . . . and wane no more.
rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

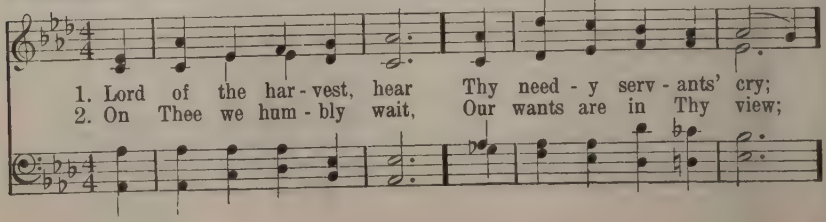
5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

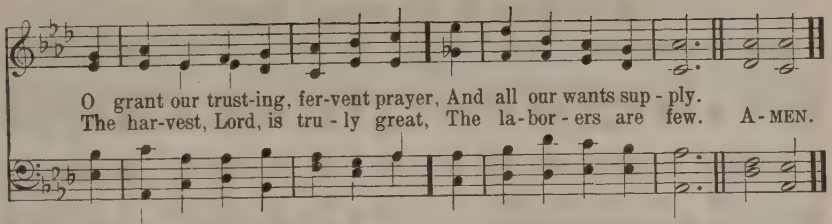
6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719. Abridged.

369. Lord of the Harvest, Hear.

Schumann. S. M. Arranged from ROBERT SCHUMANN, (1810-1856).





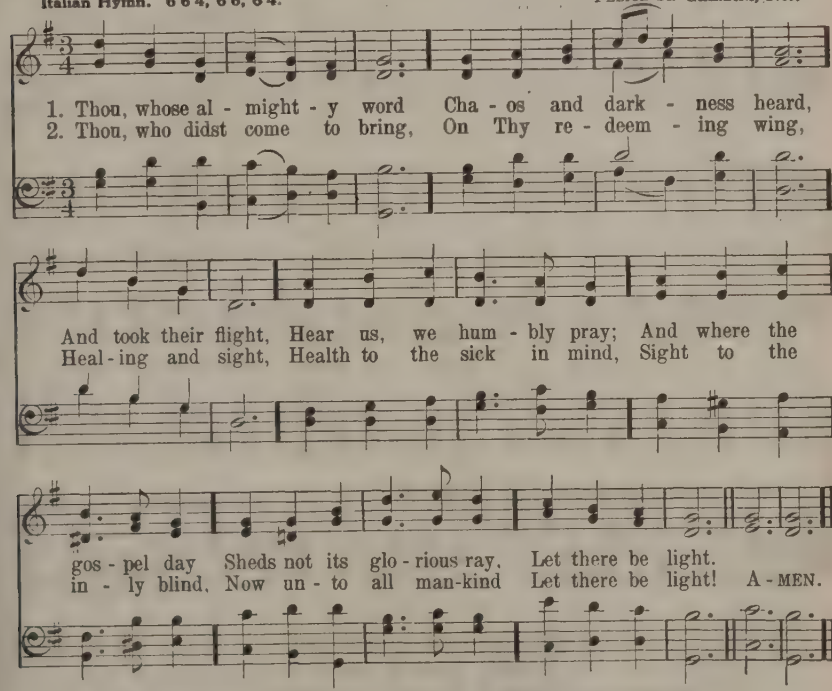
3 Anoint and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad,
And let them speak Thy Word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread Thy Name.
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

370. Thou, Whose Almighty Word.

Italian Hymn. 664, 66, 64. FELICE DE GIARDINI, 1769.


1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
2. Thou, who didst come to bring, On Thy re - deem - ing wing,
And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And where the
Heal - ing and sight, Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the
gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light.
in - ly blind, Now un - to all man-kind Let there be light! A - MEN.

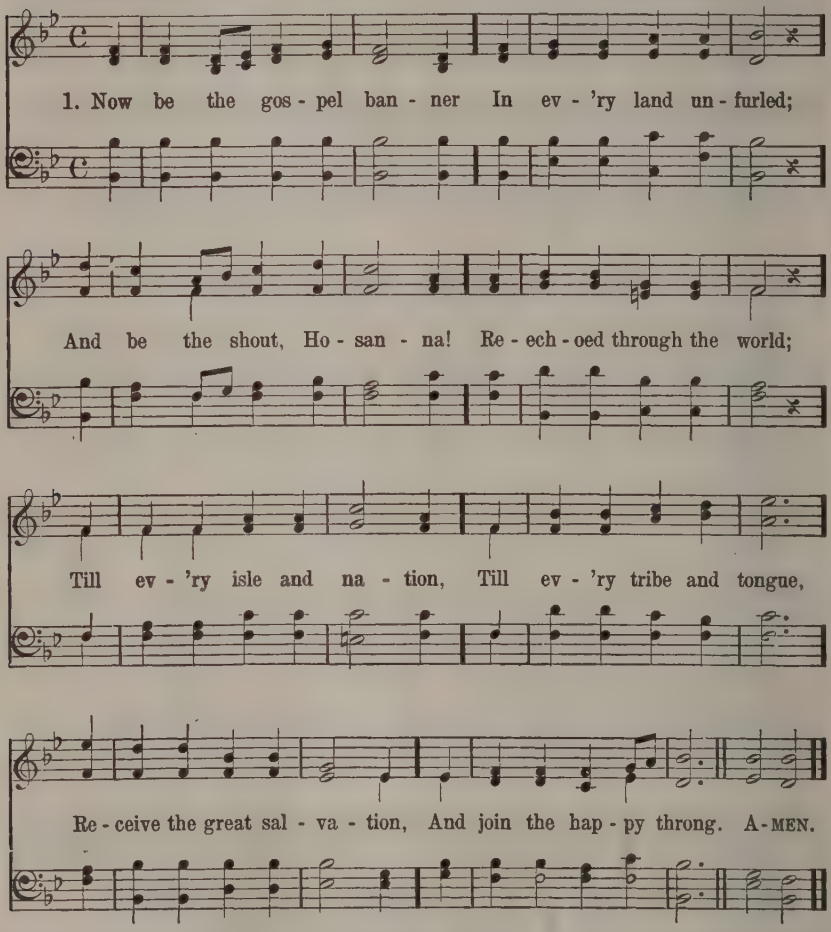
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the light of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Love, Wisdom, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott, 1813.

371. Now Be the Gospel Banner.

O, du mitt hjärtas trängtan. 7 6, 7 6. D. JOHAN CHRISTIAN FREDRICK HÆFFNER, 1808.

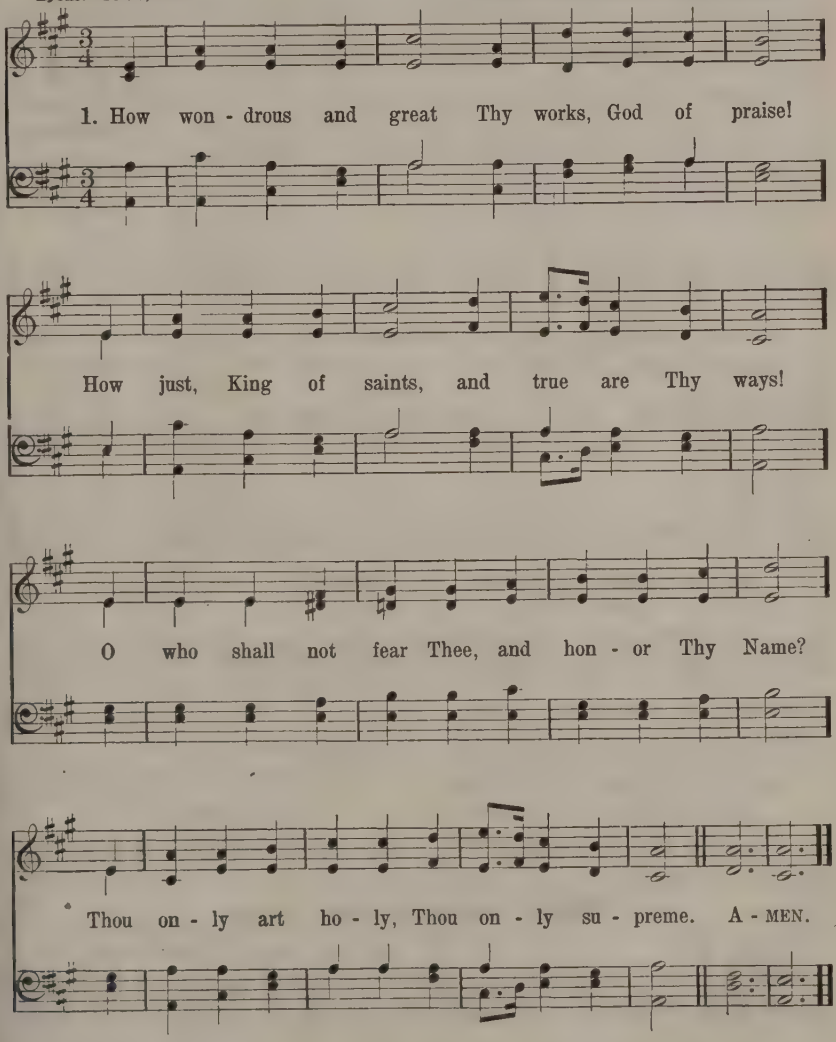

1. Now be the gos - pel ban - ner In ev - 'ry land un - furled;
And be the shout, Ho - san - na! Re - ech - oed through the world;
Till ev - 'ry isle and na - tion, Till ev - 'ry tribe and tongue,
Re - ceive the great sal - va - tion, And join the hap - py throng. A - MEN.

2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

Thomas Hastings, 1831.

372. How Wondrous and Great Thy Works, God of Praise!

Lyons. 10 10, 11 11. Arr. from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, (1737–1806).

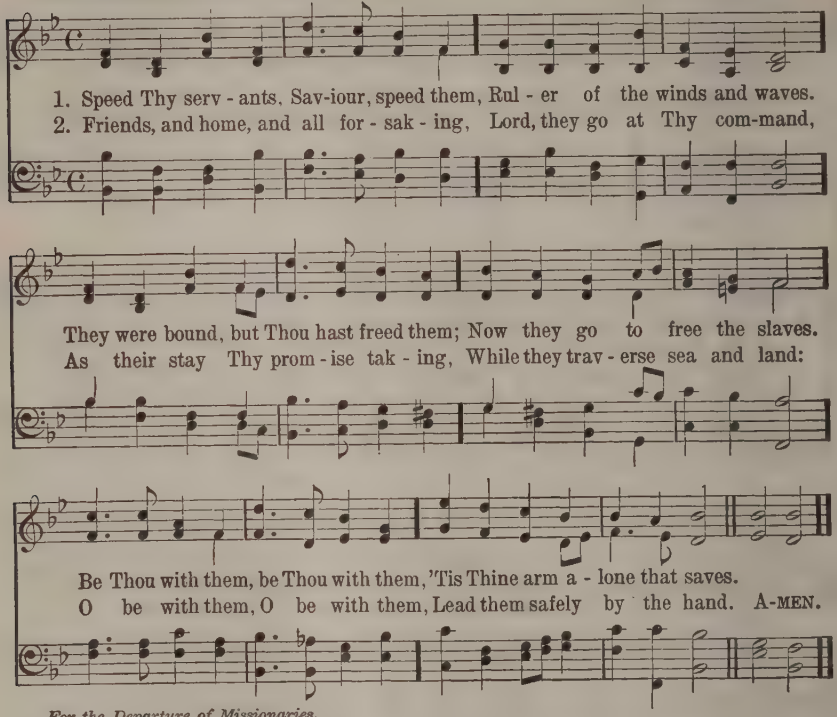

1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints, and true are Thy ways!
O who shall not fear Thee, and hon - or Thy Name?
Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme. A - MEN.

2 To nations long dark Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows shall come to Thy throne:
Thy truth and Thy judgments shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people confess Thee their God.

Henry Ustic Onderdonk, 1826.

373. Speed Thy Servants, Saviour, Speed Them.

Regent Square. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. HENRY SMART, 1867.


1. Speed Thy serv - ants, Sav-iour, speed them, Rul - er of the winds and waves.
2. Friends, and home, and all for - sak - ing, Lord, they go at Thy com-mand,
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves.
As their stay Thy prom - ise tak - ing, While they trav - erse sea and land:
Be Thou with them, be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a - lone that saves.
O be with them, O be with them, Lead them safely by the hand. A-MEN.

For the Departure of Missionaries.

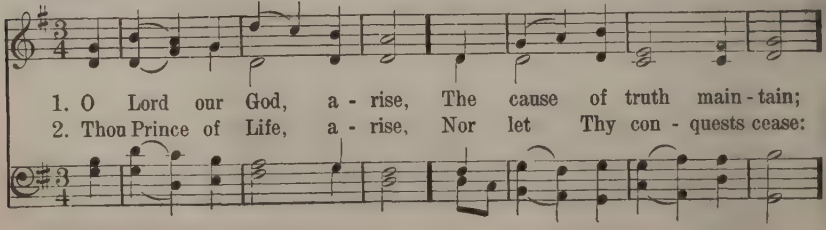
3 When no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain.
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

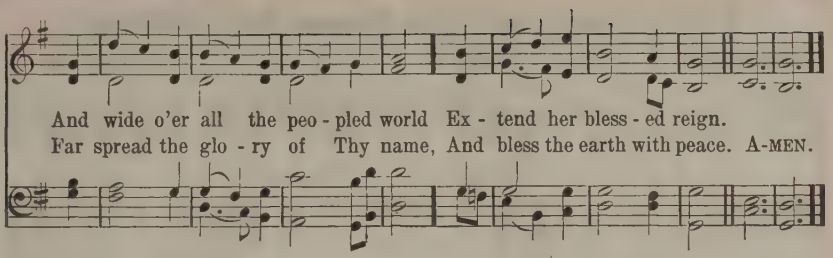
4 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humble be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see!

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

374. O Lord Our God, Arise.

Thatcher. S. M. Arr. from GEORGE FREDERICK HÄNDEL, 1732.




And wide o'er all the peo - pled world Ex - tend her bless - ed reign.
Far spread the glo - ry of Thy name, And bless the earth with peace. A-MEN.

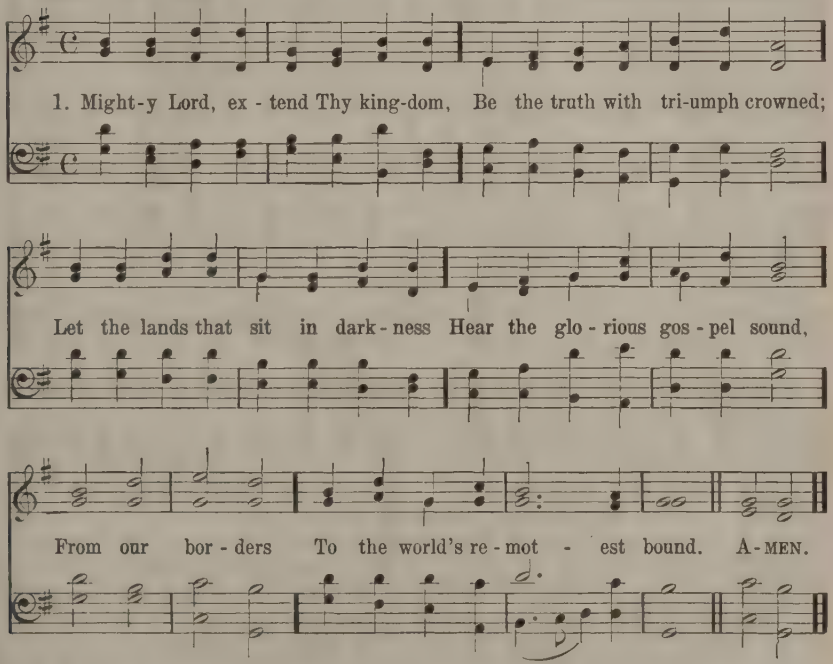
3 Thou, Holy Ghost, arise,
Exert Thy quickening power,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Thy light and peace outpour.

4 All men on earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let His high praises ring.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1800.

375. Mighty Lord, Extend Thy Kingdom.

Coronæ. 8 7, 8 7, 4 7. WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1871.


1. Might-y Lord, ex - tend Thy king-dom, Be the truth with tri-umph crowned;
Let the lands that sit in dark - ness Hear the glo - rious gos - pel sound,
From our bor - ders To the world's re - mot - est bound. A-MEN.

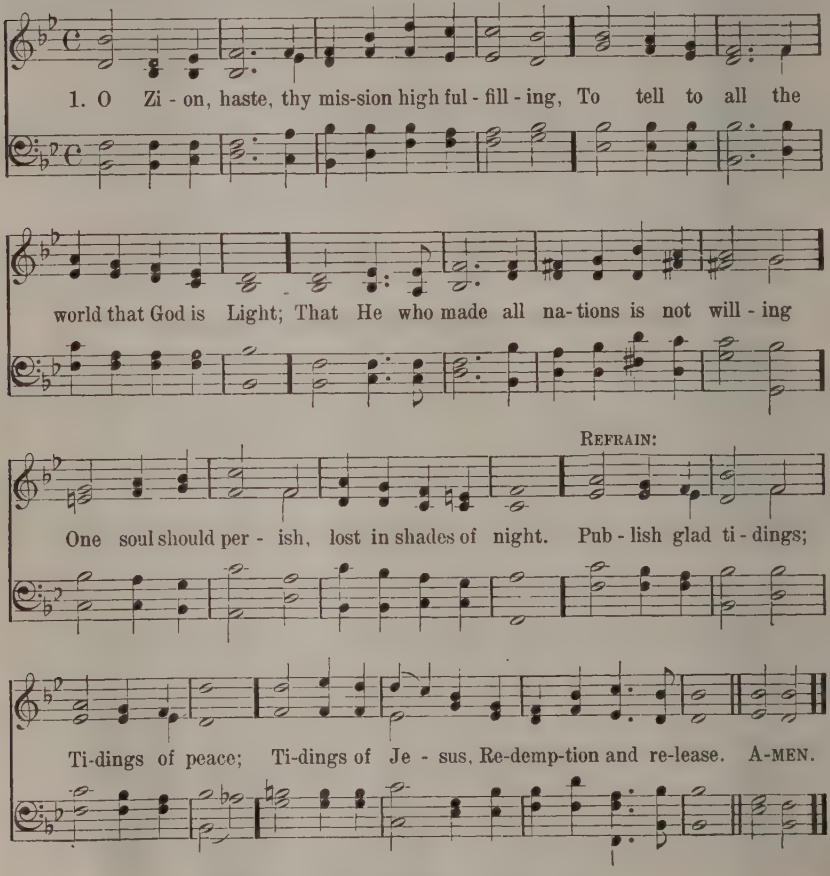
2 By Thine arm, eternal Father,
Scatter far the shades of night;
Let the great Immanuel's Kingdom
Open like the morning light:
Let all barriers
Yield before Thy heavenly might.

3 Come in all Thy Spirit's power;
Come, Thy reign on earth restore;
In Thy strength ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing more and more,
Till all people
Shall Thy holy Name adore.

Joseph Cottle, 1828, a.

376. O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

Angelic Songs. 11 10, 11 10. With Refrain. JAMES WALCH, 1875.


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
REFRAIN:
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night. Pub - lish glad ti - dings;
Ti-dings of peace; Ti-dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

2 Behold, how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.

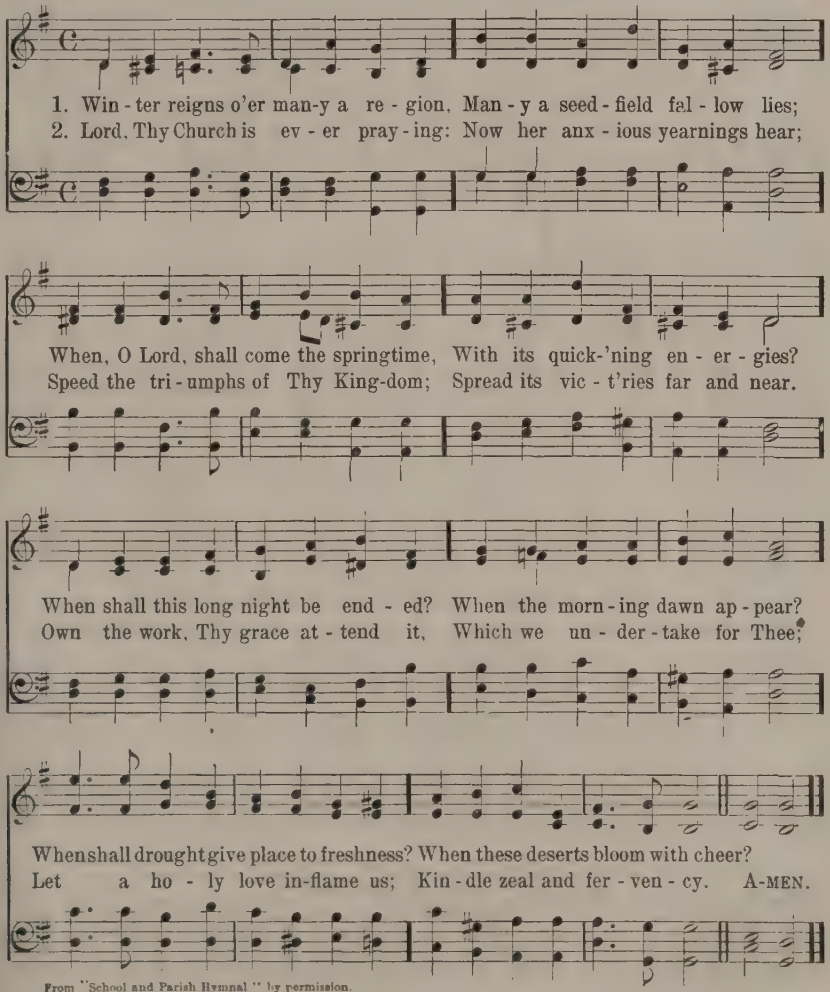
3 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is Love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious,
And haste the coming of the glorious day.

Mary Ann Thomson, 1870.

377. Winter Reigns o'er Many a Region.

Theodoret. 8 7. 8 7. D. JEREMIAH FRANKLIN OHL, 1887.


1. Win - ter reigns o'er man-y a re - gion, Man - y a seed - field fal - low lies;
2. Lord, Thy Church is ev - er pray - ing: Now her anx - ious yearnings hear;
When, O Lord, shall come the springtime, With its quick-'ning en - er - gies?
Speed the tri - umphs of Thy King-dom; Spread its vic - t'ries far and near.
When shall this long night be end - ed? When the morn - ing dawn ap - pear?
Own the work, Thy grace at - tend it, Which we un - der - take for Thee;
When shall drought give place to freshness? When these deserts bloom with cheer?
Let a ho - ly love in-flame us; Kin - dle zeal and fer - ven - cy. A-MEN.

From "School and Parish Hymnal" by permission.

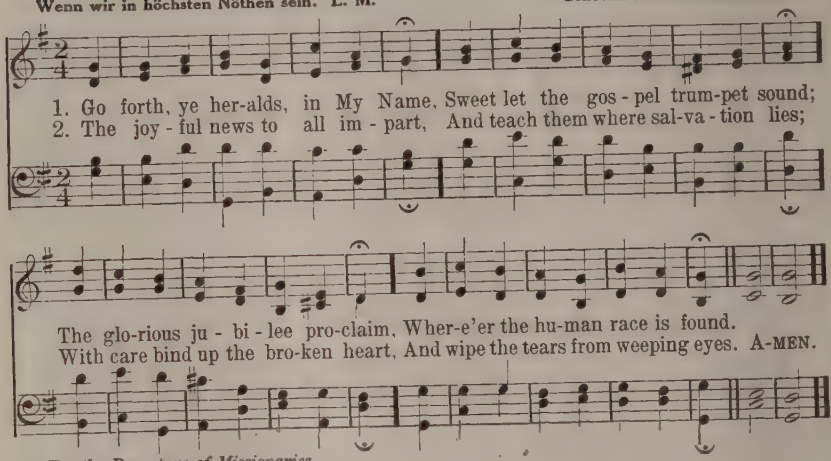
3 That Thy fields be rightly cultured,
Send the laborers that we need,
Men to light the heavy darkness,
Sow the wastes with precious seed.
Then send down the gentle showers,
Make Thy gracious sunlight shine,
That each field may joy with blessing,
Bringing forth the fruits divine.

4 By the breezes of Thy Spirit,
Fan all deadness into life;
Bless the seeds to Thee upspringing,
Keep each plant from blast and strife.
And, ye toilers in this seeding,
Know the promise God hath given:
Glorious crowns await the faithful,
And eternal gains in heaven.

Leonhard Meisser, 1840 (?).

378. Go Forth, Ye Heralds, in My Name.

Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen sein. L. M. Genevan French Psalter, 1542.


1. Go forth, ye her-alds, in My Name, Sweet let the gos - pel trum-pet sound;
2. The joy - ful news to all im - part, And teach them where sal-va - tion lies;
The glo-rious ju - bi - lee pro-claim, Wher-e'er the hu-man race is found.
With care bind up the bro-ken heart, And wipe the tears from weeping eyes. A-MEN.

For the Departure of Missionaries.

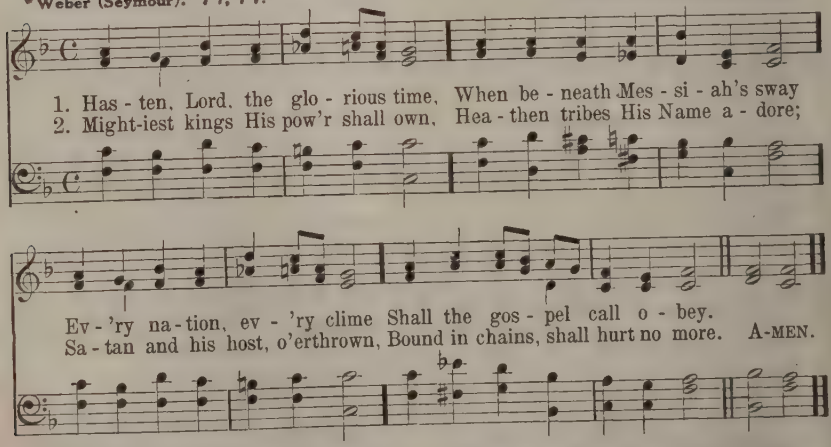
3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your heaven-taught conduct show
Ye are commissioned from above.

4 Freely from Me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labors, sinners live.

James Maxwell, 1789.

379. Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

Weber (Seymour). 7 7, 7 7. Carl Maria von Weber, 1826.


1. Has - ten, Lord, the glo - rious time, When be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway
2. Might-iest kings His pow'r shall own, Hea - then tribes His Name a - dore;
Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime Shall the gos - pel call o - bey.
Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more. A-MEN.

3 Then shall war and tumult cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

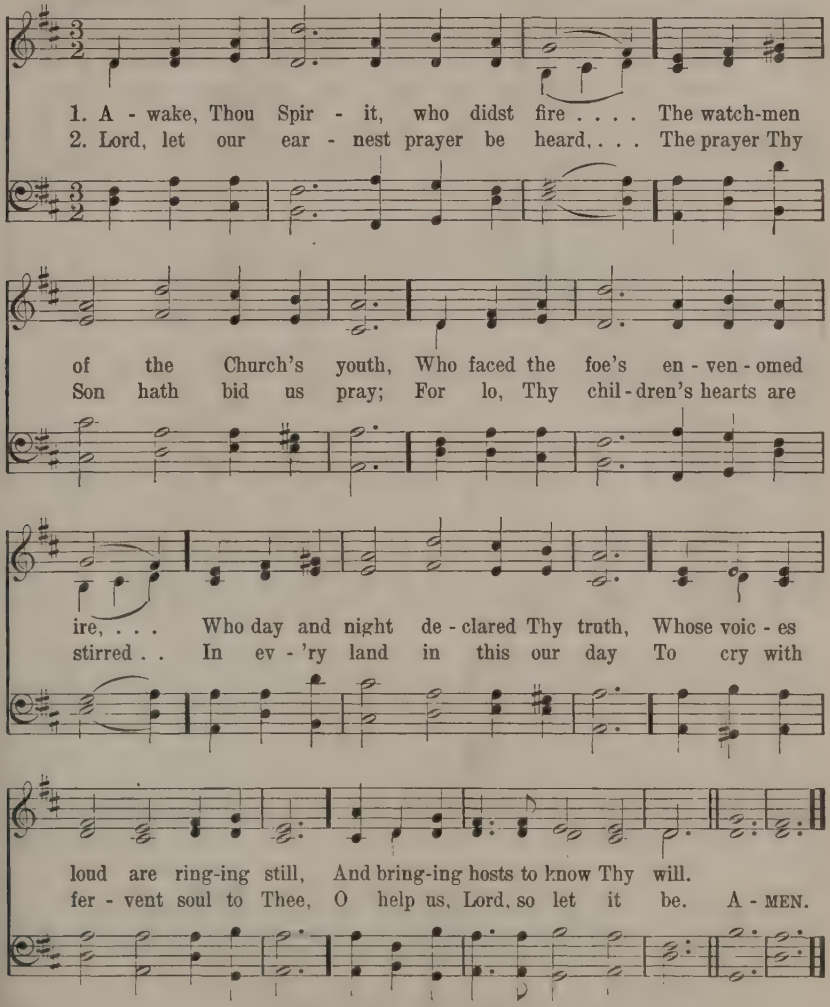
4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

380. Awake, Thou Spirit, Who Didst Fire.

Ich will dich lieben. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8.

KÖNIG's Harmonischer Liederschatz, 1731.
Arr. by ADOLF HULT, 1923.


1. A - wake, Thou Spir - it, who didst fire . . . . The watch-men
2. Lord, let our ear - nest prayer be heard, . . . The prayer Thy
of the Church's youth, Who faced the foe's en - ven - omed
Son hath bid us pray; For lo, Thy chil - dren's hearts are
ire, . . . Who day and night de - clared Thy truth, Whose voic - es
stirred . . In ev - 'ry land in this our day To cry with
loud are ring-ing still, And bring-ing hosts to know Thy will.
fer - vent soul to Thee, O help us, Lord, so let it be. A - MEN.

Or: St. Catherine, No. 214.

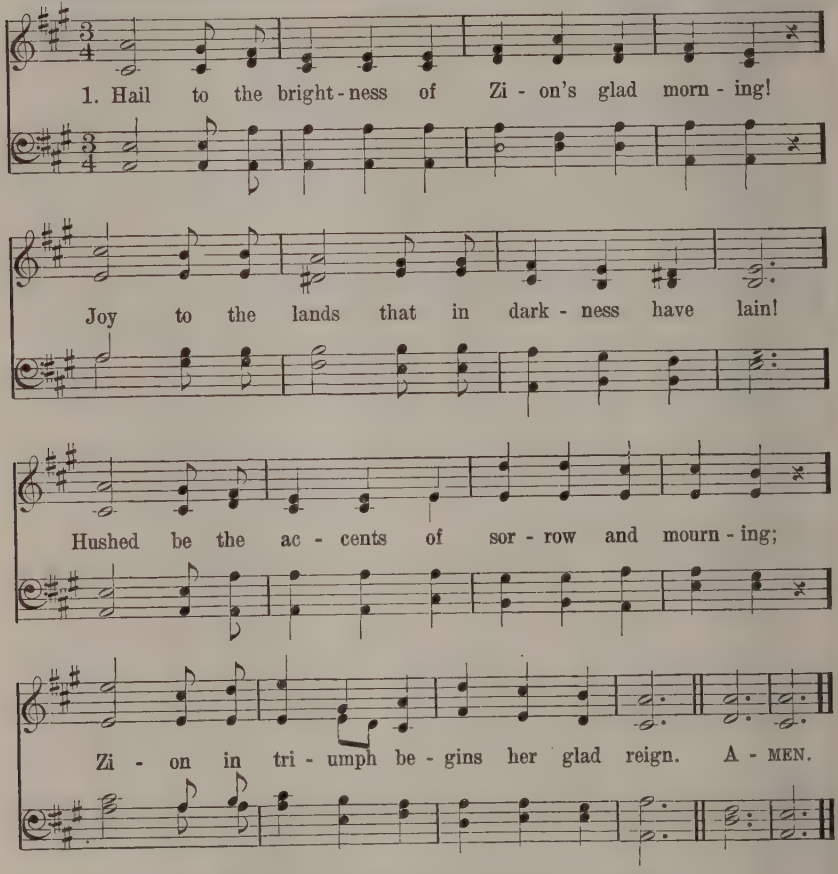
3 O haste to help, ere we are lost!
Send preachers forth, in spirit strong,
Armed with Thy Word, a dauntless host,
Bold to attack the rule of wrong;
Let them the earth for Thee reclaim,
Thy heritage, to know Thy Name.

4 O let Thy Word have speedy course,
Through every land be glorified,
Till all the heathen know its force,
And fill Thy churches far and wide;
Wake Israel from her sleep, O Lord,
And spread the conquests of Thy Word!

Karl Heinrich von Bogatzky, 1750.

381. Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning!

Wesley. 11 10, 11 10. LOWELL MASON, 1833.


1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing!
Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!
Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing;
Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her glad reign. A - MEN.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

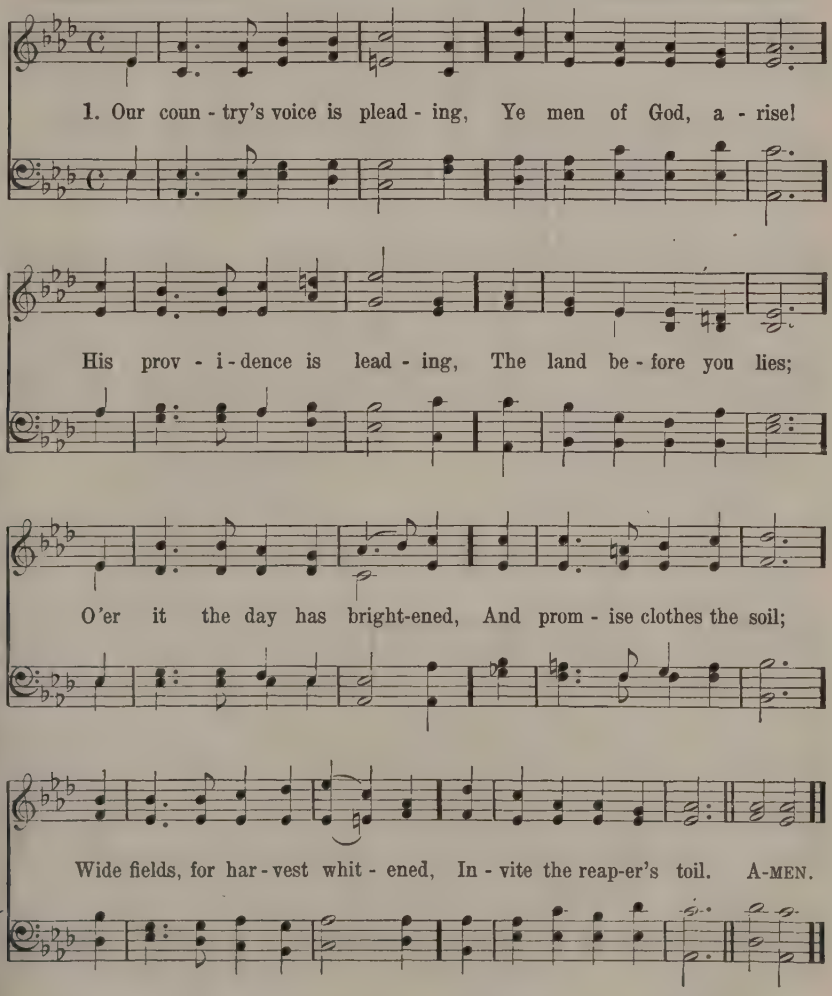
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 Hark, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

382. Our Country's Voice Is Pleading.

Beaumont. 7 6, 7 6. D. RALPH ALVIN STROM, 1924.

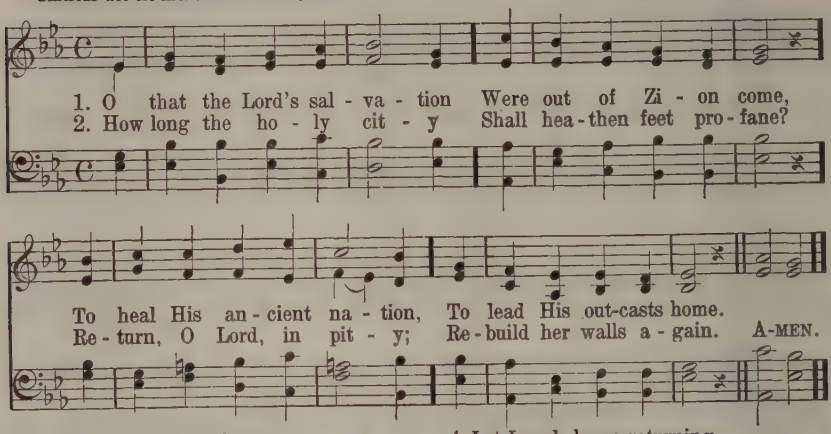

1. Our coun - try's voice is plead - ing, Ye men of God, a - rise!
His prov - i - dence is lead - ing, The land be - fore you lies;
O'er it the day has bright-ened, And prom - ise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for har - vest whit - ened, In - vite the reap-er's toil. A-MEN.

2 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

Maria Frances Anderson, 1848.

383. O That the Lord's Salvation.

Christus der ist mein Leben. 7 6, 7 6. MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.


1. O that the Lord's sal - va - tion Were out of Zi - on come,
2. How long the ho - ly cit - y Shall hea - then feet pro - fane?
To heal His an - cient na - tion, To lead His out-casts home.
Re - turn, O Lord, in pit - y; Re - build her walls a - gain. A-MEN.

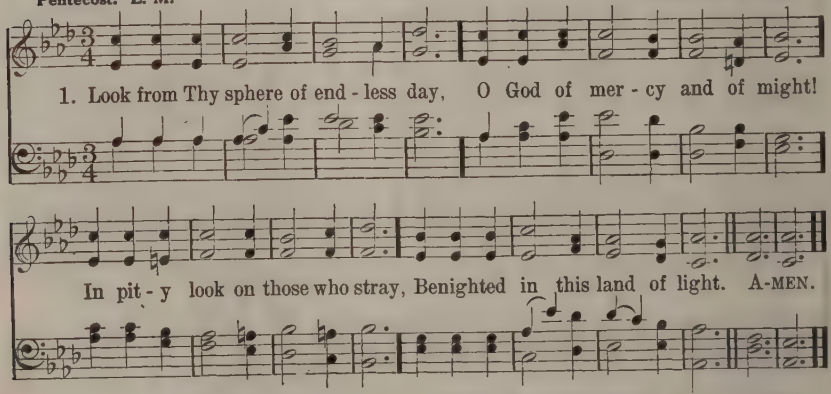
3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

384. Look from Thy Sphere of Endless Day.

Pentecost. L. M. WILLIAM BOYD, 1864.


1. Look from Thy sphere of end - less day, O God of mer - cy and of might!
In pit - y look on those who stray, Benighted in this land of light. A-MEN.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee!

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

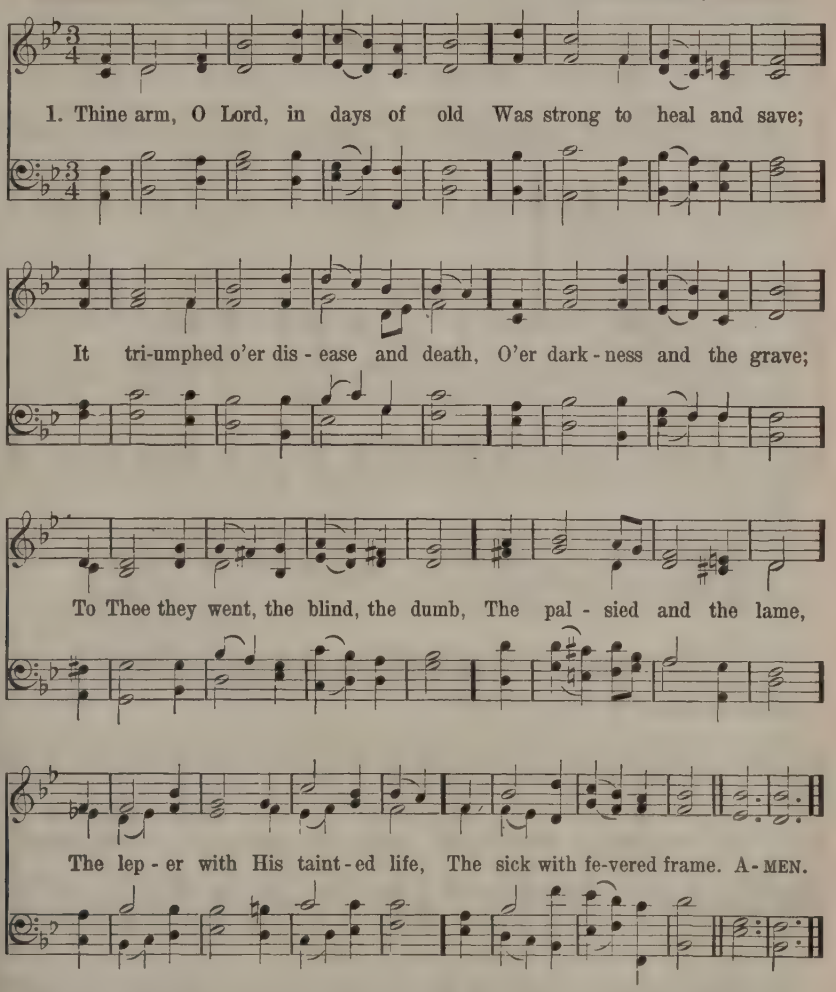
4 Send them Thy mighty Word, to speak
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes,— a dreary scene,
That fills with sadness as we gaze,—
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant, 1840, a.

385. Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old.

St. Matthew. C. M. D. WILLIAM CROFT, (1678–1727).


1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave;
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal-sied and the lame,
The lep-er with His taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame. A-MEN.

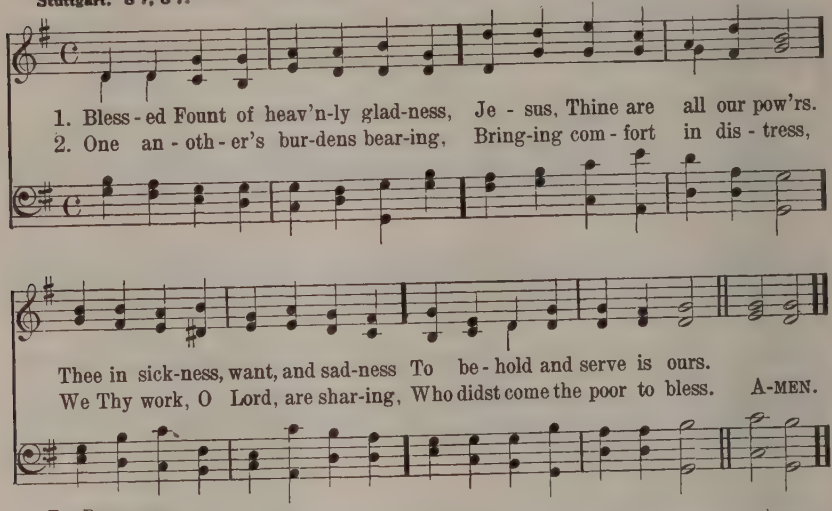
2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennes'ret's shore.

3 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless,
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1864.

386. Blessed Fount of Heavenly Gladness.

Stuttgart. 8 7, 8 7. Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715.


1. Bless - ed Fount of heav'n-ly glad-ness, Je - sus, Thine are all our pow'rs.
2. One an - oth - er's bur-dens bear-ing, Bring-ing com - fort in dis - tress,
Thee in sick-ness, want, and sad-ness To be - hold and serve is ours.
We Thy work, O Lord, are shar-ing, Who didst come the poor to bless. A-MEN.

For Deaconesses.

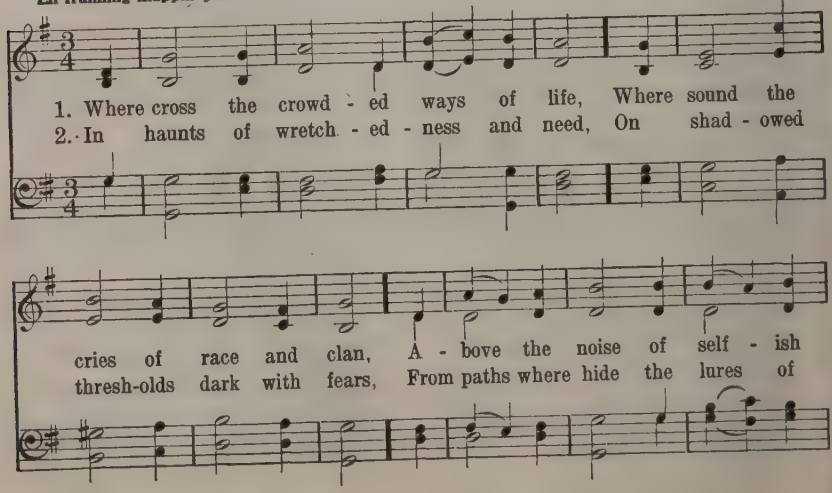
3 Where a child with love is tended,
Where the hungry are supplied,
Where the prisoner is befriended,
Thou art our Reward and Guide.

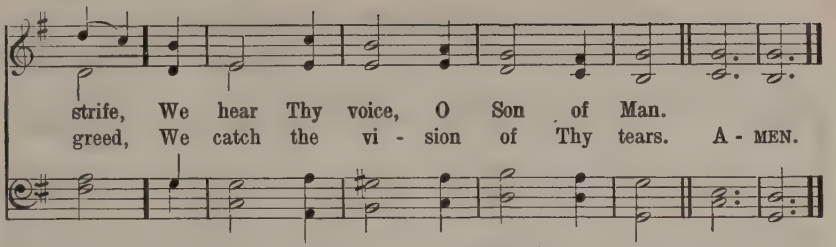
4 Send Thy love with fire from heaven,
Love that longs to help and bless;
Be it in the world a leaven
Unto peace and righteousness.

Theodor Fliedner, (1800–1864).

387. Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

En främling klappar på din dörr. L. M. German.


1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, On shad - owed
cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of self - ish
thresh-olds dark with fears, From paths where hide the lures of



3 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5 O Master, from the mountain side
Make haste to hear these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

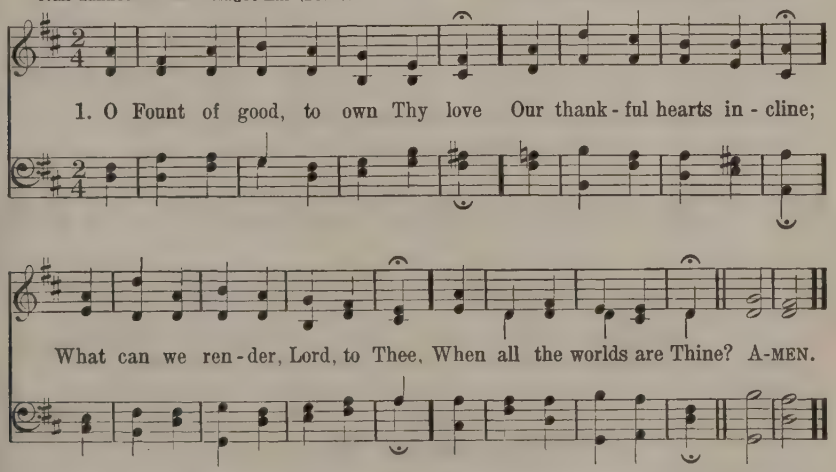
6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the City of our God.

Copyright by Frank Mason North.

Frank Mason North, 1905.

388. O Fount of Good, to Own Thy Love.

Nun danket all' und bringet Ehr (Störl). C. M. JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL, 1710.


1. O Fount of good, to own Thy love Our thank - ful hearts in - cline;
What can we ren - der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-MEN.

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose humble names Thou wilt confess
Before Thy Father's face.

3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

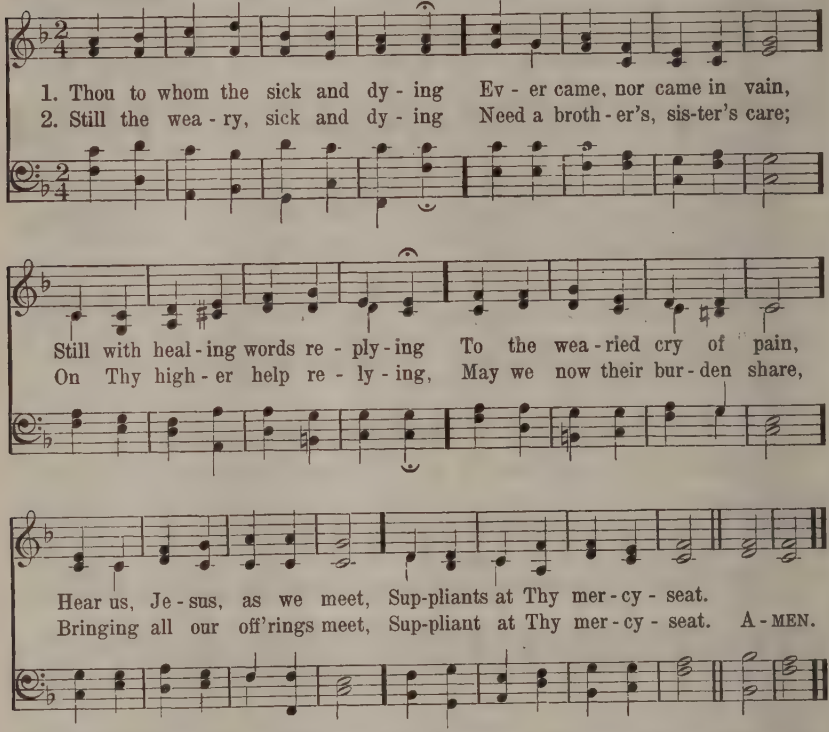
4 Then help us, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will,
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfill.

5 To Thee our all devoted be,
In whom we move and live;
Freely we have received of Thee,
As freely may we give.

Philip Doddridge, (1702–1751).

389. Thou to Whom the Sick and Dying.

Jesu meine Lust und Wonne. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. Lüneburgisches Gesangbuch, 1686.


1. Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,
2. Still the wea - ry, sick and dy - ing Need a broth - er's, sis-ter's care;
Still with heal - ing words re - ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain,
On Thy high - er help re - ly - ing, May we now their bur - den share,
Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Sup-pliants at Thy mer - cy - seat.
Bringing all our off'rings meet, Sup-pliant at Thy mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

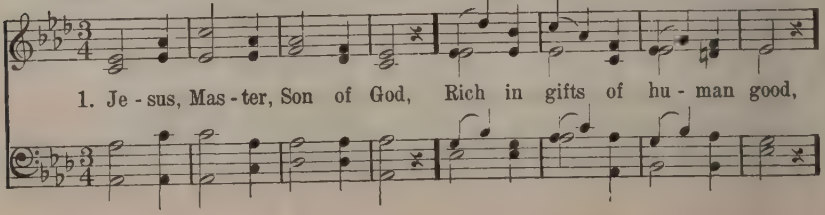
3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart,
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant at Thy mercy-seat.

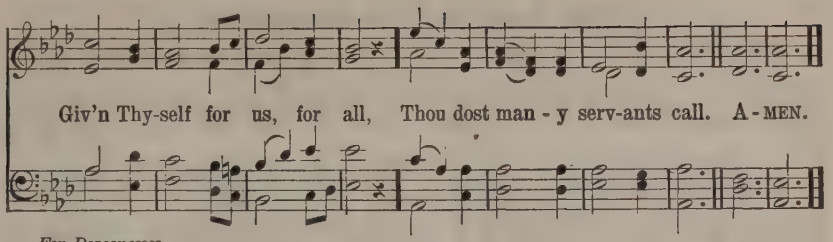
4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned, at Thy judgment-seat.

Godfrey Thring, 1870.

390. Jesus, Master, Son of God.

Horton. 7 7, 7 7. C. VON WARTENSEE, 1780.





For Deaconesses

2 By Thy mercy and Thy love,
Through Thy Spirit from above,
Plenteous grace to each is given,
Grace to serve the Lord of heaven.

3 Thanks for those devoted bands
Who, with earnest hearts and hands,
Wait and work the sick to cheer,
Spreading mercies far and near.

4 While the sacred cross they bear,
Grant them Thy rewards to share;
Be their Help where'er they go,
Bearing balm for human woe.

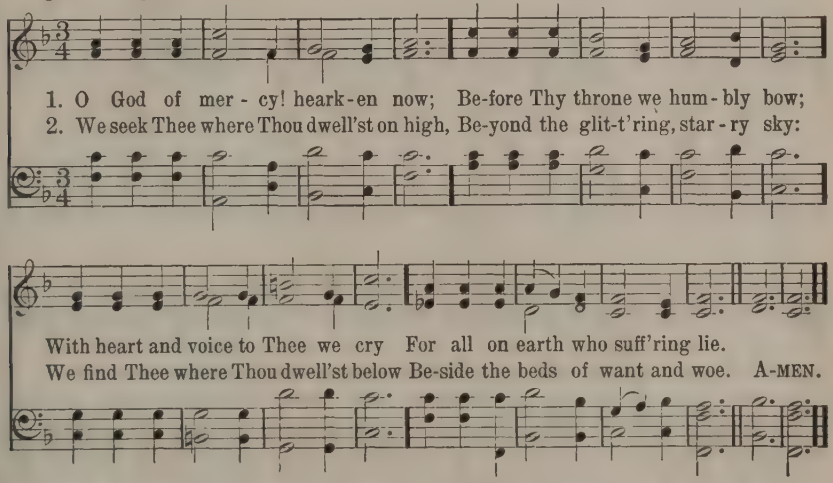
5 Guide and bless them on their way;
Let Thy Spirit be their stay;
May their numbers, Lord, increase,
Bring them to Thy heavenly peace.

Joseph Augustus Seiss, 1899.

391. O God of Mercy! Hearken Now.

Quebec (Hesperus). L. M.

HENRY BAKER, 1866.
Modified by JAMES PEARCE, 1868.


1. O God of mer - cy! heark - en now; Be-fore Thy throne we hum - bly bow;
2. We seek Thee where Thou dwell'st on high, Be-yond the glit-t'ring, star - ry sky:
With heart and voice to Thee we cry For all on earth who suff'ring lie.
We find Thee where Thou dwell'st below Be-side the beds of want and woe. A-MEN.

3 Be ours the hearts and hands to bless
The sorrowing sons of wretchedness;
Send Thou the help we cannot give;
Bid dying souls arise and live.

4 O let the healing waters spring,
Touched by Thy pitying angel's wing;
With quickening power new strength impart
To palsied will, to withered heart.

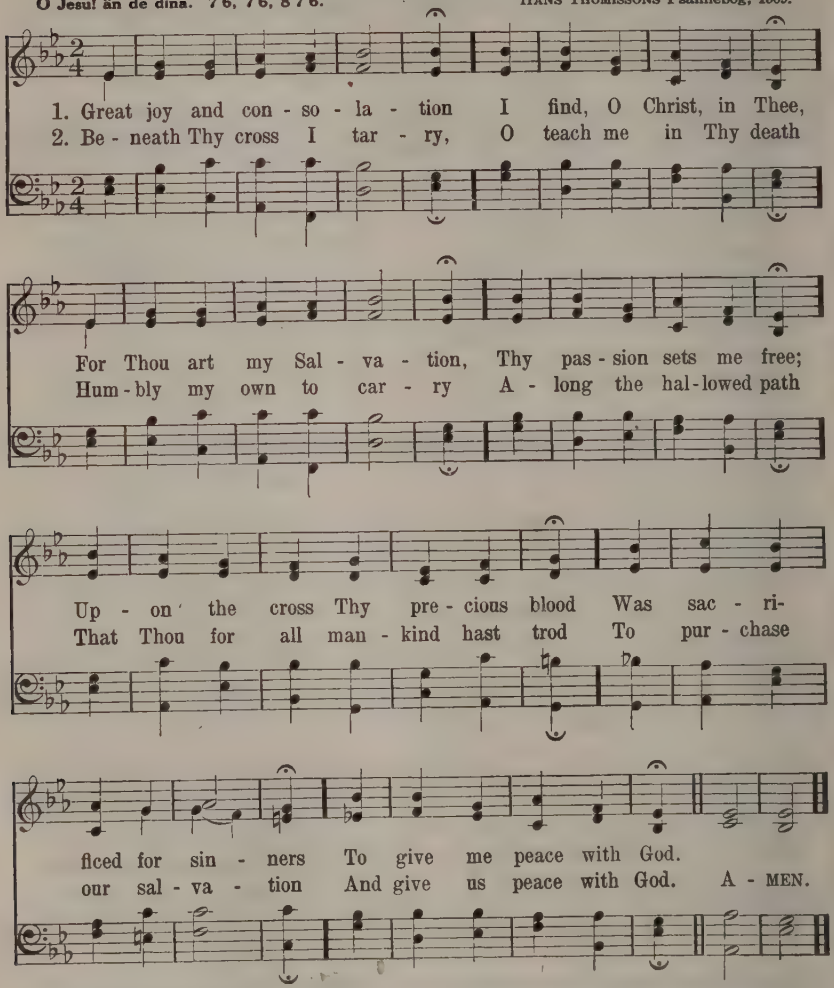
5 Where poverty in pain must lie,
Where little suffering children cry,
Bid us haste forth as called by Thee,
And in Thy poor Thyself to see.

6 Be Thou, O God eternal, blest,
Thy holy Name on earth confest!
Echo Thy praise from every shore
For ever and for evermore.

Miss E. S. Clark.

392. Great Joy and Consolation.

O Jesu! än de dina. 7 6, 7 6, 8 7 6. HANS THOMISSÖNS Psalmebog, 1569.


1. Great joy and con - so - la - tion I find, O Christ, in Thee,
2. Be - neath Thy cross I tar - ry, O teach me in Thy death
For Thou art my Sal - va - tion, Thy pas - sion sets me free;
Hum - bly my own to car - ry A - long the hal - lowed path
Up - on the cross Thy pre - cious blood Was sac - ri-
That Thou for all man - kind hast trod To pur - chase
ficed for sin - ners To give me peace with God.
our sal - va - tion And give us peace with God. A - MEN.

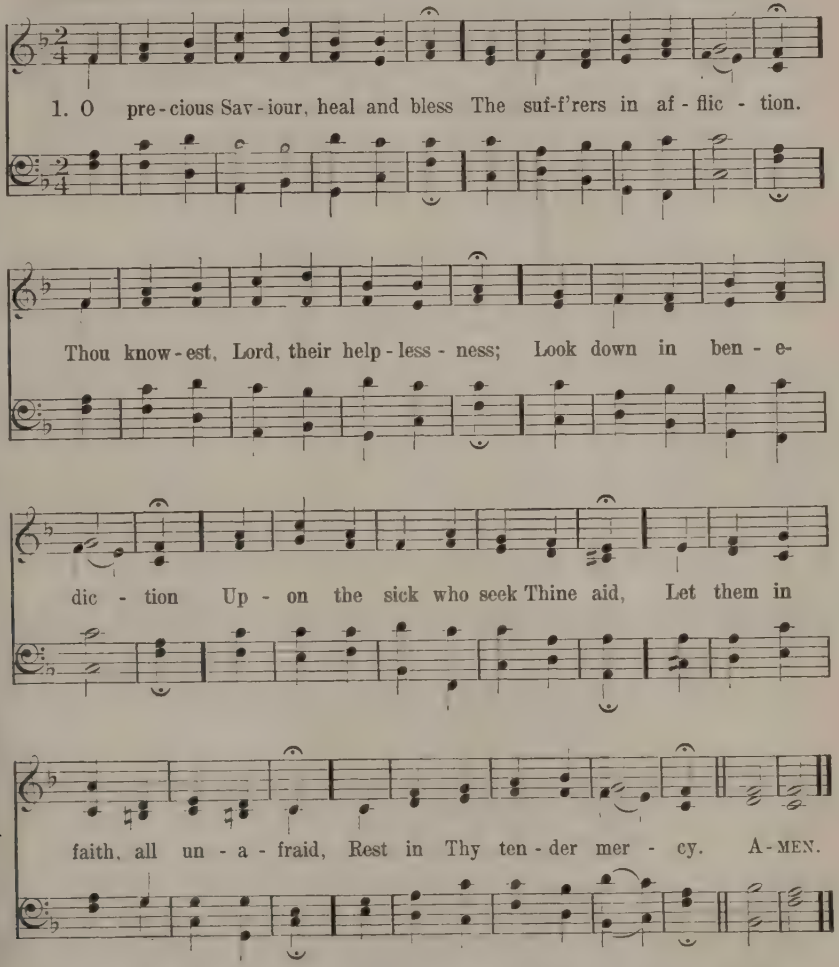
3 I see Thee serve and labor
In love to save mankind;
So may I help my neighbor
Whom needy I may find;
And though ungrateful he may prove,
O let me not grow weary
In Christlike deeds of love.

4 And when my days are ended,
And all my struggles cease,
Thine arms I see extended
To give eternal peace.
Whoever here confesses Thee
Shalt Thou confess in glory
Where we shall dwell with Thee.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

393. O Precious Saviour, Heal and Bless.

Af himlens här den högstes makt. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Swedish, 1697.


1. O pre-cious Sav-iour, heal and bless The suf-f'rers in af-flic-tion.
Thou know-est, Lord, their help-less-ness; Look down in ben-e-
dic-tion Up-on the sick who seek Thine aid, Let them in
faith, all un-a-fraid, Rest in Thy ten-der mer-cy. A-MEN.

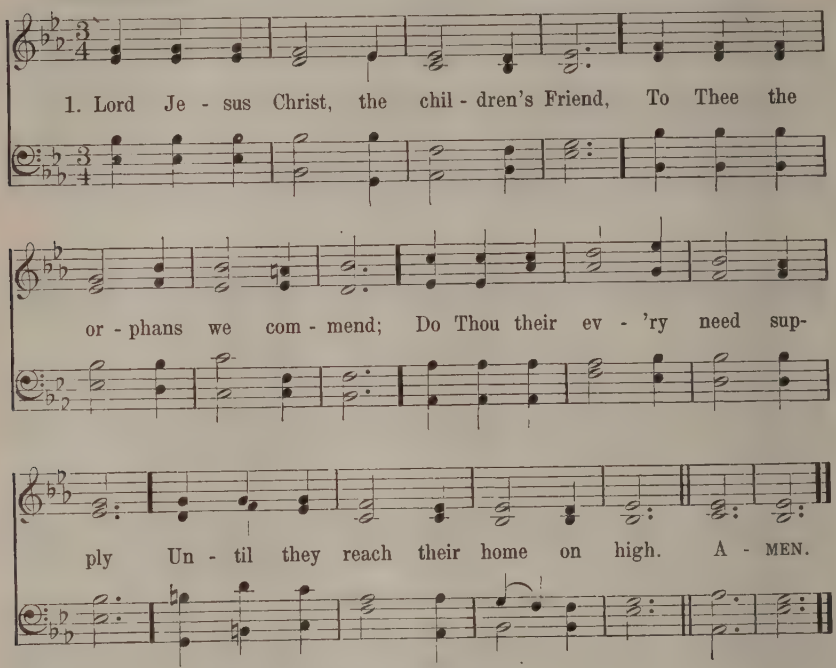
2 "Remember them that are in bonds,"
Thy Word so gently pleadeth.
Thy mercy to our prayers responds,
Thy kindness intercedeth.
Fill us with love, Thou Love divine,
Toward all who in affliction pine,
Let us reflect Thy patience.

3 O dearest Lord, remember those
In bonds of dread diseases;
Incarnate God, Thy wisdom knows
The balsam that releases.
Thou Sufferer of Calvary,
Let these afflicted hide in Thee,
And in Thy wounds find healing.

Anna Hoppe, 1922.

394. Lord Jesus Christ, the Children's Friend.

Saxby. L. M. TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1883.


1. Lord Je - sus Christ, the chil - dren's Friend, To Thee the
or - phans we com - mend; Do Thou their ev - 'ry need sup-
ply Un - til they reach their home on high. A - MEN.

2 Thou pleadest still so tenderly,
"Let little ones come unto Me."
O grant us grace to do Thy will,
Our hearts with love and mercy fill.

3 Bless Thou the fatherless, we pray,
Abide with them from day to day.
Feed Thou Thy lambs, O dearest Lord,
In verdant pastures of Thy Word.

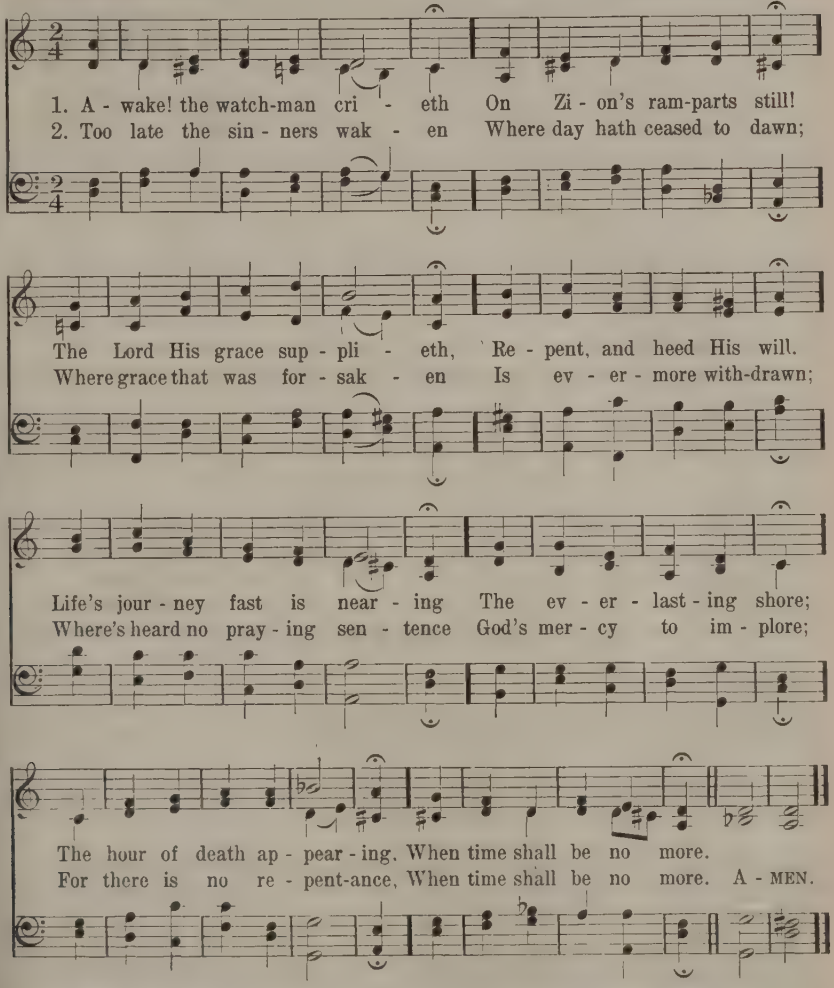
4 Grant that we heed Thy Word's commands,
And give us willing hearts and hands;
Let us our gifts of love bestow,
That they Thy boundless love may know.

5 Bless all who in the parents' stead
Provide these little ones with bread;
Bless all who shield with loving arms
These helpless ones from all alarms.

6 O precious Saviour, hear our prayers!
Protect Thy lambs from earthly snares;
Be Thou their Guide, O heavenly Friend,
Until they reach their journey's end.

Anna Hoppe, 1921.

395. Awake! the Watchman Crieth.

Old 130th Psalm. 7 6, 7 6. D. Genevan Psalter, 1556.

1. A - wake! the watch-man cri - eth On Zi - on's ram-parts still!
2. Too late the sin - ners wak - en Where day hath ceased to dawn;
The Lord His grace sup - pli - eth, Re - pent, and heed His will.
Where grace that was for - sak - en Is ev - er - more with-drawn;
Life's jour - ney fast is near - ing The ev - er - last - ing shore;
Where's heard no pray - ing sen - tence God's mer - cy to im - plore;
The hour of death ap - pear - ing, When time shall be no more.
For there is no re - pent-ance, When time shall be no more. A - MEN.

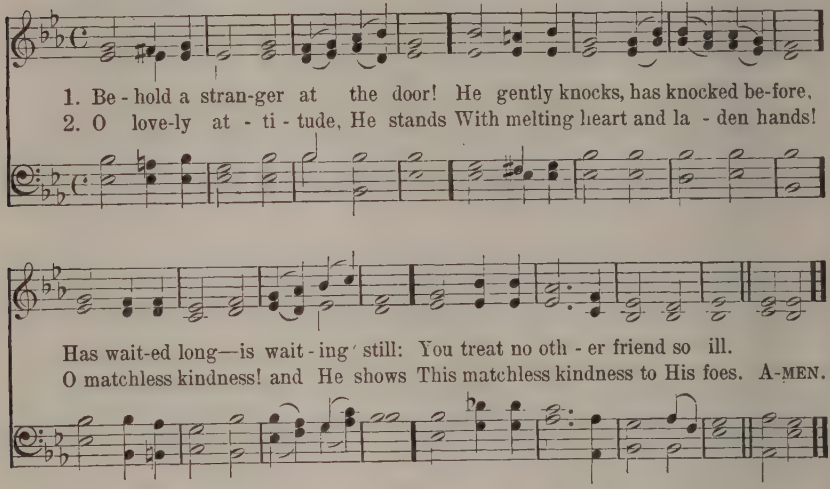
3 O souls who spurn salvation!
See this eternity
Of darkness, desolation,
And constant agony.
The torments none can banish,
Nor aught can peace restore;
And hope itself shall vanish,
When time shall be no more!

4 Awake! the voice still soundeth,
'Tis now the accepted hour;
The grace of God aboundeth
To save from sin's dread power.
Make haste, implore Christ's favor,
Thy sins confess, and bow
Before Thy Lord and Saviour;
The accepted time is now.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1814.

396. Behold a Stranger at the Door.

Holley. L. M. GEORGE HEWS, 1835.


1. Be - hold a stran-ger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore,
2. O love-ly at - ti - tude, He stands With melting heart and la - den hands!
Has wait-ed long—is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes. A-MEN.

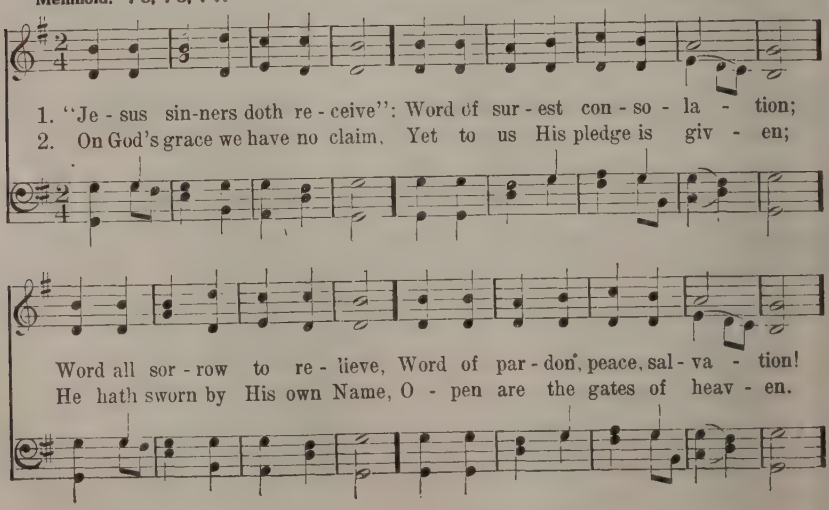
3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners —yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

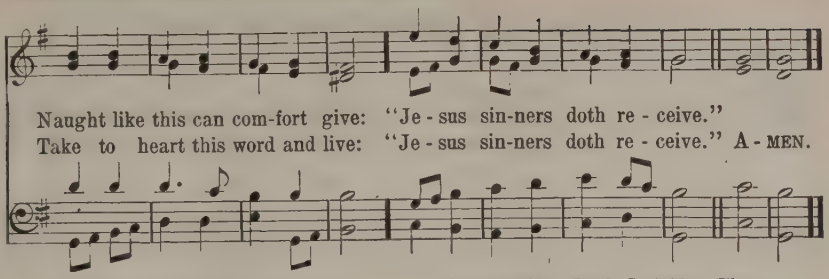
4 Admit Him, lest His anger burn,
And He, departing, ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg, 1756.

397. Jesus Sinners Doth Receive.

Meinhold. 7 8, 7 8, 7 7. From JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, (1685-1750).


1. "Je - sus sin-ners doth re - ceive": Word of sur - est con - so - la - tion;
2. On God's grace we have no claim, Yet to us His pledge is giv - en;
Word all sor - row to re - lieve, Word of par - don, peace, sal - va - tion!
He hath sworn by His own Name, O - pen are the gates of heav - en.


Naught like this can com-fort give: "Je - sus sin-ners doth re - ceive."
Take to heart this word and live: "Je - sus sin-ners doth re - ceive." A - MEN.

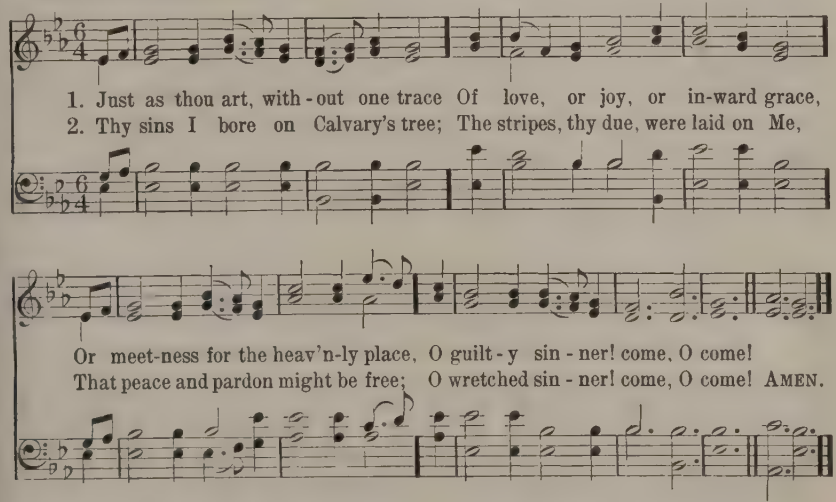
3 When a helpless lamb doth stray,
After it, the Shepherd, pressing
Through each dark and dangerous way,
Brings it back, His own possessing.
Jesus seeks thee, O believe:
"Jesus sinners doth receive."

4 Sorrowing, Lord, I yield to Thee,
Weary of sin's heavy burden;
Let Thy grace my portion be,
All I crave for is Thy pardon.
This Thy promise I believe:
"Jesus sinners doth receive."

Erdmann Neumeister, 1718.

398. Just As Thou Art, without One Trace.

Woodworth. L. M. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1849.


1. Just as thou art, with - out one trace Of love, or joy, or in-ward grace,
2. Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree; The stripes, thy due, were laid on Me,
Or meet-ness for the heav'n-ly place, O guilt - y sin - ner! come, O come!
That peace and pardon might be free; O wretched sin - ner! come, O come! AMEN.

3 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blessed?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;
O weary sinner! come, O come!

4 Come, leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but worthless dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner! come, O come!

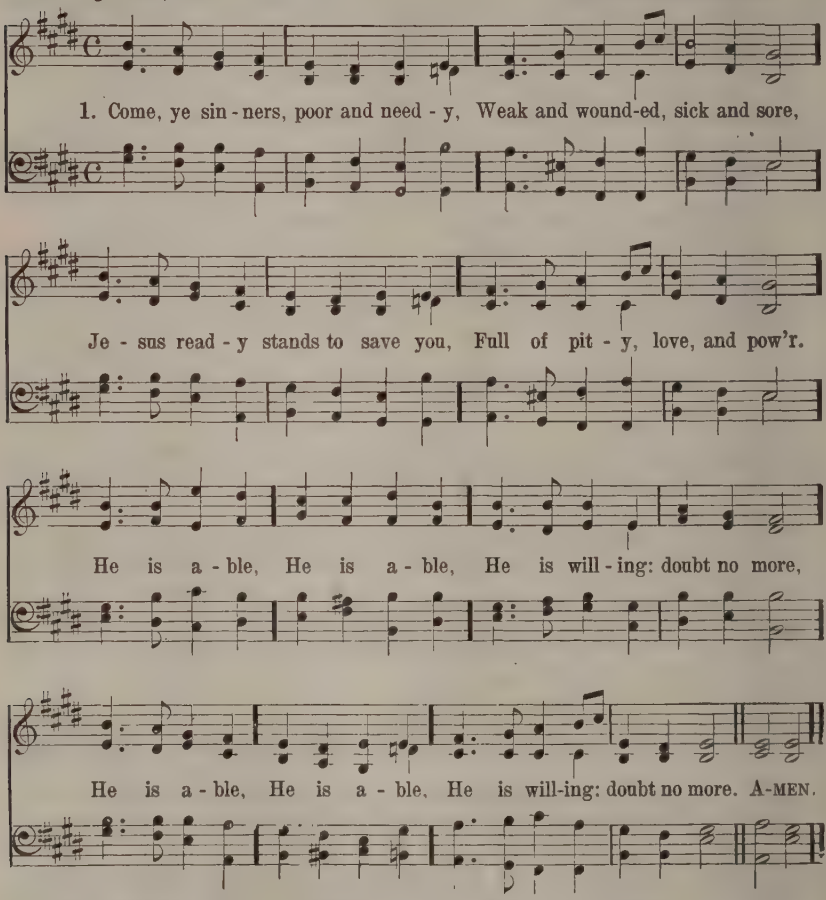
5 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner! come, O come!

6 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints reëcho, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come, O come!

Russell Sturgis Cook, 1850.

399. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

St. Ansgar. 8 7, 8 7. D. RALPH ALVIN STROM, 1924.


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more,
He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more. A-MEN.

2 Come, ye thirsty, come, and welcome.
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

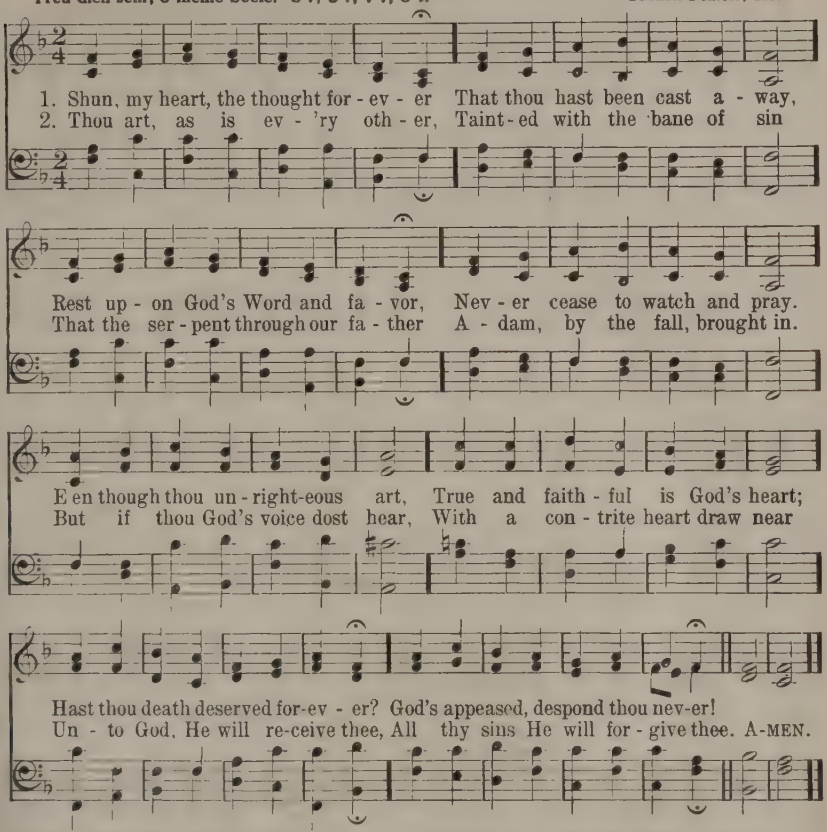
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis His Spirit's rising beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;
On the bloodstained tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry, before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinner, will not this suffice?

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood:
Venture to Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

400. Shun, My Heart, the Thought Forever.

Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. French Psalter, 1555.

1. Shun, my heart, the thought for - ev - er That thou hast been cast a - way,
2. Thou art, as is ev - 'ry oth - er, Taint - ed with the bane of sin
Rest up - on God's Word and fa - vor, Nev - er cease to watch and pray.
That the ser - pent through our fa - ther A - dam, by the fall, brought in.
E'en though thou un - right-eous art, True and faith - ful is God's heart;
But if thou God's voice dost hear, With a con - trite heart draw near
Hast thou death deserved for-ev - er? God's appeased, despond thou nev-er!
Un - to God, He will re-ceive thee, All thy sins He will for - give thee. A-MEN.

3 Thou wilt find in Him a Father
Who is patient, kind, and true,
He doth love thee as no brother
And no other friend can do.
E'en our smallest cares He knows,
He is touched by all our woes;
Our most secret prayers He heareth,
And our saddened hearts He cheereth.

4 Hear His word, "As I am living,
I the death of none would see,
But that every sinner, giving
Up his heart, would turn to Me.
How my heart with rapture burns
When a prodigal returns!
My own child I love to call him,
And no evil shall befall him."

5 Never shepherd's heart so yearneth
For the sheep that go astray
As God's loving bosom burneth
For His erring child alway.
How He thirsts, and longs, and yearns
For the soul that from Him turns!
Couldst thou know His love so tender,
Thou wouldst praise unto Him render.

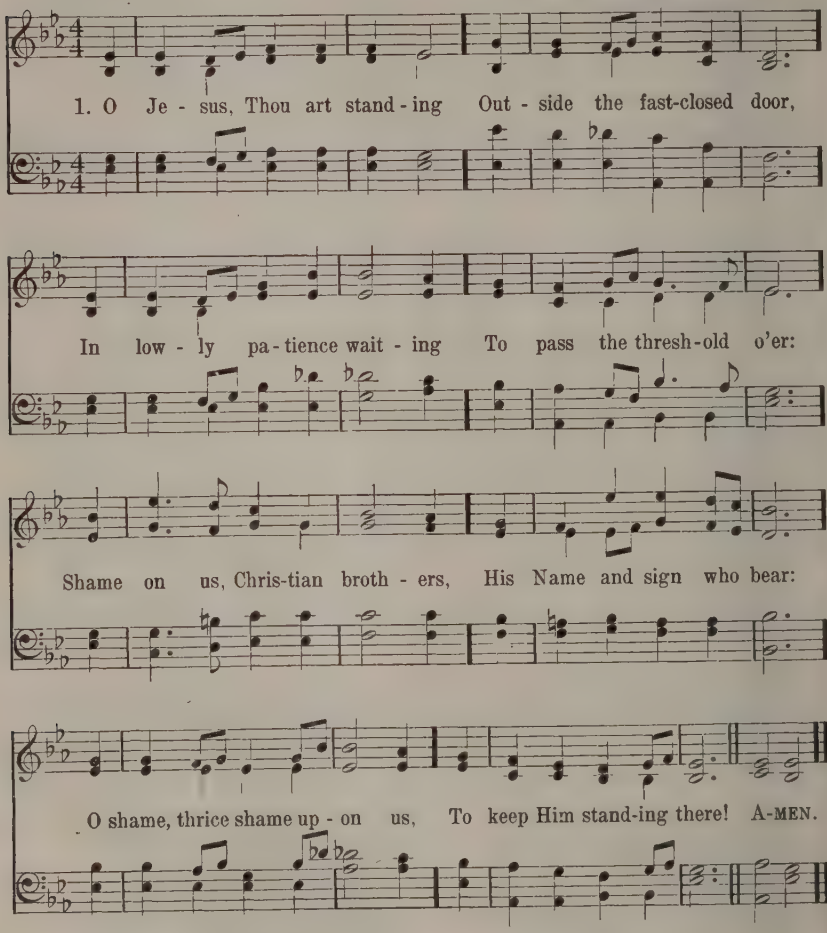
6 Of such wondrous love and favor
Open wide the door to me,
And Thy goodness, precious Saviour,
Let me ever taste and see.
Love me, Lord, and let me be
Ever nearer drawn to Thee;
Let Thy Spirit lead and guide me,
In Thy loving bosom hide me.

Paul Gerhardt, 1648.

401. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

St. Edith. 76, 76. D.

JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT, 1799.
Adapted by EDWARD HUSBAND, 1871.


1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
Shame on us, Chris-tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand-ing there! A-MEN.

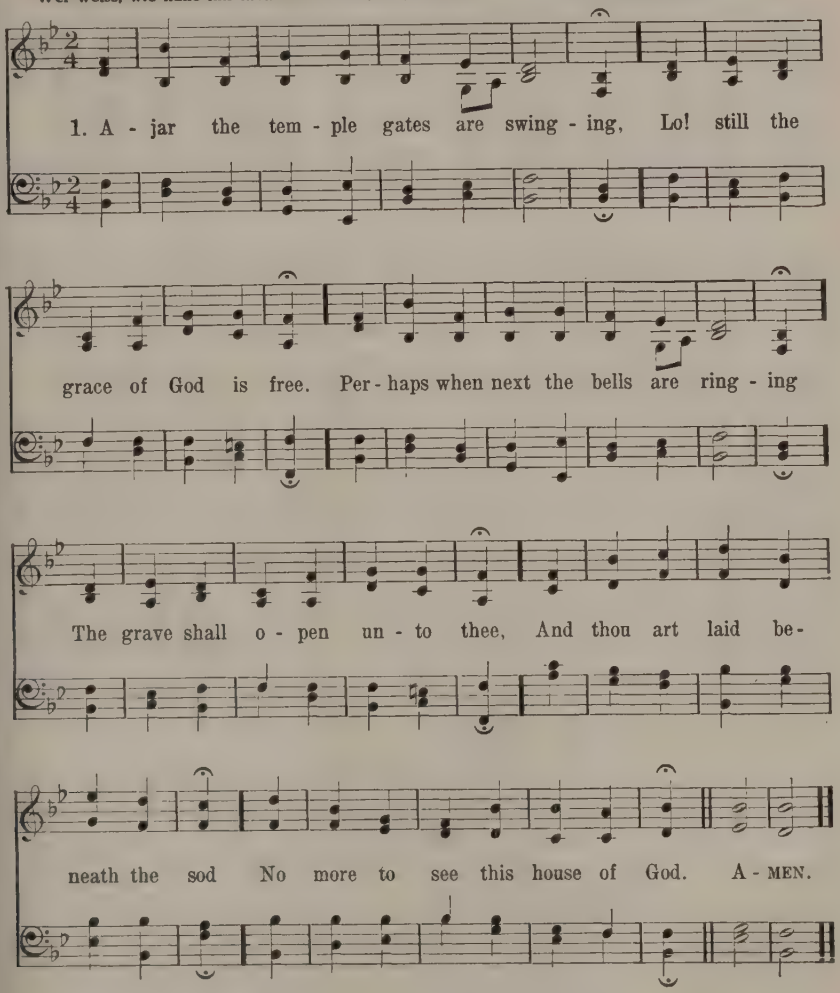
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

William Walsham How, 1867.

402. Ajar the Temple Gates Are Swinging.

Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende. 98, 98, 88. BRONNER'S Choral-Buch, 1715.


1. A - jar the tem - ple gates are swing - ing, Lo! still the
grace of God is free. Per - haps when next the bells are ring - ing
The grave shall o - pen un - to thee, And thou art laid be -
neath the sod No more to see this house of God. A - MEN.

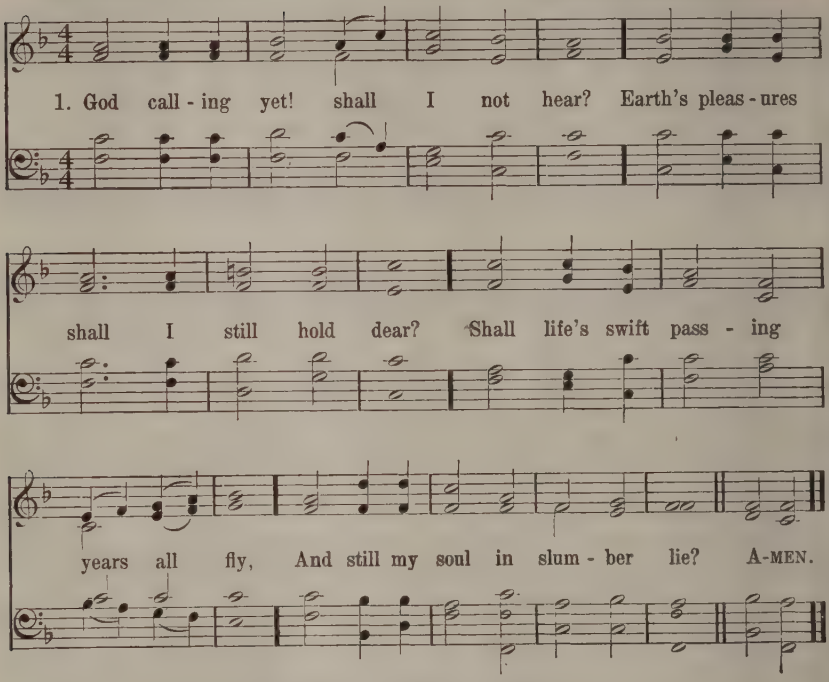
2 But if to-day the Lord thou seekest,
His blessèd gospel to embrace,
He who gives strength unto the weakest
Shall fill thy heart with truth and grace.
In life He will thy footsteps guide,
In death He still is at thy side.

3 O come to-day, and do not reckon
Upon the day that is not thine.
The Lord in mercy still doth beckon:
Accept to-day His grace divine.
Then shall thy prayers and praises rise
A sacred incense to the skies.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1814.

403. God Calling Yet.

Federal Street. L. M. HENRY KEMBLE OLIVER, 1832.


1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleas - ures
shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing
years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie? A-MEN.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still, can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

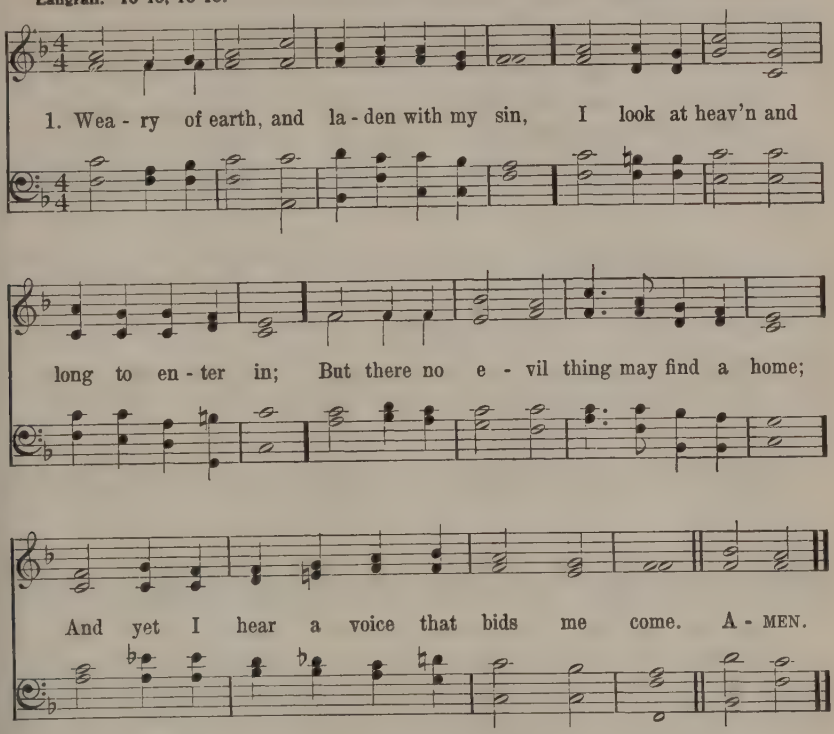
5 Ah, yield Him all: in Him confide.
Where but with Him doth peace abide?
Break loose, let earthly bonds be riven,
And let the spirit rise to heaven!

6 God calling yet! I cannot stay,
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart!

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735.

404. Weary of Earth, and Laden with My Sin.

Langran. 10 10, 10 10. JAMES LANGRAN, 1862.


1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may find a home;
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come. A - MEN.

2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

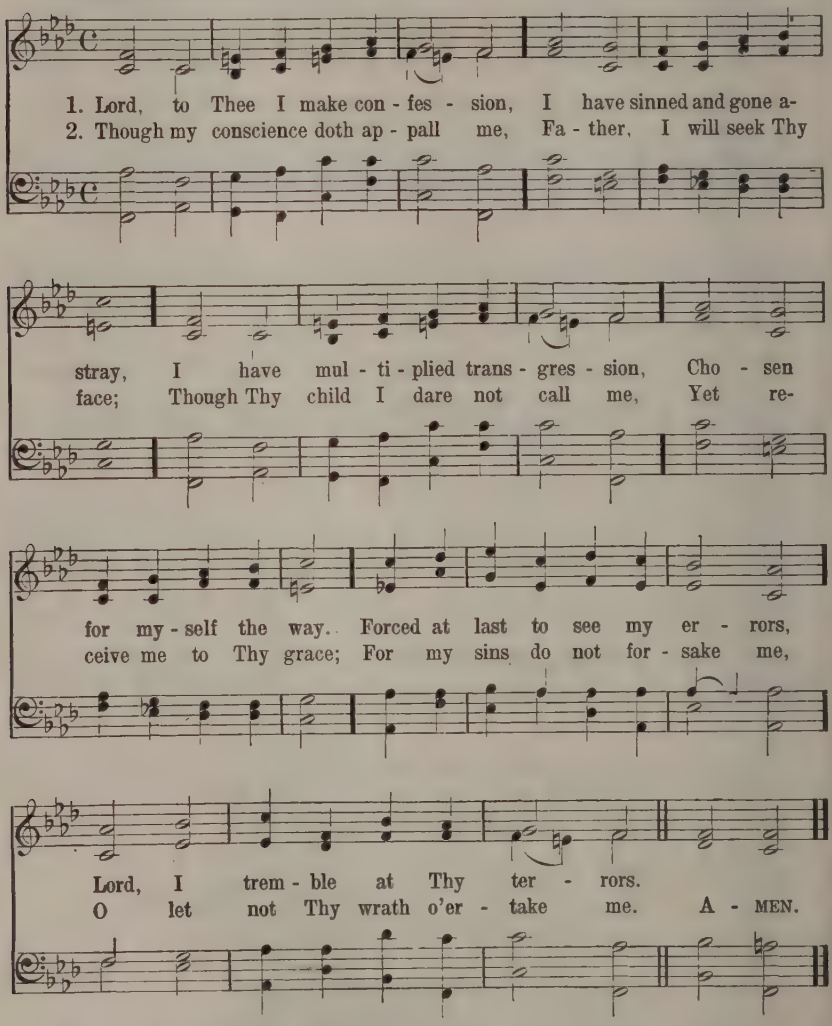
4 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in Thy Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, through Thine, the life laid down.

Samuel John Stone, 1866.

405. Lord, to Thee I Make Confession.

Herr, ich habe missgehandelt. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8. Trochaic. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1649.


1. Lord, to Thee I make con - fes - sion, I have sinned and gone a-
2. Though my conscience doth ap - pall me, Fa - ther, I will seek Thy
stray, I have mul - ti - plied trans - gres - sion, Cho - sen
face; Though Thy child I dare not call me, Yet re-
for my - self the way. Forced at last to see my er - rors,
ceive me to Thy grace; For my sins do not for - sake me,
Lord, I trem - ble at Thy ter - rors.
O let not Thy wrath o'er - take me. A - MEN.

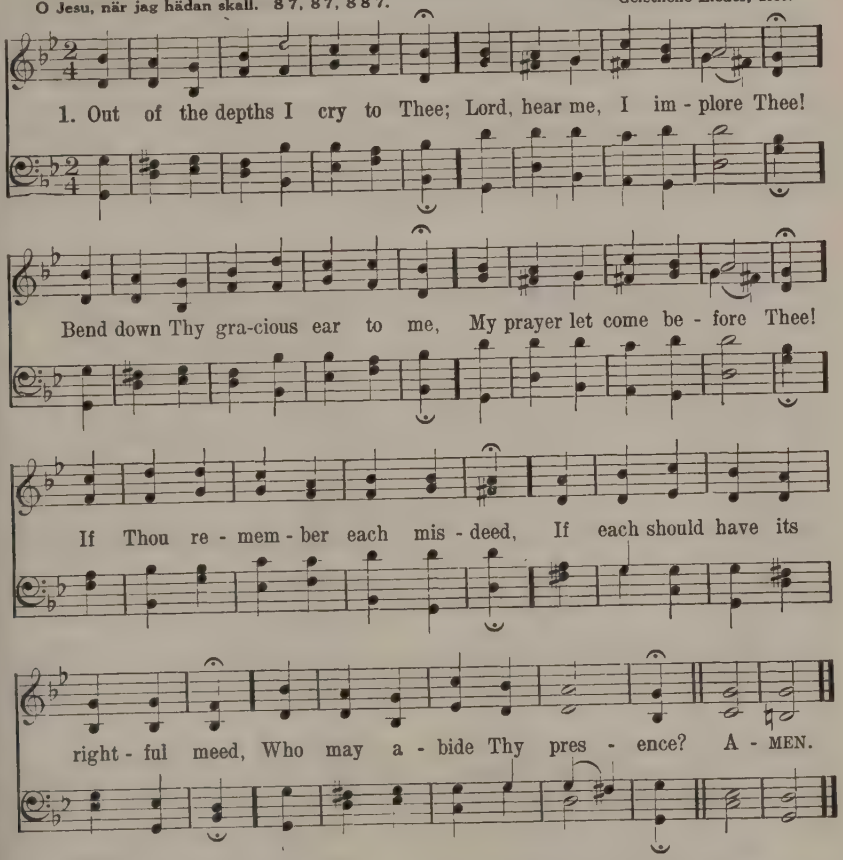
3 For Thy Son hath suffered for me,
And the blood He shed for sin
Can to life and faith restore me,
Quench this burning fire within;
'Tis alone His cross can vanquish
These dark fears, and soothe this anguish.

4 Then on Him I cast my burden,
Sink it in the depths below;
Let me feel Thy gracious pardon,
Wash me, make me white as snow.
Let Thy Spirit leave me never,
Make me Thine alone forever!

Johann Franck, 1649.

406. Out of the Depths I Cry to Thee.

O Jesu, när jag hädan skall. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Geistliche Lieder, 1535.


1. Out of the depths I cry to Thee; Lord, hear me, I im - plore Thee!
Bend down Thy gra-cious ear to me, My prayer let come be - fore Thee!
If Thou re - mem - ber each mis - deed, If each should have its
right - ful meed, Who may a - bide Thy pres - ence? A - MEN.

2 Our pardon is Thy gift; Thy love
And grace alone avail us.
Our works could ne'er our guilt remove,
The strictest life would fail us.
That none may boast himself of aught.
But own in fear Thy grace hath wrought
What in him seemeth righteous.

3 And thus, my hope is in the Lord,
And not in mine own merit;
I rest upon His faithful word
To them of contrite spirit.
That He is merciful and just,—
This is my comfort and my trust,
His help I wait with patience.

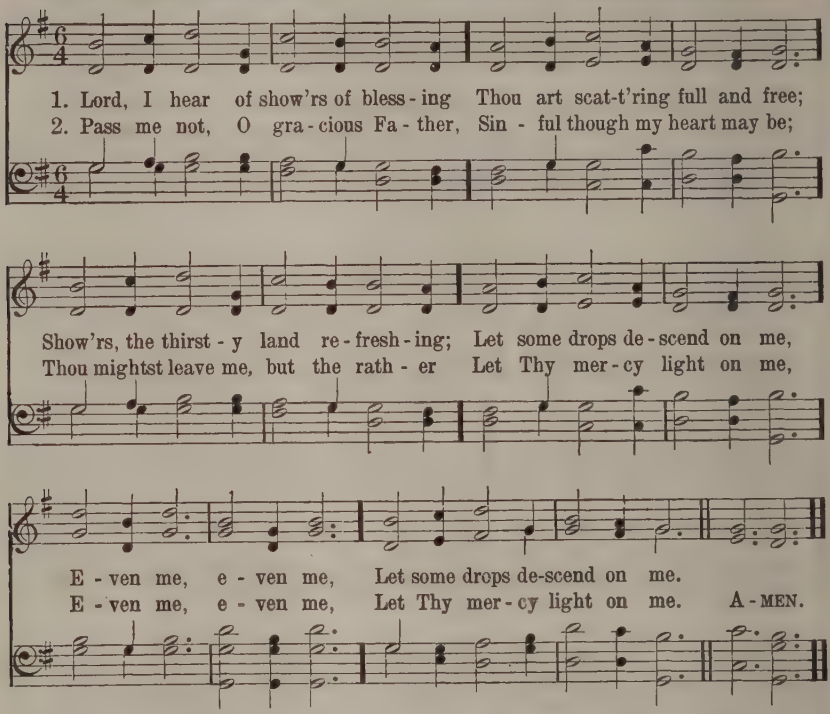
4 And though it tarry till the night,
And round till morning waken,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust Thy might,
Nor count itself forsaken.
Do thus, O ye of Israel's seed,
Ye of the Spirit born indeed,
Wait for your God's appearing.

5 Though great our sins and sore our woes,
His grace much more aboundeth;
His helping love no limit knows,
Our utmost need it soundeth;
Our kind and faithful Shepherd He,
Who shall at last set Israel free
From all their sin and sorrow.

Martin Luther, 1524.

407. Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Even Me. 8 7. 8 7. With Refrain. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1862.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther, Sin - ful though my heart may be;
Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing; Let some drops de - scend on me,
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let Thy mer - cy light on me,
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops de-scend on me.
E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me. A - MEN.

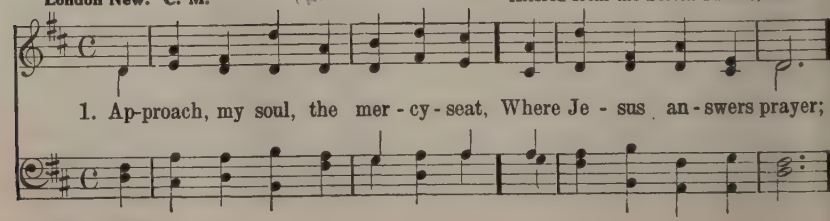
3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee,
I am longing for Thy favor;
When Thou comest, call for me,
Even me, even me,
When Thou comest, call for me.

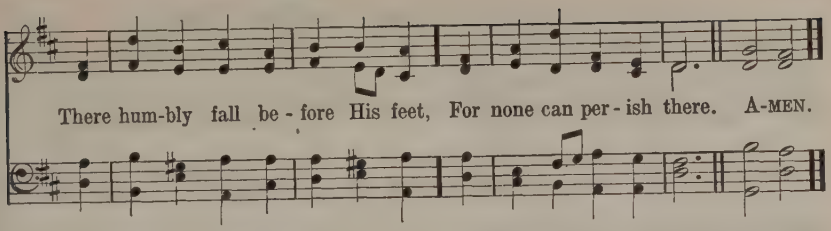
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me, even me,
Speak the word of power to me.

Elizabeth Conder, 1860.

408. Approach, My Soul, the Mercy-Seat.

London New. C. M. PLAYFORD'S Psalter, 1671. Altered from the Scotch Psalter, 1635.





2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

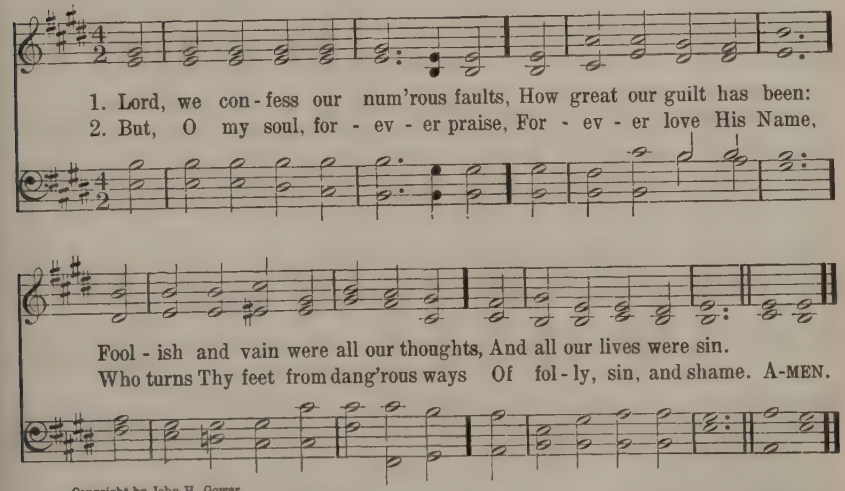
4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous Love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners such as I
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

John Newton, 1779.

409. Lord, We Confess Our Numerous Faults.

Meditation. C. M. JOHN HENRY GOWER, 1890.


1. Lord, we con - fess our num'rous faults, How great our guilt has been:
2. But, O my soul, for - ev - er praise, For - ev - er love His Name,
Fool - ish and vain were all our thoughts, And all our lives were sin.
Who turns Thy feet from dang'rous ways Of fol - ly, sin, and shame. A-MEN.

Copyright by John H. Gower.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding through His Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed from sin.

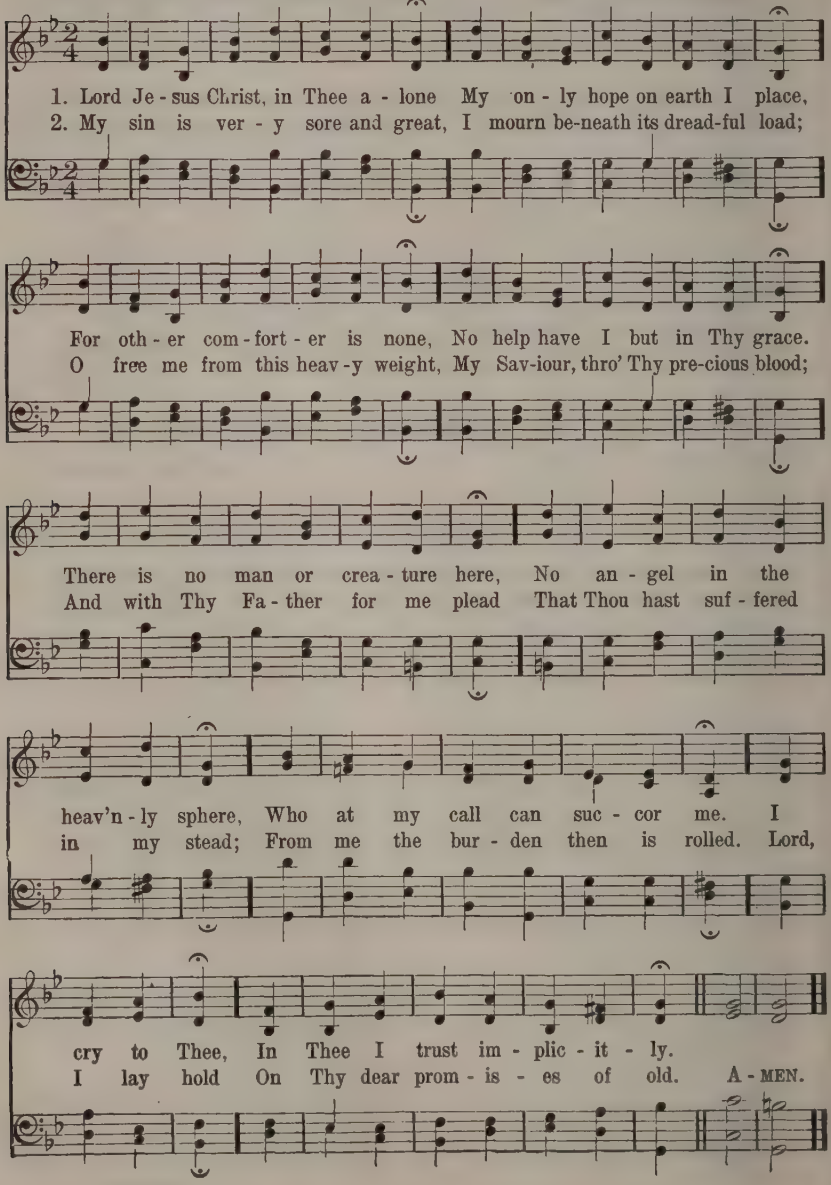
5 'Tis through the purchase of His death
Who hung upon the tree
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew,
And, justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

410. Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee Alone.

Allein zu dir, Herr Jesu Christ. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8, 3 4 8. JOHANNES SCHNEESING? 1541.


1. Lord Je - sus Christ, in Thee a - lone My on - ly hope on earth I place,
2. My sin is ver - y sore and great, I mourn be-neath its dread-ful load;
For oth - er com - fort - er is none, No help have I but in Thy grace.
O free me from this heav - y weight, My Sav-iour, thro' Thy pre-cious blood;
There is no man or crea - ture here, No an - gel in the
And with Thy Fa - ther for me plead That Thou hast suf - fered
heav'n - ly sphere, Who at my call can suc - cor me. I
in my stead; From me the bur - den then is rolled. Lord,
cry to Thee, In Thee I trust im - plic - it - ly.
I lay hold On Thy dear prom - is - es of old. A - MEN.

3 And in Thy mercy now bestow
True Christian faith on me. O Lord,
That all the sweetness I may know
Which in Thy holy cross is stored,
Love Thee o'er earthly pride and pelf,
And love my neighbor as myself;
And when at last is come my end,
Be Thou my friend,
From Satan's wiles my soul defend.

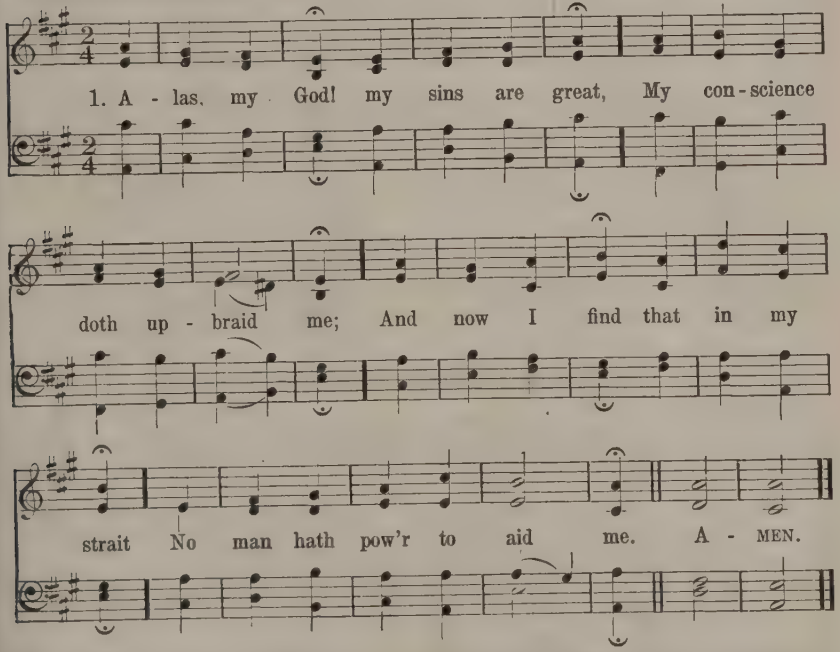
4 Glory to God in highest heaven,
The Father of eternal love;
For His dear Son, for sinners given,
Whose watchful grace we daily prove;
To God the Holy Ghost on high,
O ever be His comfort nigh,
And teach us, in His love and fear,
To please Him here,
And serve Him in the heavenly sphere.

Johannes Schneesing, about 1540.

411. Alas, My God! My Sins Are Great.

Ach Gott und Herr. 8 7, 8 7. Iambic.

SCHEIN'S Cantional, 1627.



2 And fled I hence in my despair,
In some lone spot to hide me,
My griefs would still be with me there,
And peace be still denied me.

3 Lord, Thee I seek; I merit naught,
Yet pity and restore me;
Be not Thy wrath, just God, my lot:
Thy Son hath suffered for me.

4 If pain and woe must follow sin,
Then be my path still rougher;
Here spare me not: if heaven I win,
On earth I gladly suffer.

5 But curb my heart, forgive my guilt,
Make Thou my patience firmer,
For they must miss the good Thou wilt,
Who at Thy chastenings murmur.

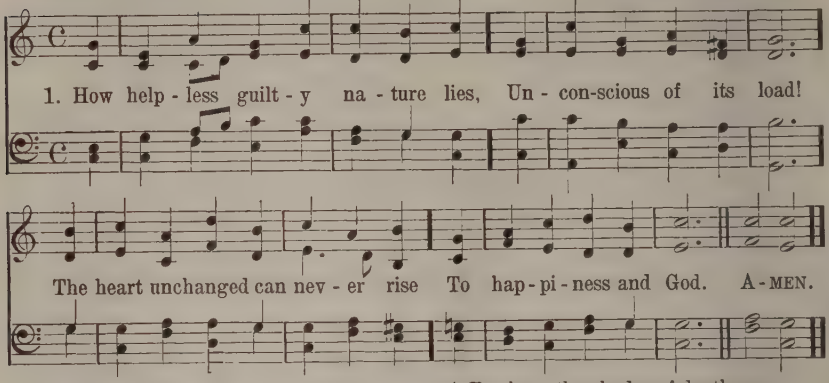
6 Then deal with me as pleaseth Thee,
Thy grace will help me bear it,
If but at last I see Thy rest,
And with my Saviour share it.

7 O Father, Son, upon one throne,
And Holy Ghost together,
Receive my prayer, and let me share
Thy grace and truth forever.

Martin Rutilius, 1613

412. How Helpless Guilty Nature Lies.

St. Anne. C. M. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



2 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, Almighty Saviour, Thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And bid them upward rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

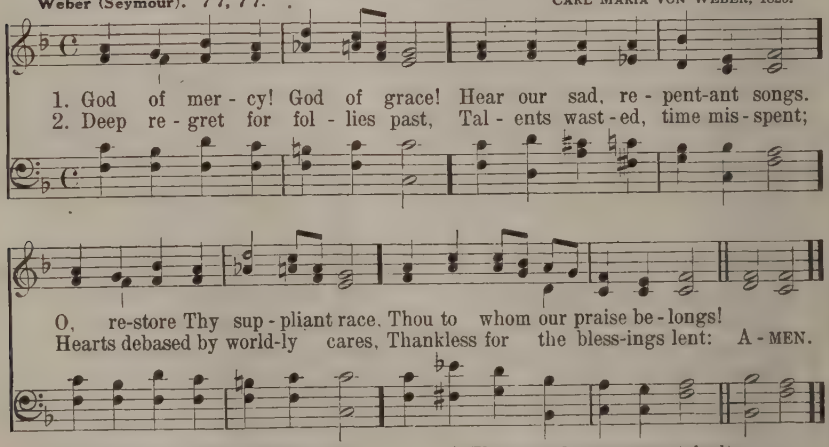
4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

5 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

Anne Steele, 1769.

413. God of Mercy! God of Grace!

Weber (Seymour). 7 7, 7 7. CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1826.


1. God of mer - cy! God of grace! Hear our sad, re - pent-ant songs.
2. Deep re - gret for fol - lies past, Tal - ents wast - ed, time mis - spent;
O, re-store Thy sup - pliant race. Thou to whom our praise be - longs!
Hearts debased by world-ly cares, Thankless for the bless-ings lent: A - MEN.

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain:
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;

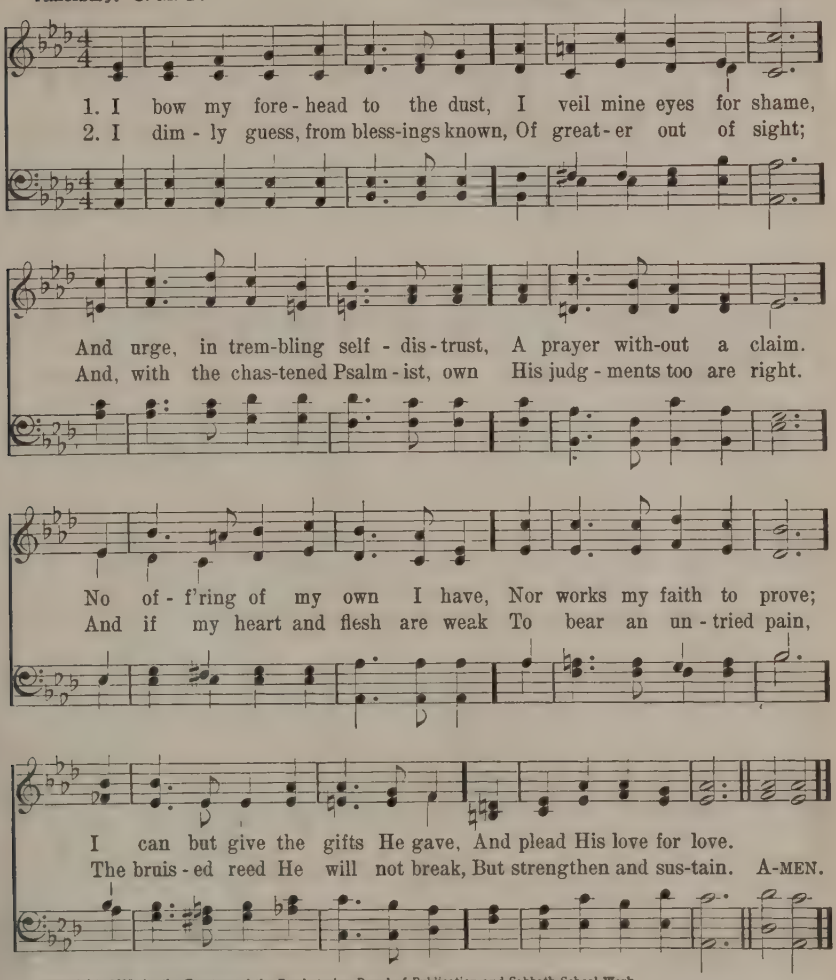
4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own.
Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy throne.

John Taylor, 1795.

414. I Bow My Forehead to the Dust.

Amesbury. C. M. D.

Uzziah Christopher Burnap, 1895.


1. I bow my fore - head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
2. I dim - ly guess, from bless-ings known, Of great - er out of sight;
And urge, in trem-bling self - dis - trust, A prayer with-out a claim.
And, with the chas-tened Psalm - ist, own His judg - ments too are right.
No of - f'ring of my own I have, Nor works my faith to prove;
And if my heart and flesh are weak To bear an un - tried pain,
I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love.
The bruis - ed reed He will not break, But strengthen and sus-tain. A-MEN.

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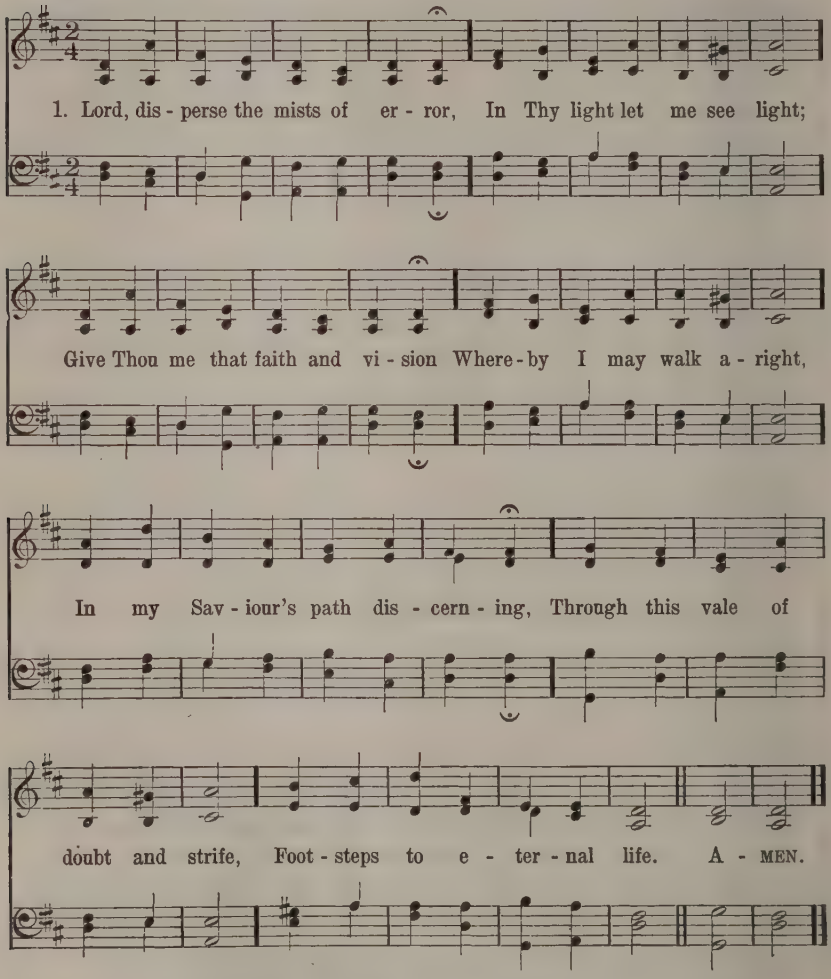
3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4 I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1867, a.

415. Lord, Disperse the Mists of Error.

Jesus! du dig själf uppväckte. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7 7. Swedish, 1695.

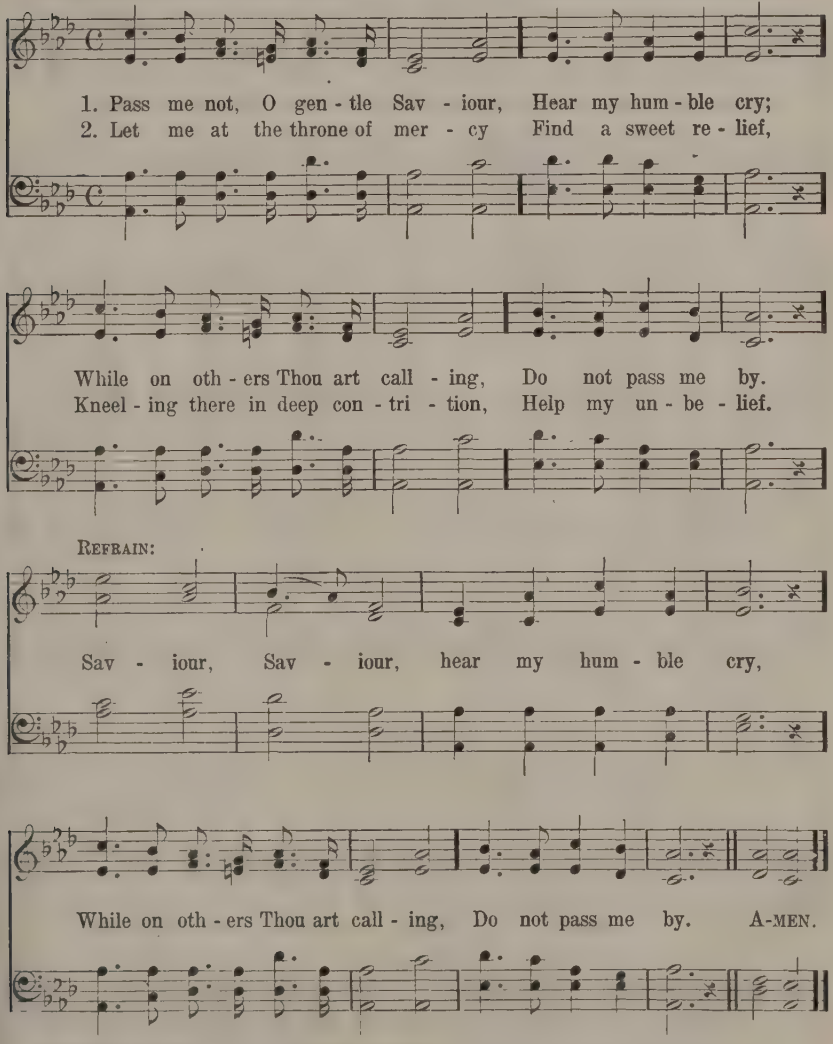

1. Lord, dis - perse the mists of er - ror, In Thy light let me see light;
Give Thou me that faith and vi - sion Where - by I may walk a - right,
In my Sav - iour's path dis - cern - ing, Through this vale of
doubt and strife, Foot - steps to e - ter - nal life. A - MEN.

2 Shed Thy light upon my pathway,
Be my light in death's dark hour.
Let me, freed from sin's dread burden,
From the Law's accusing power,
Nearer draw, and ever nearer,
To that land with glory bright,
Where Thou art Eternal Light.

Johan Åström, 1816.

416. Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour.

Pass me not. 8 5, 8 5. With Refrain. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1870.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief,
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
REFRAIN:
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1871 and 1899 by W H Doane Used by permission.

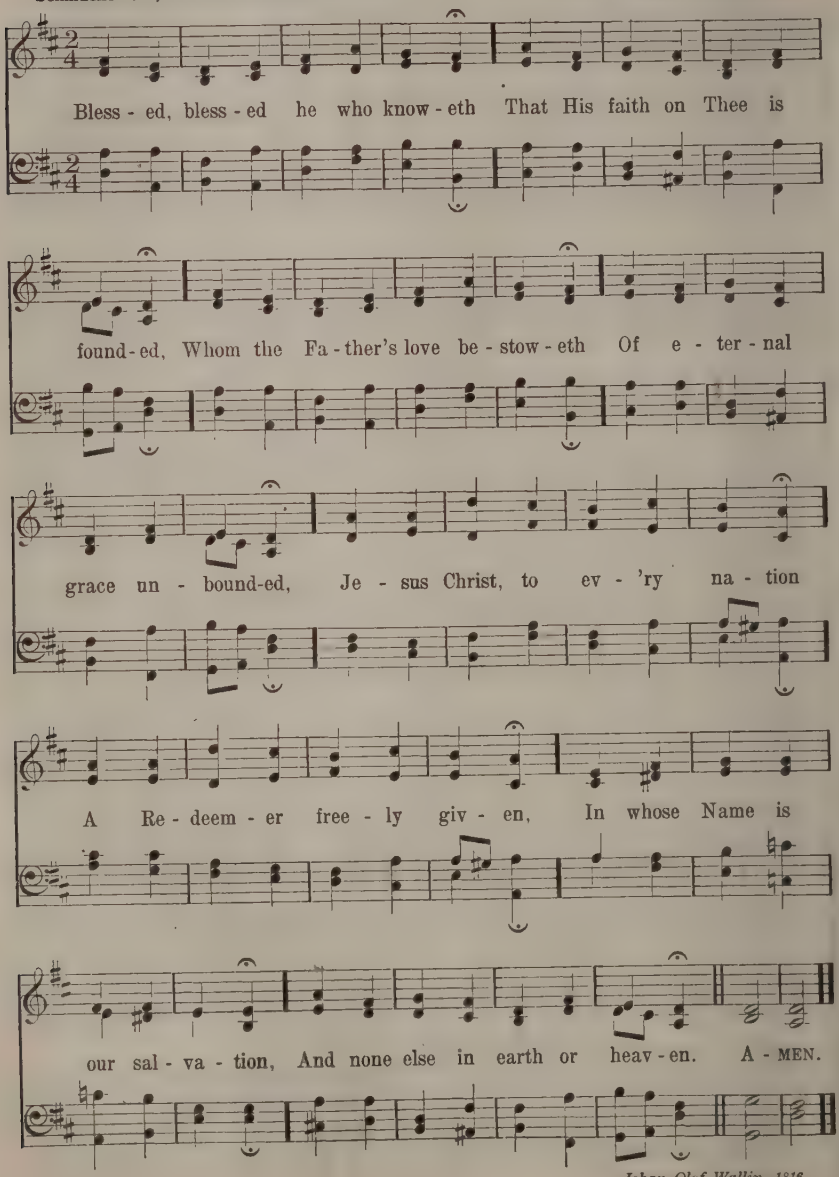
3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face:
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1870.

417. Blessed, Blessed He Who Knoweth.

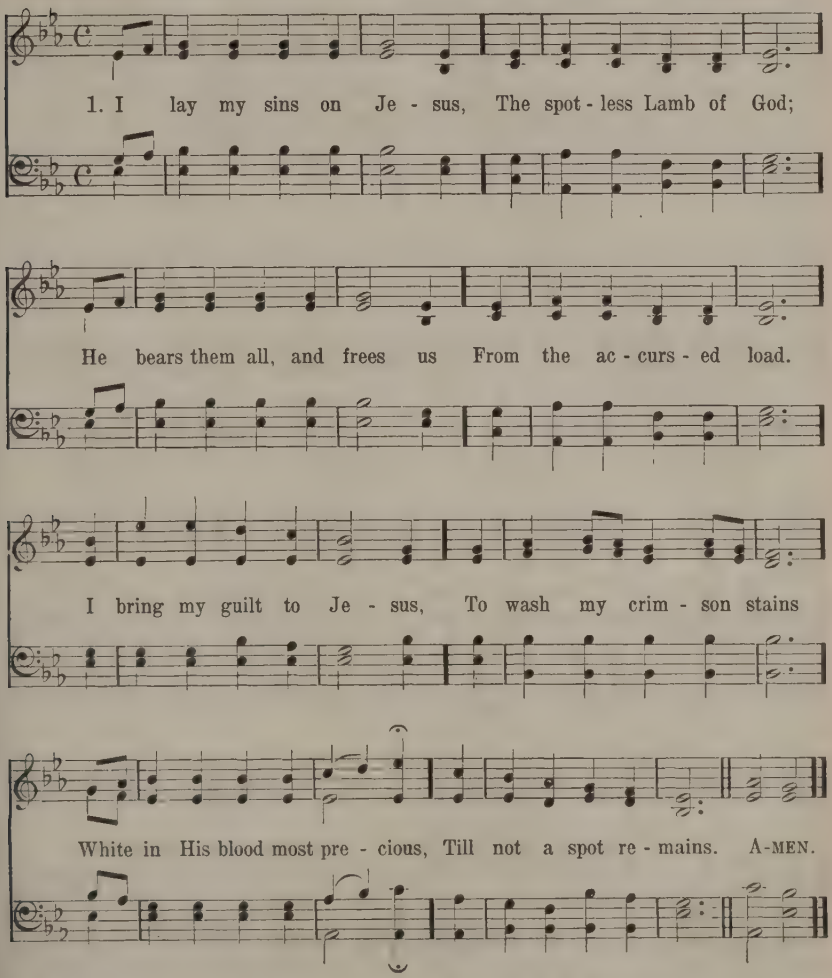
Schmücke dich, o liebe Seele. L. M. D. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1649.


Bless - ed, bless - ed he who know - eth That His faith on Thee is
found - ed, Whom the Fa - ther's love be - stow - eth Of e - ter - nal
grace un - bound-ed, Je - sus Christ, to ev - 'ry na - tion
A Re - deem - er free - ly giv - en, In whose Name is
our sal - va - tion, And none else in earth or heav - en. A - MEN.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

418. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Crucifix. 7 6, 7 6. D. Greek Melody.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains. A-MEN.

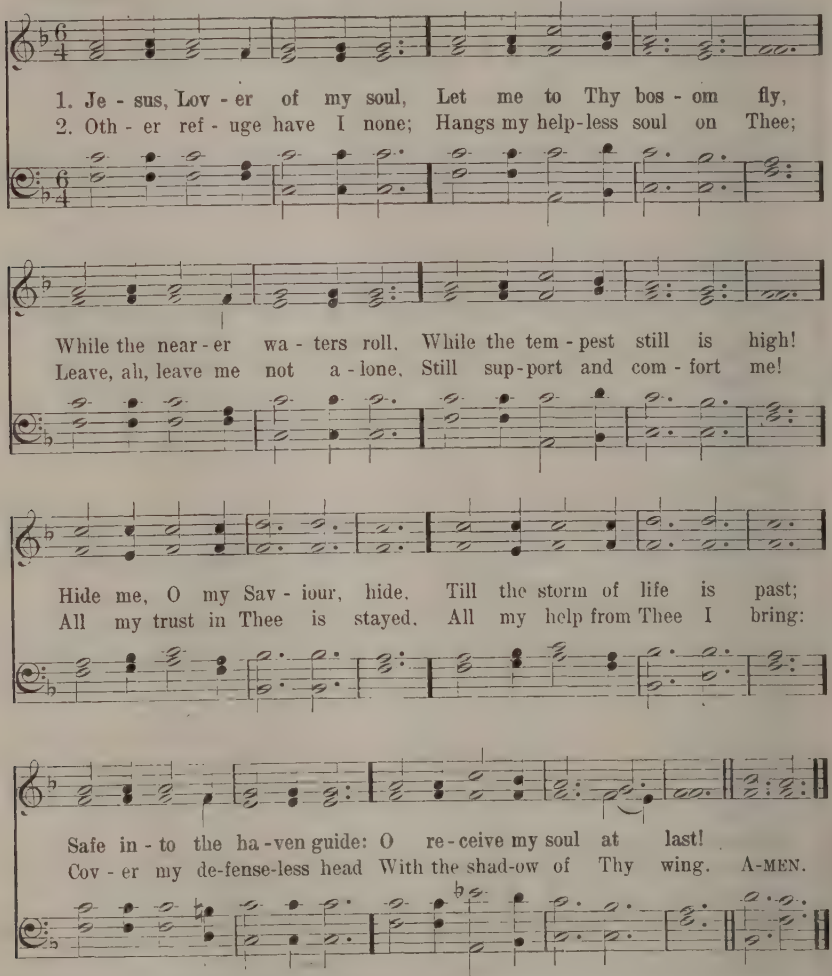
2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1843. Abridged.

419. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Martyn. 77, 77. D. SIMEON BUTLER MARSH, 1834.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me!
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust in Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring:
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide: O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing. A-MEN.

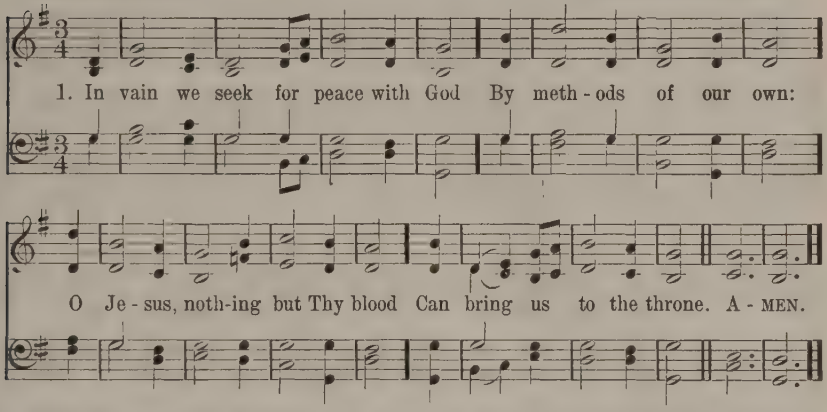
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find.
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

420. In Vain We Seek for Peace with God.

Martyrdom. C. M. HUGH WILSON, (1764-1824).



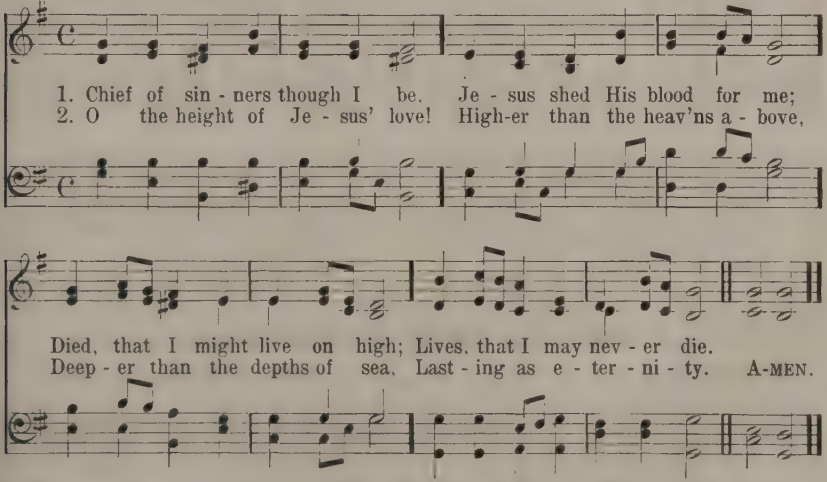
2 'Tis Thine atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are blessings from Thy hands.

3 'Tis by Thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on Thy cross we rest:
Forever be Thy love adored,
Thy Name forever blest.

Isaac Watts, 1721.

421. Chief of Sinners Though I Be.

Jesus för världen gifvit sitt lif. 7 7, 7 7. A. EKSTRÖM. Altered.


1. Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed His blood for me;
2. O the height of Je - sus' love! High-er than the heav'ns a - bove,
Died, that I might live on high; Lives, that I may nev - er die.
Deep - er than the depths of sea, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

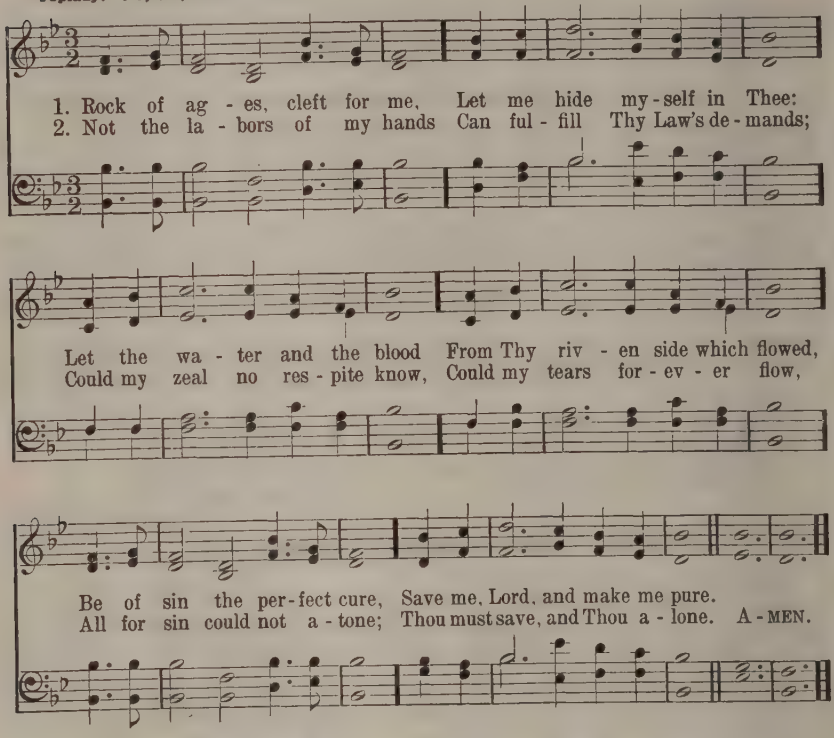
3 Jesus only can impart
Balm to heal the smitten heart;
Peace that flows from sins forgiven,
Joy that lifts the soul to heaven.

4 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to Him are known,
All my sorrows are His own.

William McComb, 1843.

422. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

Toplady. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.


1. Rock of ag - es, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy Law's de - mands;
Let the wa - ter and the blood From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone. A - MEN.

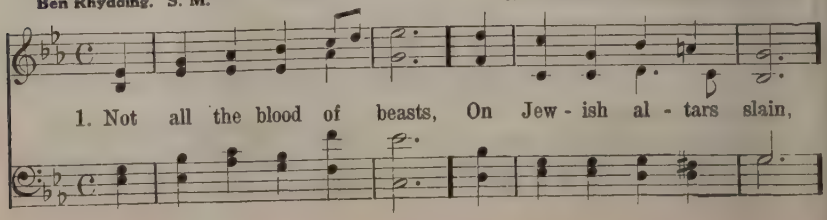
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Tnee for dress;
Helpless. look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

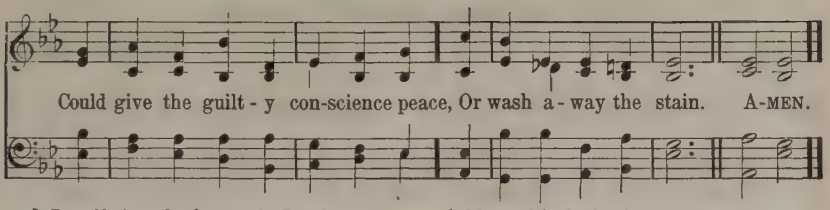
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady, 1776, a.

423. Not All the Blood of Beasts.

Ben Rhydding. S. M. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1865.





2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

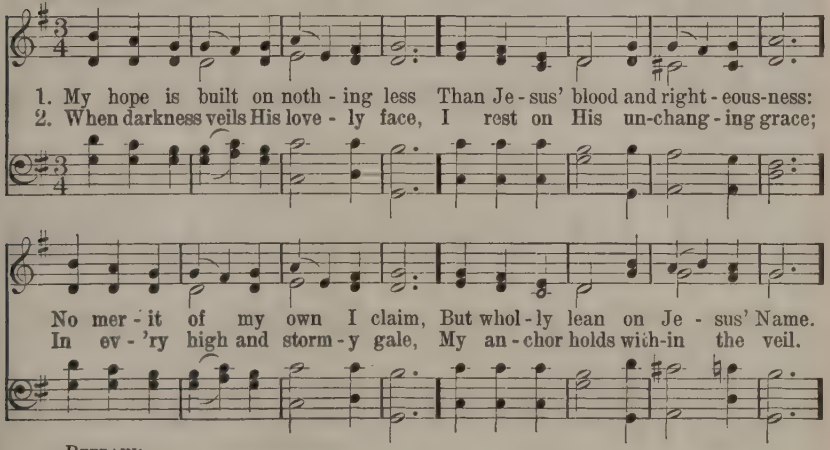
5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

424. My Hope Is Built on Nothing Less.

St. Catherine. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8.

HENRI FREDRICK HEMY, 1865.
Altered by JAMES GEORGE WALTON, 1871.


1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous-ness:
2. When darkness veils His love - ly face, I rest on His un-chang - ing grace;
No mer - it of my own I claim, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' Name.
In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My an - chor holds with-in the veil.
REFRAIN:
On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is sink-ing sand. A - MEN.

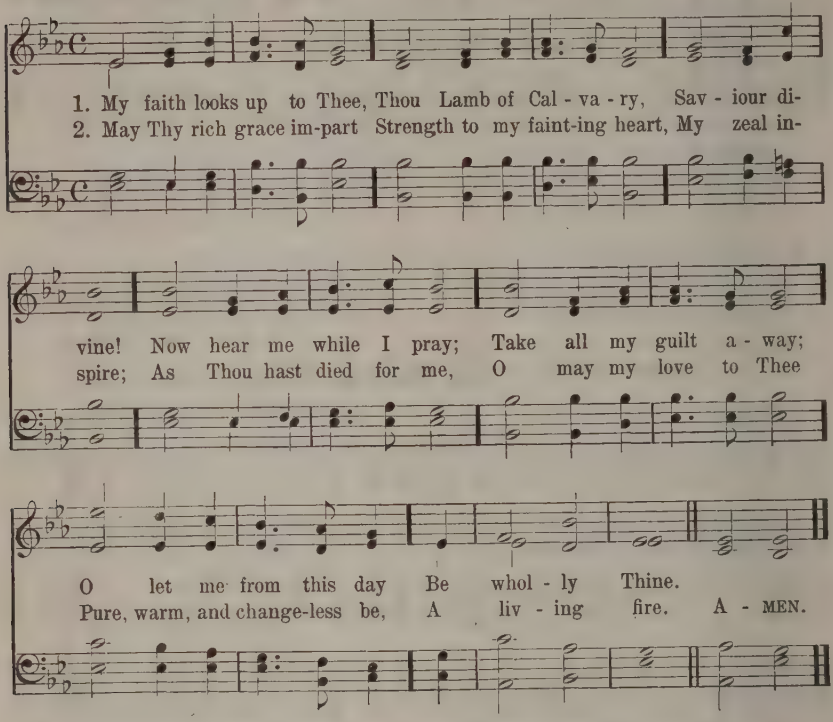
3 His oath, His covenant and blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When I shall launch to worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in Him!
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

Edward Mote, 1836.

425. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Olivet. 6 6 4, 6 6 6 4. LOWELL MASON, 1832.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di-
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in-
vine! Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt a - way;
spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my love to Thee
O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire. A - MEN.

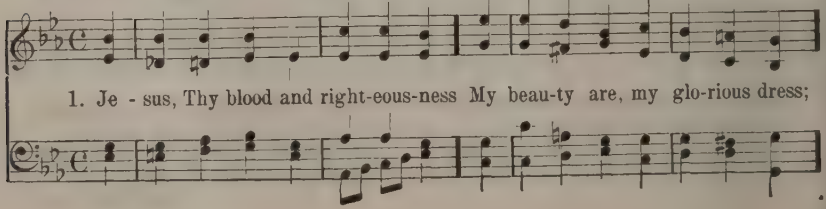
3 When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

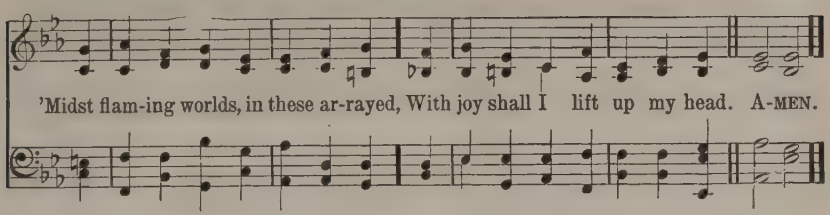
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

426. Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness.

Messiah. L. M. ADOLF HULT, 1899.





2 Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its constant hue;
Thy blood preserves it ever new.

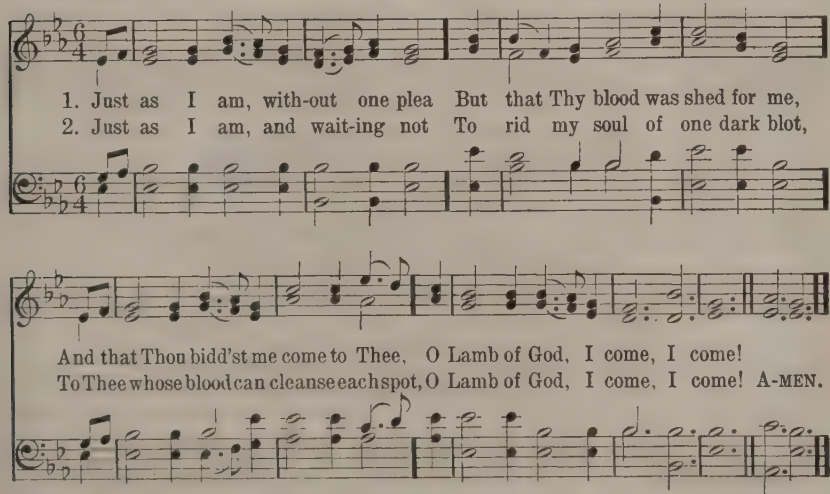
4 O let the dead now hear Thy voice;
Now bid Thy banished ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness!

5 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Then this shall be my only plea:
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf, 1739.

427. Just As I Am, without One Plea.

Woodworth. L. M. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1849.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A-MEN.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

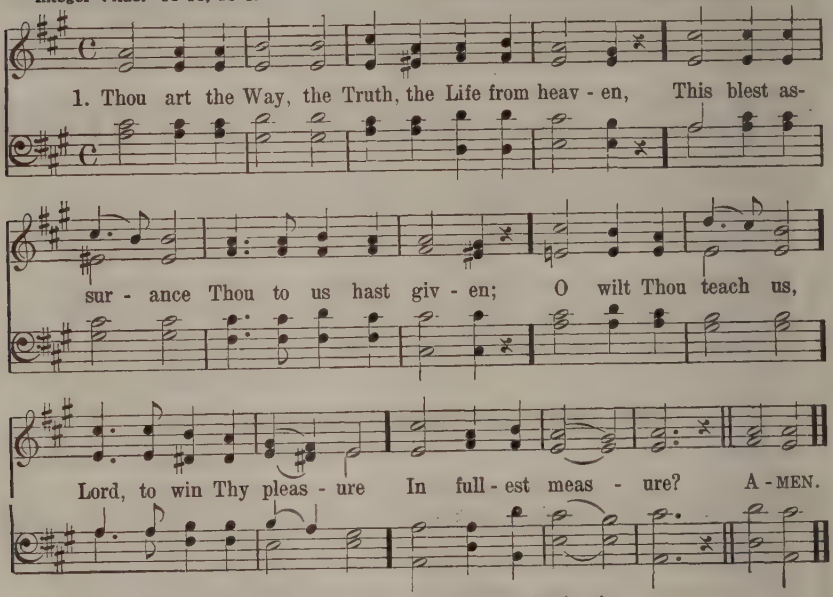
5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe;
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

6 Just as I am; Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

428. Thou Art the Way, the Truth, the Life from Heaven.

Integer Vitae. 11 11, 11 5. FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, (1778–1813).


1. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life from heav - en, This blest as-
sur - ance Thou to us hast giv - en; O wilt Thou teach us,
Lord, to win Thy pleas - ure In full - est meas - ure? A - MEN.

2 Thou art the Way: to reach our destination
We sorely need Thee, Fount of our salvation;
Lest we should stumble when our sins beset us,
Do not forget us.

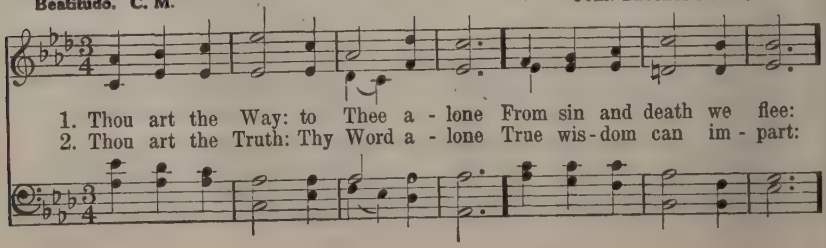
3 Thou art the Truth: though darkness overtake us,
Thy heavenly light will nevermore forsake us;
O shine within us, all our gloom dispelling,
Make us Thy dwelling.

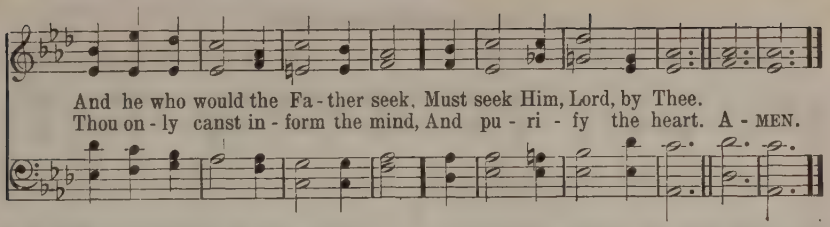
4 Thou art the Life: to all Thine own Thou givest
Eternal life where Thou forever livest;
There without ceasing, as we stand before Thee,
Let us adore Thee.

Friedrich Adolf Krummacher, (1767–1845).

429. Thou Art the Way: to Thee Alone.

Beatitudo. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.





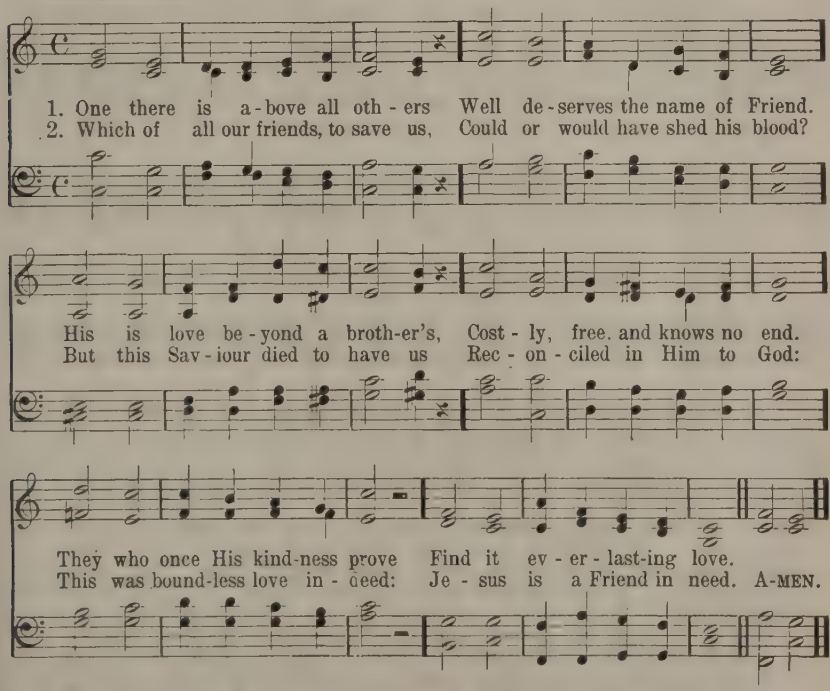
3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm:
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane, 1824.

430. One There Is above All Others.

Amen sjunge hvarje tunga. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. ANTON PETER BERGGREN, (1801–1880).


1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers Well de - serves the name of Friend.
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
His is love be - yond a broth-er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
But this Sav - iour died to have us Rec - on - ciled in Him to God:
They who once His kind-ness prove Find it ev - er - last-ing love.
This was bound-less love in - deed: Je - sus is a Friend in need. A-MEN.

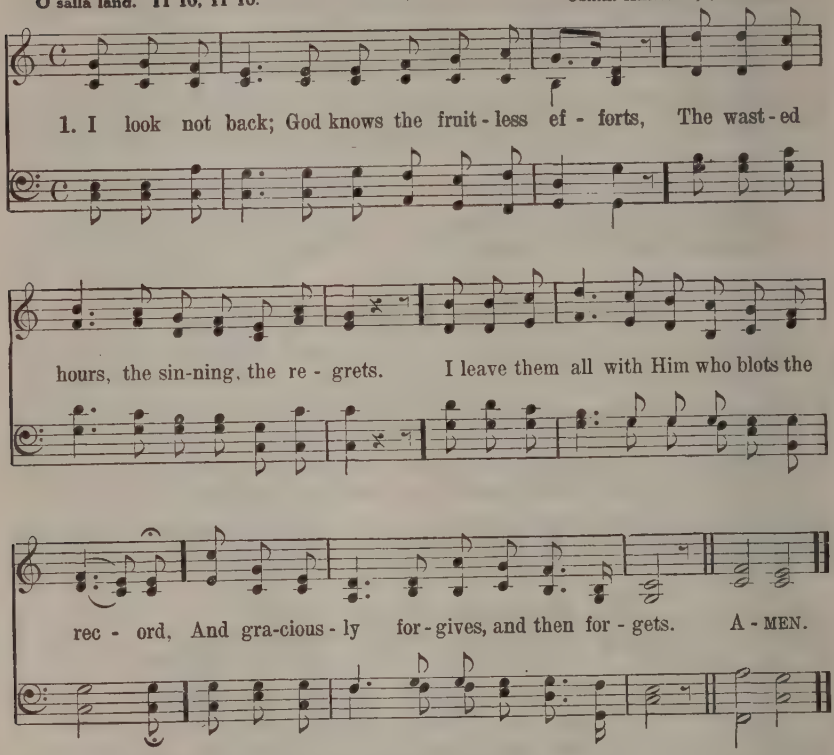
3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was His Name:
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same:
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love.
We, alas, forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1799.

431. I Look Not Back.

O sälla land. 11 10, 11 10. OSKAR AHNFELT, (1813-1882).


1. I look not back; God knows the fruit - less ef - forts, The wast - ed
hours, the sin-ning, the re - grets. I leave them all with Him who blots the
rec - ord, And gra-cious - ly for - gives, and then for - gets. A - MEN.

2 I look not forward; God sees all the future,
The road that, short or long, will lead me home,
And He will face with me its every trial,
And bear for me the burdens that may come.

3 I look not round me; then would fears assail me,
So wild the tumult of earth's restless seas,
So dark the world, so filled with woe and evil,
So vain the hope of comfort and of ease.

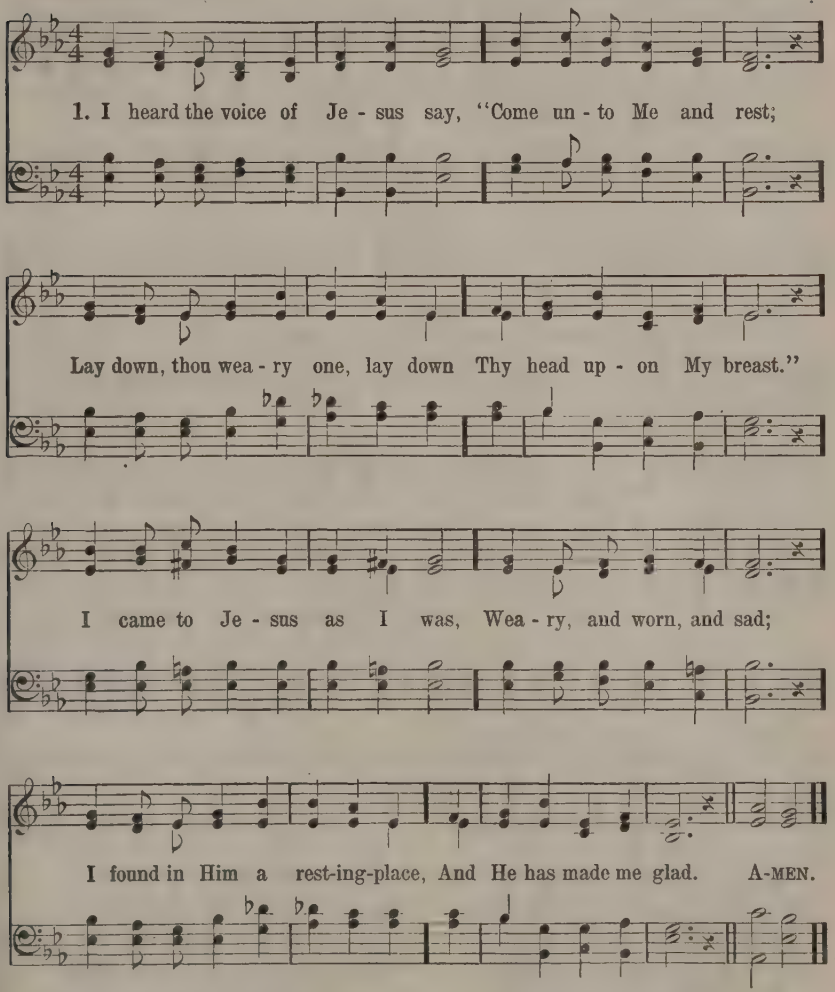
4 I look not inward; that would make me wretched;
For I have naught on which to stay my trust.
Nothing I see save failures and shortcomings,
And weak endeavors, crumbling into dust.

5 But I look up—into the face of Jesus,
For there my heart can rest, my fears are stilled;
And there is joy, and love, and light for darkness,
And perfect peace, and every hope fulfilled.

Unknown.

432. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Muriel. C. M. D. JOHN VICTOR BERGQUIST, 1924.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad. A-MEN.

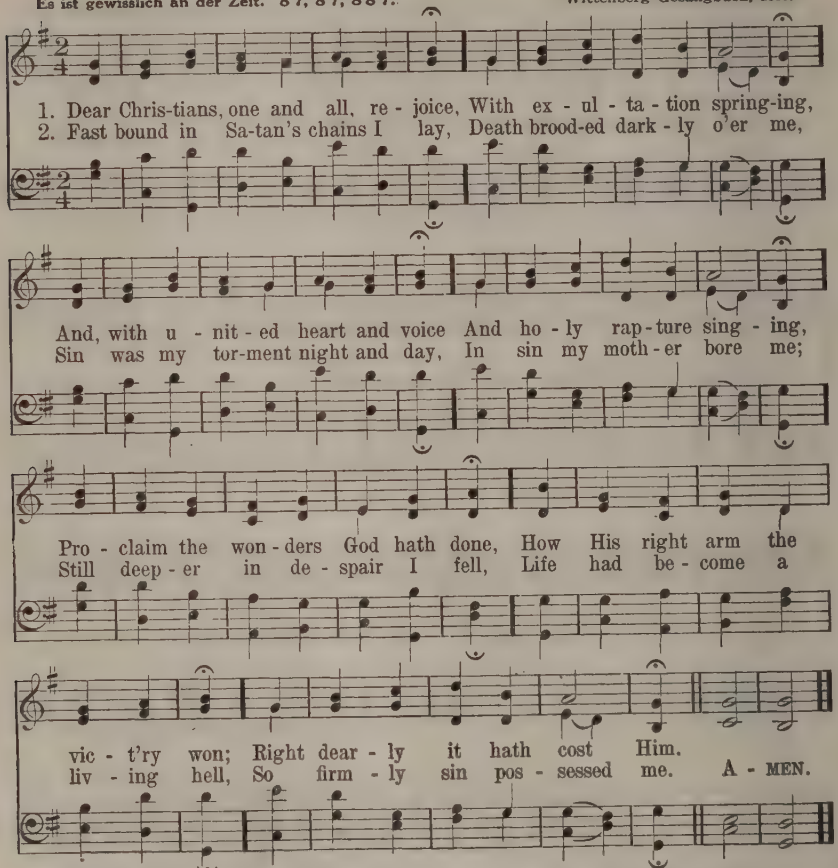
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun:
And in that Light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1846.

433. Dear Christians, One and All, Rejoice.

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Wittenberg Gesangbuch, 1535.


1. Dear Chris-tians, one and all, re - joice, With ex - ul - ta - tion spring-ing,
And, with u - nit - ed heart and voice And ho - ly rap-ture sing - ing,
Pro - claim the won - ders God hath done, How His right arm the
vic - t'ry won; Right dear - ly it hath cost Him.
2. Fast bound in Sa-tan's chains I lay, Death brood-ed dark - ly o'er me,
Sin was my tor-ment night and day, In sin my moth - er bore me;
Still deep - er in de - spair I fell, Life had be - come a
liv - ing hell, So firm - ly sin pos - sessed me. A - MEN.

3 Then God beheld my wretched state
With deep commiseration;
He thought upon His mercy great,
And willed my soul's salvation;
He turned to me a Father's heart;
Not small the cost! to heal my smart,
He gave His best and dearest.

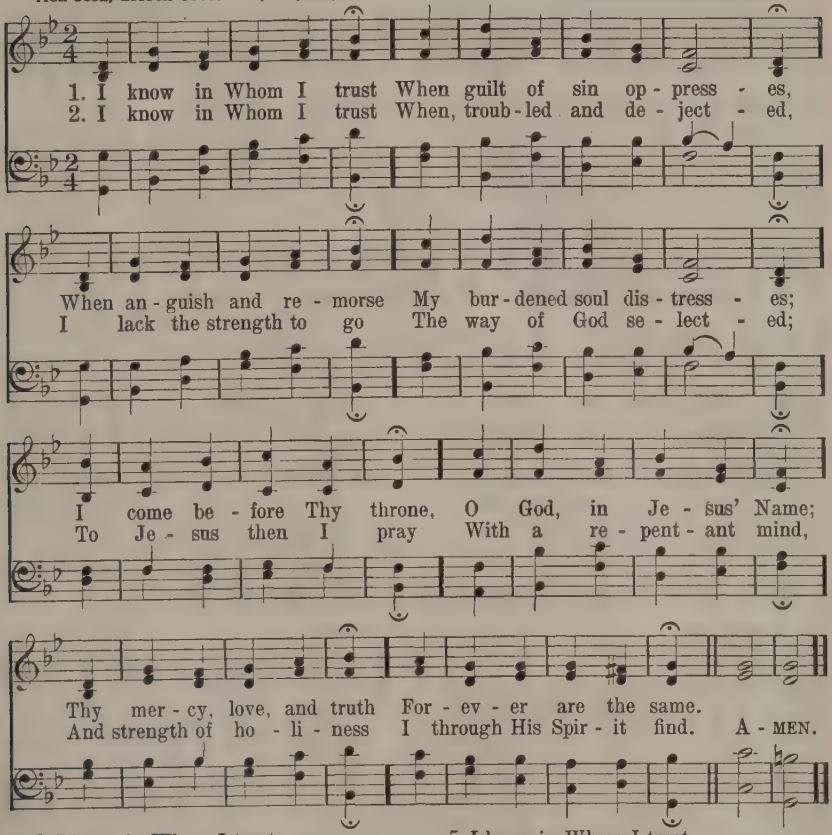
4 He spoke to His belovèd Son:
"'Tis time to take compassion:
Then go, bright Jewel of My crown,
And bring to man salvation;
From sin and sorrow set him free,
Slay bitter death for him, that he
May live with Thee forever."

5 The Son obeyed Him cheerfully,
And, born of virgin mother,
Came down upon the earth to me,
That He might be my brother:
His mighty power doth work unseen,
He came in fashion poor and mean,
And took the devil captive.

6 We thank Thee, Lord, for boundless grace,
And sing Thy praise forever,
For granting us in dire distress
Thine everlasting favor.
Both death and hell were stricken down,
When Thou didst for our sins atone,
O Jesus, blessèd Saviour.

Martin Luther, 1523.

434. I Know in Whom I Trust.

Ach Jesu, dessen Treu. 6 7, 6 7, 6 6, 6 6. Lüneburg Gesangbuch, 1648.

1. I know in Whom I trust When guilt of sin op - press - es,
2. I know in Whom I trust When, troub - led and de - ject - ed,
When an - guish and re - morse My bur - dened soul dis - tress - es;
I lack the strength to go The way of God se - lect - ed;
I come be - fore Thy throne, O God, in Je - sus' Name;
To Je - sus then I pray With a re - pent - ant mind,
Thy mer - cy, love, and truth For - ev - er are the same.
And strength of ho - li - ness I through His Spir - it find. A - MEN.

3 I know in Whom I trust
When worldly pomp and splendor
Would lure my heart away,
For He is my Defender.
I hear His warning voice,
I feel His loving hand;
Temptations and deceits
With Him I thus withstand.

4 I know in Whom I trust
When peace and joy forsake me,
When fain my heart would break,
And sorrows overtake me.
The suffering of my Lord,
His anguish, pain, and woe
Remind me of the way
We after Him must go.

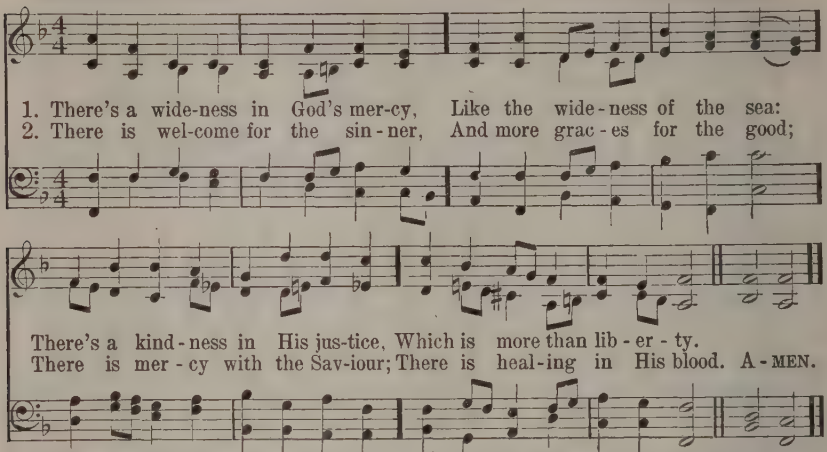
5 I know in Whom I trust
When evening shadows lengthen,
When death stands at the door,—
For Christ is there to strengthen.
He died upon the cross
To conquer death and hell;
A Conqueror He rose,
And all with us is well.

6 I know in Whom I trust;
I praise Him and adore Him;
By works I show my faith;
My heart I lay before Him;
Not only crying, "Lord!"
I take Him as my Guide,
And thus in life and death
In Him alone abide.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

435. There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

Cross of Jesus. 8 7, 8 7. JOHN STAINER, 1887.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal-ing in His blood. A-MEN.

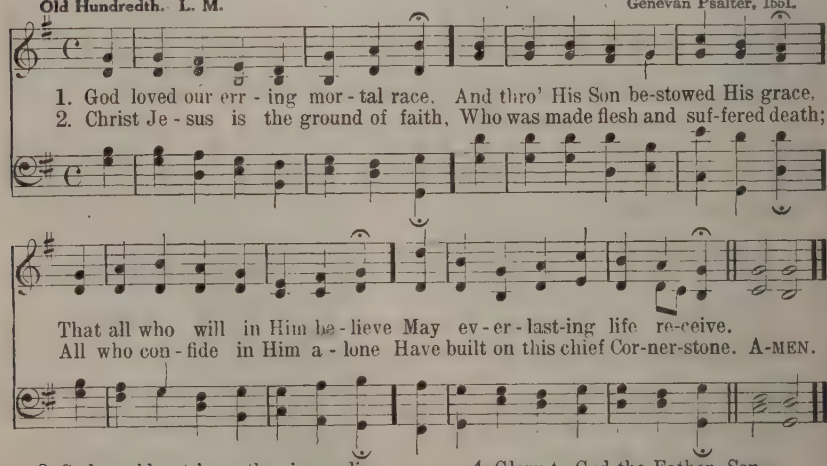
3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our faith were but more simple,
We should take Him at His Word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the presence of our Lord.

Frederick William Faber, (1814–1863), a.

436. God Loved Our Erring Mortal Race.

Old Hundredth. L. M. LOUIS BOURGEOIS. Genevan Psalter, 1551.


1. God loved our err-ing mor-tal race, And thro' His Son be-stowed His grace,
2. Christ Je-sus is the ground of faith, Who was made flesh and suf-fered death;
That all who will in Him be-lieve May ev-er-last-ing life re-ceive.
All who con-fide in Him a-lone Have built on this chief Cor-ner-stone. A-MEN.

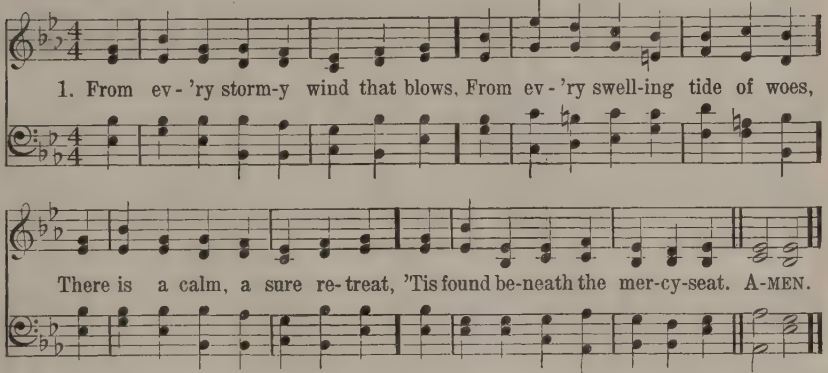
3 God would not have the sinner die;
His Son with saving grace is nigh,
His Spirit in the Word doth teach
How man the blessèd goal may reach.

4 Glory to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One!
To Thee, O blessèd Trinity,
Be praise throughout eternity!

Johannes Olearius, 1671.

437. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

Emilia. L. M. JOHN VICTOR BERGQUIST, 1924.


1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat. A-MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

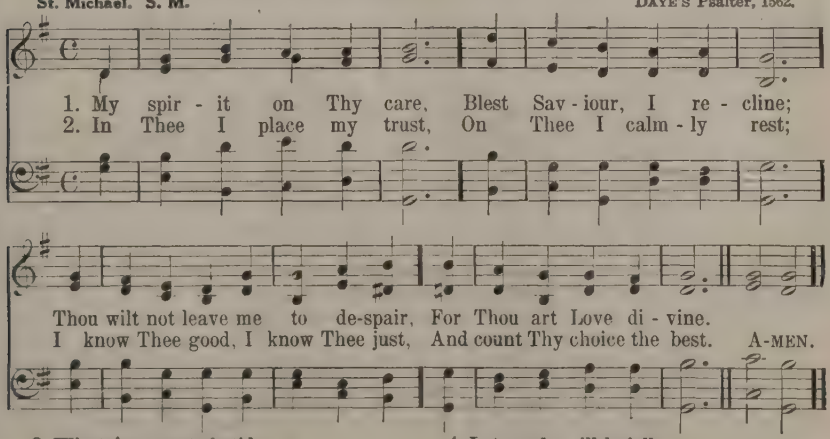
4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wing we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell, 1828.

438. My Spirit on Thy Care.

St. Michael. S. M. DAYE'S Psalter, 1562.

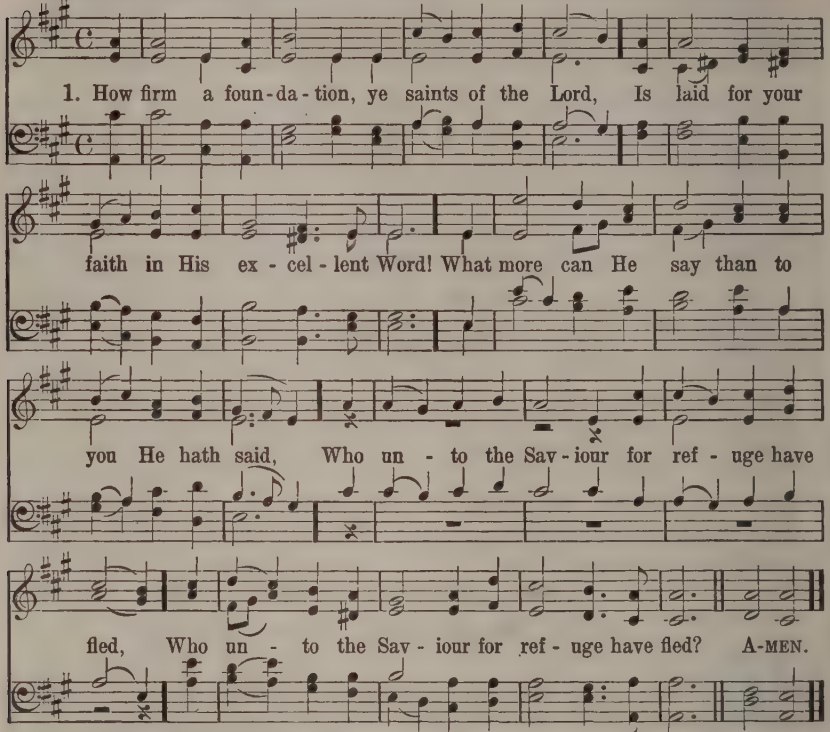

1. My spir-it on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;
2. In Thee I place my trust, On Thee I calm-ly rest;
Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art Love di-vine.
I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best. A-MEN.

3 Whate'er events betide.
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

439. How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord.

Adeste Fideles (Portuguese Hymn). 11 11, 11 11. JOHN F. WADE'S Cantus Diversi, 1751.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex-cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have
fled, Who un-to the Sav-iour for ref-uge have fled? A-MEN.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

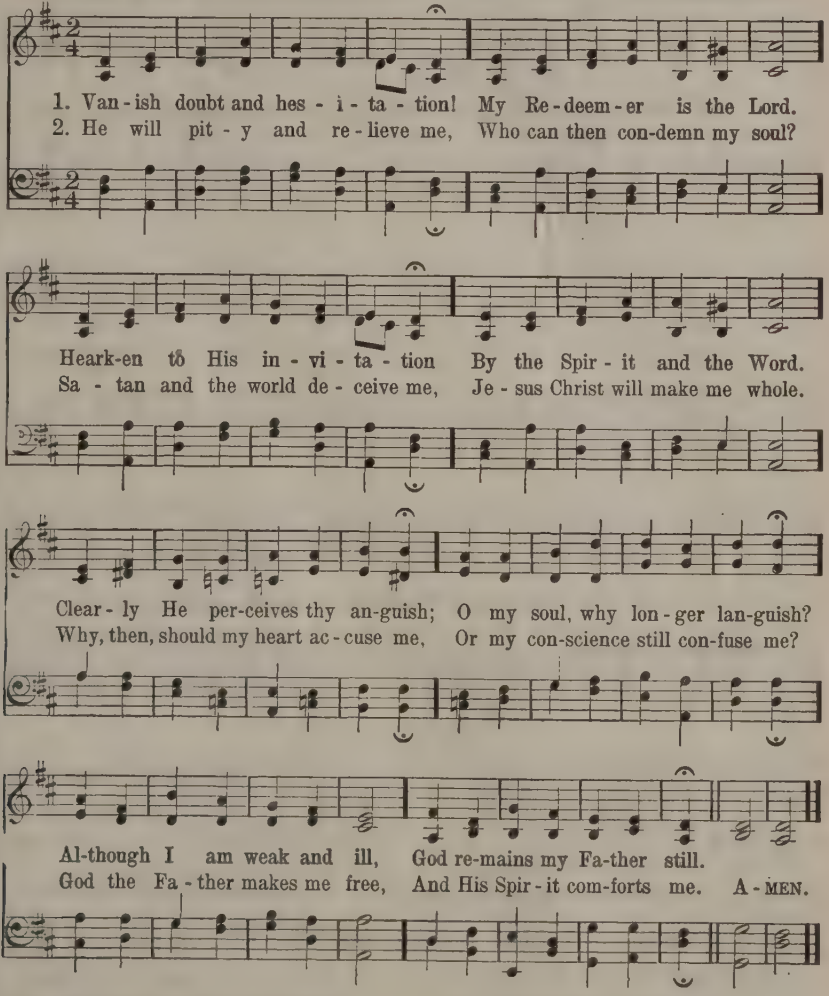
5 "E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot desert to His foes:
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake!"

"K," in Rippon's Selection, 1787.

440. Vanish Doubt and Hesitation!

Tviflan ur min själ försvinne. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8, 7 7. W. WESSNITZER, 1661.


1. Van-ish doubt and hes-i-ta-tion! My Re-deem-er is the Lord.
2. He will pit-y and re-lieve me, Who can then con-demn my soul?
Heark-en tō His in-vi-ta-tion By the Spir-it and the Word.
Sa-tan and the world de-ceive me, Je-sus Christ will make me whole.
Clear-ly He per-ceives thy an-guish; O my soul, why lon-ger lan-guish?
Why, then, should my heart ac-cuse me, Or my con-science still con-fuse me?
Al-though I am weak and ill, God re-mains my Fa-ther still.
God the Fa-ther makes me free, And His Spir-it com-forts me. A-MEN.

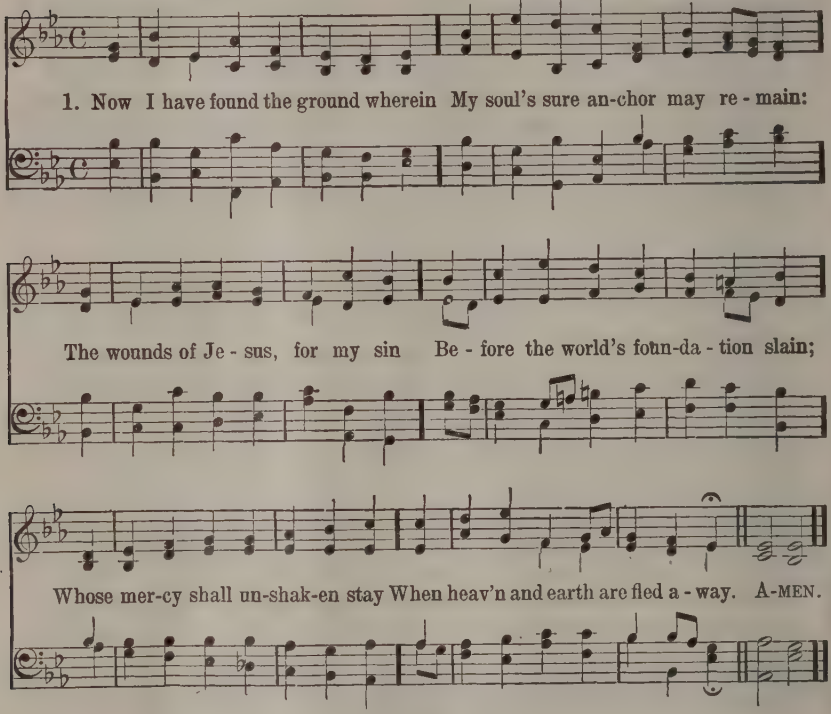
3 Jesus Christ for me has suffered,
And by faith He is my own.
Satisfaction He has offered,
And the way to heaven shown.
Through His full propitiation
I have free and full salvation.
He has conquered death and hell;
He has thus made all things well.

4 In His merit now confiding,
I look up to Him with joy;
For His promise is abiding—
Who can now my peace destroy?
Weal nor woe shall e'er deprive me
Of the portion that He gave me.
My Redeemer, Lord divine,
I am Thine, forever Thine.

Johann Adolf Schlegel, 1722.

441. Now I Have Found the Ground Wherein.

Colchester. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, (1810–1876).


1. Now I have found the ground wherein My soul's sure an-chor may re - main:
The wounds of Je - sus, for my sin Be - fore the world's foun-da - tion slain;
Whose mer-cy shall un-shak-en stay When heav'n and earth are fled a - way. A-MEN.

Or: St. Catherine, No. 424.

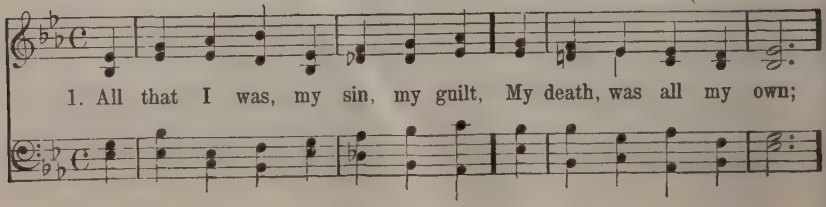
2 O Father, Thine eternal grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thine arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

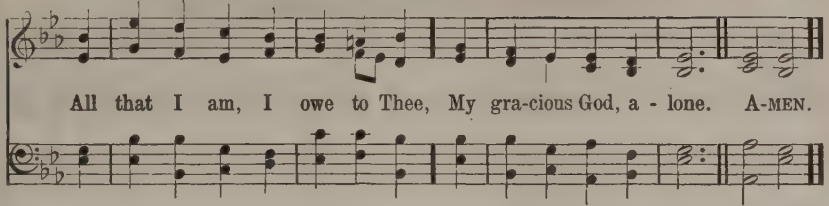
3 O love, so great, so bottomless!
My sins are swallowed up in Thee;
And covered my unrighteousness,
No spot of guilt remains in me;
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
For mercy, boundless mercy, cries!

Johann Andreas Rothe, 1727.

442. All That I Was, My Sin, My Guilt.

Dundee. C. M. HART'S Psalter, 1615.





2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty, is Thine.

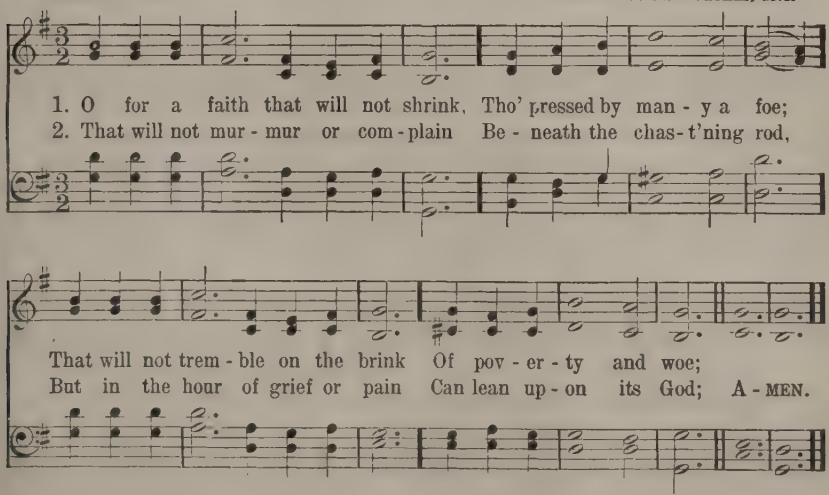
4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, e'en here on earth,
All that I hope to be
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

Horatius Bonar, 1845.

443. O for a Faith That Will Not Shrink.

Lambeth. C. M. WILHELM A. F. SCHULTHES, 1871.


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by man - y a foe;
2. That will not mur - mur or com - plain Be - neath the chas - t'ning rod,
That will not trem - ble on the brink Of pov - er - ty and woe;
But in the hour of grief or pain Can lean up - on its God; A - MEN.

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

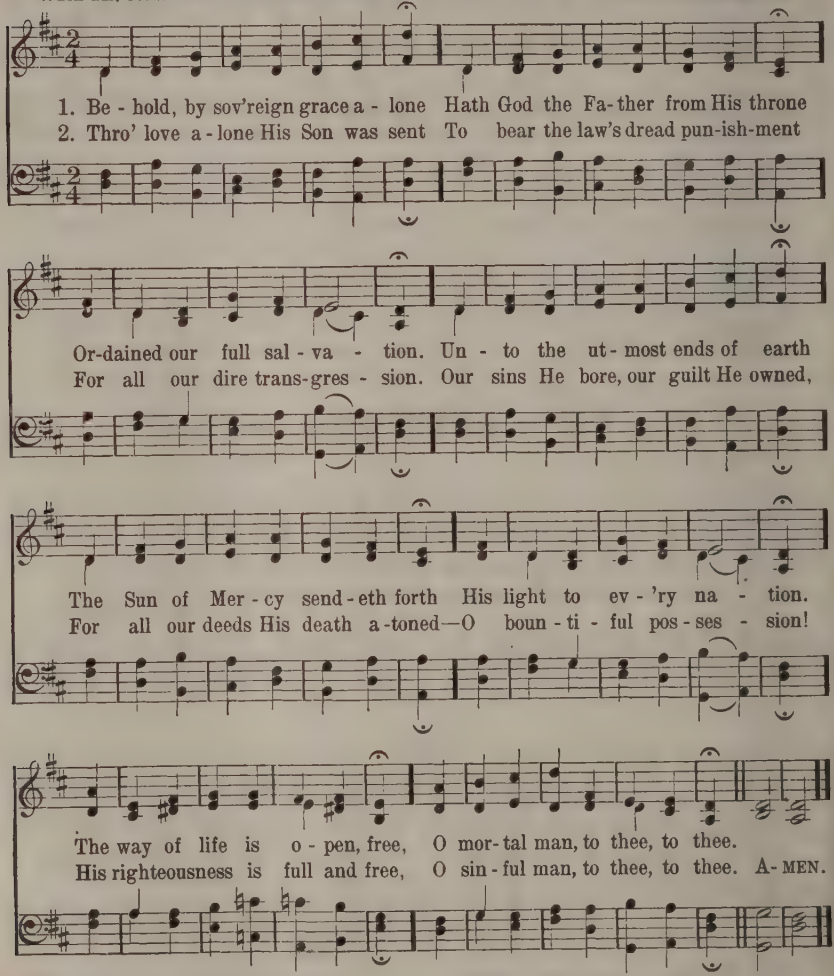
6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst, 1831.

444. Behold, by Sovereign Grace Alone.

Wach auf, mein Geist! erhebe dich. 8 8 7, 8 8 7, 8 8.

JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.
JOHANN CRÜGER, 1653.


1. Be - hold, by sov'reign grace a - lone Hath God the Fa-ther from His throne
2. Thro' love a - lone His Son was sent To bear the law's dread pun-ish-ment
Or-dained our full sal - va - tion. Un - to the ut - most ends of earth
For all our dire trans-gres - sion. Our sins He bore, our guilt He owned,
The Sun of Mer - cy send - eth forth His light to ev - 'ry na - tion.
For all our deeds His death a - toned—O boun - ti - ful pos - ses - sion!
The way of life is o - pen, free, O mor - tal man, to thee, to thee.
His righteousness is full and free, O sin - ful man, to thee, to thee. A - MEN.

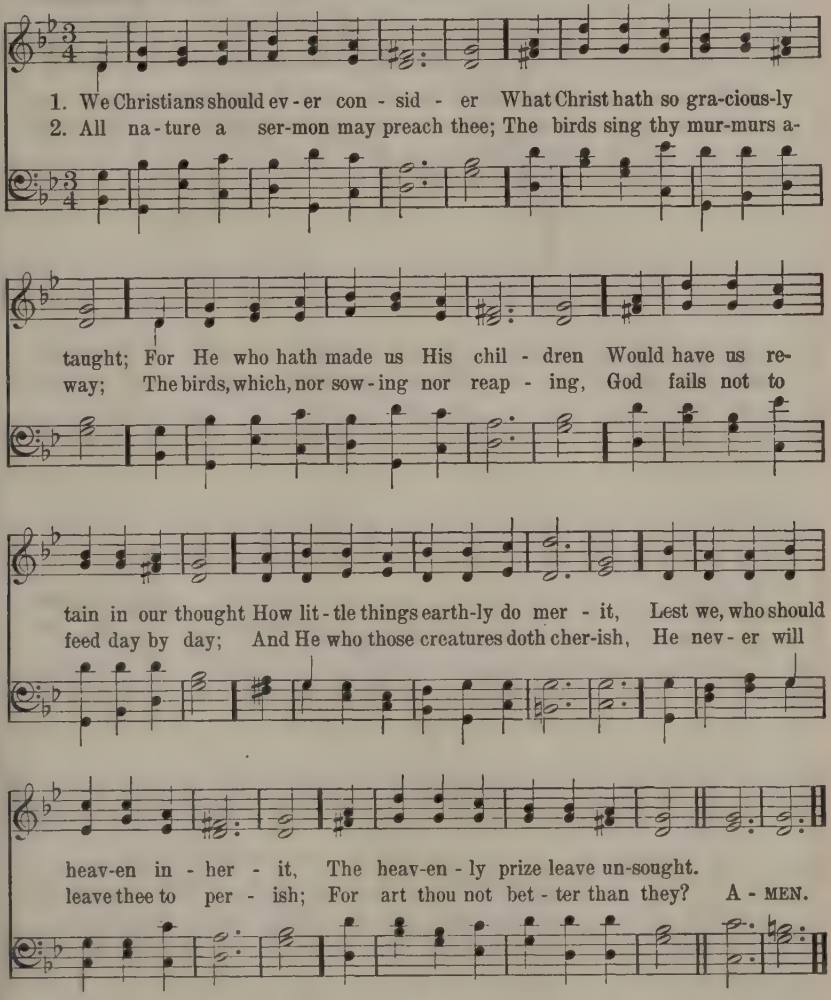
3 For this o'erwhelming sacrifice
The Lord will nevermore despise
A contrite heart and spirit.
By Jesus' death, by Jesus' blood,
Full pleasing in the sight of God,
His mercy we inherit.
The fount of grace flows full and free,
O pardoned soul, for thee, for thee.

4 By faith alone, for Jesus' sake,
Each ransomed sinner may partake
Of His abounding merit.
If in His promise ye abide,
By faith shall ye be justified,
And blest with His free Spirit.
His righteousness the just shall own
By faith alone, by faith alone.

Ernst William Olson, 1917.

445. We Christians Should Ever Consider.

Oss kristna bör tro och besinna. 98, 98, 998. Swedish Melody, known 1540.


1. We Christians should ev - er con - sid - er What Christ hath so gra-cious-ly
2. All na - ture a ser-mon may preach thee; The birds sing thy mur-murs a-
taught; For He who hath made us His chil - dren Would have us re-
way; The birds, which, nor sow - ing nor reap - ing, God fails not to
tain in our thought How lit - tle things earth-ly do mer - it, Lest we, who should
feed day by day; And He who those creatures doth cher-ish, He nev - er will
heav-en in - her - it, The heav-en - ly prize leave un-sought.
leave thee to per - ish; For art thou not bet - ter than they? A - MEN.

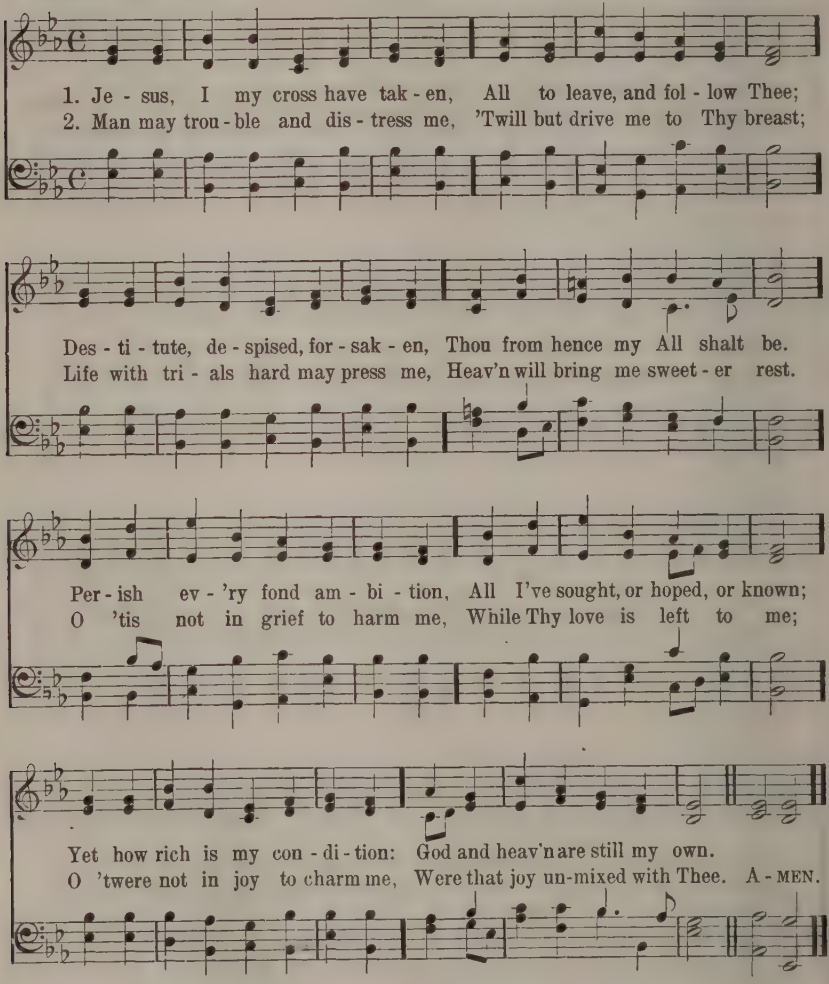
3 The lilies, nor toiling nor spinning,
Their clothing how gorgeous and fair!
What tints in their tiny robes woven,
What wondrous devices are there!
All Solomon's stores could not render
One festival robe of such splendor
As modest field lilies do wear.

4 If God o'er the grass and the flowers
Such delicate beauty hath spread,—
The flowers which to-day are so fragrant,
To-morrow are faded and dead,—
O why, then, should earthly cares fret thee?
Thy Father will never forget thee,
Nor fail to provide thee with bread.

Haquin Spegel, 1686.

446. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

St. Hilary. 8 7, 8 7. D. Origin uncertain.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my All shalt be.
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion: God and heav'n are still my own.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee. A - MEN.

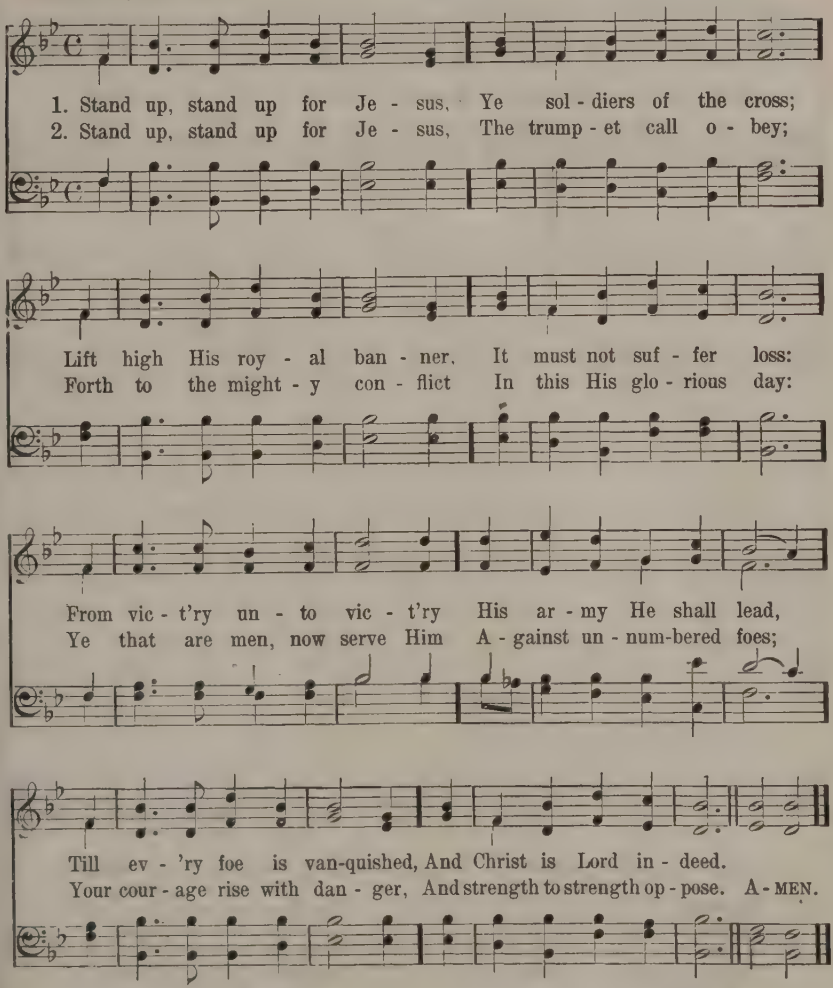
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine,
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1824.

447. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

Webb. 7 6, 7 6. D. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose. A - MEN.

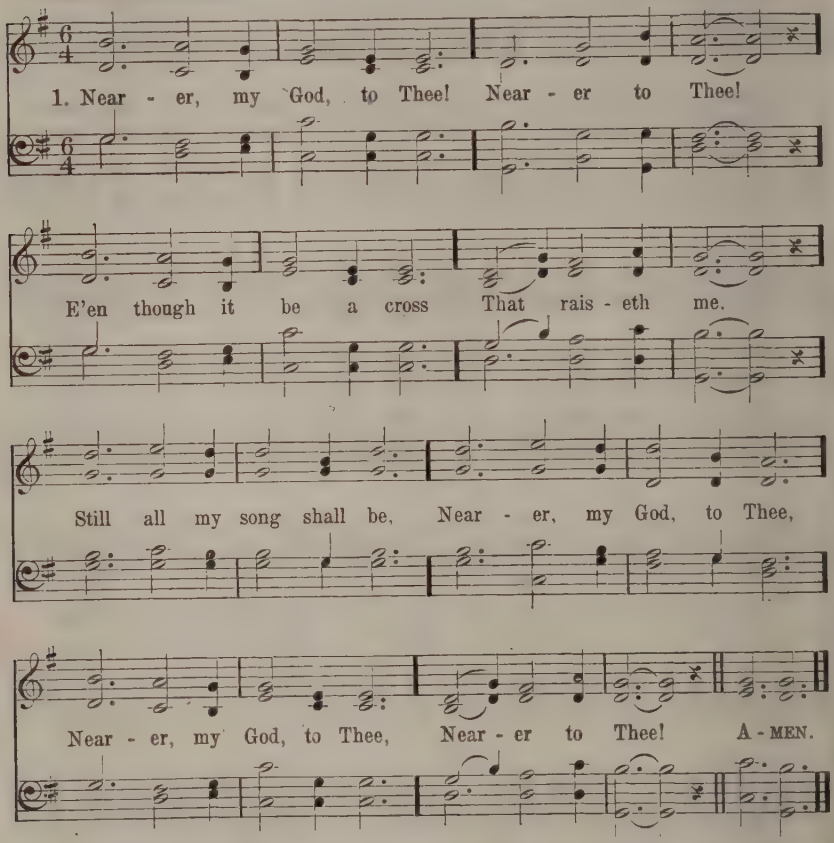
3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1858.

448. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Bethany. 6 4, 6 4, 6 6, 6 4. LOWELL MASON, 1856.


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee! Near - er to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me.
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

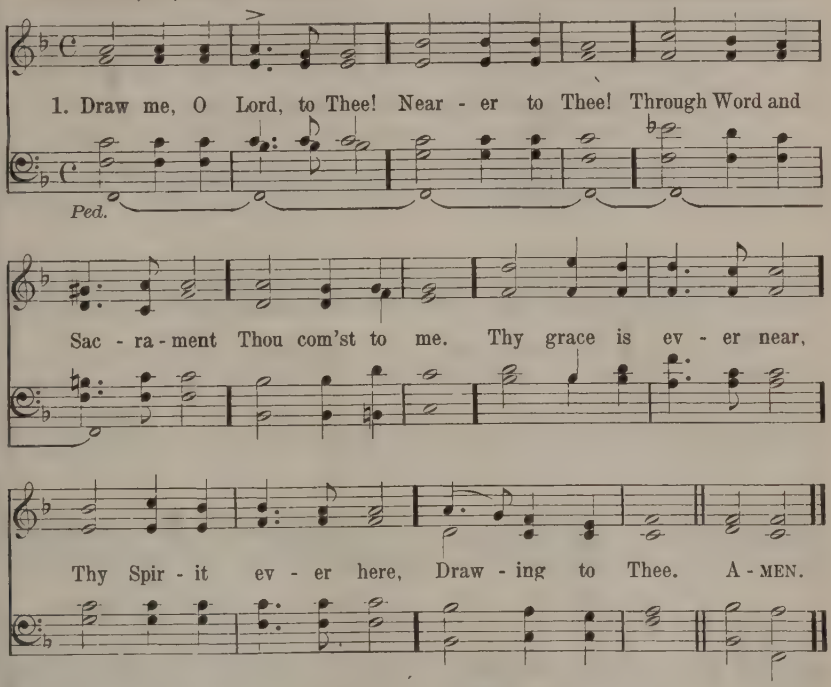
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Sarah (Flower) Adams, 1841.

449. Draw Me, O Lord, to Thee!

Kedron. 64, 64, 664. ANN BAIRD SPRATT.


1. Draw me, O Lord, to Thee! Near - er to Thee! Through Word and
Ped.
Sac - ra - ment Thou com'st to me. Thy grace is ev - er near,
Thy Spir - it ev - er here, Draw - ing to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Ages on ages rolled,
Ere earth appeared,
Yet Thine unmeasured love
The way prepared;
Long hast Thou yearned for me
That I might nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

3 Thou, Christ, hast come to earth,
My sin to bear,
My every wound to heal,
My pain to share.
"God in the flesh" for me
Now brings me nearer Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Lo! all my debt is paid,
My guilt is gone.
See! He has risen for me,
My throne is won.
Thanks, O my God, to Thee!
None now can nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Welcome, then, to Thy home,
Blest One in Three!
As Thou hast promised, come!
Come, Lord, to me!
Work, Thou, O God, through me,
Live Thou, O God, in me,
Even in me!

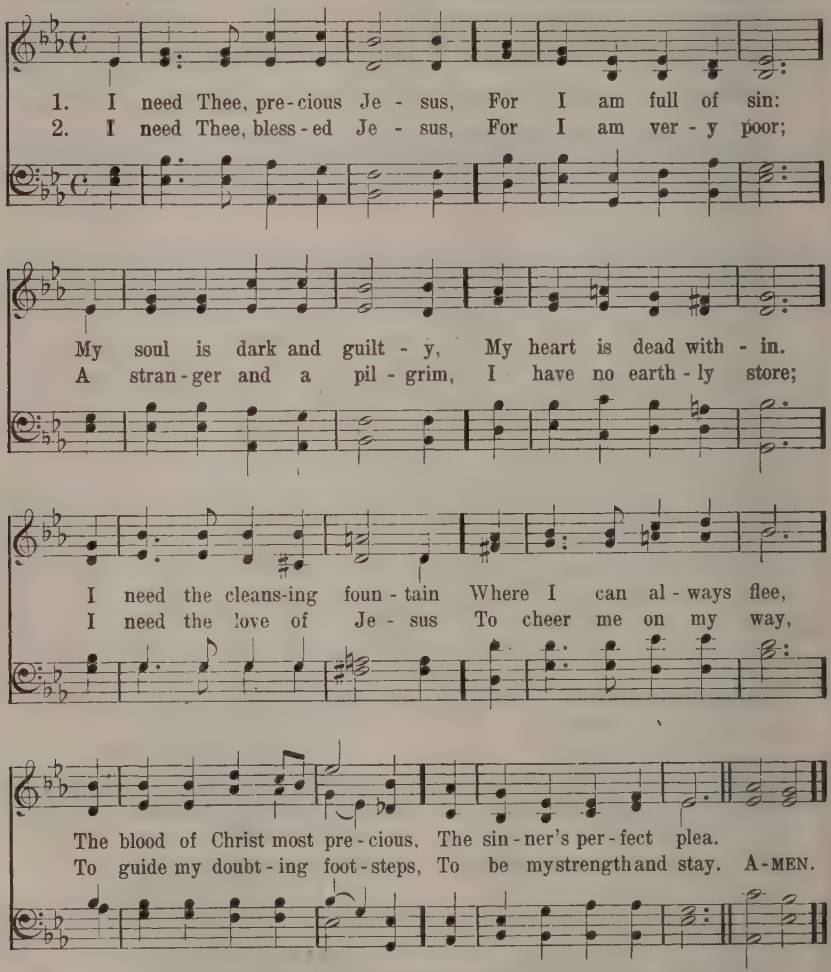
6 By the baptismal stream
Which made me Thine,
By the dear flesh and blood
Thy love made mine,
Purge Thou all sin from me,
That I may nearer be,
Nearer to Thee!

7 Surely it matters not
What earth may bring;
Death is of no account,
Grace will I sing.
Nothing remains for me
Save to be nearer Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Henry Eyster Jacobs, 1887, a.

450. I Need Thee, Precious Jesus.

O Bona Patria. 7 6, 7 6. D. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, (1842–1900).


1. I need Thee, pre-cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin:
2. I need Thee, bless-ed Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor;
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in.
A stran-ger and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store;
I need the cleans-ing foun - tain Where I can al - ways flee,
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
The blood of Christ most pre-cious, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
To guide my doubt-ing foot-steps, To be my strength and stay. A-MEN.

Or: St. Christopher, No. 69.

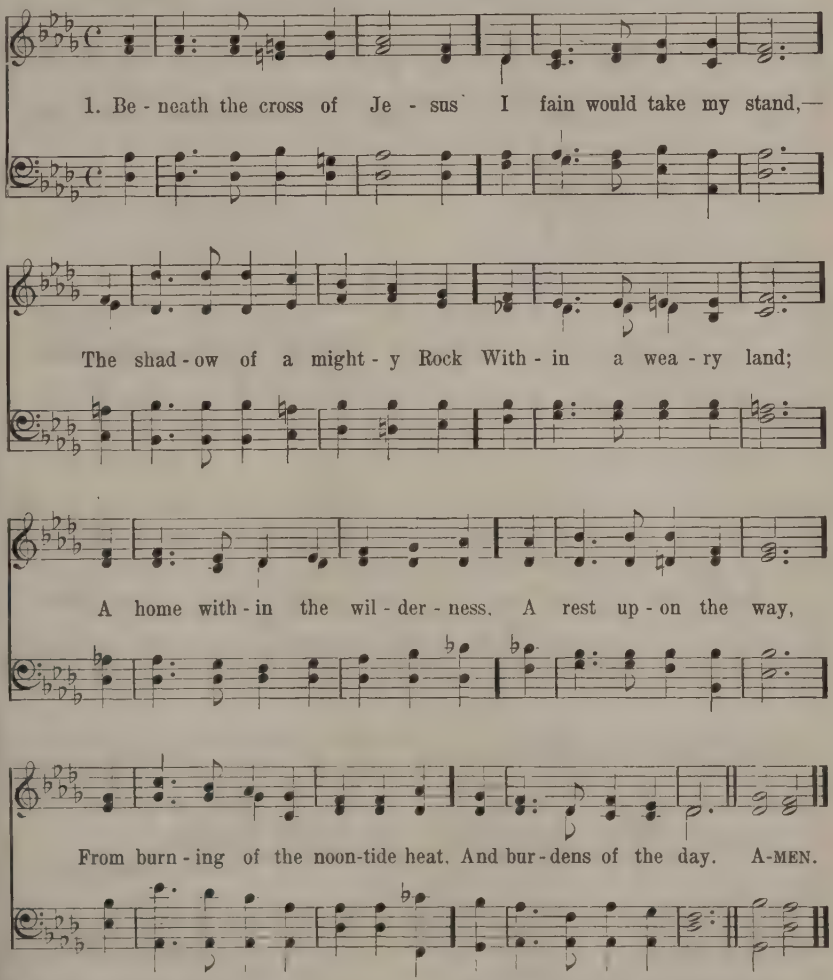
3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
I need Thee day by day,
To fill me with Thy fullness,
To lead me on my way:
I need Thy Holy Spirit
To teach me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

Frederick Whitfield, 1855.

451. Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

St. Christopher. 7 6, 8 6, 8 6, 8 6. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER, 1881.


1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,—
The shad - ow of a might - y Rock With - in a wea - ry land;
A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way,
From burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And bur - dens of the day. A-MEN.

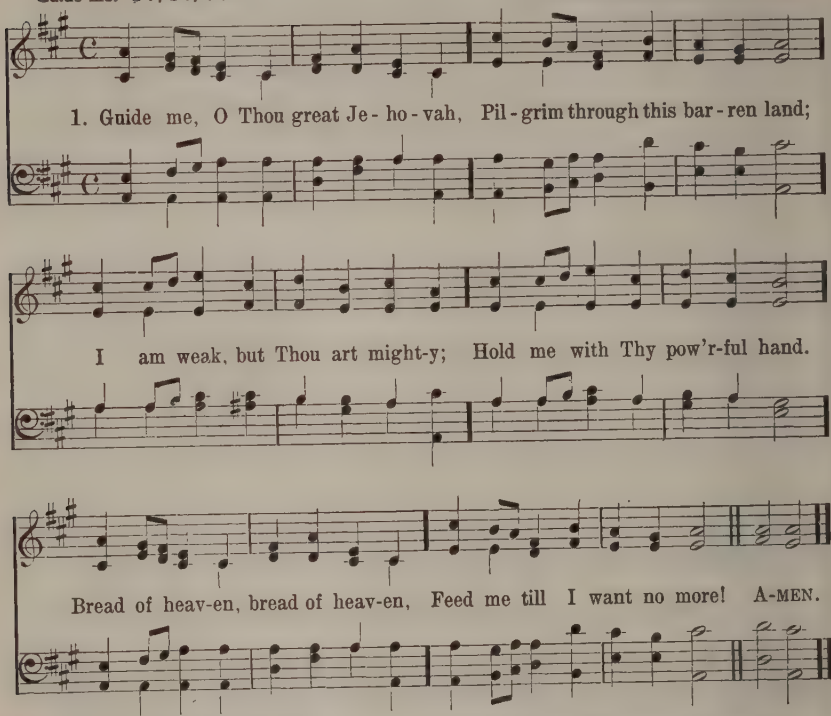
2 Upon the cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me:
And from my stricken heart with tears
Two wonders I confess.—
The wonders of redeeming love,
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss;
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all, the cross.

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1872.

452. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Guide me. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7. WILLIAM LETTON VINER, (1790-1867).


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim through this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand.
Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more! A-MEN.

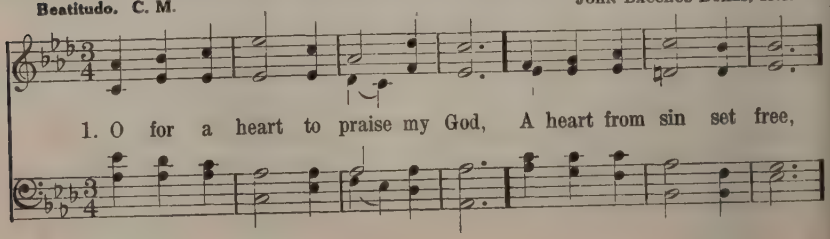
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield!

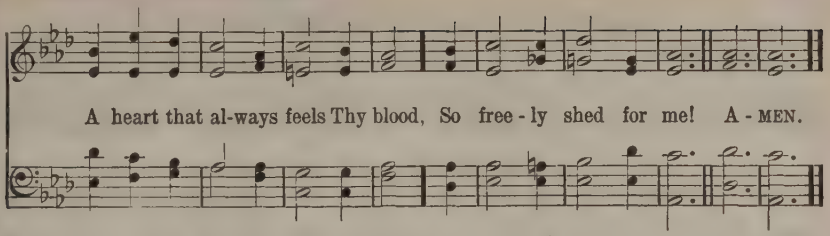
3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1745, a.

453. O for a Heart to Praise My God.

Beatitudo. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.





2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.

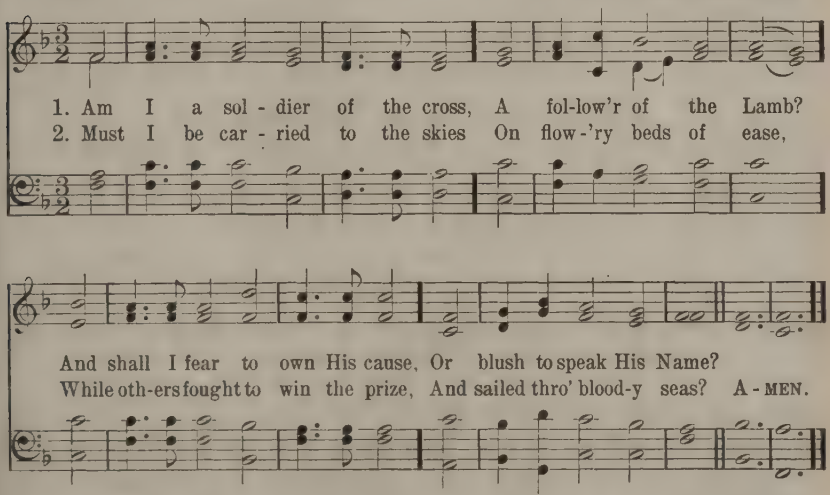
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Devout, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly, from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1772, a.

454. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Arlington. C. M. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE, 1762.


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas? A-MEN.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Nay, I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

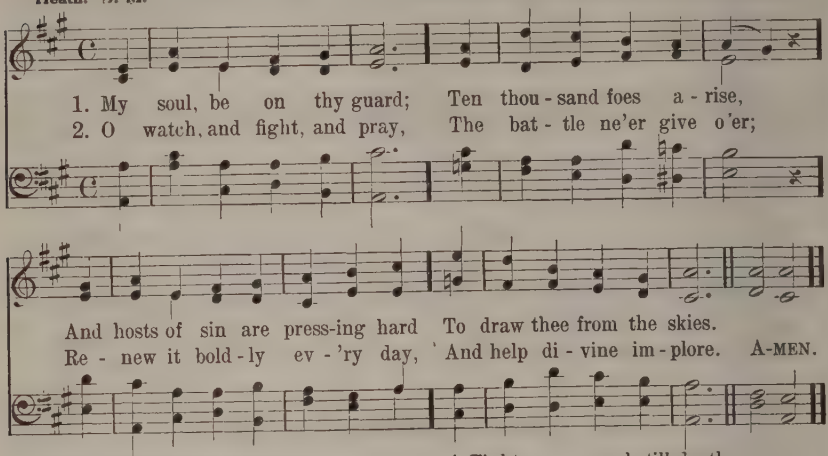
5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1724.

455. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

Heath. 8. M. Arr. from ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN, (1810–1856).


1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou - sand foes a - rise,
2. O watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore. A-MEN.

3 Ne'er think the victory won.
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou receive thy crown.

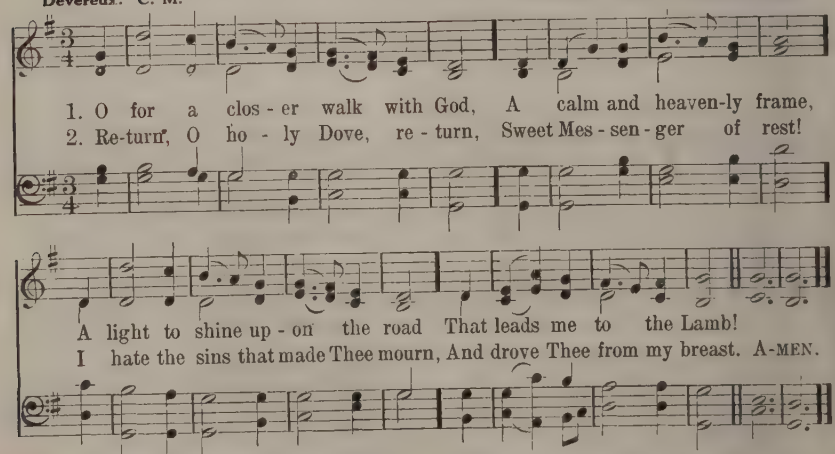
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
To His divine abode.

George Heath, 1781.

456. O for a Closer Walk with God.

L. DEVEREUX.
Arranged by GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1839.

Devereux. C. M.


1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heaven-ly frame,
2. Re-turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet Mes - sen - ger of rest!
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A-MEN.

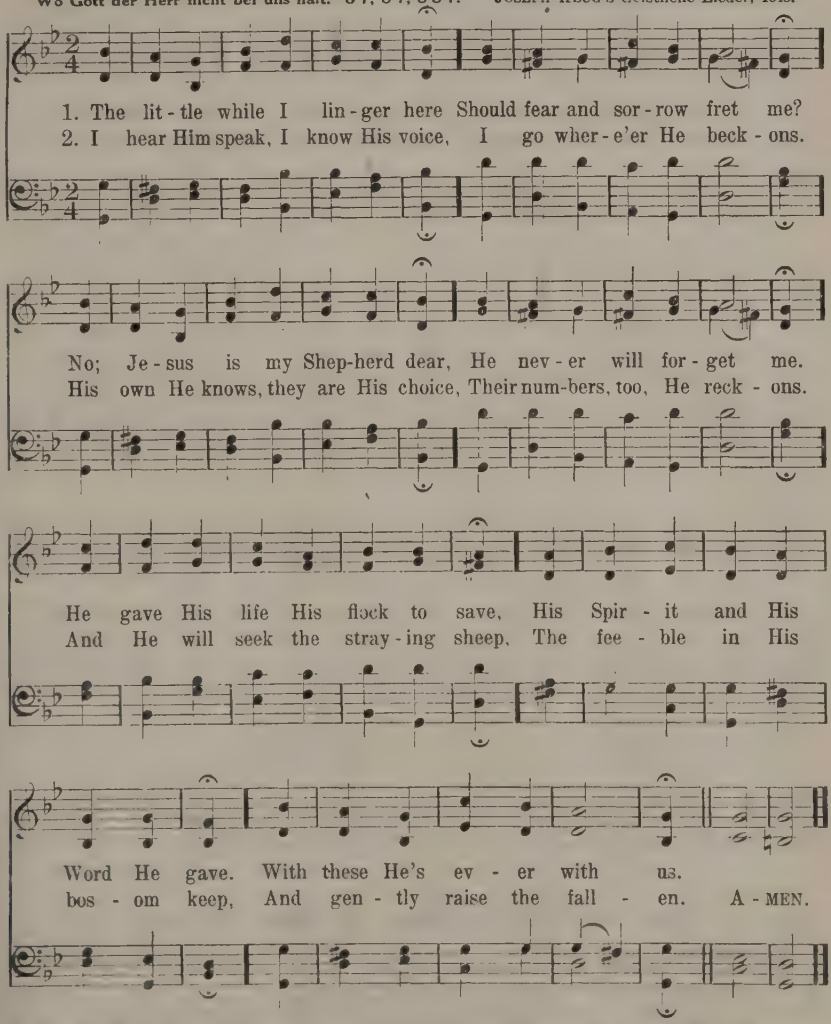
3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

4 So shall my walk be close to God,
Calm and serene my frame;
And purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772, a.

457. The Little While I Linger Here.

Wo Gott der Herr nicht bei uns hält. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. JOSEPH KLUG'S Geistliche Lieder, 1543.


1. The lit - tle while I lin - ger here Should fear and sor - row fret me?
2. I hear Him speak, I know His voice, I go wher - e'er He beck - ons.
No; Je - sus is my Shep-herd dear, He nev - er will for - get me.
His own He knows, they are His choice, Their num-bers, too, He reck - ons.
He gave His life His flock to save, His Spir - it and His
And He will seek the stray - ing sheep, The fee - ble in His
Word He gave. With these He's ev - er with us.
bos - om keep, And gen - tly raise the fall - en. A - MEN.

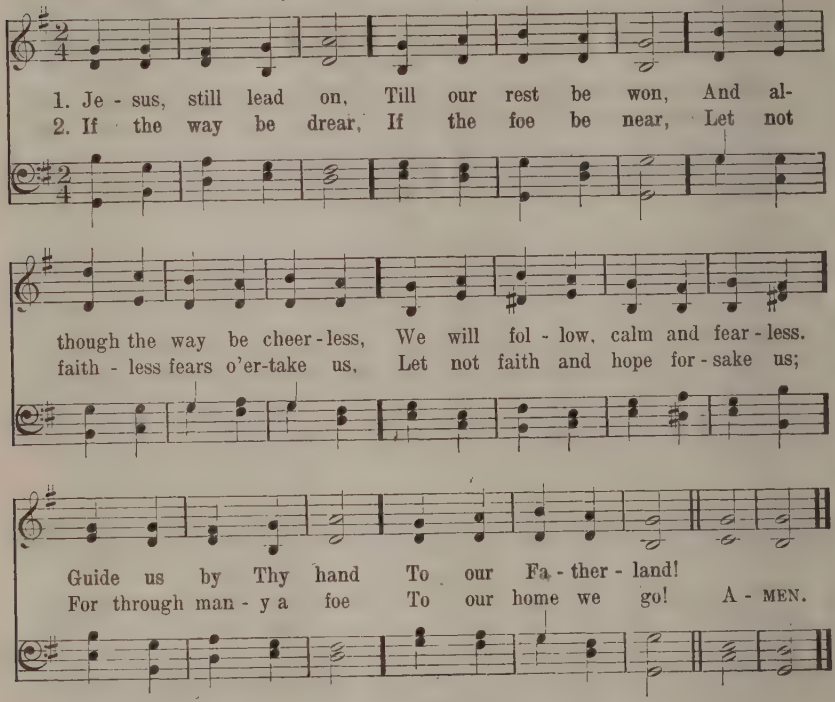
3 He strengthens me with living bread,
With waters sweet and gracious,
Which flow from life's great Fountain-head,
With peace and joy most precious.
Though rough and thorny is my way,
If from His path I do not stray,
I shall not be forsaken.

4 How vain the worldling's pomp and show,
How brief his joys and pleasures!
The night approaches now, and lo!
We leave all earthly treasures.
Then, what are all things here below
To Jesus' promise, "Where I go,
I will receive you also."

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1814.

458. Jesus, Still Lead On.

Seelenbräutigam. 55, 88, 55. ADAM DRESE, 1698.


1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And al-
2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not
though the way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less.
faith - less fears o'er-take us, Let not faith and hope for - sake us;
Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther - land!
For through man - y a foe To our home we go! A - MEN.

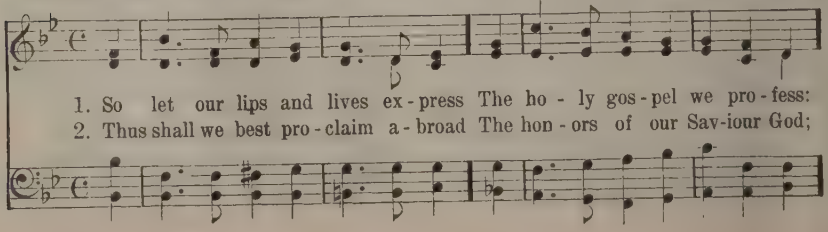
3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring,
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more!

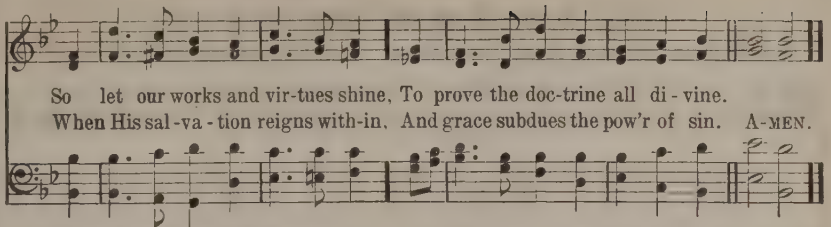
4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland!

Nicolaus Ludwig Zinzendorf, 1721.

459. So Let Our Lips and Lives Express.

Min ljufva tröst. L. M. ALBERT ESAIAS LINDSTRÖM, 1853—


1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess:
2. Thus shall we best pro - claim a - broad The hon - ors of our Sav-iour God;


So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di - vine.
When His sal-va - tion reigns with-in, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin. A-MEN.

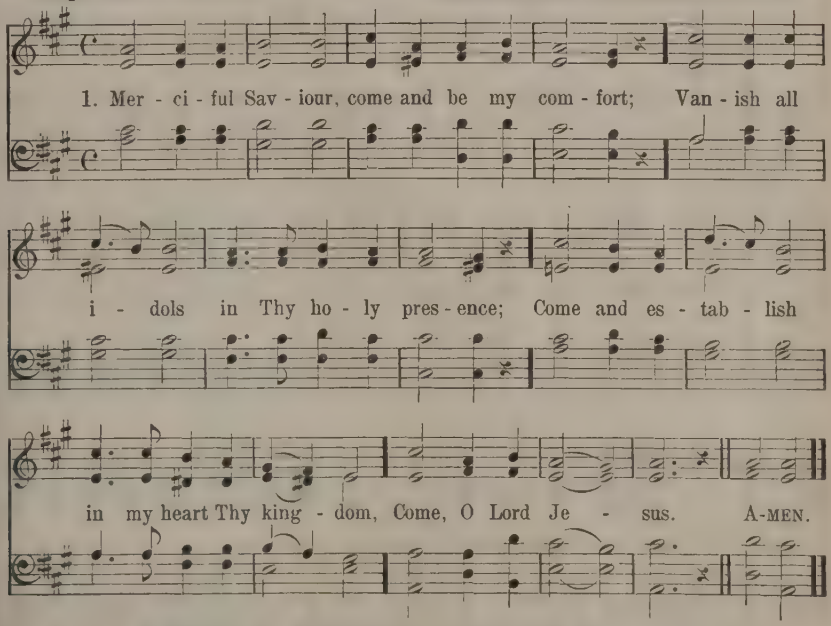
3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
And passion, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

4 His promise bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on His Word.

Isaac Watts, 1709, a.

460. Merciful Saviour, Come and Be My Comfort.

Integer Vitae. 11 11, 11 5. FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, (1778–1813).


1. Mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, come and be my com - fort; Van - ish all
i - dols in Thy ho - ly pres - ence; Come and es - tab - lish
in my heart Thy king - dom, Come, O Lord Je - sus. A-MEN.

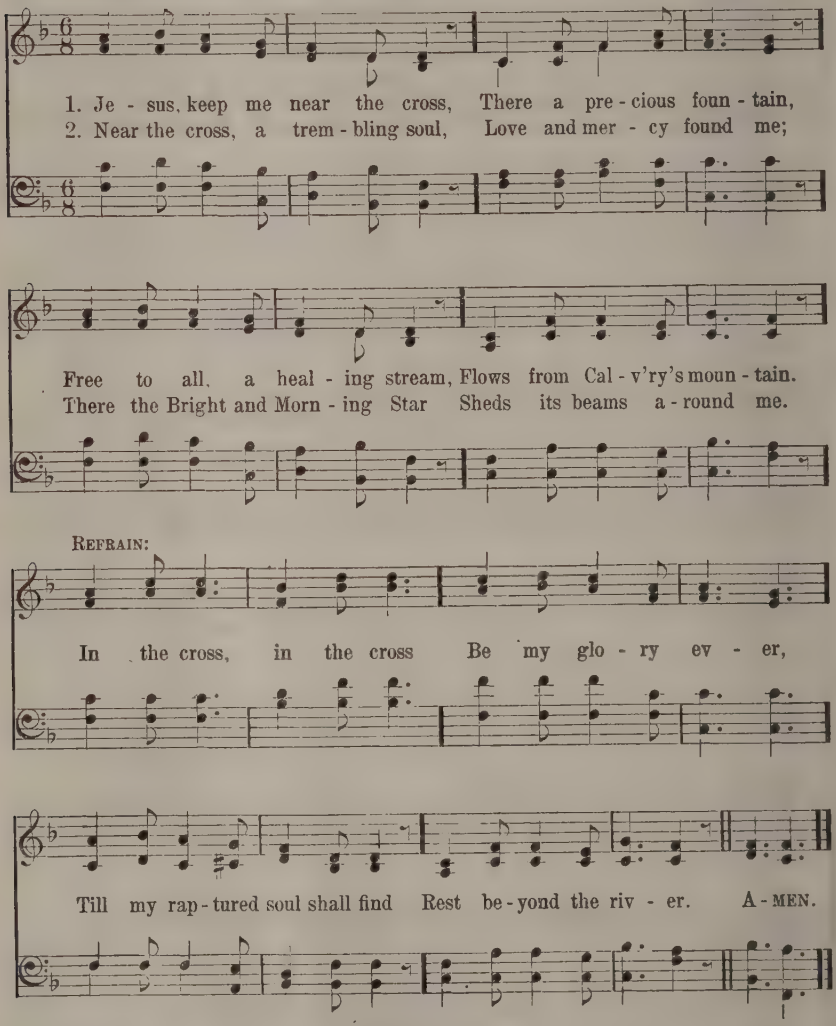
2 Come as the Bridegroom to the bride belovèd,
Come Thou to strengthen faith and love and patience;
Be Thou a very present help in danger;
Come, O Lord Jesus.

3 Come in my pleasures, come to me in sorrow,
Come in the anguished hour of dire temptation,
Come and deliver me from sin and evil,
Come, O Lord Jesus.

Katarina Elisabet Posse, (1818–1880).

461. Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.

Near the Cross. 7 6, 7 6. Trochaic. With Refrain. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, (1831–1915).


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
REFRAIN:
In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

Used by permission of W. H Doane, owner of the Copyright.

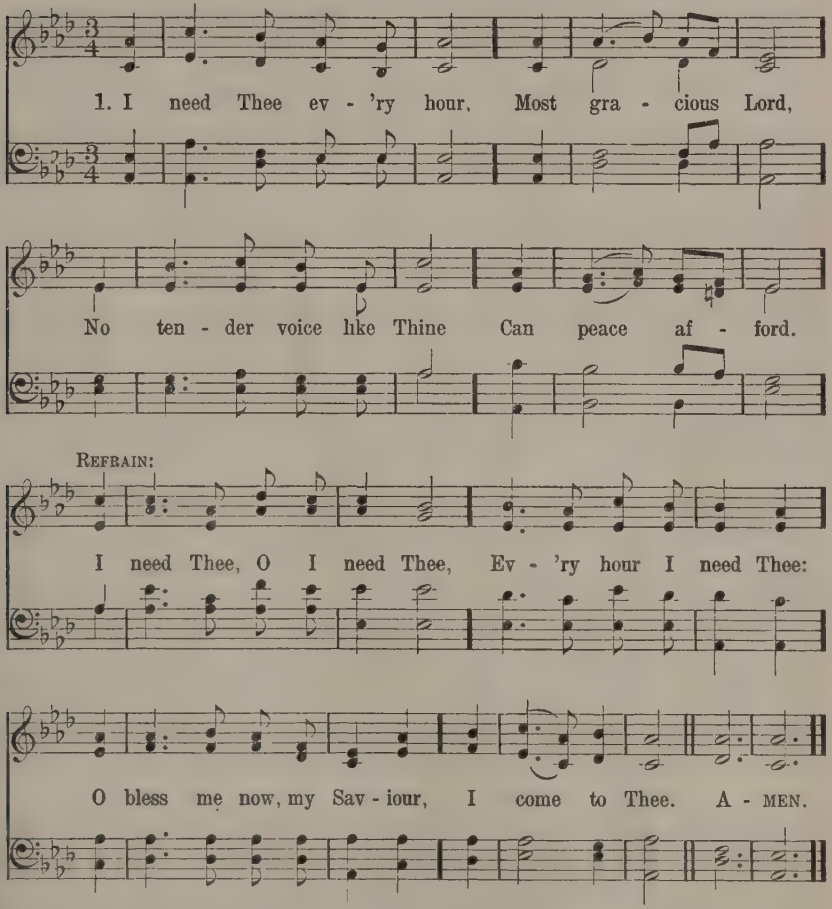
3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand
Just beyond the river.

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1869.

462. I Need Thee Every Hour.

I need Thee. 6 4, 6 4. With Refrain. ROBERT LOWRY, 1872.


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord,
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
REFRAIN:
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee:
O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1914, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission.

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

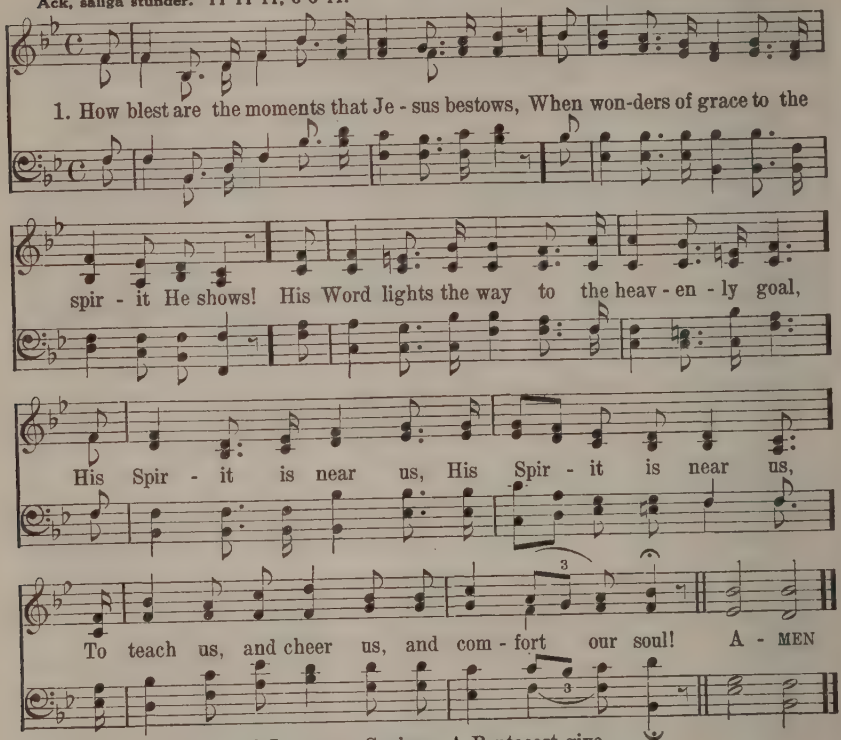
4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One,
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

Annie Sherwood Hawks, 1872.

463. How Blest Are the Moments That Jesus Bestows.

Ack, saliga stunder. 11 11 11, 6 6 11. OSKAR AHNFELT, (1813-1882).


1. How blest are the moments that Je - sus bestows, When won-ders of grace to the
spir - it He shows! His Word lights the way to the heav - en - ly goal,
His Spir - it is near us, His Spir - it is near us,
To teach us, and cheer us, and com - fort our soul! A - MEN

2 Lord Jesus, our Saviour, A Pentecost give
To quicken, and strengthen, and cause us to live;
Grant faith and give love, and in mercy bestow
Whatever is needed,
To exercise faith in our hearts here below.

3 Our hearts are as cold and as hard as a stone;
Such are they by nature, and Thou art alone,
On earth and in heaven, the Saviour who can,
A new heart creating,
A new heart creating, make each a new man.

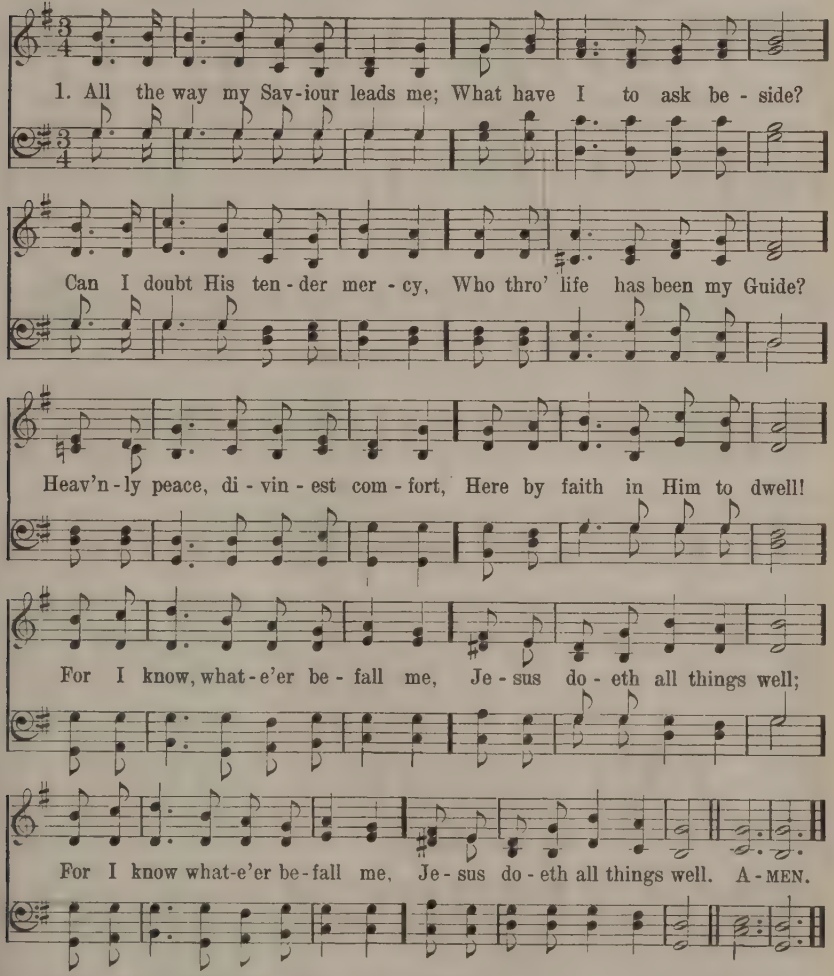
4 From sorrows of earth Thou wilt now turn our mind,
For days that are coming, O help us to find
Our joy and our comfort in what Thou hast wrought;
For we are Thy people,
With blood and with anguish so preciously bought.

5 Lord, therefore remember, in mercy and love,
Thy people, and grant us Thy help from above;
Thy law cause to wake us, Thy grace give us cheer,
And send us Thy Spirit,
And give us to know that Thy presence is near.

Ahnfelts Sånger.

464. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

All the way. 8 7, 8 7. D. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826-1899).


1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
Can I doubt His ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Heav'n - ly peace, di - vin - est com - fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, what - e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well. A - MEN.

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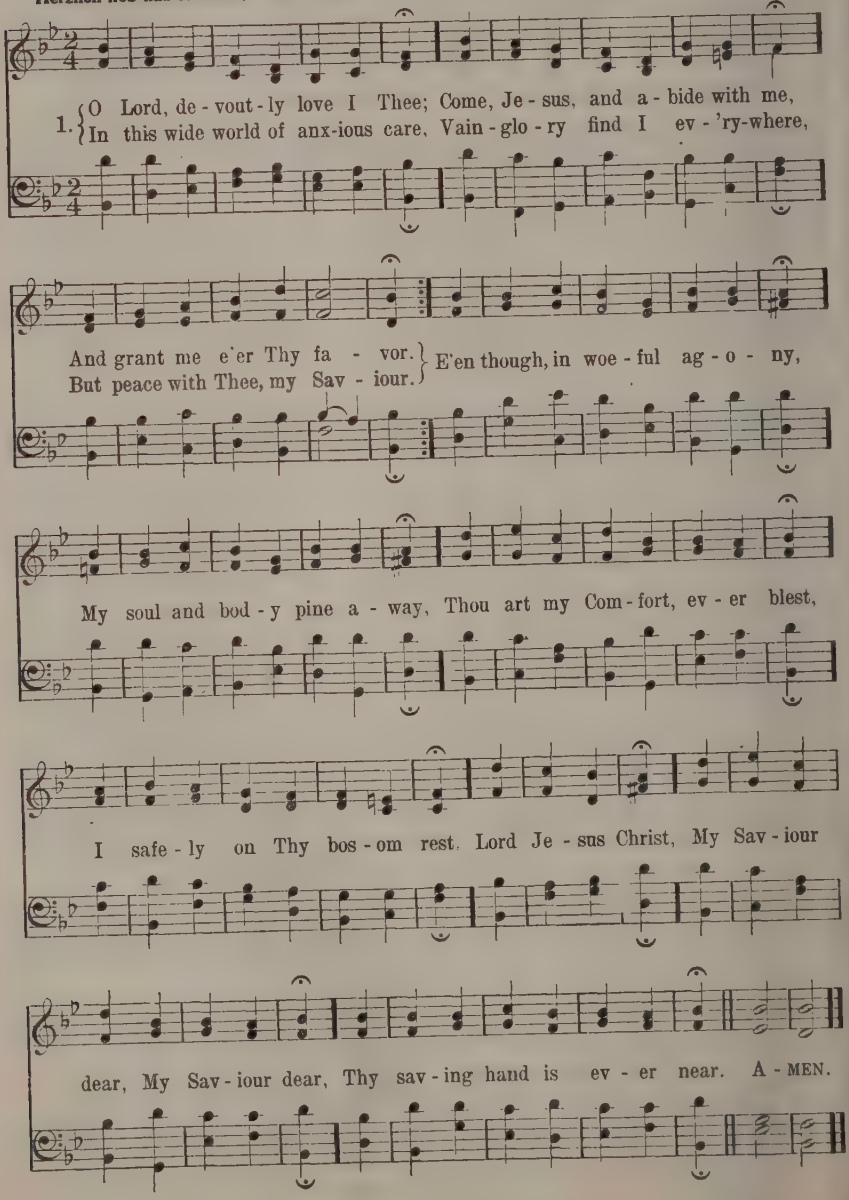
2 All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread.
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
O the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way.

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, (1820-1915).

465. O Lord, Devoutly Love I Thee.

Herzlich lieb hab ich dich, o Herr. 8 8 7, 8 8 7, 8 8, 8 8, 4 8 8. MATTHIAS GASTRITZ, 1571.


1. O Lord, de - vout - ly love I Thee; Come, Je - sus, and a - bide with me,
In this wide world of anx-ious care, Vain - glo - ry find I ev - 'ry-where,
And grant me e'er Thy fa - vor. E'en though, in woe - ful ag - o - ny,
But peace with Thee, my Sav - iour.
My soul and bod - y pine a - way, Thou art my Com - fort, ev - er blest,
I safe - ly on Thy bos - om rest. Lord Je - sus Christ, My Sav - iour
dear, My Sav - iour dear, Thy sav - ing hand is ev - er near. A - MEN.

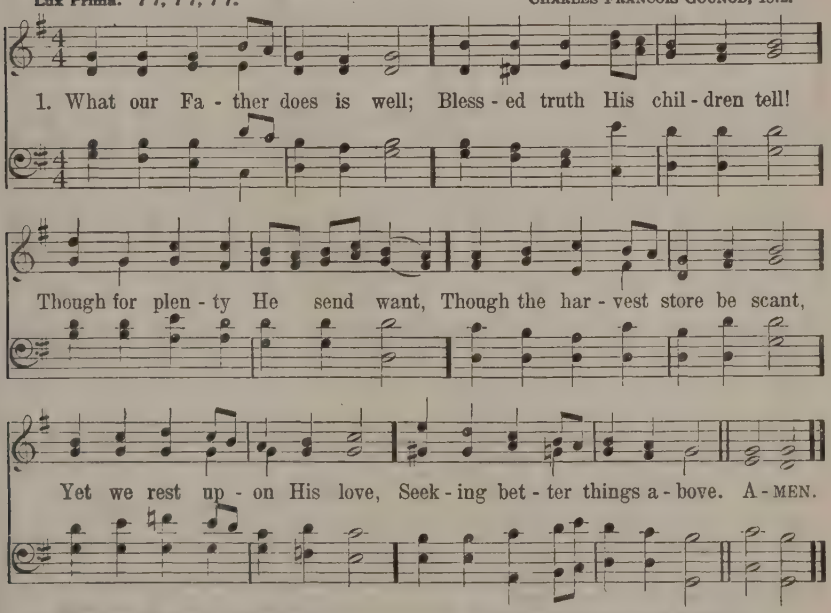
2 Almighty God, for what I own,
Receive, and am, to Thee alone
I ought my thanks to render.
Teach me to use Thy gifts, I pray,
To aid the poor, and never stay,
O Lord, Thy mercies tender.
Make known to me, O God, Thy will,
And purge my soul of every ill;
Yea, make me patient and content,
Nor let my soul to earth be bent.
Lord Jesus Christ, for Thy death's sake
The bonds of my affliction break.

3 Send, Lord, Thine angels forth at last
To bear my soul, when life is past,
Where heavenly joy aboundeth;
And let my weary body rest
In peace, where'er Thou seest best,
Until Thy voice resoundeth.
Then lo! in holy raiment clad,
I shall behold my Lord and God;
His grace and glory then shall be
My joy in all eternity.
Lord Jesus Christ, my prayer fulfill;
In life, in death, Thine am I still.

Martin Mikael Schalling, 1571.
Johan Olof Wallin, 1819.

466. What Our Father Does Is Well.

Lux Prima. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD, 1872.


1. What our Fa - ther does is well; Bless - ed truth His chil - dren tell!
Though for plen - ty He send want, Though the har - vest store be scant,
Yet we rest up - on His love, Seek - ing bet - ter things a - bove. A - MEN.

2 What our Father does is well;
Shall the wilful heart rebel
If a blessing He withold
In the field, or in the fold?
Is He not Himself to be
All our store eternally?

3 What our Father does is well:
Though He sadden hill and dell,
Upward yet our praises rise
For the strength His Word supplies.
He has called us sons of God;
Can we murmur at His rod?

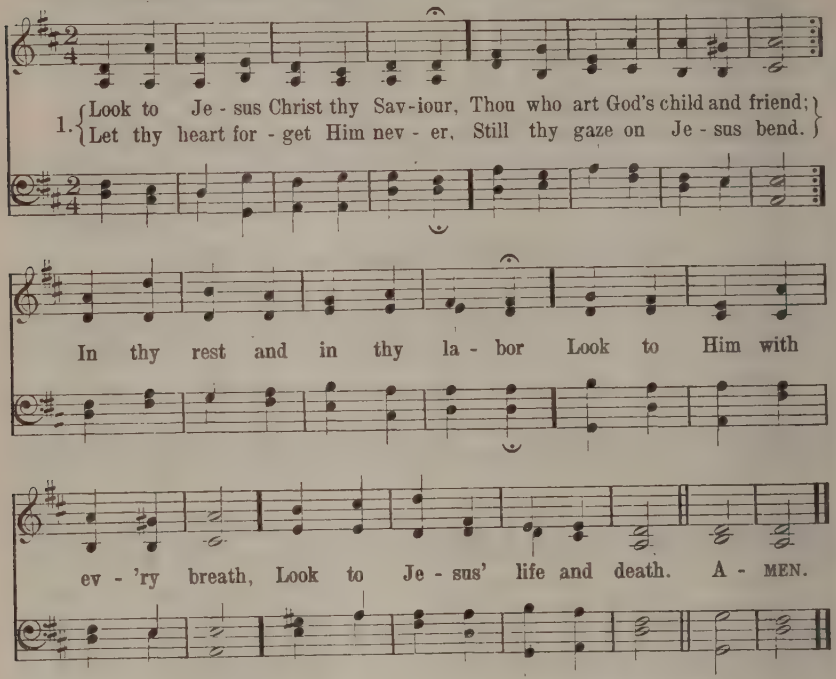
4 What our Father does is well;
May the thought within us dwell.
Though nor milk nor honey flow
In our barren Canaan now,
God can save us in our need,
God can bless us, God can feed.

5 Therefore unto Him we raise
Hymns of glory, songs of praise;
To the Father and the Son
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honor, might, and glory be,
Now and through eternity.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1720.

467. Look to Jesus Christ Thy Saviour.

Jesus! du dig själf uppväckte. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7 7. Swedish, 1695.


1. Look to Je - sus Christ thy Sav - iour, Thou who art God's child and friend;
Let thy heart for - get Him nev - er, Still thy gaze on Je - sus bend.
In thy rest and in thy la - bor Look to Him with
ev - 'ry breath, Look to Je - sus' life and death. A - MEN.

2 Look to Jesus, till reviving
Faith and love thy bosom swell;
Strength for all things good deriving
From Him who did all things well;
Work as He did, in thy season,
Works which shall not fade away,
Work while it is called To-day.

3 Look to Jesus, praying, waking,
When thy feet on roses tread;
Follow, worldly pomp forsaking,
With thy cross where He hath led.
Look to Jesus in temptation;
Baffled shall the tempter flee,
And God's angels come to thee.

4 Look to Jesus, when dark lowering
Perils thy horizon dim;
Unlike His disciples cowering,
Calm 'mid tempests look on Him.
Trust in Him who still rebuketh
Wind and billow, fire and flood;
Forward! then, and trust in God.

5 Look to Jesus when distressèd,
See what He, the Sinless, bore;
Is thy heart with conflict pressèd?
Is thy soul still harassed sore?
See His bloody sweat, His conflict,
Watch His agony increase,
Hear His prayer, and taste His peace!

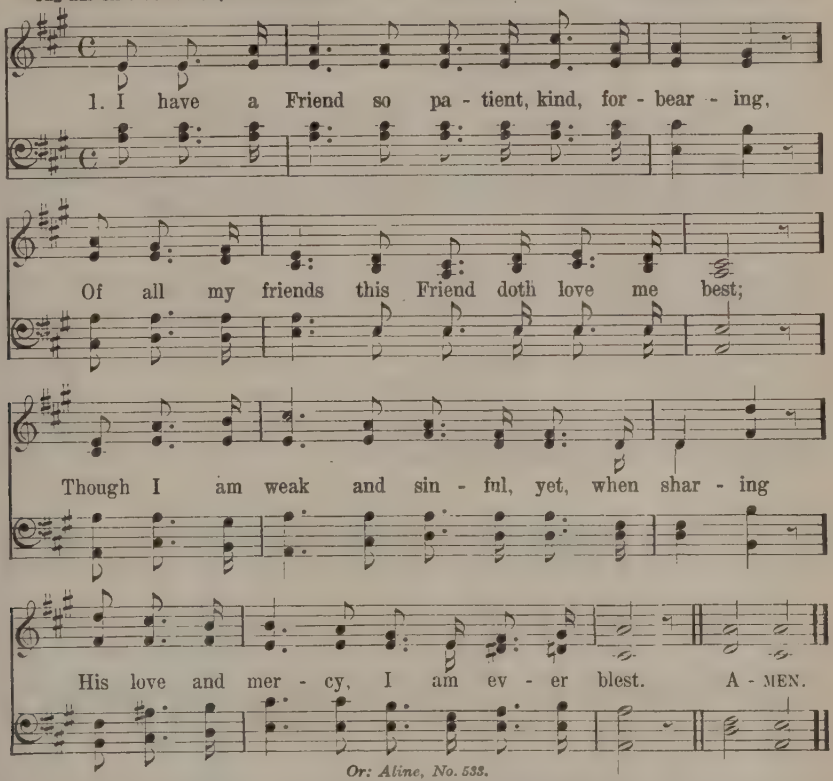
6 Art thou by sore want surrounded?
Do thy pains press forth thy sighs?
Art thou wronged and deeply wounded?
Does a scornful world despise?
Friends forsake thee or deny thee?
See what Jesus must endure,
He who as the light was pure!

7 Look to Jesus still to shield thee,
When this dwelling thou must leave;
In that last need He will yield thee
Peace the world can never give.
Look to Him, thy head low bending;
He, who finished all for thee,
Takes thee then with Him to be.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1816.

468. I Have a Friend So Patient, Kind, Forbearing.

Jag har en vän. 11 10, 11 10. Iambic. Swedish Folksong.


1. I have a Friend so pa - tient, kind, for - bear - ing,
Of all my friends this Friend doth love me best;
Though I am weak and sin - ful, yet, when shar - ing
His love and mer - cy, I am ev - er blest. A - MEN.

Or: Aline, No. 533.

2 He is my Lord, my Friend, my loving Brother,
And Jesus Christ is His most blessèd Name.
He loves more tenderly than any mother:
To rest in Him is more than wealth and fame.

3 My poor and wretched soul He liberated
From sin and condemnation, death and hell;
The serpent's head is bruised, his might defeated,
Rejoice, my ransomed soul, for all is well!

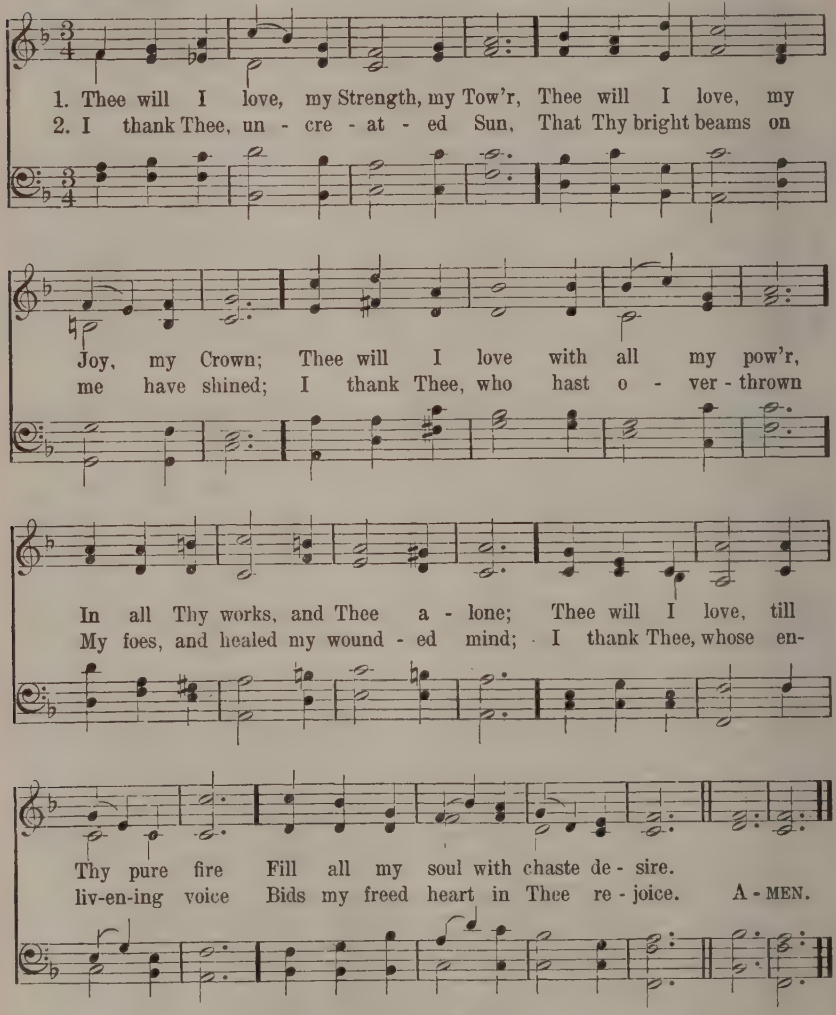
4 I am redeemed; no more the law prevaileth.
And Christ, the Lord, is my Redeemer's Name;
His precious blood more than my sin availeth;
His merit covers all my guilt and shame.

5 With hallelujahs here I'll tell the story,
My Lord to praise, to land and magnify,
And praise His Name for evermore in glory,
Before His throne, with all the saints on high.

Carl Olof Rosenius, (1816–1868).

469. Thee Will I Love, My Strength, My Tower.

Pater Omnium. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. HENRY J. E. HOLMES, 1875.


1. Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r, Thee will I love, my
2. I thank Thee, un - cre - at - ed Sun, That Thy bright beams on
Joy, my Crown; Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
me have shined; I thank Thee, who hast o - ver - thrown
In all Thy works, and Thee a - lone; Thee will I love, till
My foes, and healed my wound - ed mind; I thank Thee, whose en-
Thy pure fire Fill all my soul with chaste de - sire.
liv-en-ing voice Bids my freed heart in Thee re - joice. A - MEN.

Or: St. Catherine, No. 486.

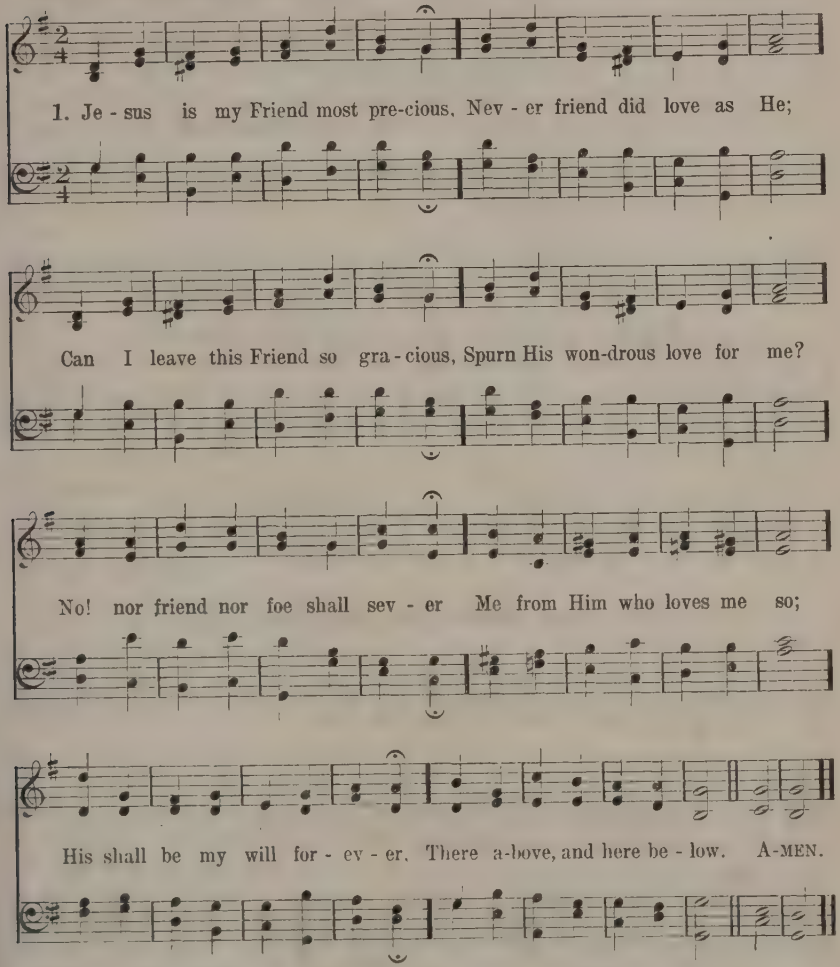
3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in Thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee love beneath Thy smile or frown,
Beneath Thy scepter or Thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Johann Scheffler, 1657.

470. Jesus Is My Friend Most Precious.

Jesus är min vän den bäste. 8 7, 8 7. D. GUSTAF DÜBEN, 1674.


1. Je - sus is my Friend most pre-cious, Nev - er friend did love as He;
Can I leave this Friend so gra - cious, Spurn His won-drous love for me?
No! nor friend nor foe shall sev - er Me from Him who loves me so;
His shall be my will for - ev - er, There a-bove, and here be - low. A-MEN.

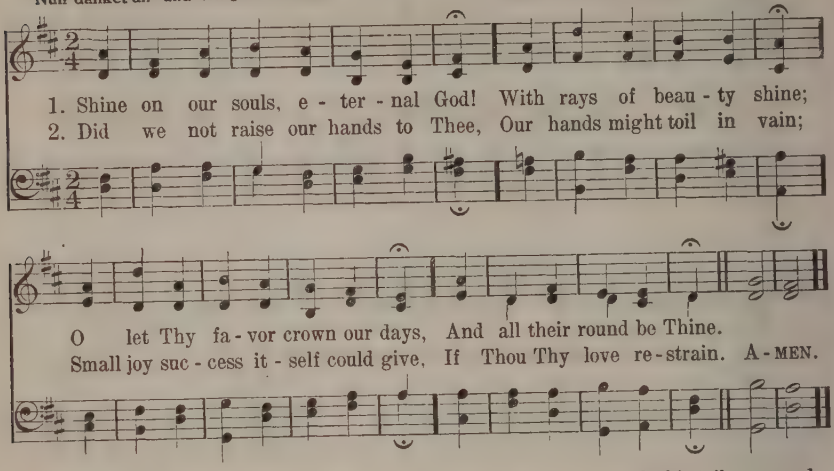
2 Bitter death for me He suffered;
From all guilt He set me free;
To His Father He hath offered
Everlasting prayers for me.
Who is he that would condemn me?
Christ hath saved me by His grace;
Who can from my Saviour draw me?
I am safe in His embrace.

3 Now I am convinced that never
Life or death can sever me
From my blessèd Lord and Saviour;
Present things, nor things to be,
Height nor depth, nor fear nor favor,
Naught that heaven or earth affords
Makes the sacred promise waver:
"Ye are Christ's, and He's the Lord's."

Jacob Arrhenius, 1691.

471. Shine on Our Souls, Eternal God.

Nun danket all' und bringet Ehr (Störl). C. M. JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL, 1710.


1. Shine on our souls, e - ter - nal God! With rays of beau - ty shine;
2. Did we not raise our hands to Thee, Our hands might toil in vain;
O let Thy fa - vor crown our days, And all their round be Thine.
Small joy suc - cess it - self could give, If Thou Thy love re - strain. A - MEN.

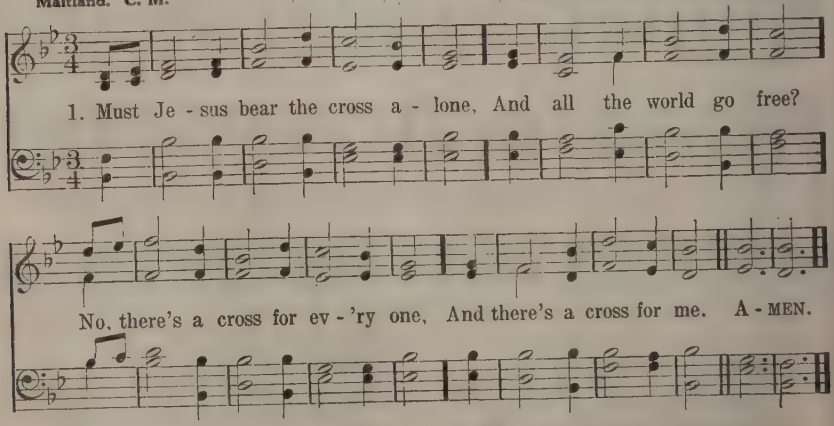
3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us through this toilsome road,
Till all our labors cease;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

472. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Maitland. C. M. GEORGE NELSON ALLEN, (1812–1877.)



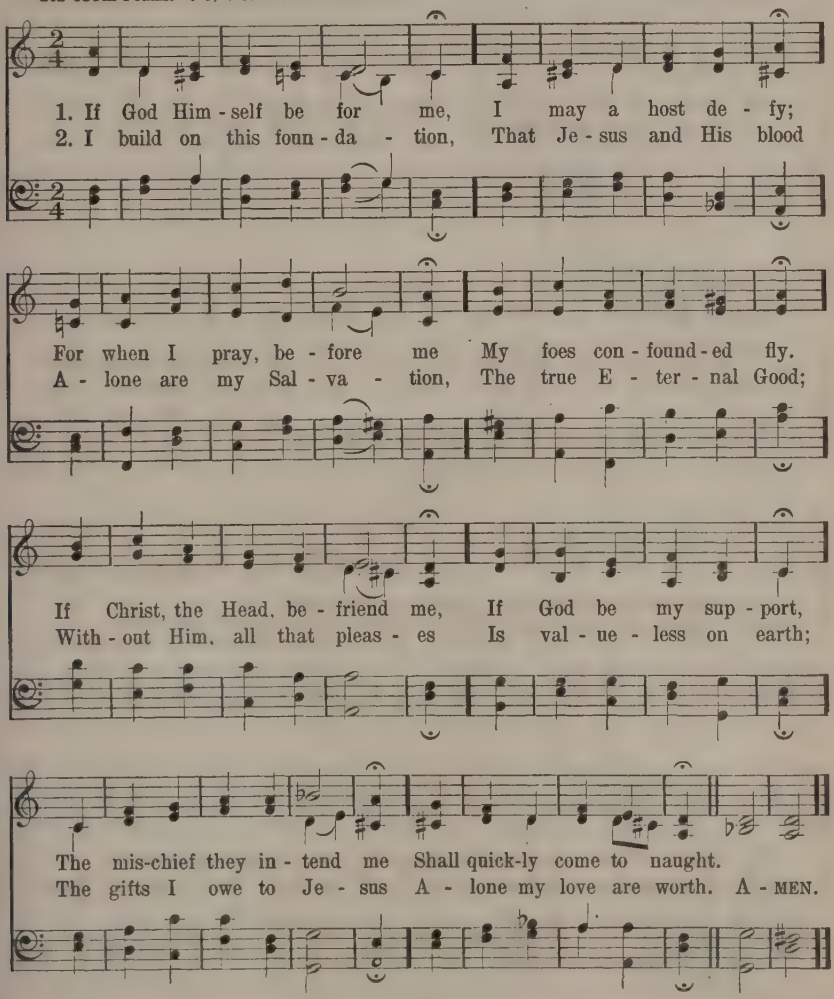
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once were sorrowing here!
For now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Unknown.

473. If God Himself Be for Me.

Old 130th Psalm. 7 6, 7 6. D. Genevan Psalter, 1556.


1. If God Him - self be for me, I may a host de - fy;
2. I build on this foun - da - tion, That Je - sus and His blood
For when I pray, be - fore me My foes con - found - ed fly.
A - lone are my Sal - va - tion, The true E - ter - nal Good;
If Christ, the Head, be - friend me, If God be my sup - port,
With - out Him, all that pleas - es Is val - ue - less on earth;
The mis-chief they in - tend me Shall quick-ly come to naught.
The gifts I owe to Je - sus A - lone my love are worth. A - MEN.

3 His Holy Spirit dwelleth
Within my willing heart,
Tames it when it rebelleth,
And soothes the keenest smart.
He crowns His work with blessing,
And helpeth me to cry,
"My Father," without ceasing,
To Him who reigns on high.

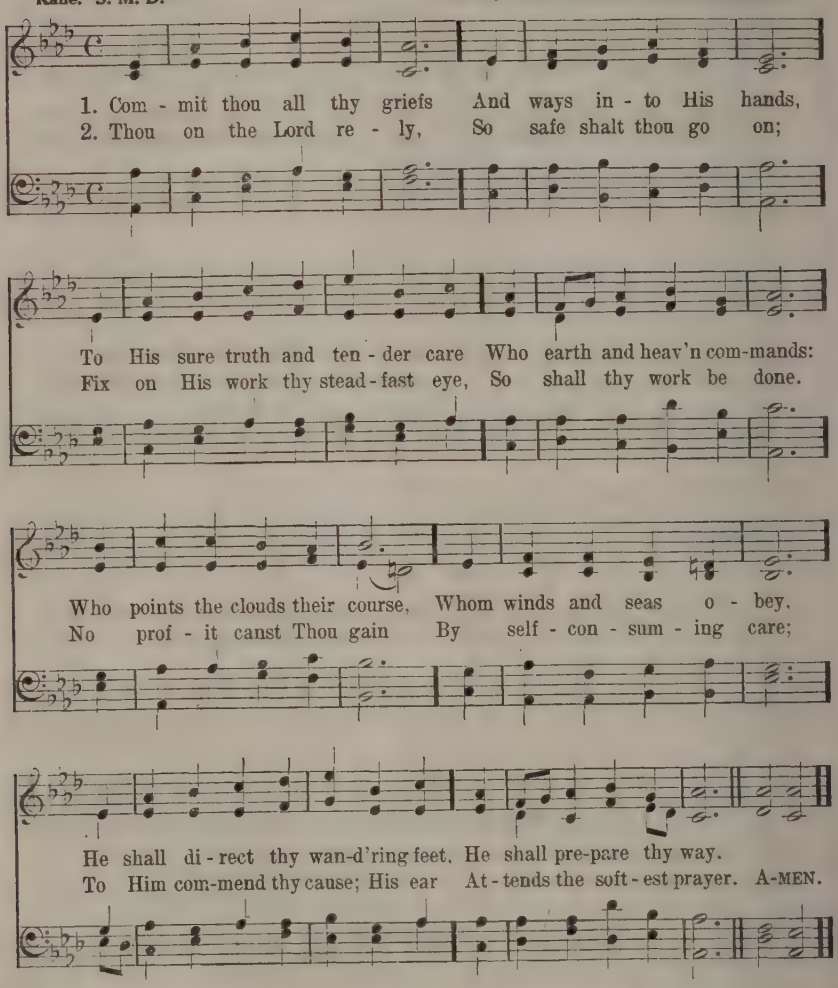
4 To mine His Spirit speaketh
Sweet words of soothing power,
How God for him that seeketh
For rest hath rest in store;
How God Himself prepareth
My heritage and lot,
And, though my body weareth,
My heaven shall fail me not.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

474. Commit Thou All Thy Griefs.

Kane. S. M. D.

LOWELL MASON, (1792-1872).
Har. by HENRY EDWARD DIBDIN, (1813-1866).


1. Com - mit thou all thy griefs And ways in - to His hands,
2. Thou on the Lord re - ly, So safe shalt thou go on;
To His sure truth and ten - der care Who earth and heav'n com-mands:
Fix on His work thy stead - fast eye, So shall thy work be done.
Who points the clouds their course, Whom winds and seas o - bey.
No prof - it canst Thou gain By self - con - sum - ing care;
He shall di - rect thy wan-d'ring feet, He shall pre-pare thy way.
To Him com-mend thy cause; His ear At - tends the soft - est prayer. A-MEN.

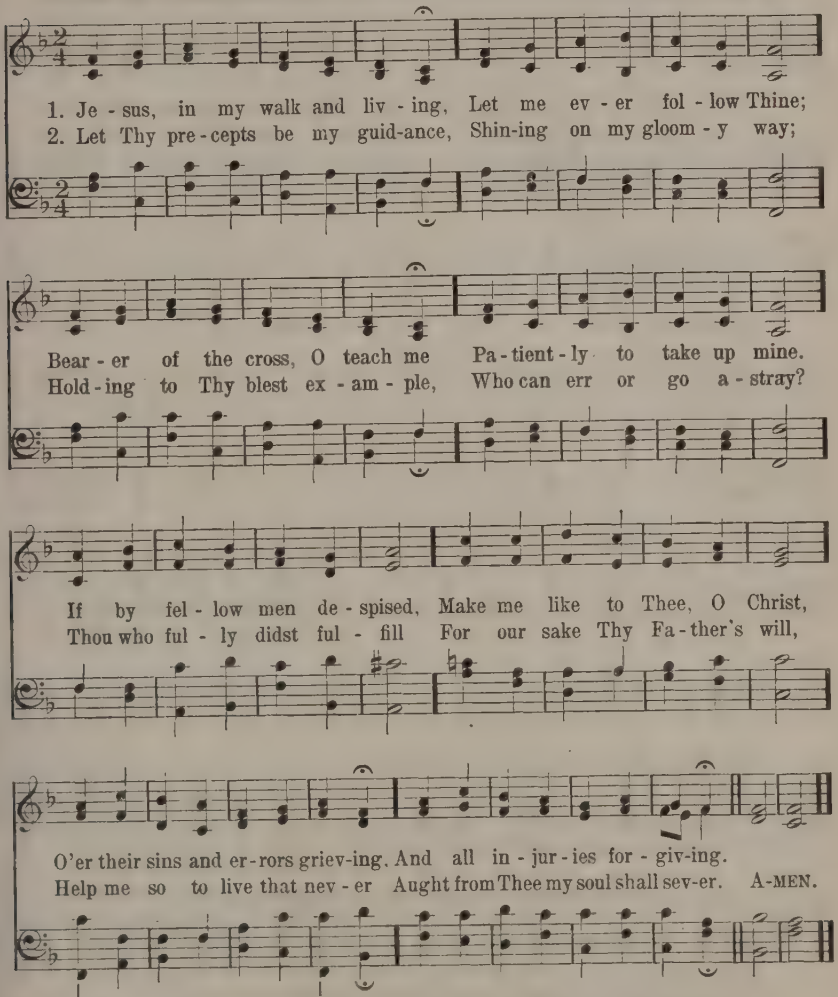
3 Thy everlasting truth,
Father, Thy ceaseless love,
Sees all Thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
And whatsoe'er Thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What Thine unerring wisdom chose,
Thy power to being brings.

4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When Thou arisest, Lord,
What shall Thy work withstand?
When what Thy children want Thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

Paul Gerhardt, 1656.

475. Jesus, in My Walk and Living.

Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. French Psalter, 1555.


1. Je - sus, in my walk and liv - ing, Let me ev - er fol - low Thine;
2. Let Thy pre - cepts be my guid-ance, Shin-ing on my gloom - y way;
Bear - er of the cross, O teach me Pa - tient - ly to take up mine.
Hold - ing to Thy blest ex - am - ple, Who can err or go a - stray?
If by fel - low men de - spised, Make me like to Thee, O Christ,
Thou who ful - ly didst ful - fill For our sake Thy Fa - ther's will,
O'er their sins and er - rors griev-ing, And all in - jur - ies for - giv-ing.
Help me so to live that nev - er Aught from Thee my soul shall sev-er. A-MEN.

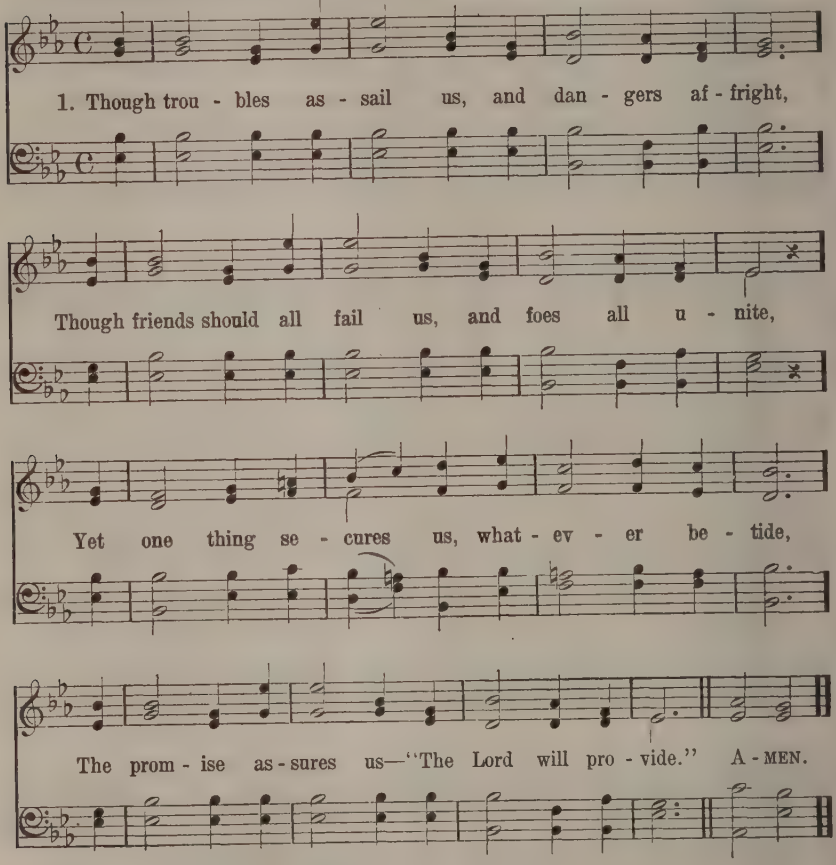
3 In my joys and in my sorrows,
Teach Thou me that perfect faith
Which, in trustful prayer persistent,
Wavers not in life or death.
My will unto Thine I yield;
With Thy Word and Spirit filled,
Let my life to Thee be given:
Service here, and praise in heaven.

4 For my task, O Lord, equip me
From Thy store of rich supply,
That the world and all its evils
I may in Thy strength defy.
Willing, yet in body weak,
I Thy safe protection seek;
Perfect strength in weakness give me,
In Thy saving arms receive me.

John Hjertén, 1816.

476. Though Troubles Assail Us, and Dangers Affright.

På jorden är allting föränderligt. 11 11, 11 11. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, (1756–1791).


1. Though trou - bles as - sail us, and dan - gers af - fright,
Though friends should all fail us, and foes all u - nite,
Yet one thing se - cures us, what - ev - er be - tide,
The prom - ise as - sures us—"The Lord will pro - vide." A - MEN.

2 The birds, without garner or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust God for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

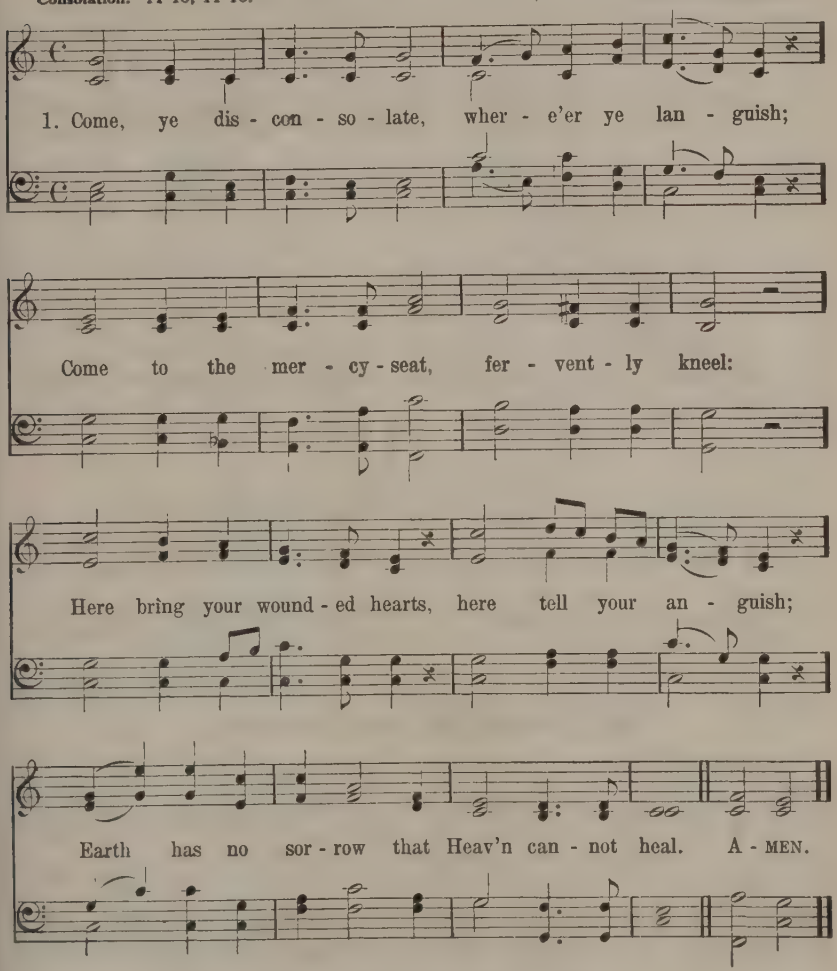
3 When Satan assails us to stop up our path,
And courage all fails us, we triumph by faith.
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, "The Lord will provide."

4 No strength of our own, and no goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known of the Saviour's great Name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:
The Lord is our power, "The Lord will provide."

John Newton, 1779, a.

477. Come, Ye Disconsolate, Where'er Ye Languish.

Consolation. 11 10, 11 10. SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel:
Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;
Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal. A - MEN.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

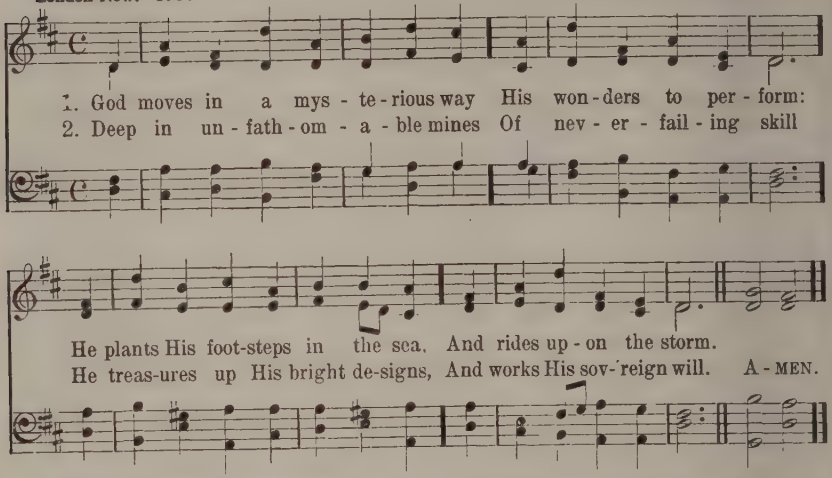
3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

St. 1, 2, Thomas Moore, 1816.
St. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1831.

478. God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

London New. C. M.

PLAYFORD'S Psalter, 1671.
Altered from the Scotch Psalter, 1635.


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form:
2. Deep in un - fath - om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill
He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-'reign will. A - MEN.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

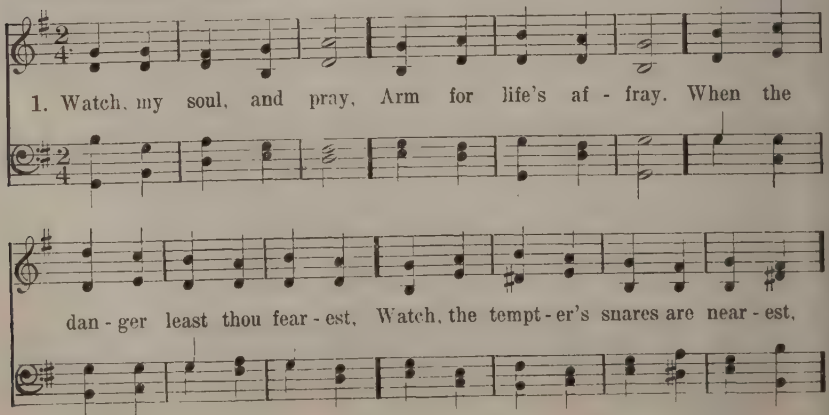
6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

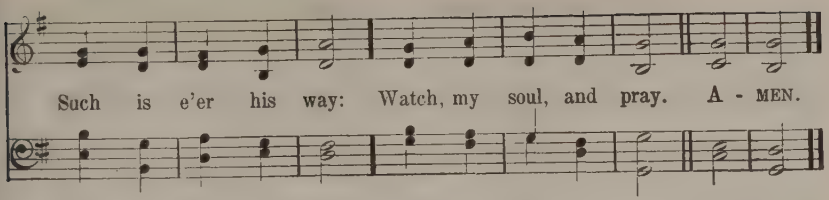
William Cowper, 1774.

479. Watch, My Soul, and Pray.

Seelenbräutigam. 55, 88, 55.

ADAM DRESE, 1698.





2 Watch and pray, my soul,
Flesh and blood control;
When the world, in tempting story,
Tells of pleasure, wealth, and glory,
Be not led astray:
Watch, my soul, and pray.

3 See the goodly land
On the heavenly strand;
See God's people, thither tending,
Through the sea and desert wending,
Led by Joshua's hand:
Seek the goodly land.

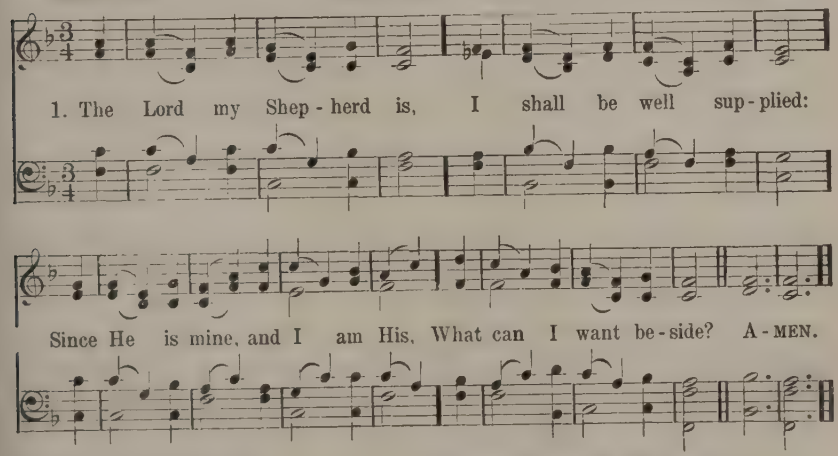
4 Through thy pilgrimage
Guard thy heritage:
Pray and fight, on Christ relying,
Live to Him, thyself denying;
Onward to the goal,
Win the crown, my soul!

5 Watch, and fight, and pray
Through this mortal day;
Soon thy Canaan thou attainest,
Soon the crown and palm thou gainest,
Peace is won for aye:
Watch, my soul, and pray.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

480. The Lord My Shepherd Is.

Dennis. S. M. Arr. from JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON, 1845.



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy Name.

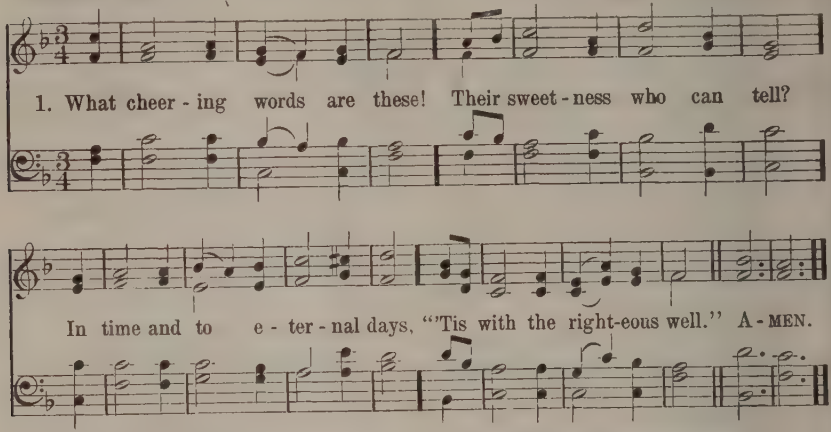
4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear: [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my coming days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

481. What Cheering Words Are These!

Holborn. S. M. St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865.



2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when called to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.

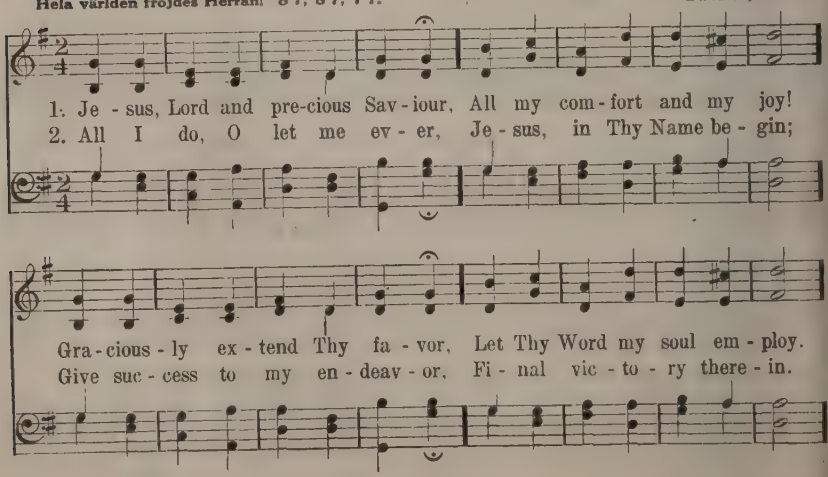
4 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love,
And 'tis as well in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.

5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
"From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

John Kent, 1803, a.

482. Jesus, Lord and Precious Saviour.

Hela världen fröjdes Herran! 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. Swedish, 1689.


1. Je - sus, Lord and pre-cious Sav - iour, All my com - fort and my joy!
2. All I do, O let me ev - er, Je - sus, in Thy Name be - gin;
Gra - cious - ly ex - tend Thy fa - vor, Let Thy Word my soul em - ploy.
Give suc - cess to my en - deav - or, Fi - nal vic - to - ry there - in.

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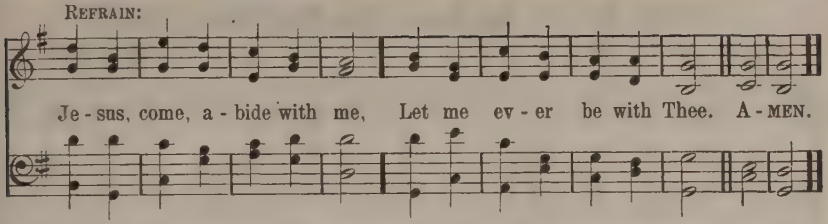


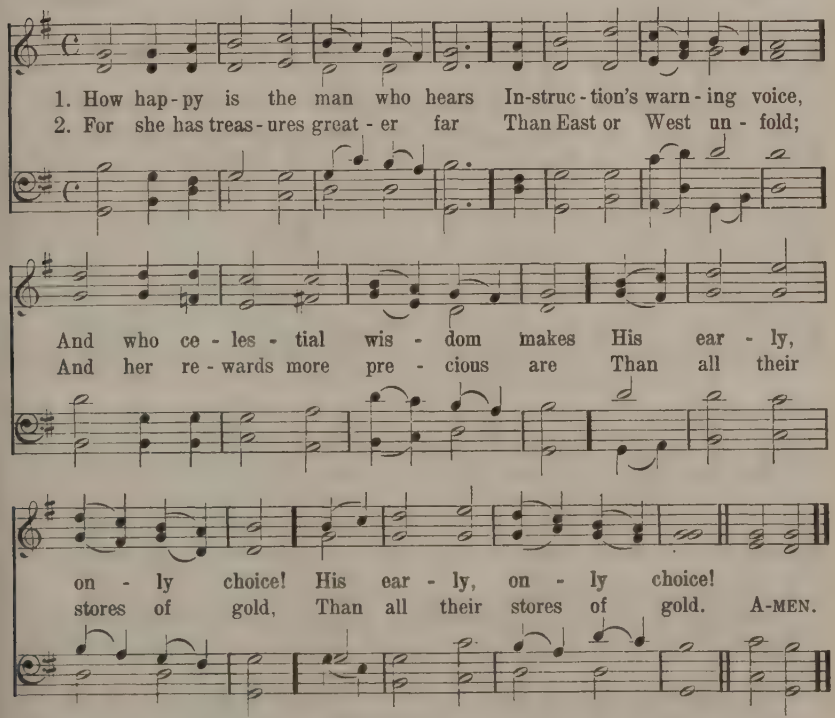
3 Let my words and thoughts, O Saviour,
To Thy praise and glory tend;
Help me, Lord, that I may gather
Treasures that shall never end.

4 When my days on earth are over,
Let me enter into rest.
Bear me home, O blessèd Saviour,
When to Thee it seemeth best.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1819.

483. How Happy Is the Man Who Hears.

Devizes. C. M. I. TUCKER, 1800.


1. How hap - py is the man who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice,
2. For she has treas - ures great - er far Than East or West un - fold;
And who ce - les - tial wis - dom makes His ear - ly,
And her re - wards more pre - cious are Than all their
on - ly choice! His ear - ly, on - ly choice!
stores of gold, Than all their stores of gold. A - MEN.

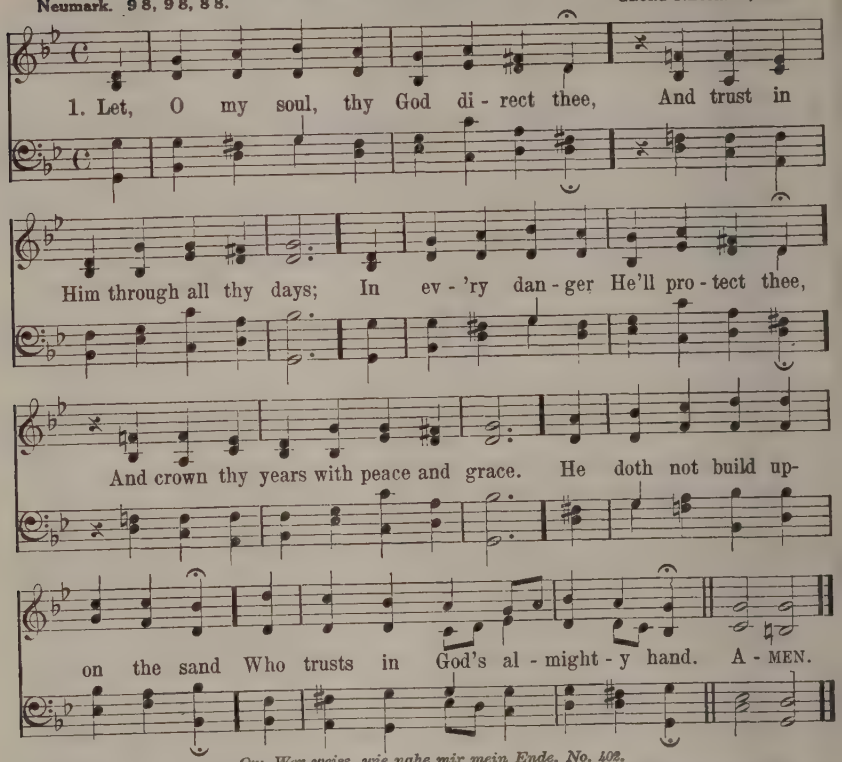
3 She guides the young with innocence
In happy paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce, 1770.

484. Let, O My Soul, Thy God Direct Thee.

Neumark. 98, 98, 88. GEORG NEUMARK, 1657.


1. Let, O my soul, thy God di - rect thee, And trust in
Him through all thy days; In ev - 'ry dan - ger He'll pro - tect thee,
And crown thy years with peace and grace. He doth not build up-
on the sand Who trusts in God's al - might - y hand. A - MEN.

Or: Wer weiss, wie nahe mir mein Ende, No. 402.

2 Of what avail is all our sorrow?
What profit all our sighs and tears?
Why should we grieve for each to-morrow?
Why thus begin and end our years?
Our sighs and sorrows but increase
Our burdens, and disturb our peace.

3 Be still, in faith and hope abiding,
Trust in thy God and be content;
In His unfailing love confiding,
Take what His gracious hand hath sent;
To God who chose thee as His own
Thy every need and care is known.

4 The time to comfort thee He knoweth,
He giveth thee whate'er is best;
The prayer that from thy bosom goeth
He heareth ere it is expressed.
With gifts He cometh unawares
In answer to thy fervent prayers.

5 Think not when tried and tempest-driven,
Thou art forsaken by thy God;
For those who are the heirs of heaven
Must pass beneath the chastening rod.
The night of weeping may ere long
Be changed into the morn of song.

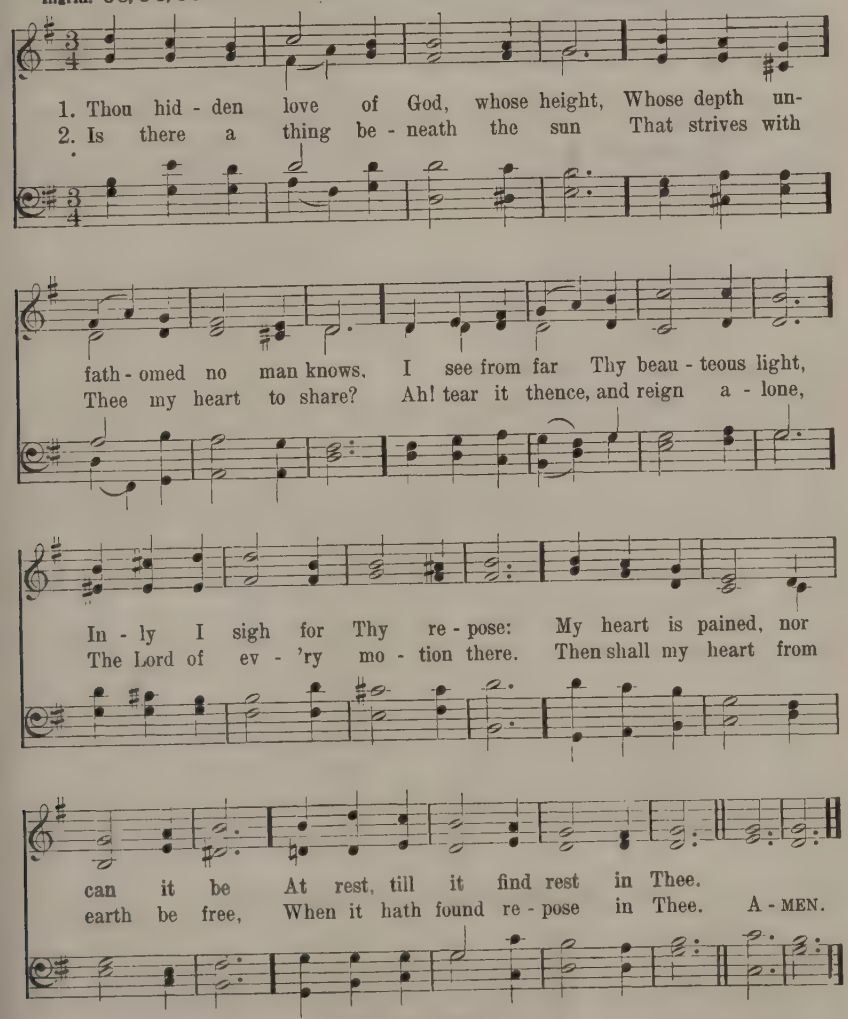
6 What does it cost the Lord Almighty
To raise the humble and the low?
Or to abase the high and mighty,
And cause their utter overthrow?
For He whose wonders none can trace,
He lifteth up, He doth abase.

7 Walk in His truth, be firm and fearless,
And do thy duty day by day;
Trust in His Word when sad and cheerless,
Make it thy comfort and thy stay.
The Lord thy God thy refuge make,
And He will never thee forsake.

Georg Neumark, 1657.
Johan Olof Wallin, 1819.

485. Thou Hidden Love of God, Whose Height.

Ingrid. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. GERHARD THEODORE ALEXIS, 1924.


1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un-
2. Is there a thing be - neath the sun That strives with
fath - omed no man knows, I see from far Thy beau - teous light,
Thee my heart to share? Ah! tear it thence, and reign a - lone,
In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose: My heart is pained, nor
The Lord of ev - 'ry mo - tion there. Then shall my heart from
can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee.
earth be free, When it hath found re - pose in Thee. A - MEN.

Or: St. Petersburg, No. 7.

3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favorite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

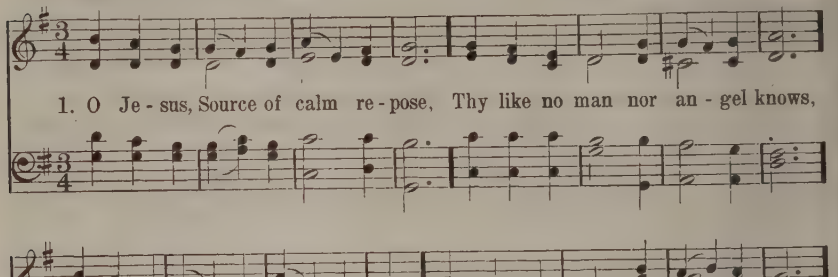
4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say:
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice!

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729.

486. O Jesus, Source of Calm Repose.

St. Catherine. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8.

HENRI FREDRICK HEMY, 1865.
Alt. by JAMES GEORGE WALTON, 1871.


1. O Je - sus, Source of calm re - pose, Thy like no man nor an - gel knows,
Fair-est a - mong ten thou-sand fair! E'en those whom death's sad fet - ters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compassed round, Find light and life, if Thou ap-pear. A - MEN.

2 Renew Thine image, Lord, in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No charms but these to Thee are dear;
No anger may'st Thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind, [there.
But faith, and heaven-born peace, be

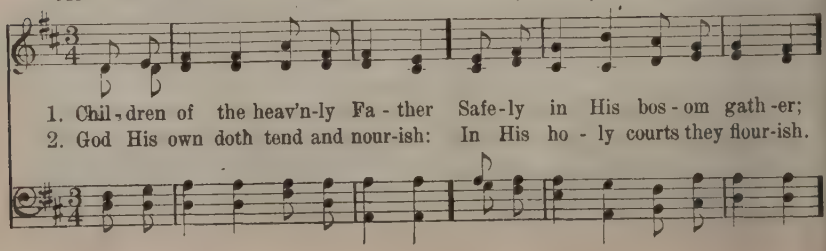
3 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to Thy call,
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to praise, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All!

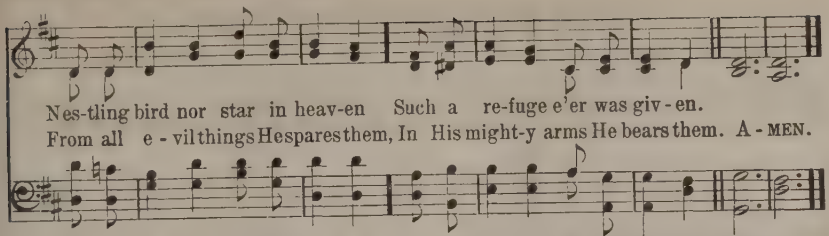
Johann Anastasius Freylinghausen, 1704.

487. Children of the Heavenly Father.

Tryggare kan ingen vara. L. M.

Swedish Folksong.


1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly Fa - ther Safe-ly in His bos - om gath - er;
2. God His own doth tend and nour-ish: In His ho - ly courts they flour-ish.


Nes-tling bird nor star in heav-en Such a re-fuge e'er was giv-en.
From all e-vil things He spares them, In His might-y arms He bears them. A-MEN.

3 Neither life nor death shall ever
From the Lord His children sever;
Unto them His grace He showeth,
And their sorrows all He knoweth.

4 Lo, their very hairs He numbers,
And no daily care encumbers
Them that share His every blessing,
And His help in woes distressing.

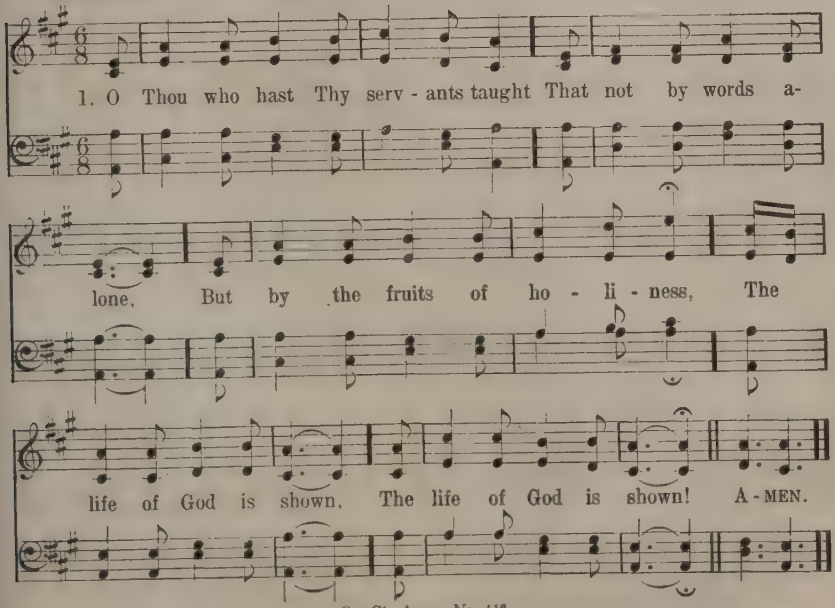
5 Praise the Lord in joyful numbers:
Your Protector never slumbers.
At the will of your Defender
Every foeman must surrender.

6 Though He giveth or He taketh,
God His children ne'er forsaketh,
His the loving purpose solely
To preserve them pure and holy.

Carolina Vilhelmina (Sandell) Berg, (1832–1903).

488. O Thou Who Hast Thy Servants Taught.

Ortonville. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.


1. O Thou who hast Thy serv-ants taught That not by words a-
lone, But by the fruits of ho-li-ness, The
life of God is shown, The life of God is shown! A-MEN.

Or: St. Anne, No. 412.

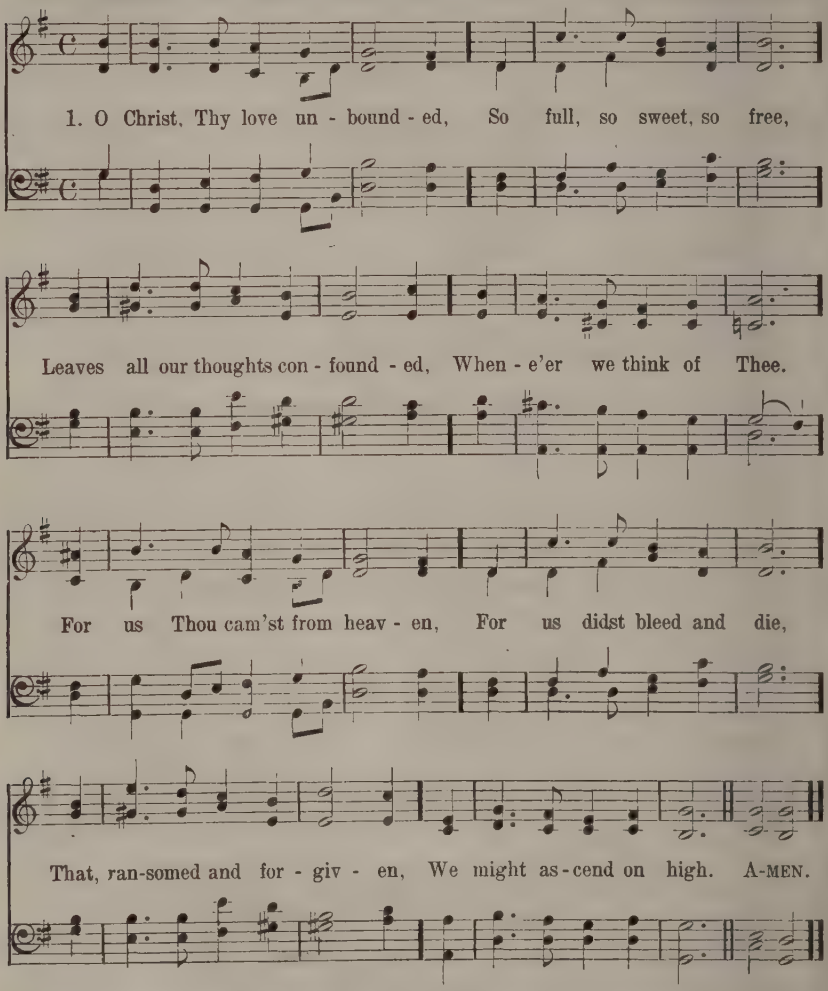
2 While in Thy house of prayer we meet,
And call Thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow Thee,
Obedient to Thy Word!

3 Through all the dangerous paths of life,
Uphold us as we go;
That with our lips, and in our lives,
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford, 1844.

489. O Christ, Thy Love Unbounded.

Angel's Story (Norwich). 7 6, 7 6. D. ARTHUR HENRY MANN, 1881.

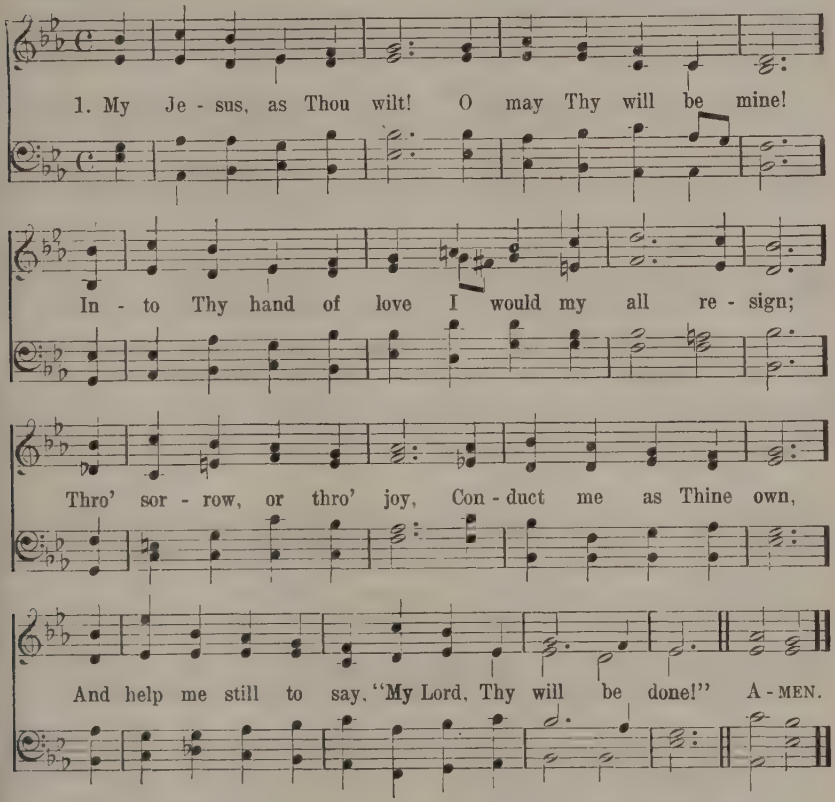

1. O Christ, Thy love un - bound - ed, So full, so sweet, so free,
Leaves all our thoughts con - found - ed, When - e'er we think of Thee.
For us Thou cam'st from heav - en, For us didst bleed and die,
That, ran-somed and for - giv - en, We might as-cend on high. A-MEN.

2 We know that Thou hast bought us,
And washed us in Thy blood:
We know Thy grace hath brought us
As kings and priests to God.
We know the blessèd morning,
Long looked for, draweth near,
When we, at Thy returning,
In glory shall appear.

3 O let Thy love constrain us
To give our hearts to Thee;
Let nothing please or pain us,
Apart, O Lord, from Thee;
Our joy, our one endeavor,
Through suffering, conflict, shame,
To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,
And magnify Thy Name.

Bosworth's Church Hymns, 1865.

490. My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

Denby. 6 6, 6 6. D. CHARLES J. DALE, 1904.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine!
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done!" A - MEN.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
If needy here and poor,
Give me Thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure.
The manna of Thy Word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since Thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

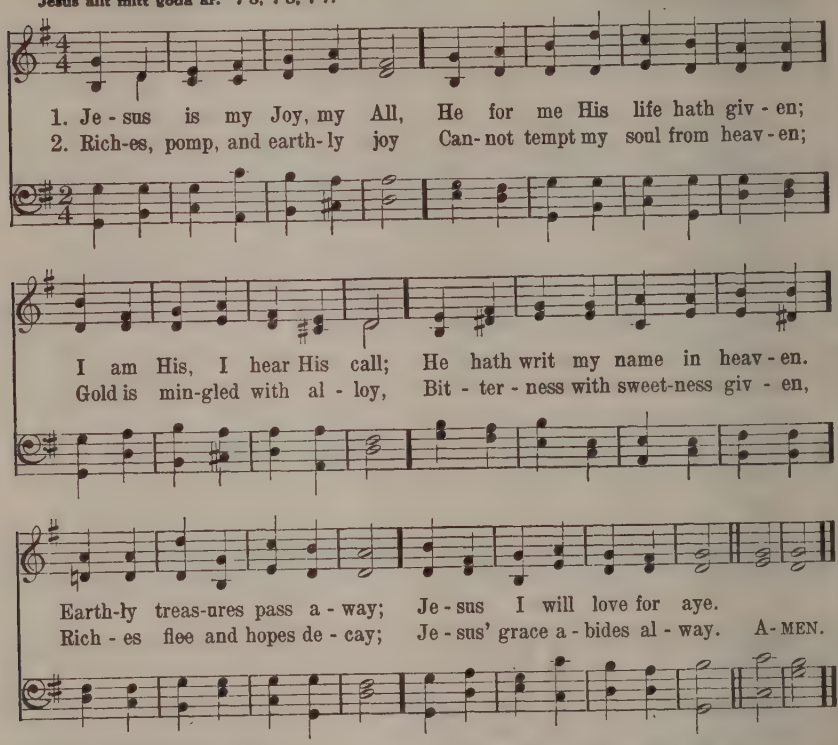
4 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
When death itself draws nigh,
To Thy dear wounded side
I would for refuge fly,
And, leaning on Thee, go
Where Thou before hast gone,—
The rest as Thou shalt please:
My Lord, Thy will be done.

5 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me:
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee.
Thus to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolck, (1672–1737).

491. Jesus Is My Joy, My All.

Jesus allt mitt goda är. 7 8, 7 8, 7 7. JAKOB ARRHENIUS? 1694.


1. Je - sus is my Joy, my All, He for me His life hath giv - en;
2. Rich-es, pomp, and earth-ly joy Can-not tempt my soul from heav - en;
I am His, I hear His call; He hath writ my name in heav - en.
Gold is min-gled with al - loy, Bit - ter - ness with sweet-ness giv - en,
Earth-ly treas-ures pass a - way; Je - sus I will love for aye.
Rich - es flee and hopes de - cay; Je - sus' grace a - bides al - way. A - MEN.

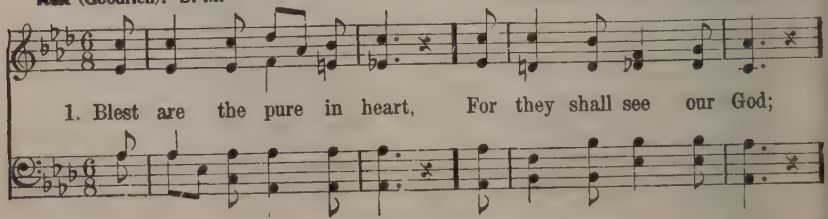
3 In my Jesus I am blest,
He to pleasant pastures leads me,
Stills my soul and gives it rest,
And with heavenly manna feeds me.
Earthly things must fade and fall;
Jesus is my Life, my All.

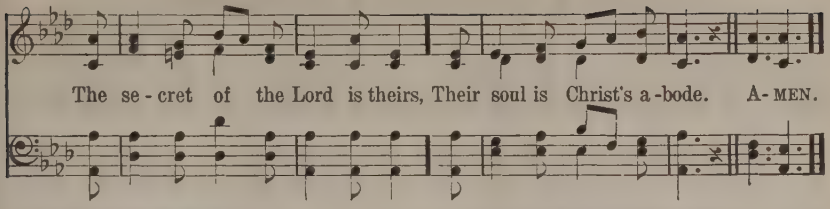
4 Then away, O world! thy joy
Leads the soul to grief and sorrow;
Death is found in sin's employ,
Fears to-day, regrets to-morrow.
Jesus only satisfies;
Jesus points me to the skies!

Ahasuerus Fritsch. Johan Olaf Wallin, 1814.

492. Blest Are the Pure in Heart.

Rest (Goodrich). S. M. GOODRICH'S Service and Tune Book.





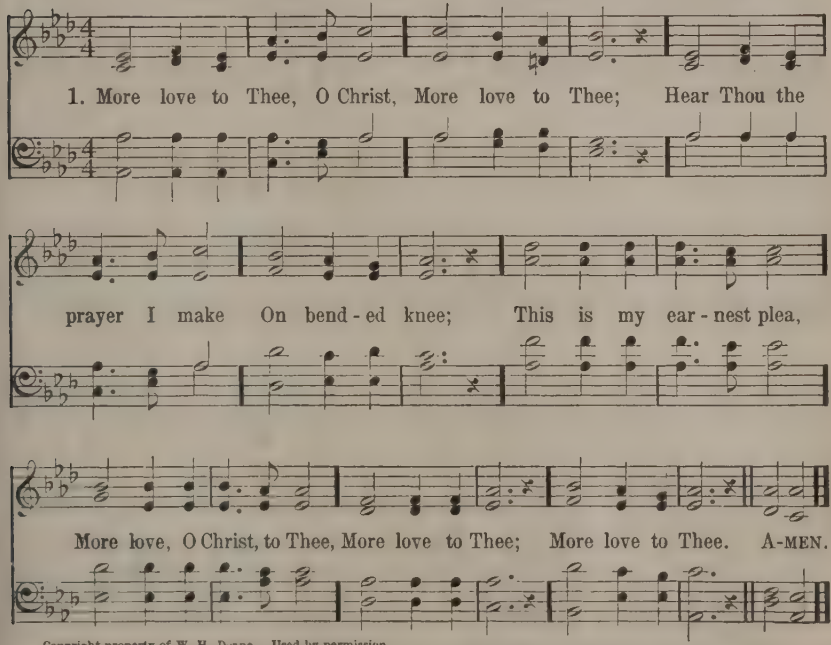
2 Still to the lowly soul
He will Himself impart;
And for His temple and His throne
Doth choose the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we Thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart
A temple meet for Thee!

John Keble, 1827, a.

493. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

More love to Thee. 6 4, 6 4, 6 6, 4 4. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, (1832-1915).


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee. A-MEN.

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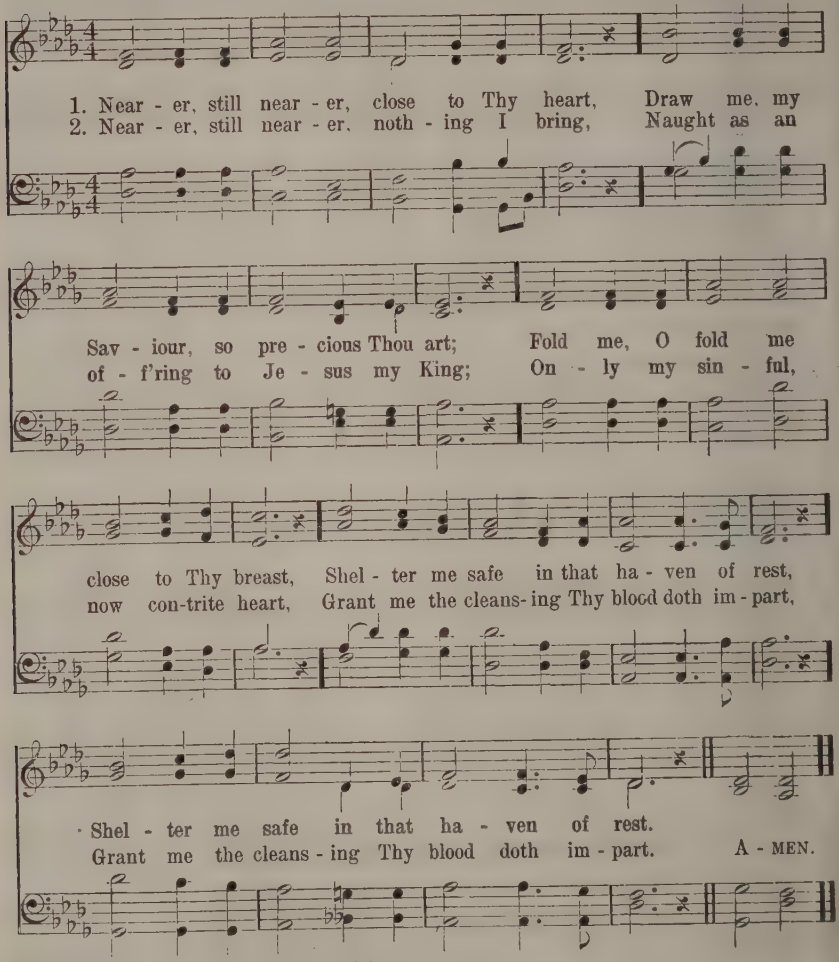
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss

494. Nearer, Still Nearer, Close to Thy Heart.

Nearer, still nearer. 9 10, 9 10, 10. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
Sav - iour, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me
of - f'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that ha - ven of rest,
now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part,
Shel - ter me safe in that ha - ven of rest.
Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part.
A - MEN.

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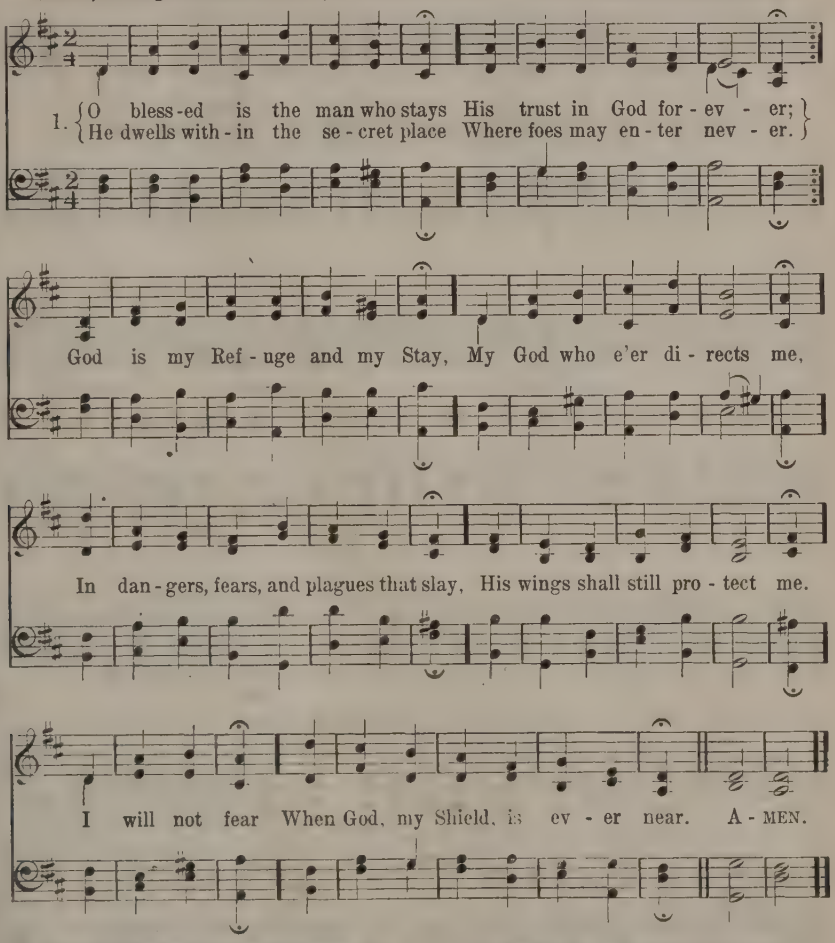
3 Nearer, still nearer, Lord, to be Thine,
Sin, with its follies, I gladly resign;
All of its pleasures, pomp, and its pride,
Give me but Jesus, my Lord crucified.

4 Nearer, still nearer, while life shall last,
Till safe in glory my anchor is cast;
Through endless ages ever to be,
Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to Thee.

C. H. Morris.

495. O Blessed Is the Man Who Stays.

Säll du, som dig åt Gud betror. 8 7, 8 7, 8 7, 8 7, 4 8. BURKHARD WALDIS, 1553.


1. O bless-ed is the man who stays His trust in God for-ev-er;
He dwells with-in the se-cret place Where foes may en-ter nev-er.
God is my Ref-uge and my Stay, My God who e'er di-rects me,
In dan-gers, fears, and plagues that slay, His wings shall still pro-tect me.
I will not fear When God, my Shield, is ev-er near. A-MEN.

2 Though thousands at my side may fall,
Ten thousand near me stumble,
On Thee, my Saviour, will I call,
Thou carest for the humble.
I will not fear the arrow's flight,
Nor yet the dark night's terror:
Thy saints are precious in Thy sight,
Thou keepest them from error,
For Thou hast sent
Thine angels bright to guard my tent.

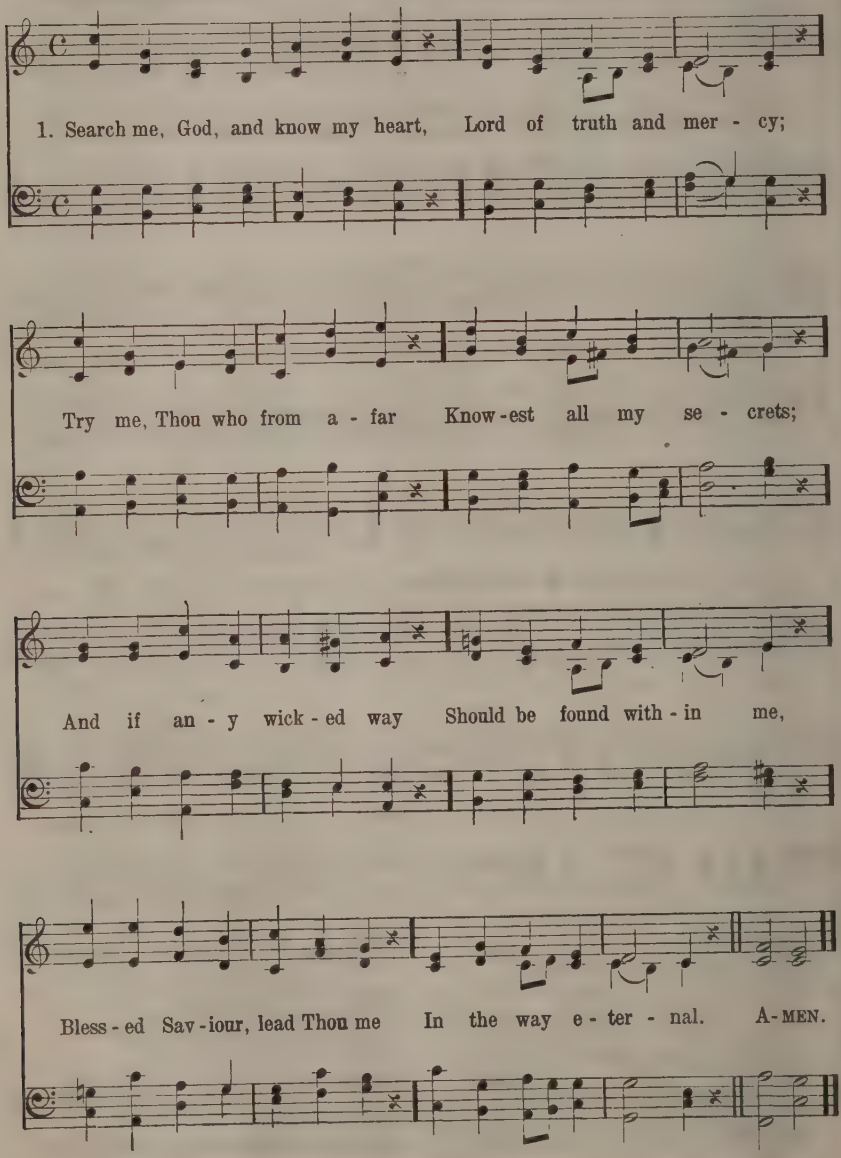
3 "He loveth Me," thus saith the Lord,
"Therefore will I uphold him;
Because he waits upon My Word,
With love will I enfold him.
His enemies shall rage in vain,
No evil shall come near him;
His prayers with Me acceptance gain,
Before he calls, I'll hear him.
His days I'll bless
With joy, and peace, and righteousness."

91st Psalm, paraphrased by Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1924. Based on Johan Olof Wallin's version.

496. Search Me, God, and Know My Heart.

Wennerberg. 7 6, 7 6. D.

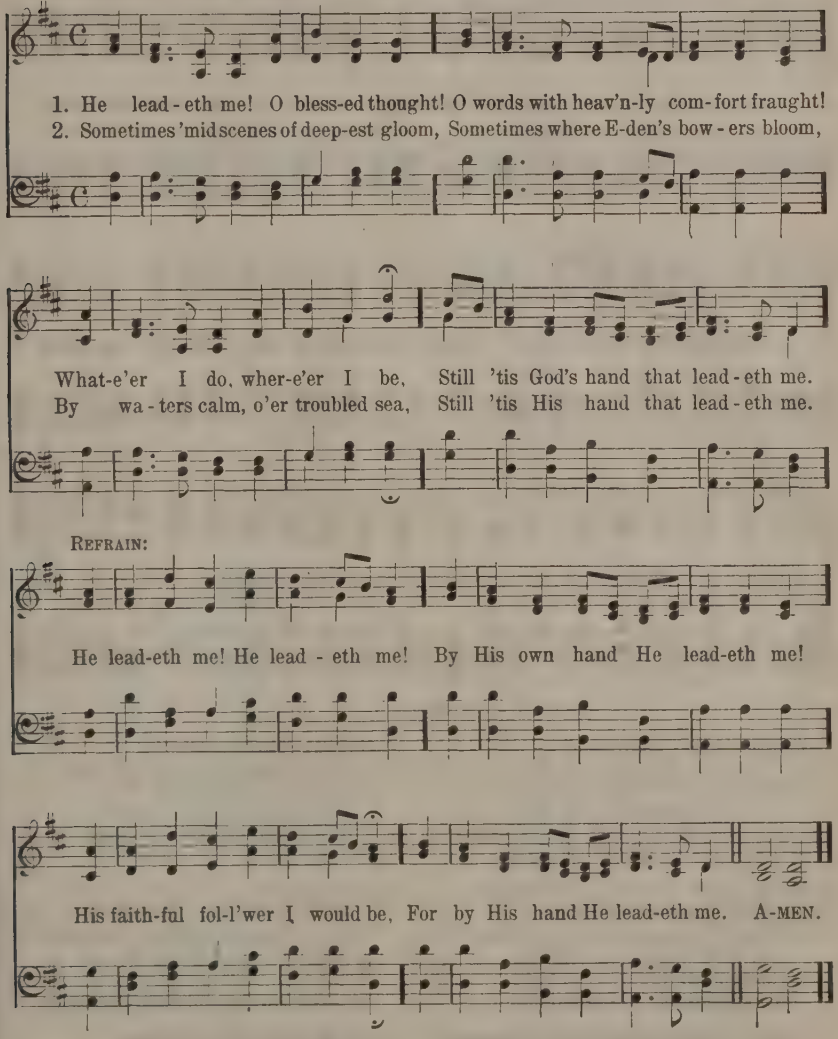
GUNNAR WENNERBERG, (1817–1901).


1. Search me, God, and know my heart, Lord of truth and mer - cy;
Try me, Thou who from a - far Know - est all my se - crets;
And if an - y wick - ed way Should be found with - in me,
Bless - ed Sav - iour, lead Thou me In the way e - ter - nal. A - MEN.

Ps. 139. 23, 24, paraphrased by Claus August Wendell, 1924.

497. He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!

Aughton. L. M. With Refrain. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, 1860.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'n-ly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bow-ers bloom,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters calm, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
REFRAIN:
He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me!
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

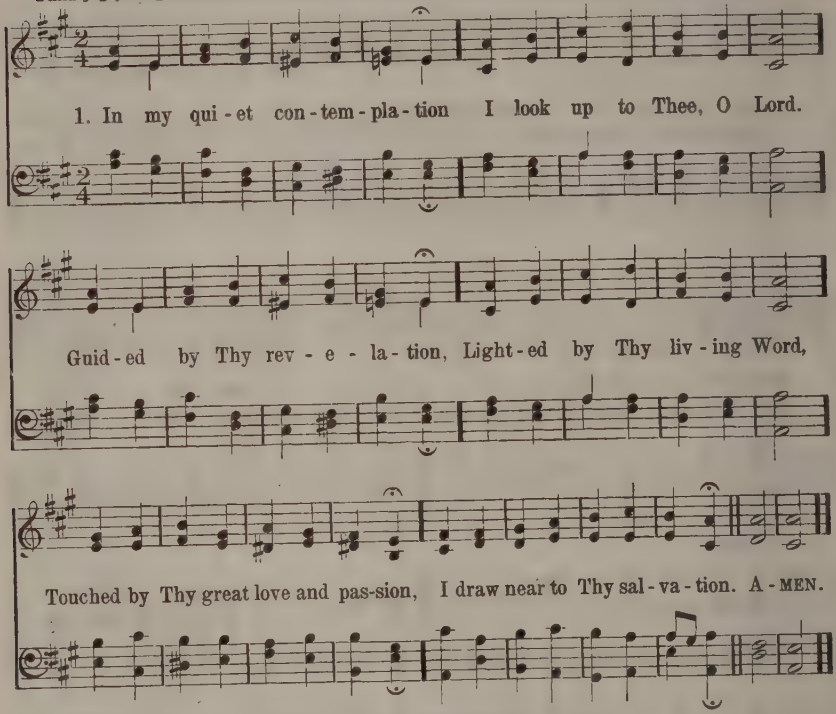
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Joseph Henry Gilmore, 1859.

498. In My Quiet Contemplation.

Stilla jag på dig vill akta. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8. Trochaic. German, 13th Century.


1. In my qui - et con - tem - pla - tion I look up to Thee, O Lord.
Guid - ed by Thy rev - e - la - tion, Light - ed by Thy liv - ing Word,
Touched by Thy great love and pas-sion, I draw near to Thy sal - va - tion. A - MEN.

Or: Herr, ich habe missgehandelt, No. 405.

2 In the quiet path of duty
I my earthly span may fill,
Pressing onward in the beauty
Of performing but Thy will,
Well content with all Thou sendest,
If Thy grace to me Thou lendest.

3 Let me live in peace and stillness,
Giving to no soul offense;
Pain or pleasure, health or illness
Take I from Thy providence,
Never wounding, ever healing,
Thus a Christly life revealing.

4 Here my cross with patience bearing,
I will go where Jesus leads,
All enduring, all forbearing,
For His sake who knows my needs.
O how swift the hours of trial,
Spent in Christian self-denial!

5 Keep me quietly expecting
Thine appearance, Saviour dear;
In my life, Thy life reflecting,
Let Thy sacred love appear,
Till on earth my last day closes,
And my soul in Thee reposes.

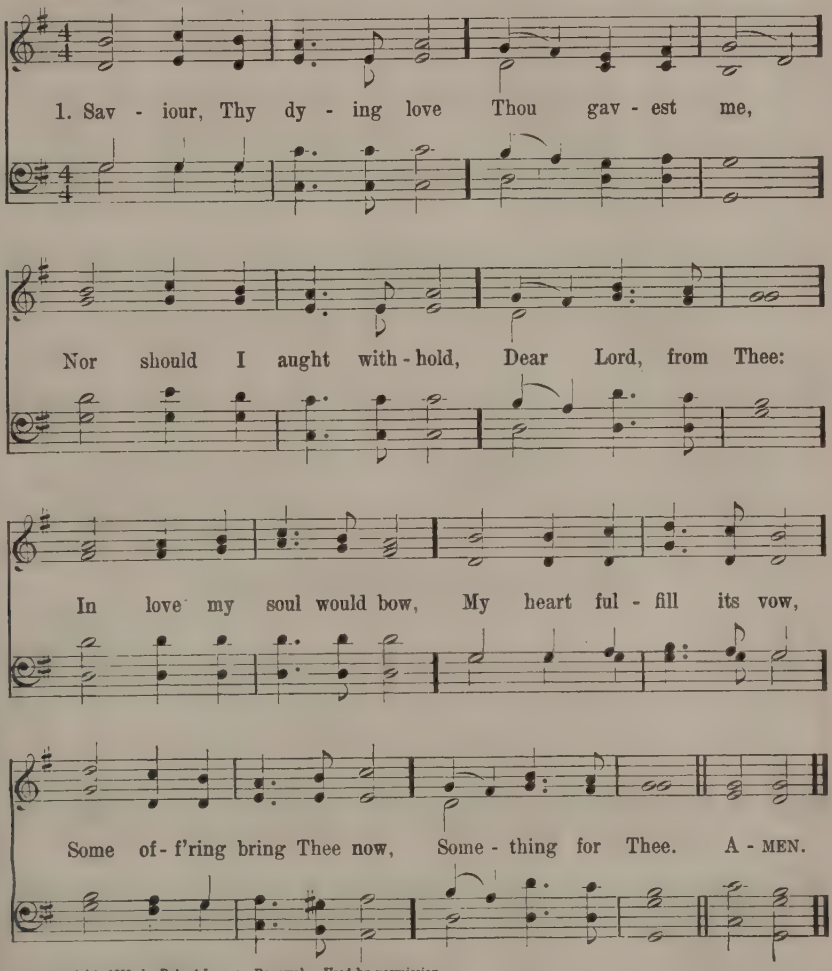
6 Gracious Saviour, deign to number
Me with saints in glory there,
Calm and peaceful then my slumber
After my last evening prayer;
When from dust my spirit rises,
All my tears shall change to praises.

7 Let my body then be hidden
In a humble, nameless tomb;
When at last I shall be bidden
To forsake that narrow room,
Jesus knows where they are sleeping
Who were given in His keeping.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1818.

499. Saviour, Thy Dying Love.

Something for Thee. 6 4, 6 4, 6 6, 6 4. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826–1899).


1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,
Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee:
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow,
Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1889, by Robert Lowry. Renewal. Used by permission

2 At the blest mercy-seat,
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee:
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

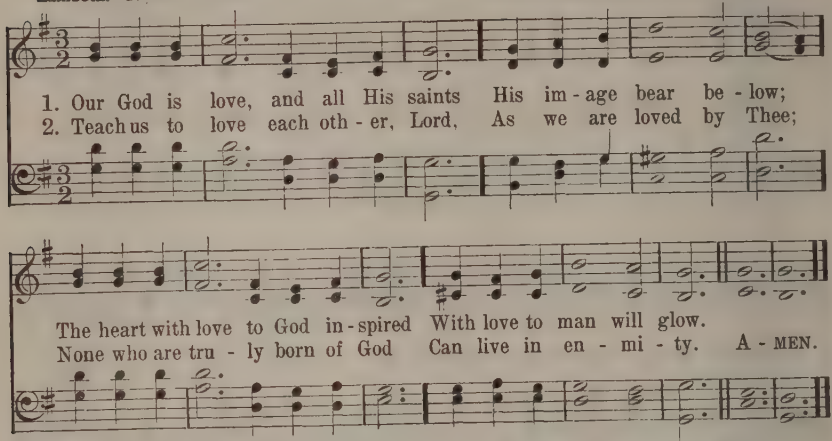
3 Give me a faithful heart,—
Likeness to Thee,—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, 1862.

500. Our God Is Love, and All His Saints.

Lambeth. C. M.

WILHELM A. F. SCHULTHES, 1871.


1. Our God is love, and all His saints His im - age bear be - low;
2. Teach us to love each oth - er, Lord, As we are loved by Thee;
The heart with love to God in - spired With love to man will glow.
None who are tru - ly born of God Can live in en - mi - ty. A - MEN.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

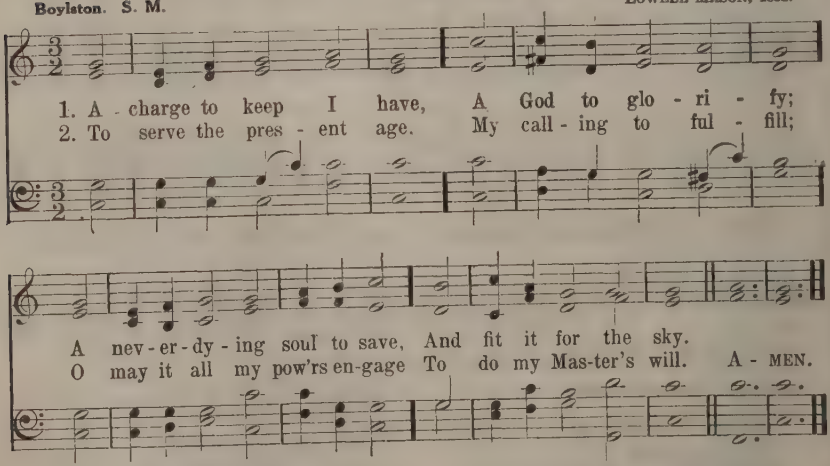
4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cotterill, (1779–1823).

501. A Charge to Keep I Have.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1832.


1. A - charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age. My call - ing to ful - fill;
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en-gage To do my Mas-ter's will. A - MEN.

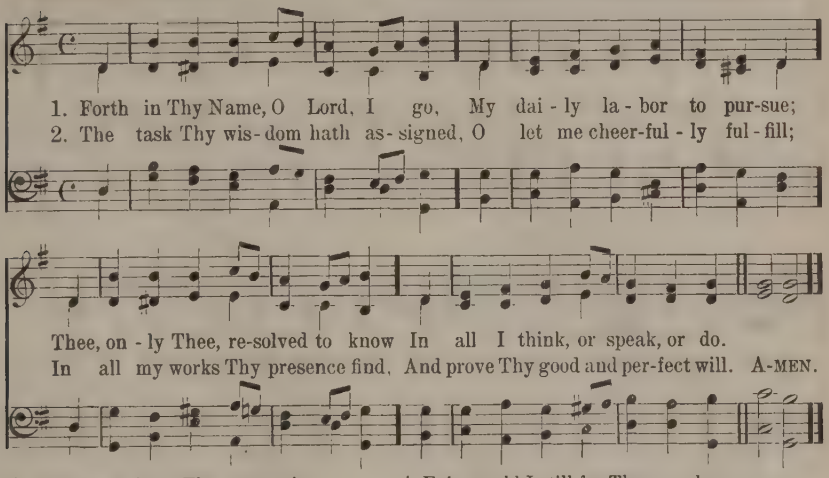
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
On Thee alone rely,
Assured, if Thee I trust alway,
That I shall never die.

Charles Wesley, 1762, a.

502. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I Go.

Canonbury. L. M. Arr. from ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN, 1839.


1. Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur-sue;
2. The task Thy wis - dom hath as - signed, O let me cheer-ful - ly ful - fill;
Thee, on - ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do.
In all my works Thy presence find, And prove Thy good and per-fect will. A-MEN.

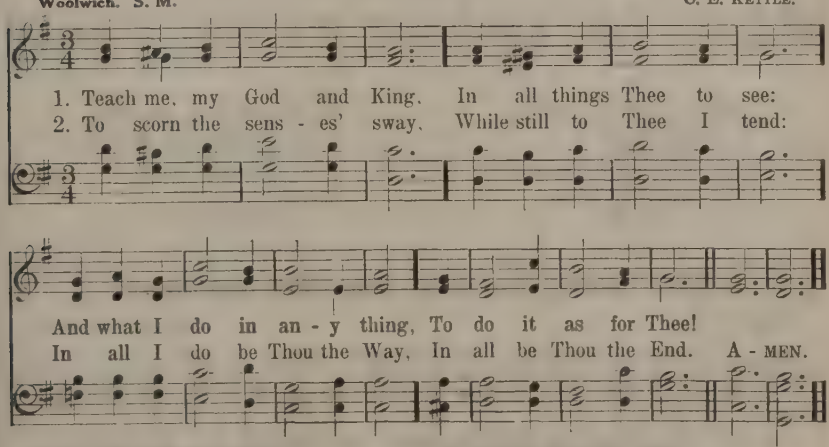
3 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke.
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

4 Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given;
Would run my even course with joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

503. Teach Me, My God and King.

Woolwich. S. M. C. E. KETTLE.


1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things Thee to see:
2. To scorn the sens - es' sway, While still to Thee I tend:
And what I do in an - y thing, To do it as for Thee!
In all I do be Thou the Way, In all be Thou the End. A - MEN.

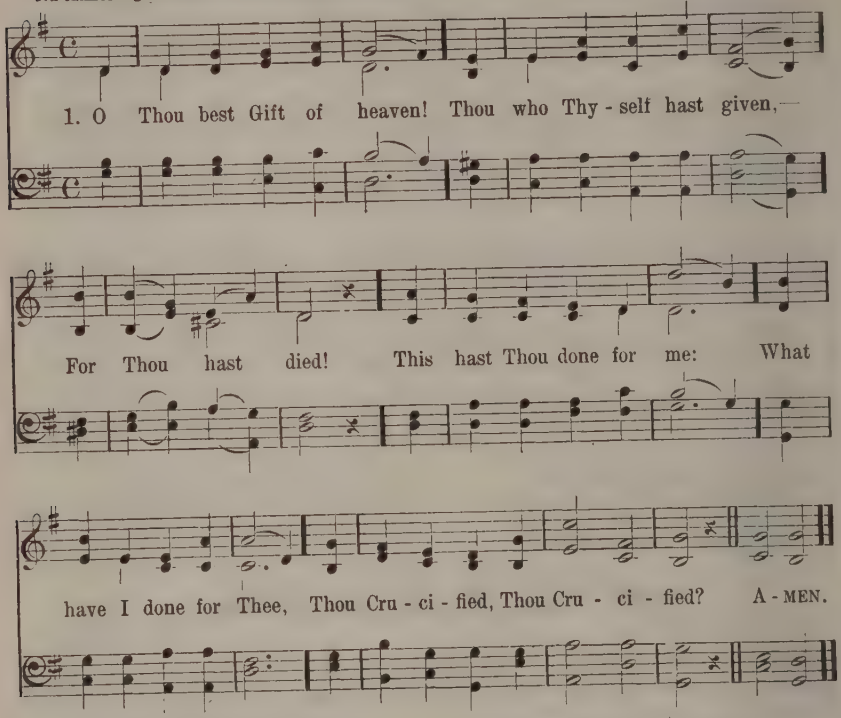
3 All may of Thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

4 Done to obey Thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine:
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

John Wesley, 1739.

504. O Thou Best Gift of Heaven!

Nu lukker sig mit oege. 664, 6644. PETER CASPER KROSSING.


1. O Thou best Gift of heaven! Thou who Thy - self hast given,—
For Thou hast died! This hast Thou done for me: What
have I done for Thee, Thou Cru - ci - fied, Thou Cru - ci - fied? A - MEN.

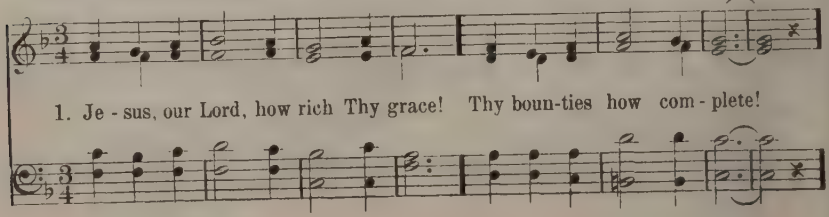
2 I long to serve Thee more:
Reveal an open door,
Saviour, to me;
Then, counting all but loss,
I'll glory in Thy cross,
And follow Thee.

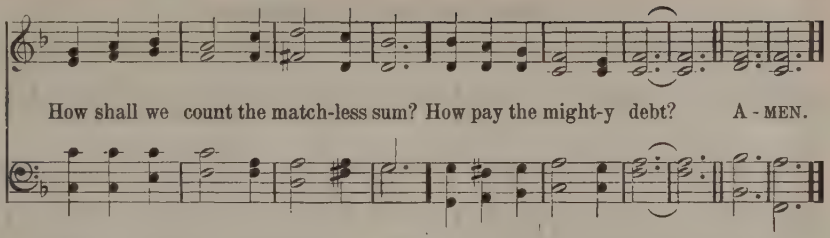
3 Do Thou but point the way,
Grant strength Thee to obey;
Thy will be mine:
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
Since I am Thine.

Nicholls, 1837.

505. Jesus, Our Lord, How Rich Thy Grace!

Arnold. C. M. PETER JOHNSON, 1923.





2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can our poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

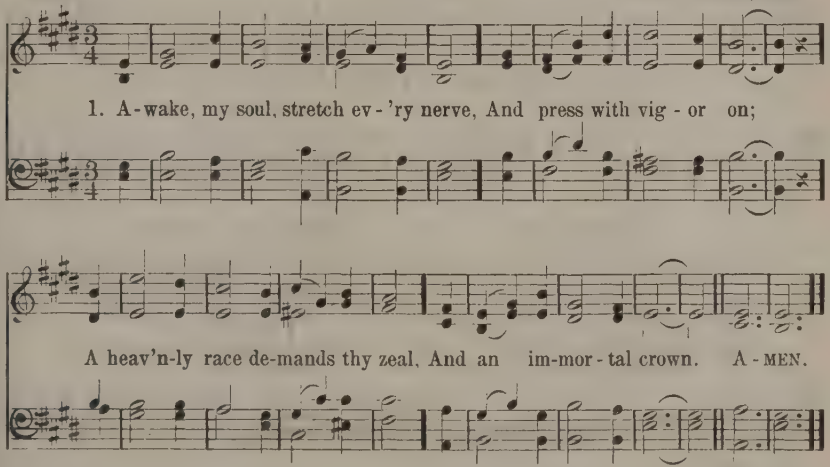
4 In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, (1702–1751), a.

506. Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

Richard. C. M. PETER JOHNSON, 1923.



2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 That prize with peerless glories bright
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

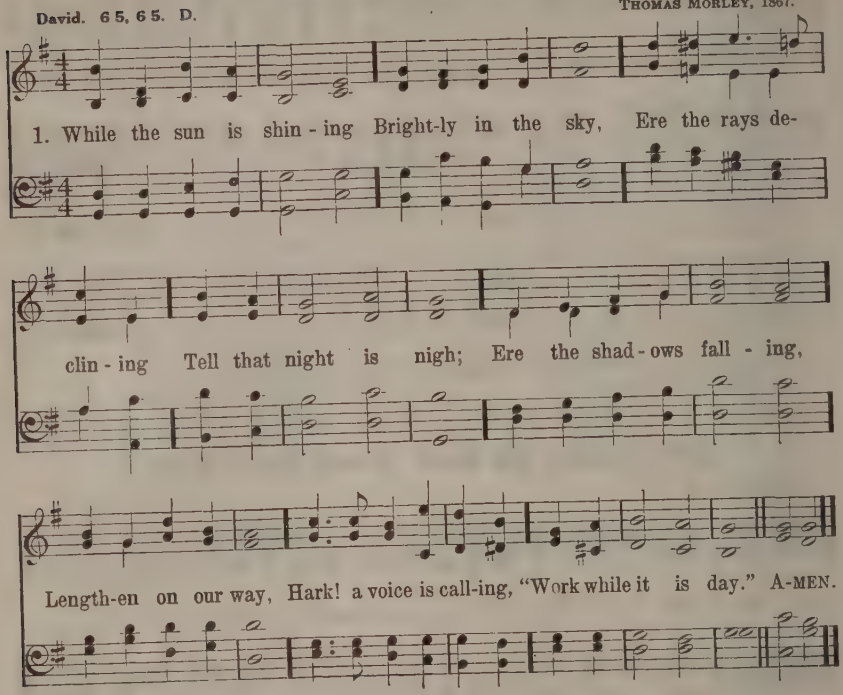
5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

507. While the Sun Is Shining.

David. 6 5, 6 5. D.

THOMAS MORLEY, 1867.


1. While the sun is shin - ing Bright-ly in the sky, Ere the rays de-
clin - ing Tell that night is nigh; Ere the shad - ows fall - ing,
Length-en on our way, Hark! a voice is call-ing, "Work while it is day." A-MEN.

2 Work, but not in sadness,
For your Lord above;
He will make it gladness
With His smile of love.
When that Lord returning
Knocketh at the gate,
Let your light be burning,
Be like men who wait.

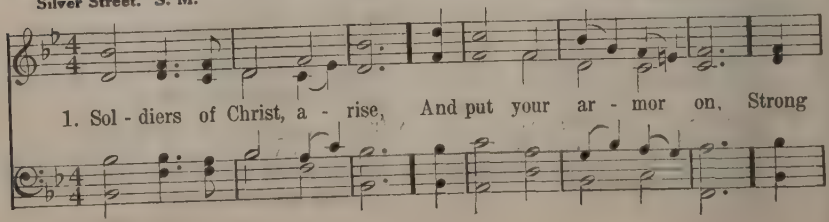
3 Happy then the meeting,
When you see His face;
Welcome then the greeting
From the throne of grace,
"Good and faithful servant,
Of my Father blest,
Now your work is ended,
Enter into rest."

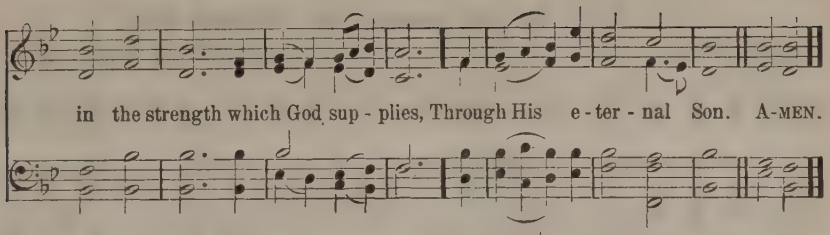
Thomas Alfred Stowell, 1869.

508. Soldiers of Christ, Arise.

Silver Street. S. M.

ISAAC SMITH, 1770.





2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

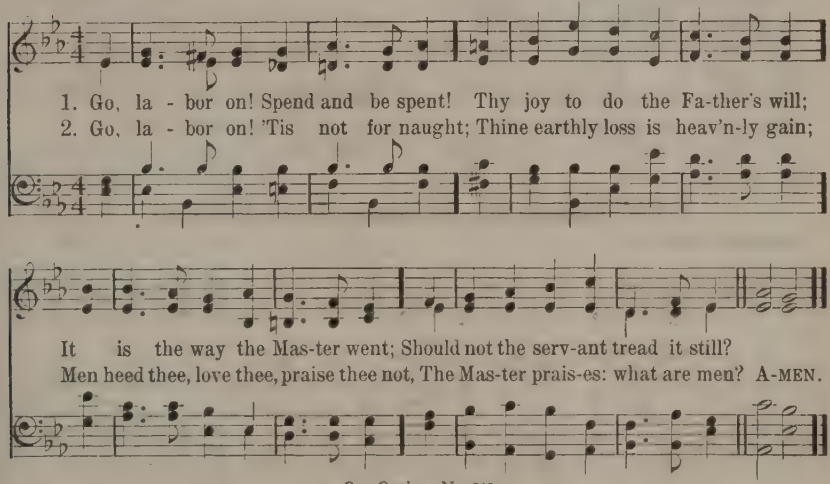
4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 Thus having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
May ye o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

509. Go, Labor On! Spend and Be Spent.

Waltham. L. M. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.


1. Go, la - bor on! Spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
2. Go, la - bor on! 'Tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the serv-ant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not, The Mas-ter prais-es: what are men? A-MEN.

Or: Quebec. No. 510.

3 Go, labor on! Enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work! Cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on, faint not! Keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth, into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

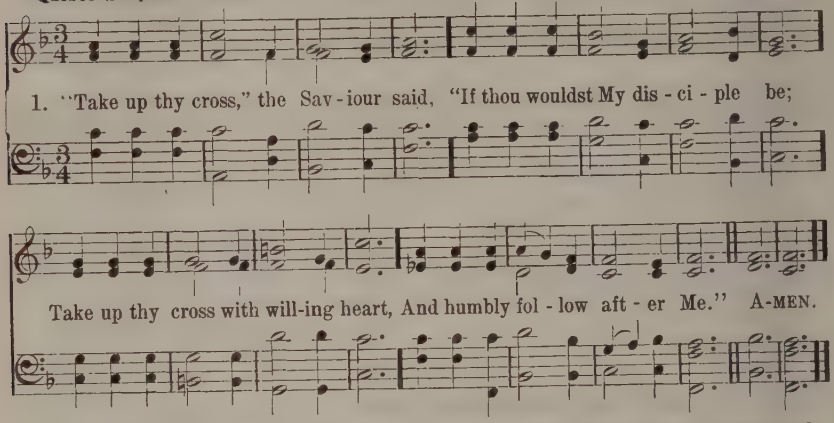
6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile, home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar, 1843.

510. "Take Up Thy Cross," the Saviour Said.

Quebec (Hesperus). L. M.

HENRY BAKER, 1866.
Modified by JAMES PEARCE, 1868.


1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be;
Take up thy cross with will-ing heart, And humbly fol - low aft - er Me." A-MEN.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
Sustain thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
The Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, then, in His strength,
And calmly sin's wild deluge brave;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
It points to glory o'er the grave.

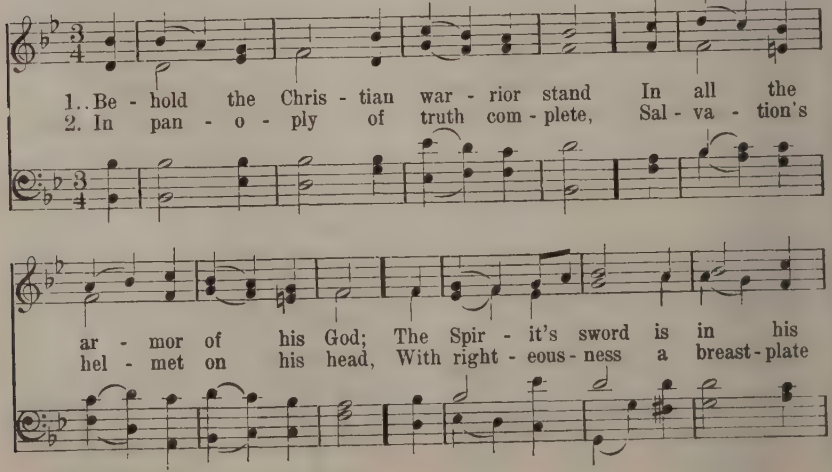
5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the golden crown.

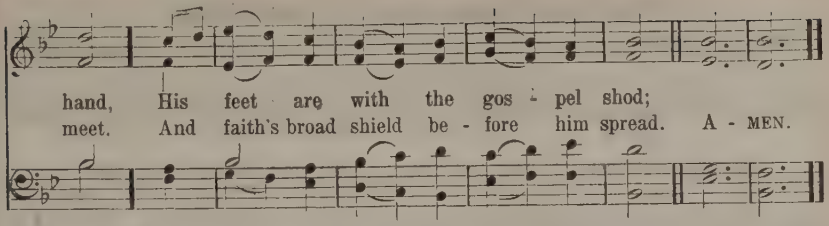
Charles William Everest, 1835.

511. Behold the Christian Warrior Stand.

Wareham. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1738.


1. Be - hold the Chris - tian war - rior stand In all the
2. In pan - o - ply of truth com - plete, Sal - va - tion's
ar - mor of his God; The Spir - it's sword is in his
hel - met on his head, With right - eous - ness a breast - plate



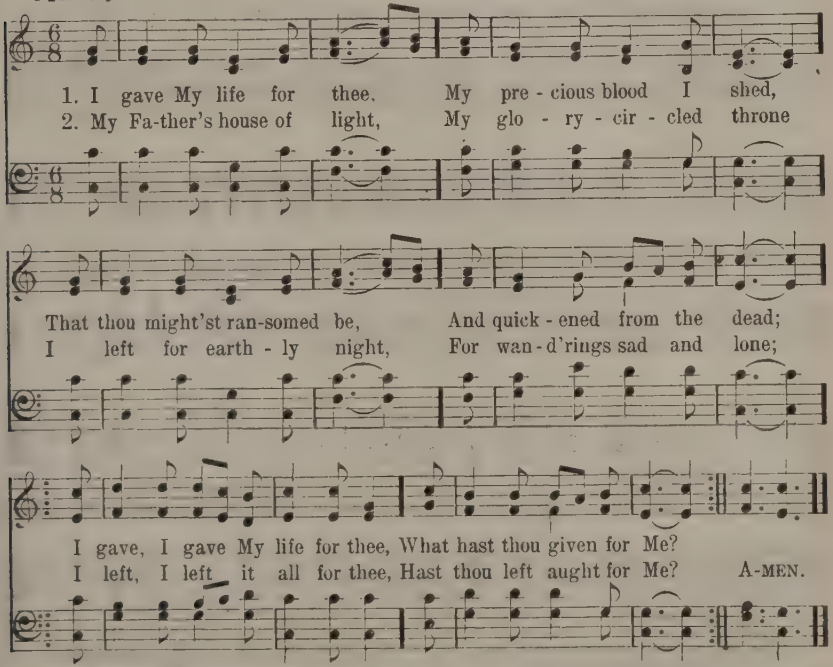
3 Undaunted to the field he goes;
Yet vain were skill and valor there,
Unless, to foil his legion foes,
He takes the trusted weapon, prayer.

4 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down;
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery, 1825.

512. I Gave My Life for Thee.

I gave My life for thee. 6 6, 6 6, 8 6. PHILIP PAUL BLISS, 1874.


1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wan - d'rings sad and lone;
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me? A-MEN.

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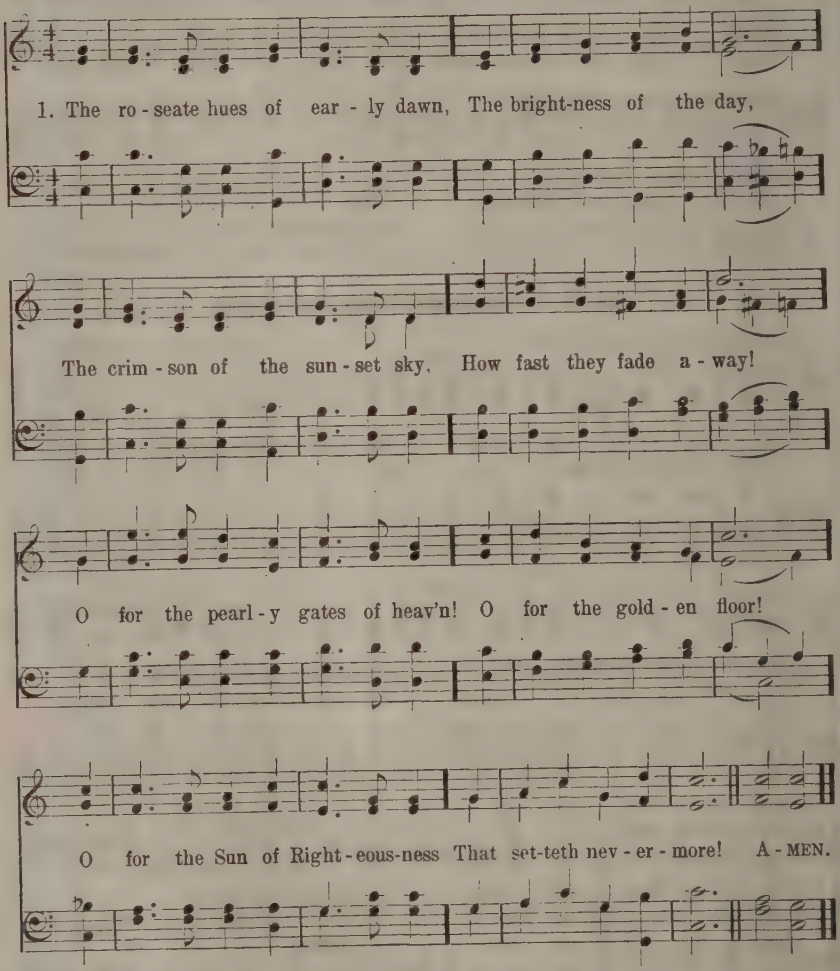
3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1858.

513. The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn.

Materna. C. M. D. SAMUEL AUGUSTUS WARD, 1882.


1. The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!
O for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! O for the gold - en floor!
O for the Sun of Right - eous-ness That set-teth nev - er - more! A - MEN.

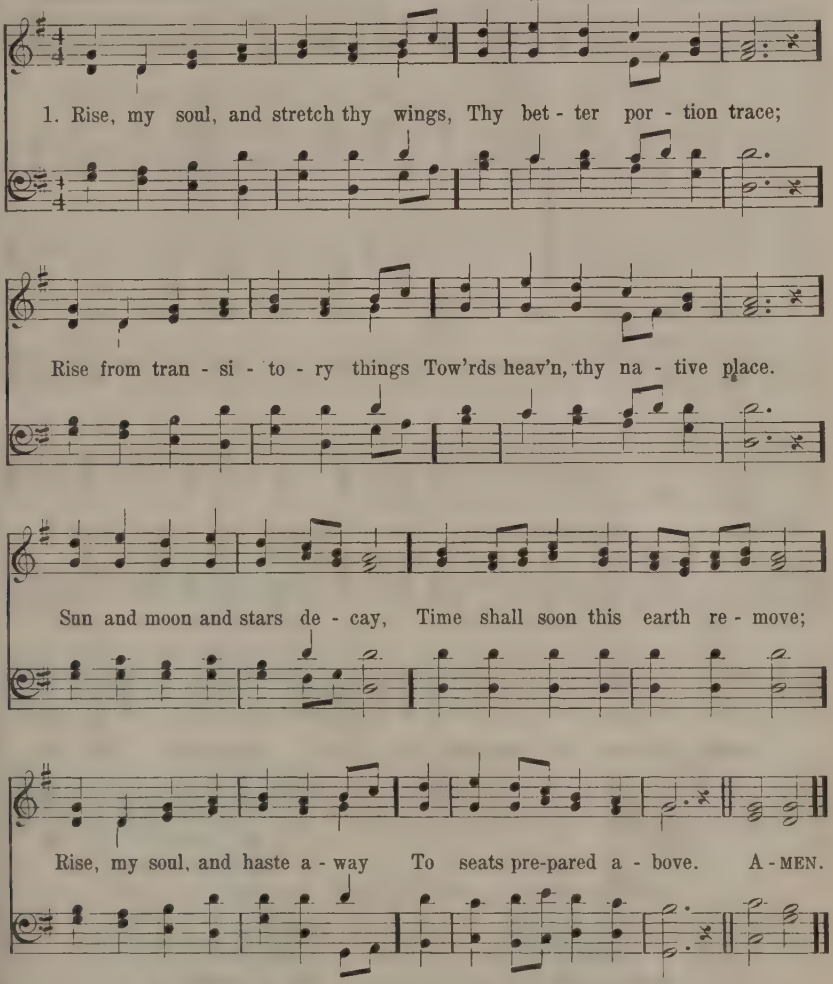
2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
O for a heart that never sins!
O for a soul washed white!
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hopes,
And grace to lead us higher:
But there are perfectness and peace
Beyond our best desire.
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1853.

514. Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings.

Amsterdam. 7 6, 7 6, 7 7, 7 6. The Foundery Collection, 1742.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rds heav'n, thy na - tive place.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove. A - MEN.

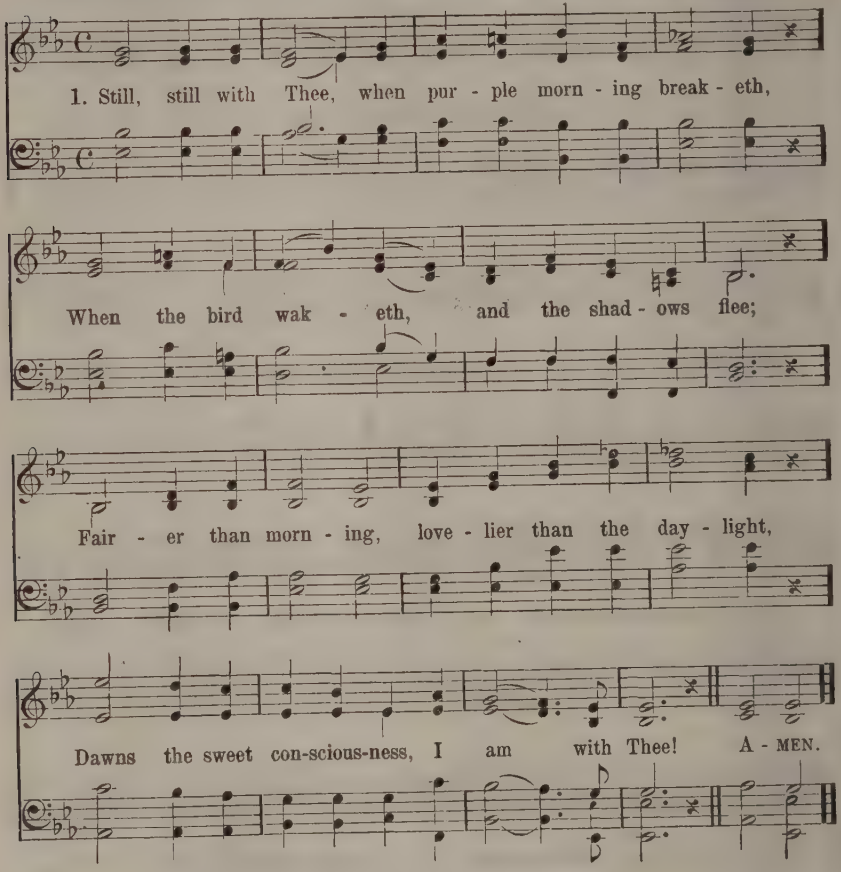
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul that came from God
Longs to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven!

Robert Seagrave, 1742.

515. Still, Still with Thee, When Purple Morning Breaketh.

Willingham. 11 10, 11 10. FRANTZ ABT, (1819–1885).


1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth,
When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee;
Fair - er than morn - ing, love - lier than the day - light,
Dawns the sweet con-scious-ness, I am with Thee! A - MEN.

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

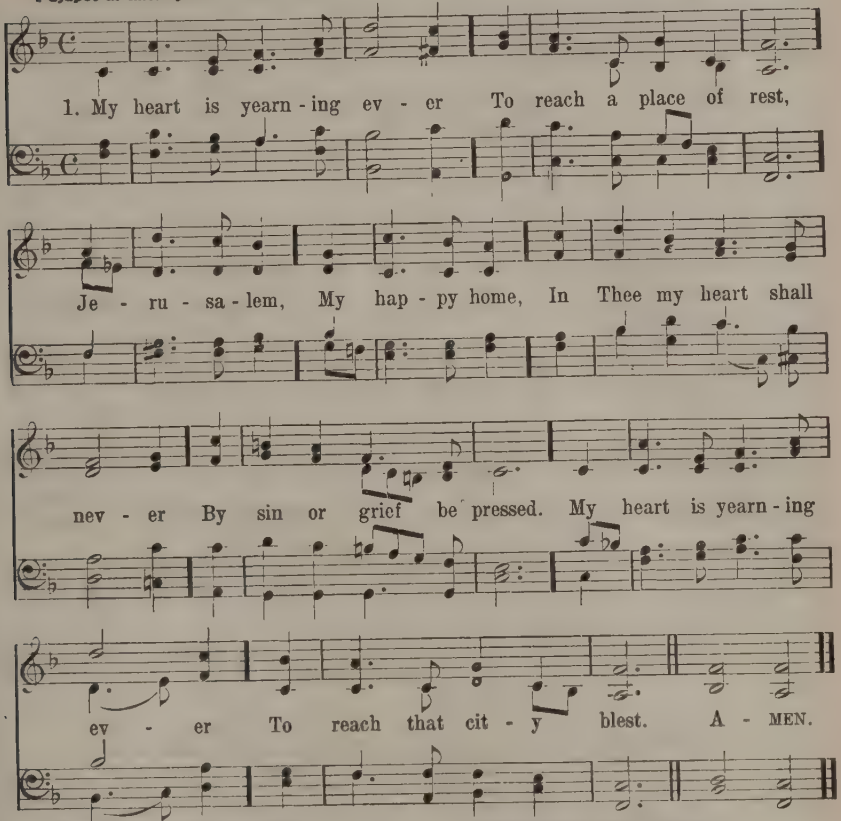
3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O for that hour when fairer than the dawning
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Harriet Elizabeth (Beecher) Stowe, 1855.

516. My Heart Is Yearning Ever.

I djupet af mitt hjärta. 76, 44, 76, 76. OSKAR AHNFELT, (1813–1882).


1. My heart is yearn - ing ev - er To reach a place of rest,
Je - ru - sa - lem, My hap - py home, In Thee my heart shall
nev - er By sin or grief be pressed. My heart is yearn - ing
ev - er To reach that cit - y blest. A - MEN.

2 Within its radiant portals
None ever sheds a tear.
God's city bright
Gives all delight;
No grief nor wail of mortals
Is heard where He is near.
Within its radiant portals
None ever sheds a tear.

3 Their blessèd Lord and Saviour
Doth rule and govern them
In peace and joy,
Without alloy,
For sin can enter never
The new Jerusalem.
Their blessèd Lord and Saviour
Doth rule and govern them.

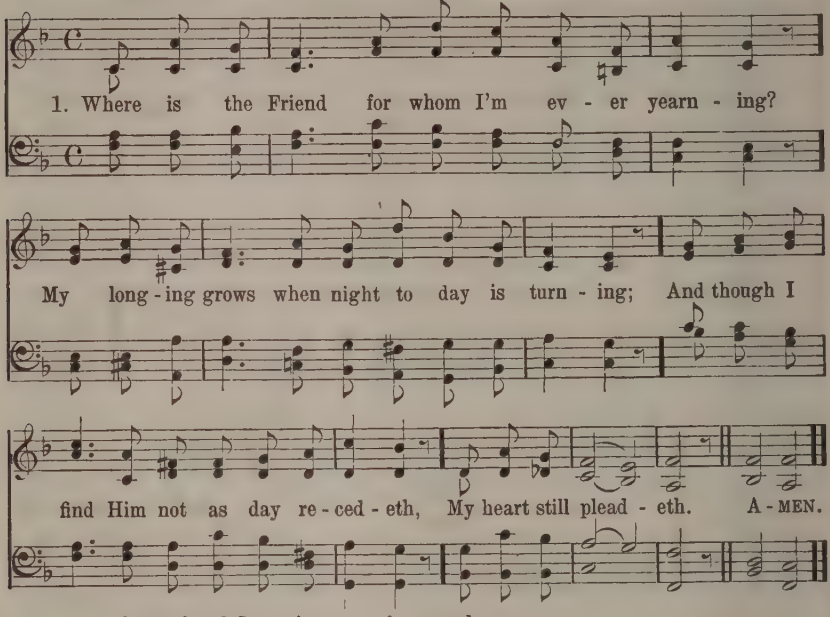
4 Behold the goal in glory.
Now shining from afar;
O city of
The God of love,
Where no more earthly worry
My happiness shall mar!
Behold the goal in glory.
Now shining from afar!

5 And even I shall conquer
In Jesus' Name and might.
Though weak and faint,
Yet as a saint,
I'll in the haven anchor.
Sweet haven of delight.
Yea, even I shall conquer,
In Jesus' Name and might.

From Ahnfelts Sånger, 1850.

517. Where Is the Friend for Whom I'm Ever Yearning?

O du Guds Lam. 11 11, 11 5. TH. SÖDERBERG.


1. Where is the Friend for whom I'm ev - er yearn - ing?
My long - ing grows when night to day is turn - ing; And though I
find Him not as day re - ced - eth, My heart still plead - eth. A - MEN.

2 His hand I see in every force and power,
Where waves the harvest and where blooms the flower;
In every breath I draw, my spirit burneth:
His love discerneth.

3 When summer winds blow gently, then I hear Him;
Where sing the birds, where rush the streams, I'm near Him;
But nearer still when in my heart He blesses
Me with caresses.

4 And yet, to hide Him, oft a cloud prevaileth;
My prayer can reach Him, but my vision faileth.
Would I could see His face and heart so loving,
And cease my roving.

5 O where such beauty is itself revealing
In all that lives, through all creation stealing,
What must the Source be whence it comes, the Giver?
Beauty forever.

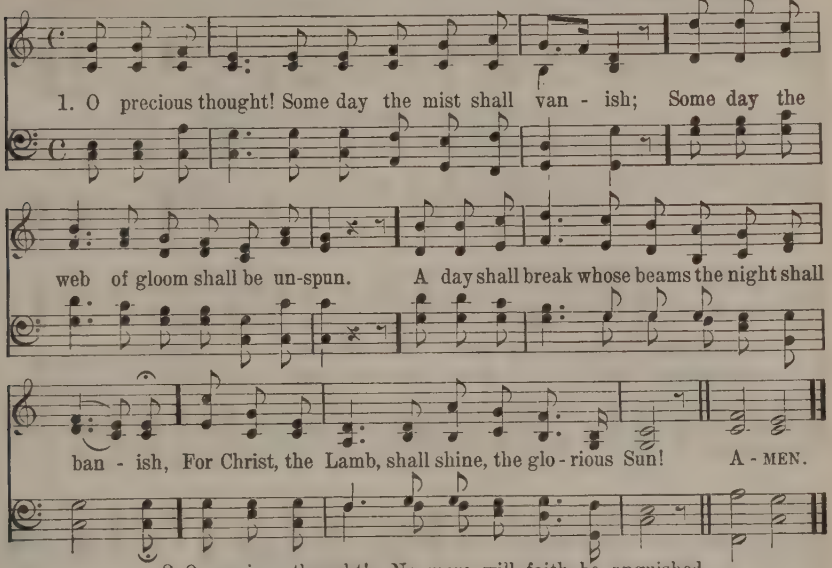
6 Be strong, my soul; hope, pray, await His favor,
And thou shalt know the sweetness of thy Saviour;
When in His gentle arms secure He holds thee,
His love enfolds thee.

7 Soon on that shore where stormy wave ne'er breaketh
The weary dove its final refuge taketh;
The timorous lamb shall by the Shepherd's favor
Find rest forever.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1818.

518. O Precious Thought! Some Day the Mist Shall Vanish.

O sälla land. 11 10, 11 10. OSKAR AHNFELT, (1813–1882).


1. O precious thought! Some day the mist shall van - ish; Some day the
web of gloom shall be un-spun. A day shall break whose beams the night shall
ban - ish, For Christ, the Lamb, shall shine, the glo - rious Sun! A - MEN.

2 O precious thought! No more will faith be anguished
By doubt's uncertainties, by trembling fears.
The pangs that wound the heart shall all be vanquished,
And light shall flood the gloom of bygone years.

3 Some day each mystery shall find solution,
Each troublous question an undimmed reply.
The hidden deeps that now seem all confusion
My God will open up and clarify.

4 O precious thought! With vision all unclouded,
The One whom I believed shall I behold.
Now from my sight His hallowed form is shrouded,
Then He shall fill my soul with bliss untold.

5 Some day I'll see my ever-faithful Saviour,
Who pardoned all my sin in boundless grace.
Here clouds of trial oft obscure His favor,
There I'll behold the brightness of His face.

6 O precious thought! All sinless, pure, and holy,
By flesh and Satan nevermore oppressed,
My thoughts and deeds shall glorify Him solely,
Who brought my soul unto His perfect rest.

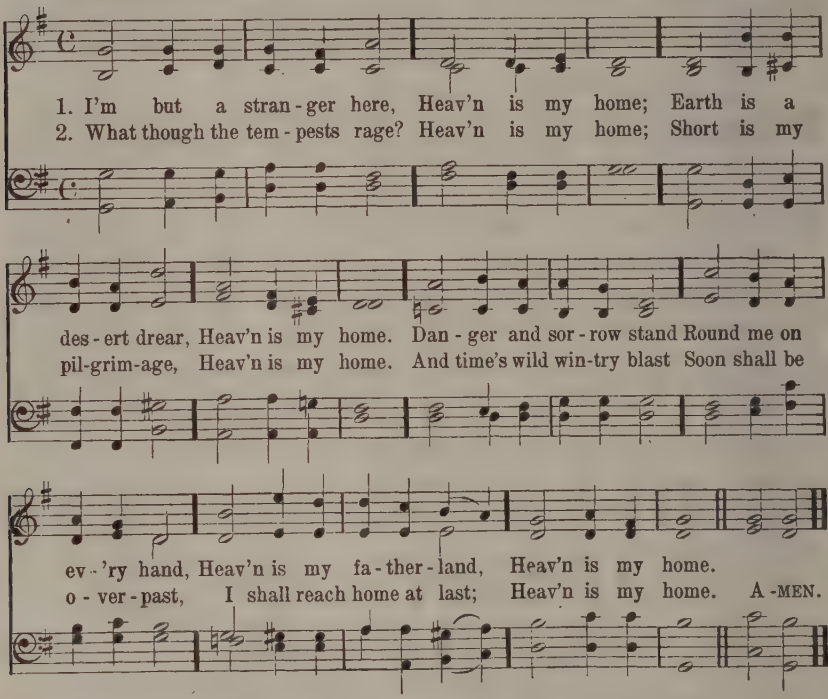
7 The saints of God, all clad in spotless raiment,
Before the Lamb shall wave victorious palms.
For bliss eternal Christ has rendered payment,
Earth's tearful strains give way to joyous psalms.

8 I pray Thee, O my precious Saviour, waken
These hallowed thoughts of Paradise in me,
And let them solace me, till I am taken
To dwell in Salem evermore with Thee.

Carl Olof Rosenius, (1816–1868).

519. I'm But a Stranger Here.

St. Edmund. 64, 64, 66, 64. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, (1842–1900).


1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What though the tem - pests rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my
des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on
pil-grim-age, Heav'n is my home. And time's wild win-try blast Soon shall be
ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.
o - ver - past, I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home. A - MEN.

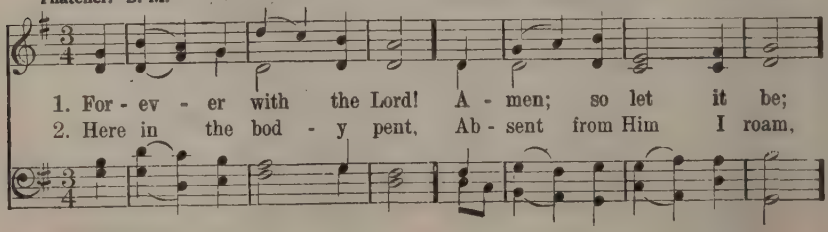
3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
May I be glorified;
Heaven is my home:
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
Grant me with them to rest;
Heaven is my home.

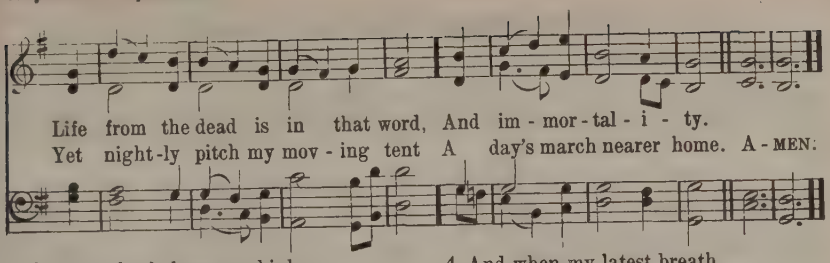
4 Grant me to murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
Grant me at last to stand,
Jesus, at Thy right hand,
There in my fatherland:
Heaven is my home!

Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1836.

520. Forever with the Lord!

Thatcher. S. M. Arr. from GEORG FREDERICK HÄNDEL, 1732.





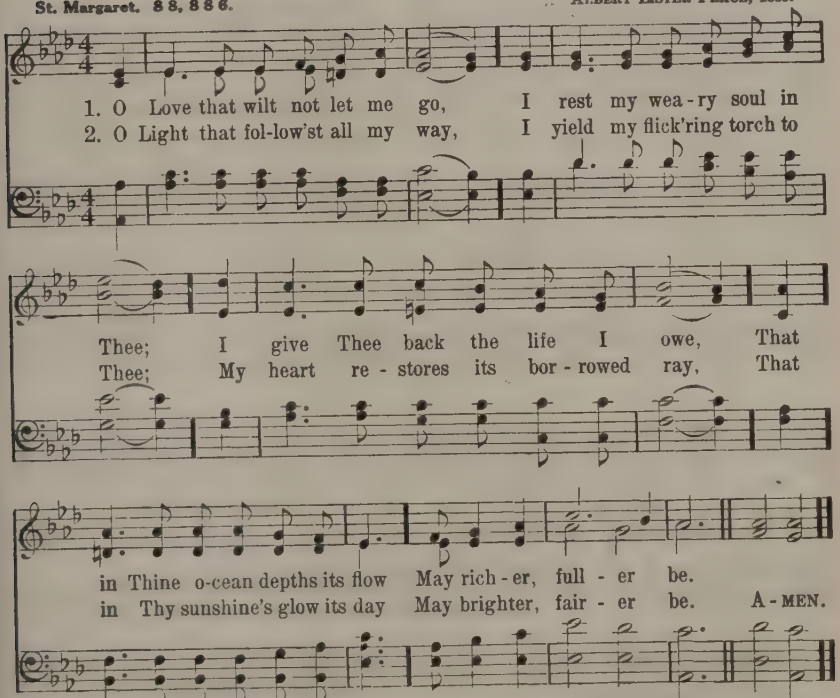
3 My Father's house on high.
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 And when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

James Montgomery, (1771-1854).

521. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

St. Margaret. 8 8, 8 8 6. ALBERT LISTER PEACE, 1885.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in
2. O Light that fol-low'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
Thee; My heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, That
in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be. A - MEN.

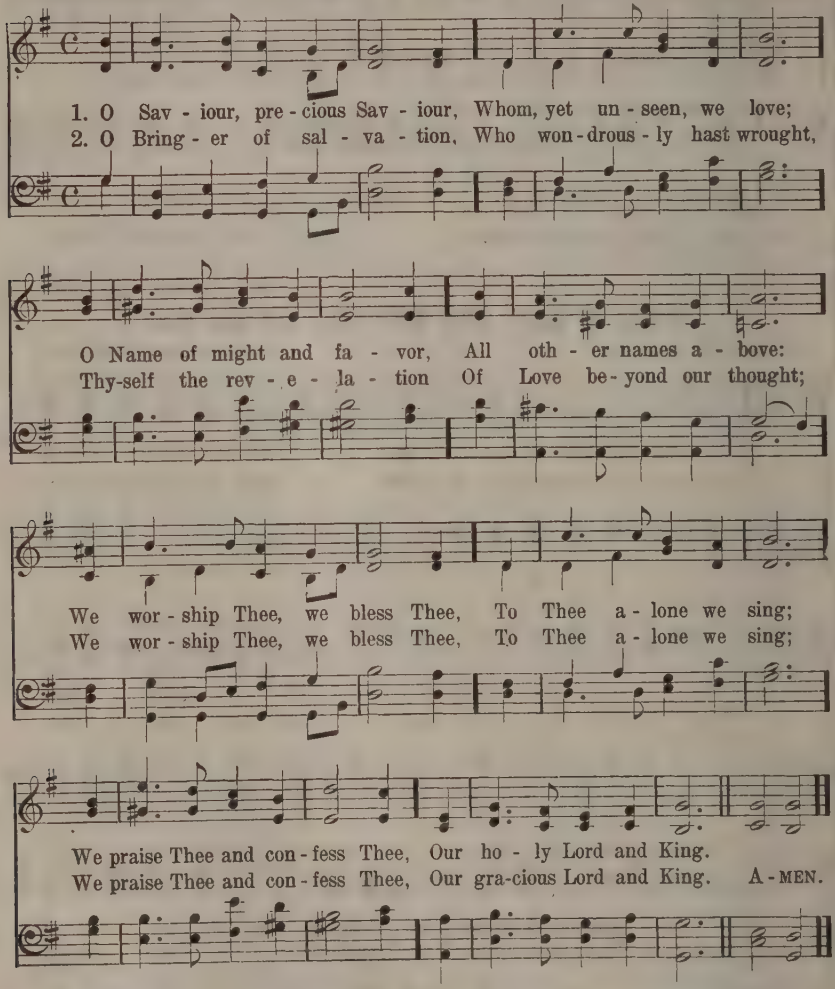
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1882, a.

522. O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

Angel's Story (Norwich). 7 6, 7 6. D. ARTHUR HENRY MANN, 1881.


1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won - drous - ly hast wrought,
O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove:
Thy-self the rev - e - la - tion Of Love be - yond our thought;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee a - lone we sing;
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our ho - ly Lord and King.
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our gra-cious Lord and King. A - MEN.

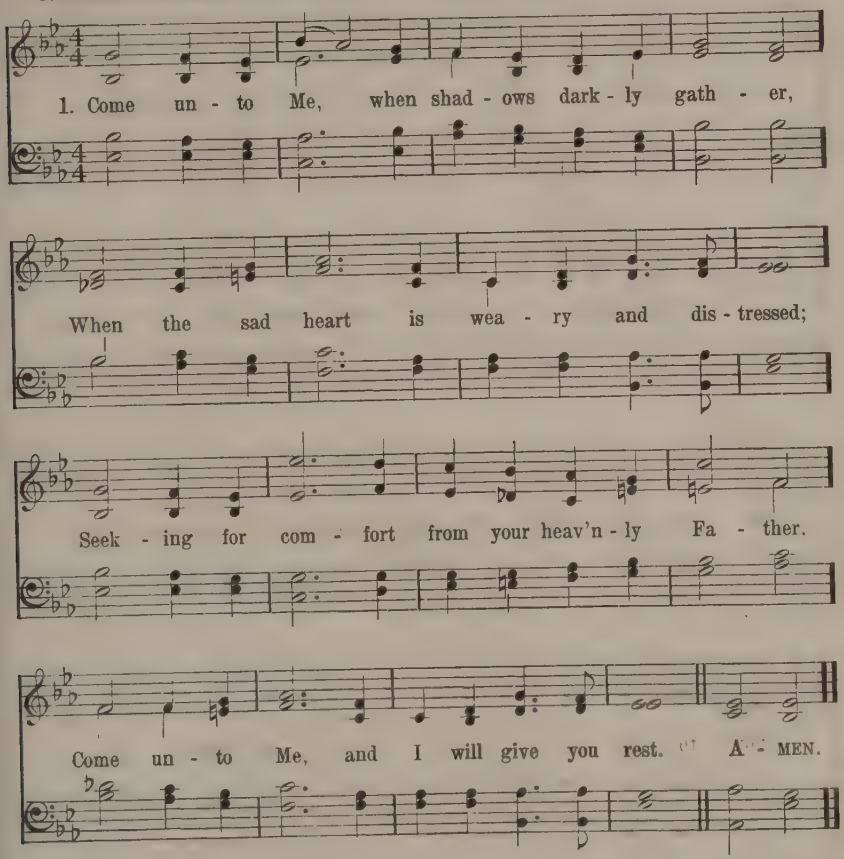
3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine.
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring.
And evermore confess Thee,
Our Saviour and our King.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1870.

523. Come unto Me, When Shadows Darkly Gather.

Consolation (Mendelssohn). 11 10, 11 10. FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, (1809-1847).


1. Come un - to Me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er,
When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed;
Seek - ing for com - fort from your heav'n - ly Fa - ther.
Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A - MEN.

2 Ye who have mourned when tender flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

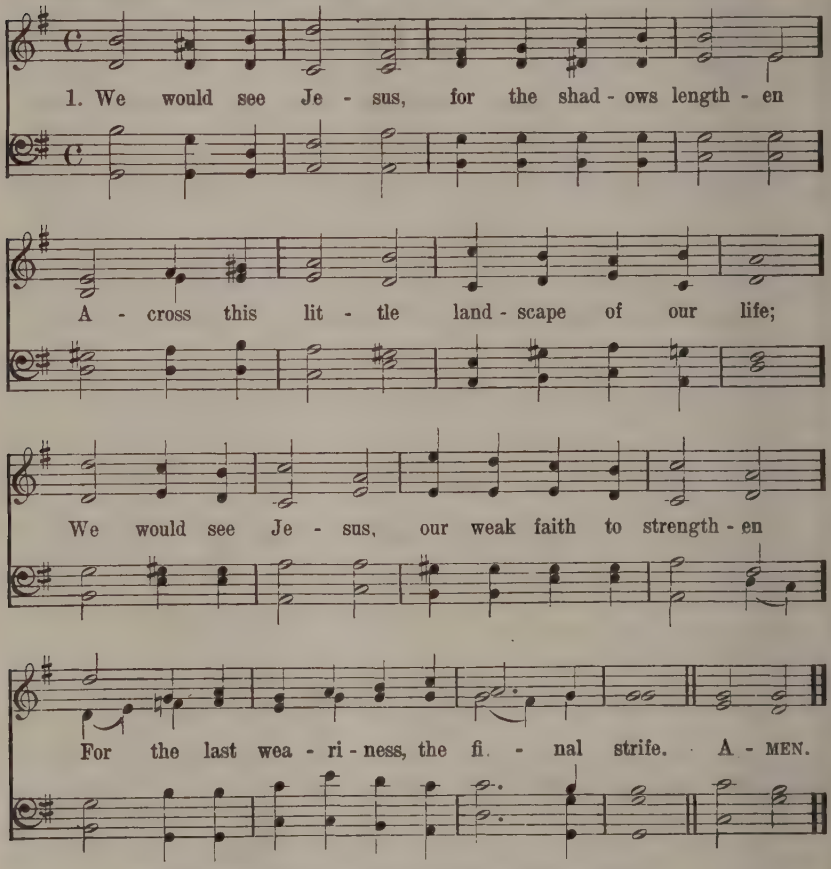
3 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Esling, 1839.

524. We Would See Jesus.

Windsor. 11 10, 11 10. JOSEPH BARNBY, (1838–1896).


1. We would see Je - sus, for the shad - ows length - en
A - cross this lit - tle land - scape of our life;
We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strength - en
For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A - MEN.

2 We would see Jesus, the great Rock-foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

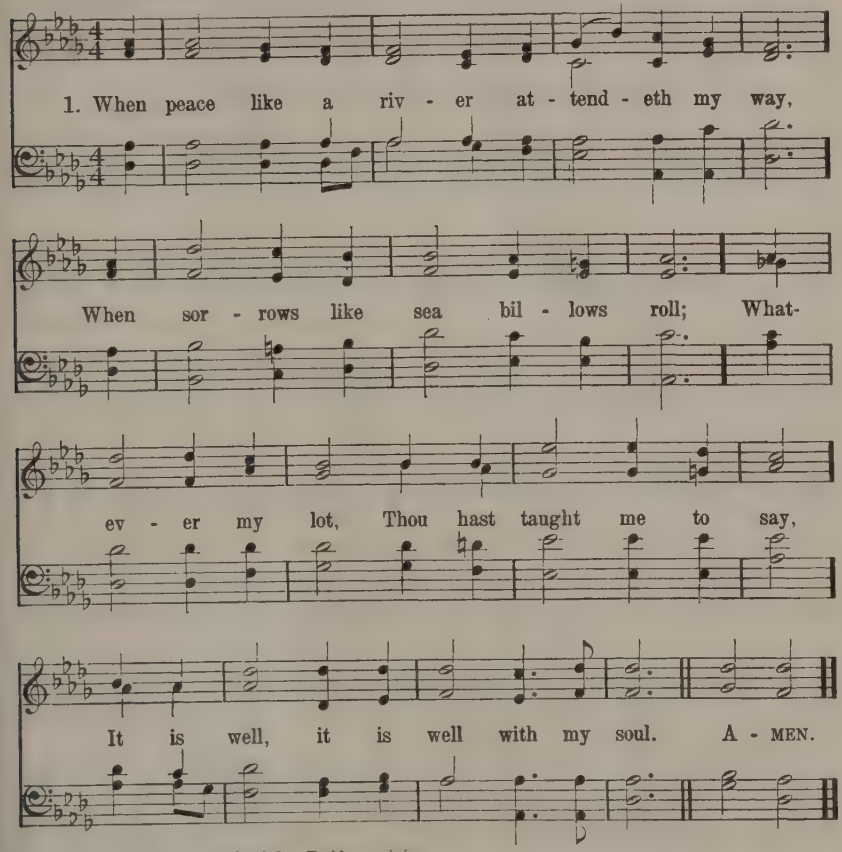
3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome, day, and farewell, mortal night.

Anna Bartlett Warner, (1821–1915).

525. When Peace Like a River Attendeth My Way.

It is well with my soul. 11 8, 11 9. H. G. SPAFFORD, 1876.


1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way,
When sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll; What-
ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.

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2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

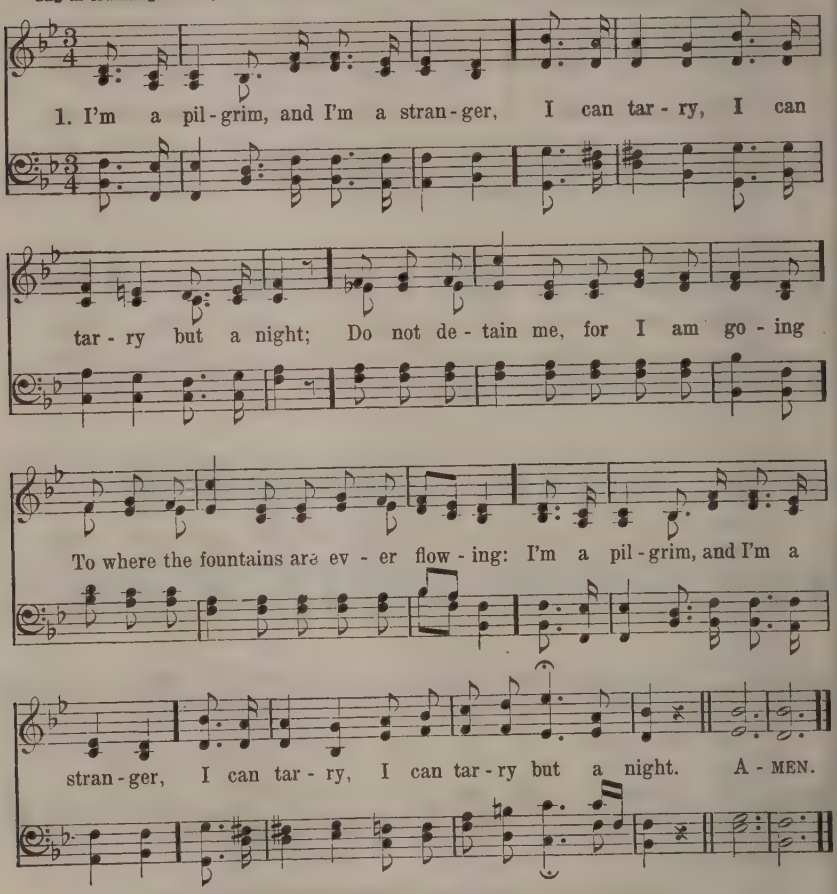
3 He lives, O the bliss of this glorious thought;
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.

4 And, Lord, haste the day when our faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trumpet shall sound and the Lord shall descend;
Even so—it is well with my soul.

Philip Paul Bliss, 1876.

526. I'm a Pilgrim, and I'm a Stranger.

Jag är främling. 9 11, 10 10, 9 11. OSKAR AHNFELT, (1813-1882).


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can
tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing
To where the fountains are ev-er flow-ing: I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a
stran-ger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night. A-MEN.

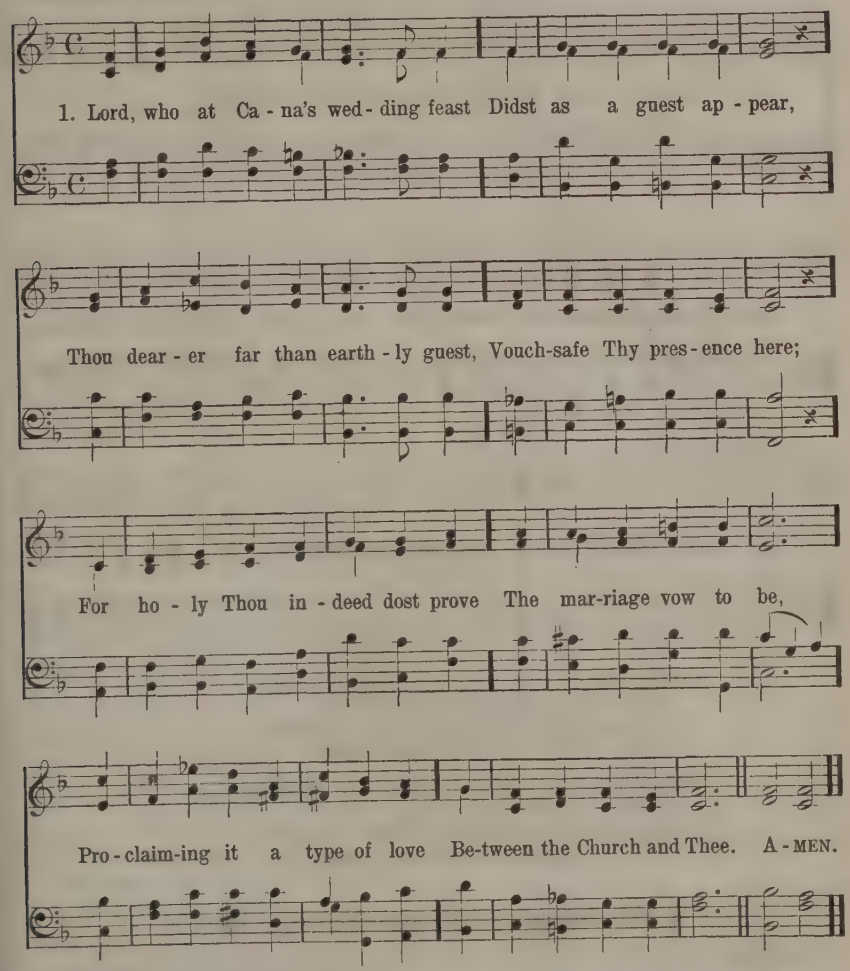
2 There the glory is ever shining;
O my longing heart, my longing heart is there:
Here in this country so dark and dreary
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 Of the city to which I'm going
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sinning, nor any dying:
Of the city to which I'm going
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light.

Mary S. B. Shindler, 1841.

527. Lord, Who at Cana's Wedding Feast.

St. Leonard. C. M. D. HENRY HILES, 1867.


1. Lord, who at Ca - na's wed - ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,
Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest, Vouch-safe Thy pres - ence here;
For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar-riage vow to be,
Pro - claim-ing it a type of love Be-tween the Church and Thee. A - MEN.

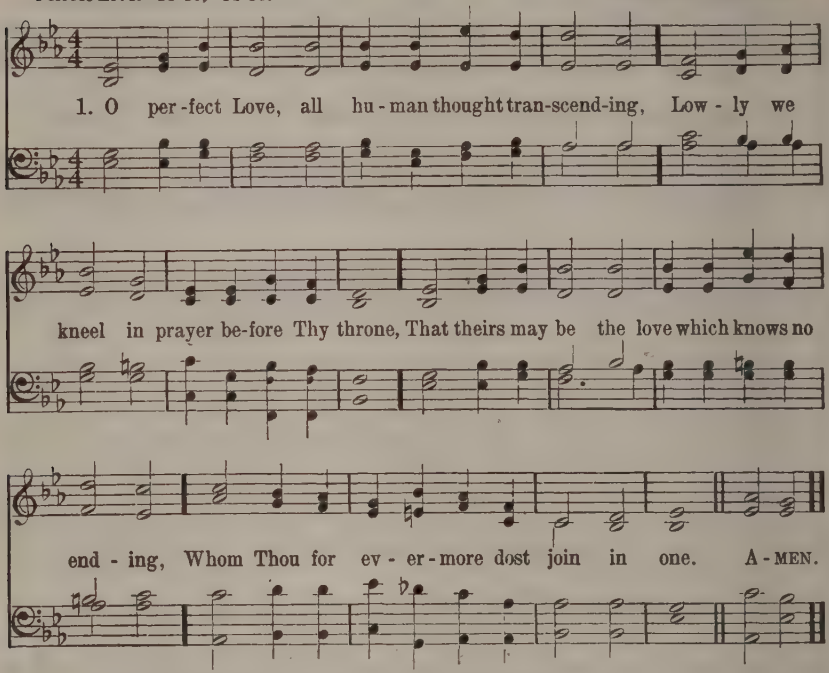
2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife;
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more:
O grant them here in peace to live
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above.

Adelaide Thrupp, 1853.
St. 2, Godfrey Thring, 1882.

528. O Perfect Love, All Human Thought Transcending.

Perfect Love. 11 10, 11 10. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1889.


1. O per-fect Love, all hu-man thought tran-scend-ing, Low-ly we
kneel in prayer be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no
end-ing, Whom Thou for ev-er-more dost join in one. A-MEN.

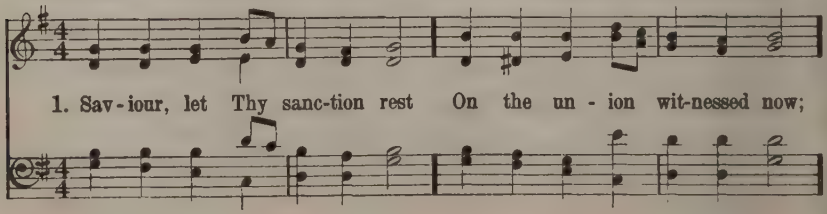
2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

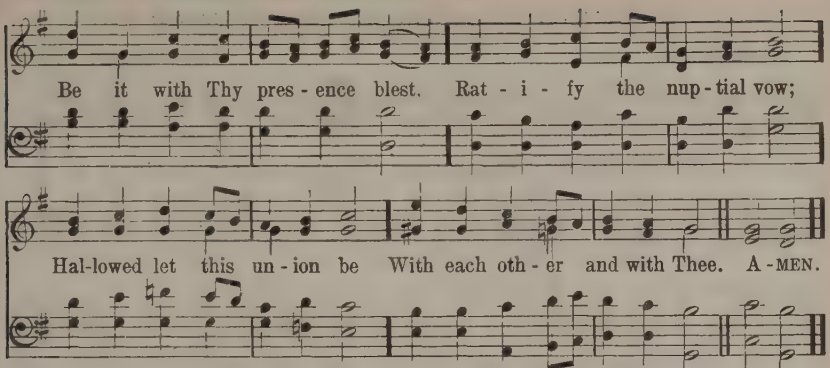
3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy Frances (Blomfield) Gurney, 1883.

529. Saviour, Let Thy Sanction Rest.

Lux Prima. 7 7, 7 7, 7 7. CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD, 1872.





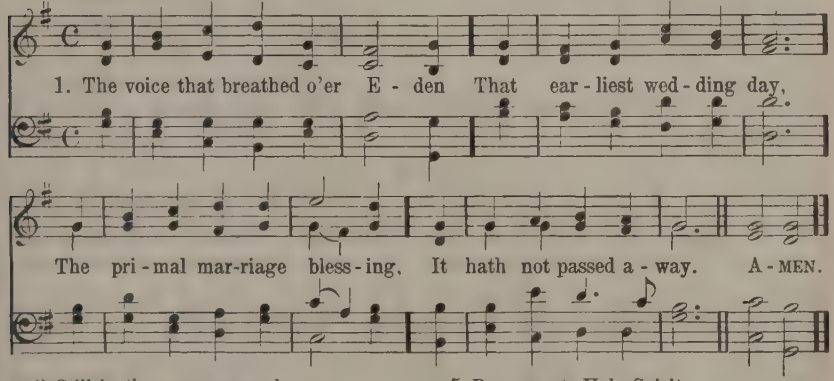
2 Thou in Cana didst appear
At a marriage feast like this;
Deign to meet us, Saviour, here,
Fountain of unmingled bliss!
Send Thine influence from above,
Consecrating earthly love.

3 Let the path these friends pursue,
From this hour together trod,
Many though their days or few,
Be a pilgrimage to God,
To the land where rest is given,
To our Father's house in heaven.

Thomas Raffles, 1812.

530. The Voice That Breathed o'er Eden.

St. Alphege. 76, 76. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, (1806–1876).



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, Heavenly Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands:

5 Be present, Holy Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou for Christ the Bridegroom
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

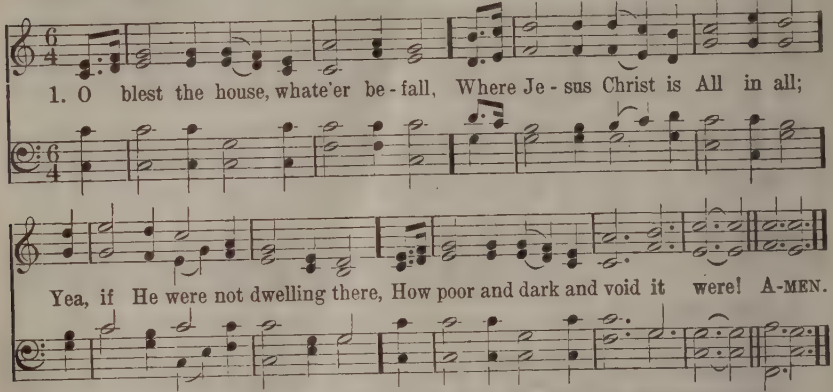
6 O spread Thy pure wings o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace

7 To lay their hearts before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

John Keble, 1857.

531. O Blest the House, Whate'er Befall.

Retreat. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1840.


1. O blest the house, whate'er be - fall, Where Je - sus Christ is All in all;
Yea, if He were not dwelling there, How poor and dark and void it were! A-MEN.

2 O blest the house where faith ye find,
And all within have set their mind
To trust their God and serve Him still,
And do in all His holy will.

3 O blest the parents who give heed
Unto their children's foremost need,
And weary not of care or cost:
To them and heaven shall none be lost.

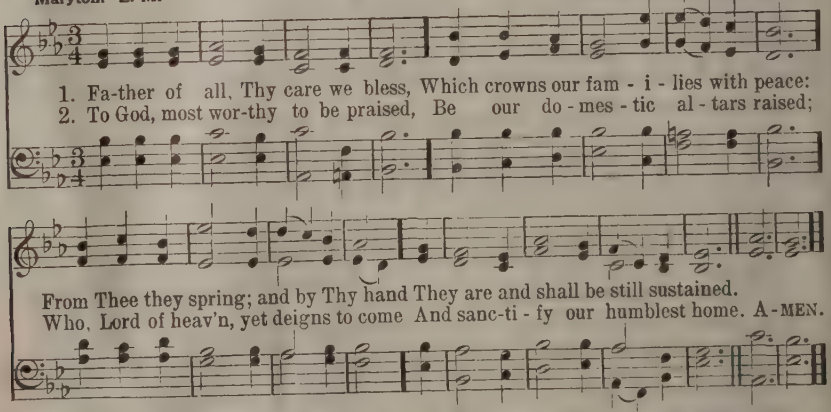
4 Blest such a house, it prospers well,
In peace and joy the parents dwell,
And in their children's lot is shown
How richly God can bless His own.

5 Then here will I and mine to-day
A solemn covenant make and say:
Though all the world forsake Thy Word,
I and my house will serve the Lord.

Christoph Carl Ludwig von Pfeil, 1782.

532. Father of All, Thy Care We Bless.

Maryton. L. M. HENRY PERCY SMITH, 1874.


1. Fa-ther of all, Thy care we bless, Which crowns our fam - i - lies with peace:
2. To God, most wor-thy to be praised, Be our do - mes - tic al - tars raised;
From Thee they spring; and by Thy hand They are and shall be still sustained.
Who, Lord of heav'n, yet deigns to come And sanc-ti - fy our humblest home. A-MEN.

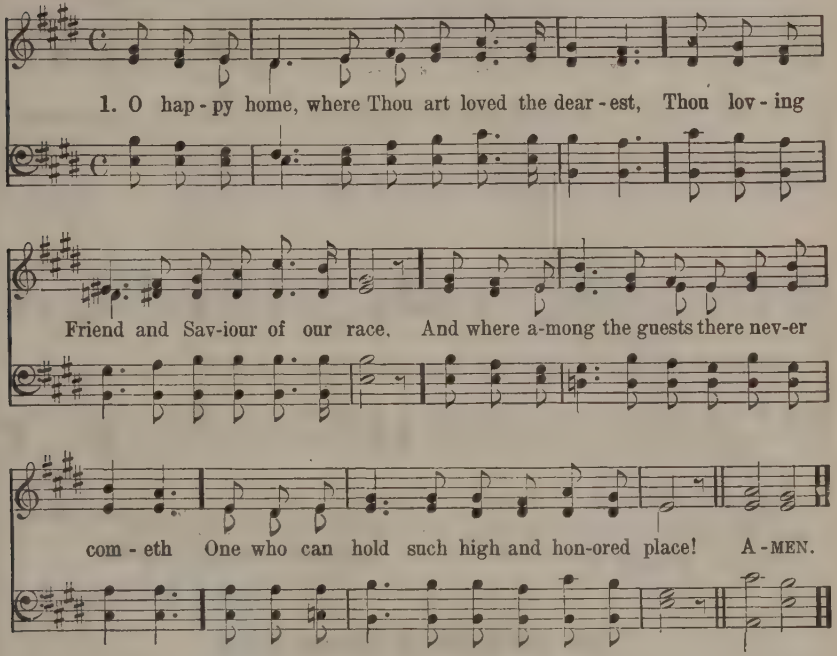
3 To Thee may each united house
Morning and night present its vows;
Our children these, the rising race,
Be taught Thy precepts and Thy grace.

4 So may each future age proclaim
The honors of Thy glorious Name,
And each succeeding race remove
To join the family above.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

533. O Happy Home, Where Thou Art Loved the Dearest.

Aline. 11 10, 11 10. JOHN VICTOR BERGQUIST, 1924.


1. O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing
Friend and Sav-iour of our race, And where a-mong the guests there nev-er
com - eth One who can hold such high and hon-ored place! A - MEN.

2 O happy home, where two, in heart united,
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun!

3 O happy home, whose little ones are given
Early to Thee in humble faith and prayer,
To Thee, their Friend, who from the heights of heaven
Guides them, and guards with more than mother's care!

4 O happy home, where each one serves Thee lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee!

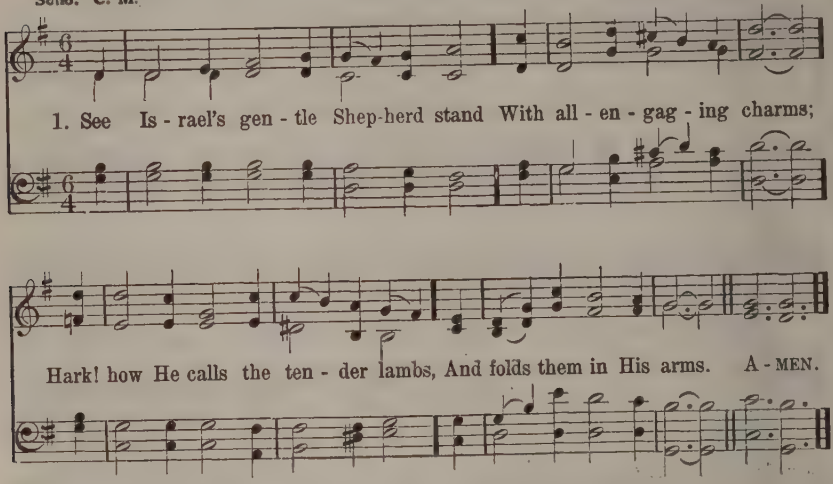
5 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full and free,
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee.

6 And when at last all earthly toil is ended,
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,—
Thine everlasting home of peace and love.

Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, 1833.

534. See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stand.

Solso. C. M. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1881.


1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep-herd stand With all - en - gag - ing charms;
Hark! how He calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in His arms. A - MEN.

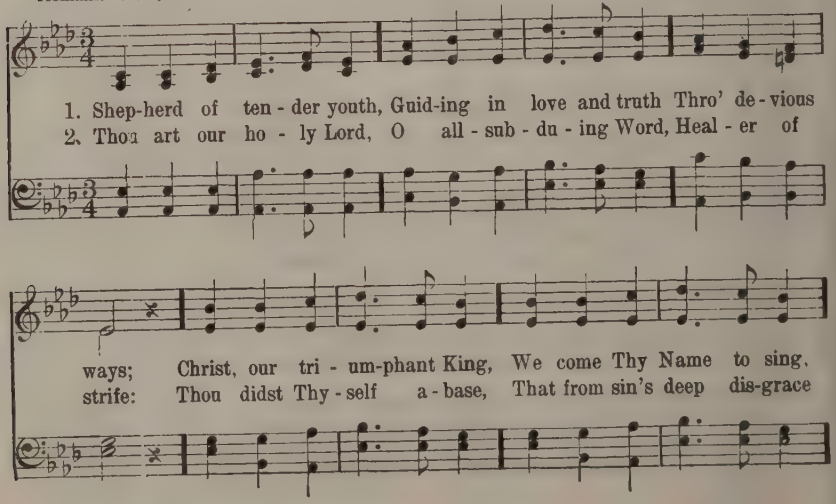
2 "O let the children come," He cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

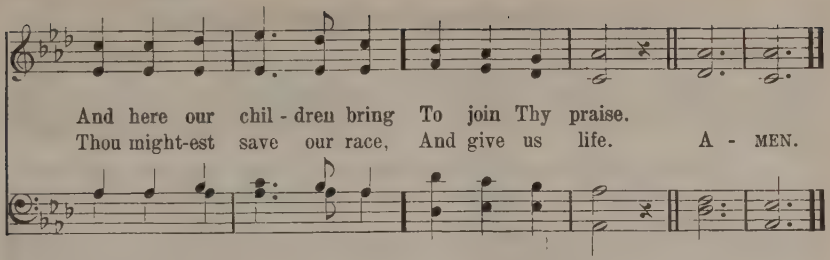
3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to Thee;
O gentle Saviour, we are Thine,
Thine let our children be.

Philip Doddridge, 1755, a.

535. Shepherd of Tender Youth.

Hemans. 664, 6664. Composer Unknown.


1. Shep-herd of ten - der youth, Guid-ing in love and truth Thro' de - vious ways;
2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord, O all - sub - du - ing Word, Heal - er of strife:
Christ, our tri - um-phant King, We come Thy Name to sing,
Thou didst Thy - self a - base, That from sin's deep dis-grace



3 Ever be near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thine enduring Word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Our faith make strong.

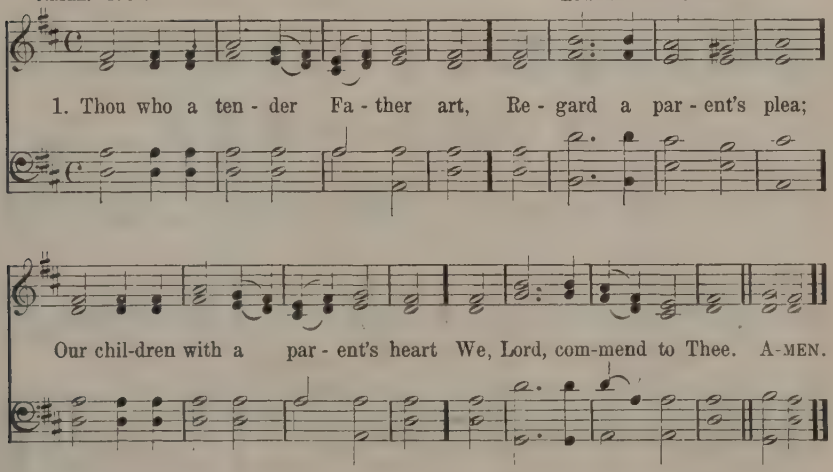
4 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King!

From Clement of Alexandria, about 200.
Hunter's Select Melodies, 1851, a.

536. Thou Who a Tender Father Art.

Naomi. C. M.

Arr. from JOHANN GEORG NÄGELI by LOWELL MASON, 1836.



2 Our children are our greatest care,
A charge which Thou hast given;
In all Thy graces let them share,
And all the joys of heaven.

3 If a centurion could succeed,
Who for his servant cried,
O grant us faith like his to plead
For those more near allied.

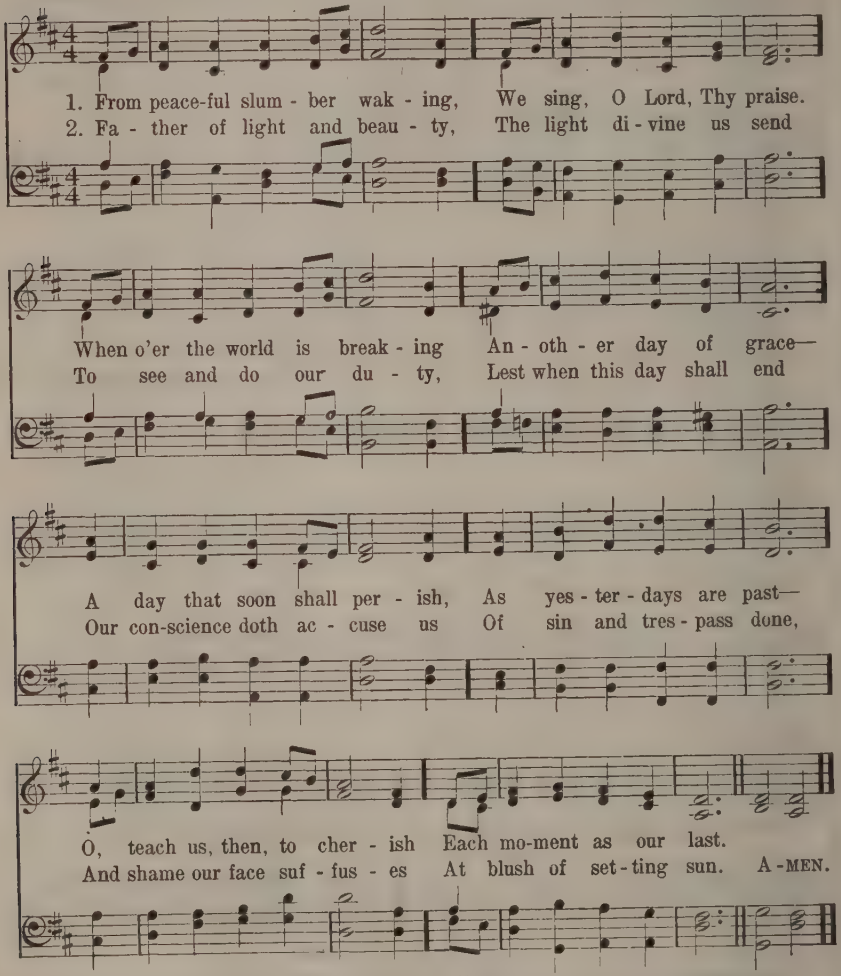
4 On us Thou hast bestowed Thy grace,
And ours, as Father kind,
And heaven is our dwelling place;
O leave not one behind!

5 Vouchsafe Thy blessing here below
For our remaining days,
And when to brighter worlds we go,
We'll give Thee endless praise.

Unknown.

537. From Peaceful Slumber Waking.

Chisago. 7 6, 7 6. D. CARL SIGURD MALMSTROM, 1924.


1. From peace-ful slum - ber wak - ing, We sing, O Lord, Thy praise.
2. Fa - ther of light and beau - ty, The light di - vine us send
When o'er the world is break - ing An - oth - er day of grace—
To see and do our du - ty, Lest when this day shall end
A day that soon shall per - ish, As yes - ter - days are past—
Our con-science doth ac - cuse us Of sin and tres - pass done,
O, teach us, then, to cher - ish Each mo-ment as our last.
And shame our face suf - fus - es At blush of set - ting sun. A - MEN.

Or: Aurelia, No. 16.

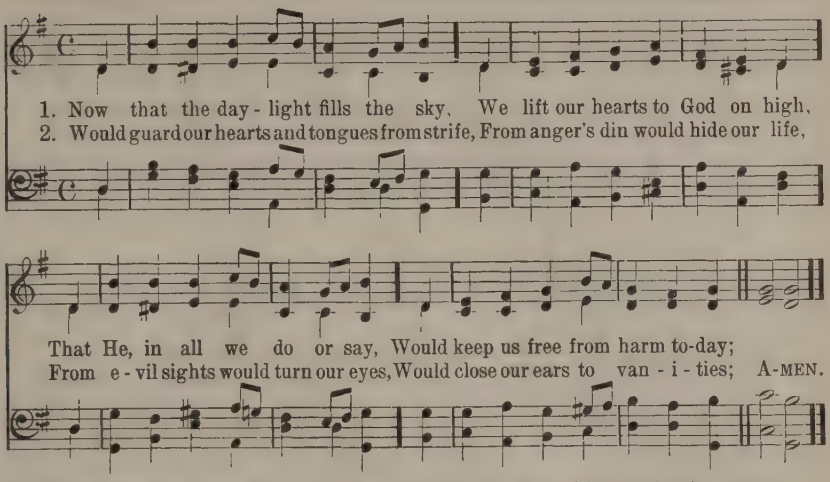
3 Give God thy heart, thy labor,
Walk in thy Saviour's grace,
And be unto thy neighbor
A present help always:
The Name of Christ we hallow
Not by our faith alone;
If we His path would follow,
His will through us be done.

4 Blest be each faithful servant,
Whene'er the Lord shall come;
The dutiful and fervent
He taketh to His home,
To share with Him in glory
What eye hath not beheld,
Nor tongue hath told in story,
Nor mortal heart hath held.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1814.

538. Now That the Daylight Fills the Sky.

Canonbury. L. M. Arr. from ROBERT ALEXANDER SCHUMANN, 1839.


1. Now that the day - light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high,
2. Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife, From anger's din would hide our life,
That He, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day;
From e - vil sights would turn our eyes, Would close our ears to van - i - ties; A-MEN.

3 Would keep our inmost conscience pure,
Our souls from folly would secure,
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence;

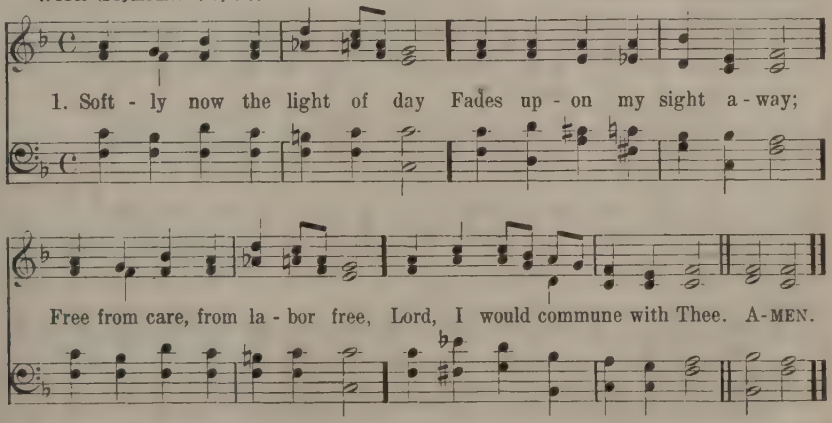
4 So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained
Shall praise His Name for victory gained.

From the Latin, 5th Century.

See also Morning Hymns.

539. Softly Now the Light of Day.

Weber (Seymour). 7 7, 7 7. CARL MARIA VON WEBER, 1826.



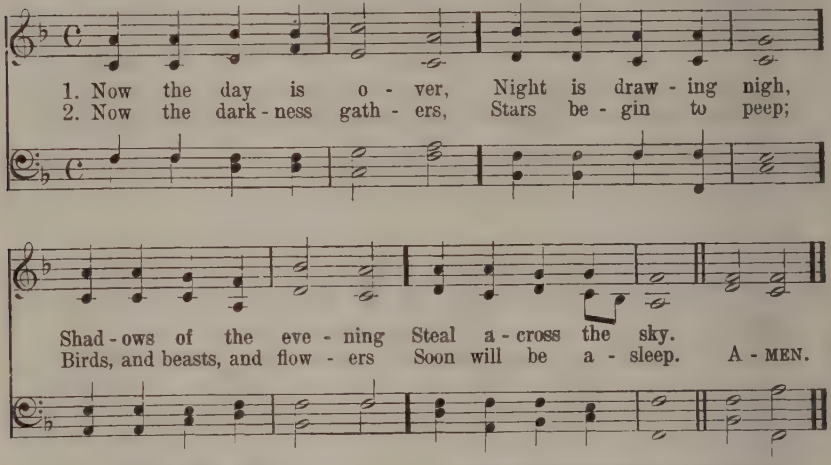
2 Thou whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 When for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

George Washington Doane, 1824.

540. Now the Day Is Over.

Now the day is over. 6 5, 6 5. [*First Tune.*] SABINE BARING-GOULD, (1834–1924).


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep;
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep. A - MEN.

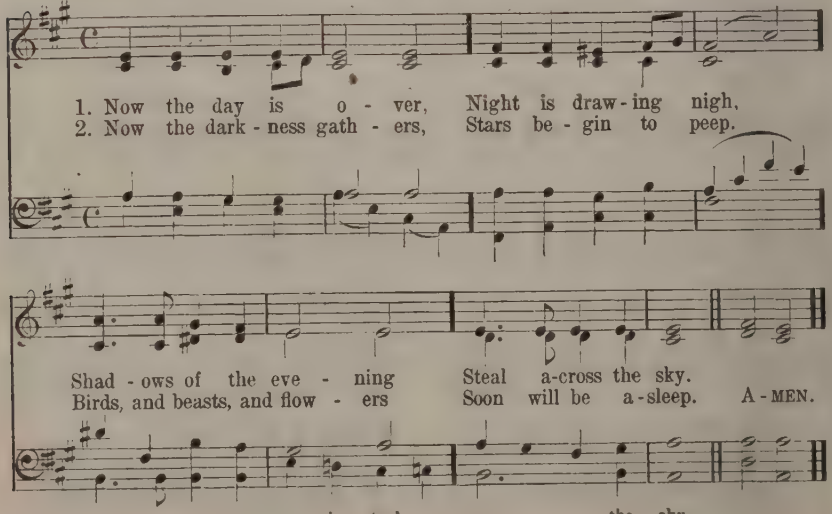
3 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May my eyelids close.

4 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

540. Now the Day Is Over.

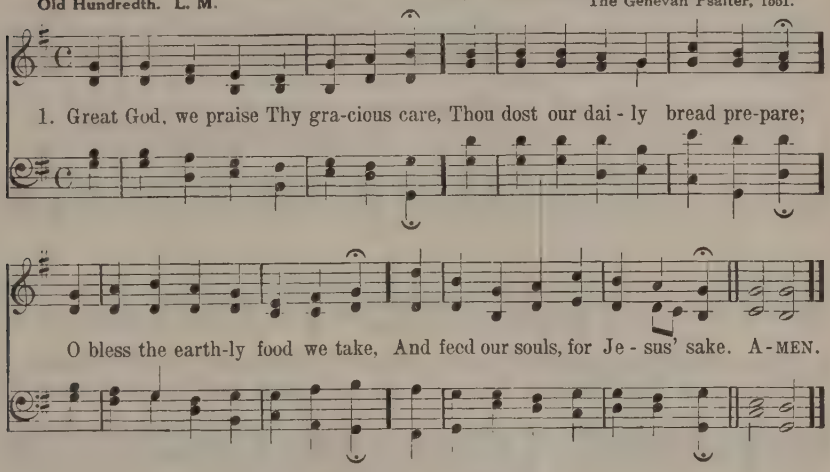
Merrial. 6 5, 6 5. [*Second Tune.*] JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep.
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep. A - MEN.
eve - ning steal a - cross the sky.

541. Great God, We Praise Thy Gracious Care.

Old Hundredth. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS,
The Genevan Psalter, 1551.


1. Great God, we praise Thy gra-cious care, Thou dost our dai - ly bread pre-pare;
O bless the earth-ly food we take, And feed our souls, for Je - sus' sake. A - MEN.

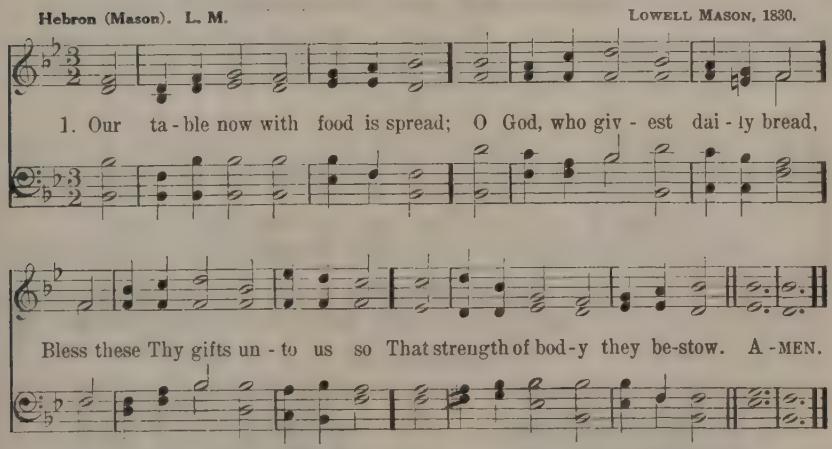
2 We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of life, sent down from heaven.

John Cennick, 1741.

542. Our Table Now with Food Is Spread.

Hebron (Mason). L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.


1. Our ta - ble now with food is spread; O God, who giv - est dai - ly bread,
Bless these Thy gifts un - to us so That strength of bod - y they be-stow. A - MEN.

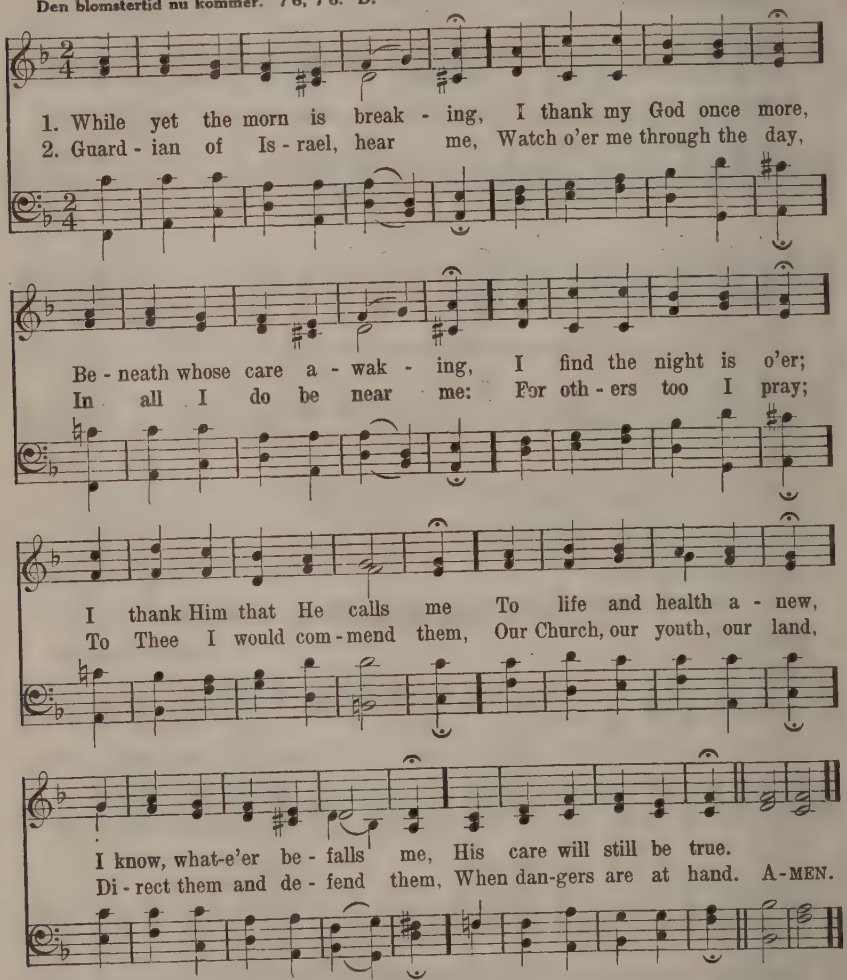
2 O feed the hungry, God of love,
Who sigh for bread to Heaven above;
Give to our land prosperity,
And bless the earth, the sky, the sea!

3 O may this day for Thee be spent,
And give us all a mind content!
O grant our souls the heavenly food
Which Jesus purchased with His blood.

Thomas Kingo, 1689.

543. While Yet the Morn Is Breaking.

Den blomstertid nu kommer. 76, 76. D. Swedish, 1695.


1. While yet the morn is break - ing, I thank my God once more,
2. Guard - ian of Is - rael, hear me, Watch o'er me through the day,
Be - neath whose care a - wak - ing, I find the night is o'er;
In all I do be near me: For oth - ers too I pray;
I thank Him that He calls me To life and health a - new,
To Thee I would com - mend them, Our Church, our youth, our land,
I know, what-e'er be - falls me, His care will still be true.
Di - rect them and de - fend them, When dan-gers are at hand. A-MEN.

Or: Aurelia, No. 16.

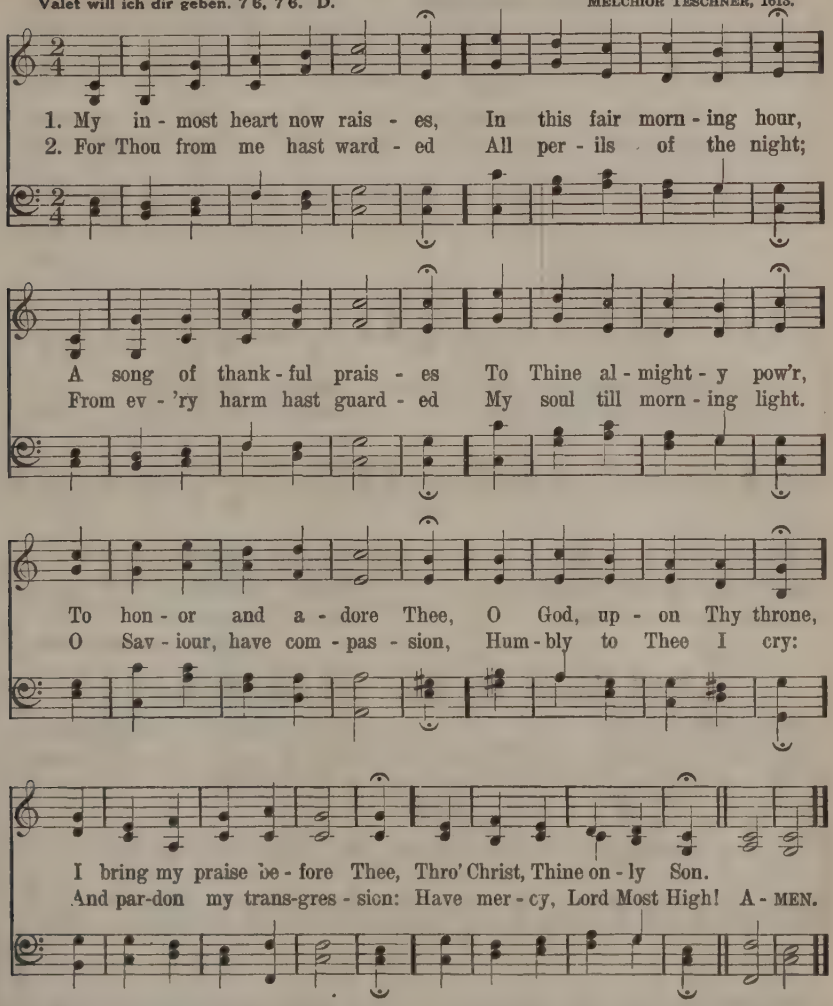
3 O gently grant Thy blessing,
That we may do Thy will,
No more Thy ways transgressing,
Our proper task fulfill;
With Peter's full affiance
Let down our nets again;
If Thou art our reliance,
Our toil will not be vain.

4 Thou art the Vine—O nourish
The branches graft in Thee,
And let them grow and flourish,
A fair and fruitful tree;
The Spirit put within us,
And let His gifts of grace
To all good actions win us
That best may show His praise.

Johannes Mühlmann, 1610.

544. My Inmost Heart Now Raises.

Valet will ich dir geben. 7 6, 7 6. D. MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.


1. My in - most heart now rais - es, In this fair morn - ing hour,
2. For Thou from me hast ward - ed All per - ils of the night;
A song of thank - ful prais - es To Thine al - might - y pow'r,
From ev - 'ry harm hast guard - ed My soul till morn - ing light.
To hon - or and a - dore Thee, O God, up - on Thy throne,
O Sav - iour, have com - pas - sion, Hum - bly to Thee I cry:
I bring my praise be - fore Thee, Thro' Christ, Thine on - ly Son.
And par-don my trans-gres - sion: Have mer - cy, Lord Most High! A - MEN.

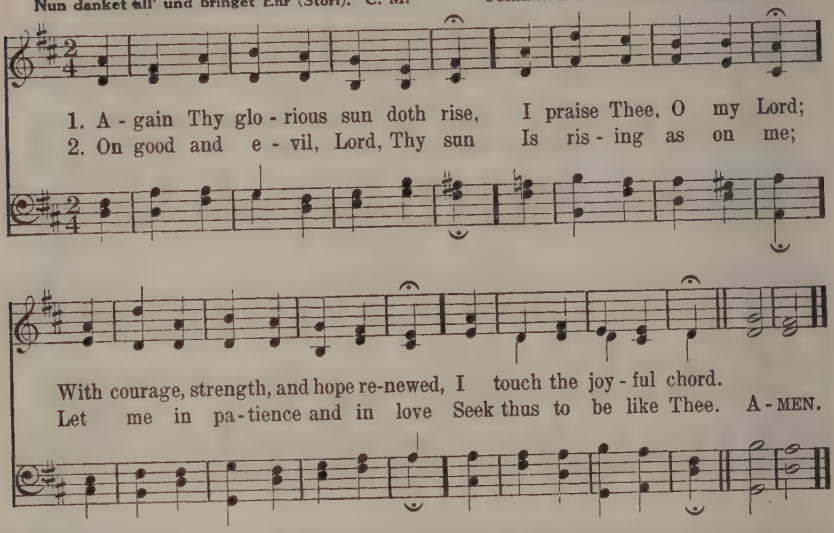
3 And shield me from all evil,
O gracious God, this day,
From sin, and from the devil,
From shame and from dismay,
From water's devastation,
From fire's consuming breath,
From need and consternation,
From evil, sudden death.

4 Amen! I say, not fearing
That God rejects my prayer;
I doubt not He is hearing
And granting me His care.
I look not long behind me,
But I put forth my hands
And ply the task assigned me
By God, as He commands.

Johannes Mathesius, 1592.

545. Again Thy Glorious Sun Doth Rise.

Nun danket all' und bringet Ehr (Störl). C. M. JOHANN GEORG CHRISTIAN STÖRL, 1710.


1. A - gain Thy glo - rious sun doth rise, I praise Thee, O my Lord;
2. On good and e - vil, Lord, Thy sun Is ris - ing as on me;
With courage, strength, and hope re-newed, I touch the joy - ful chord.
Let me in pa - tience and in love Seek thus to be like Thee. A - MEN.

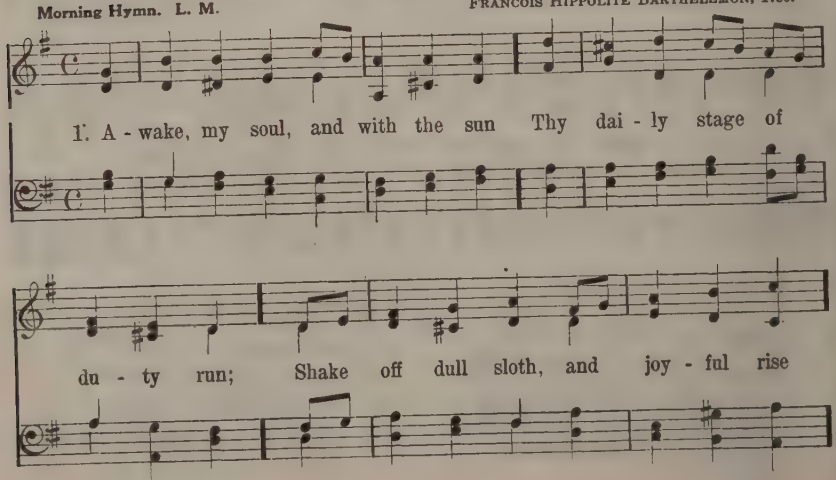
3 May I in virtue and in faith,
And with Thy gifts content,
Rejoice beneath Thy covering wings,
Each day in mercy sent.

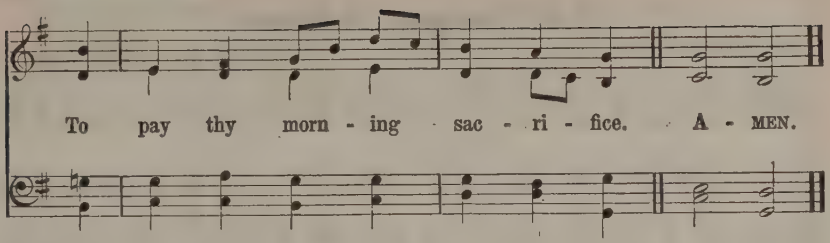
4 Safe with Thy counsel in my work,
Thee, Lord, I'll keep in view,
And feel that still Thy bounteous grace
Is every morning new.

Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

546. Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun.

Morning Hymn. L. M. FRANCOIS HIPPOLITE BARTHELEMON, 1780.





2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

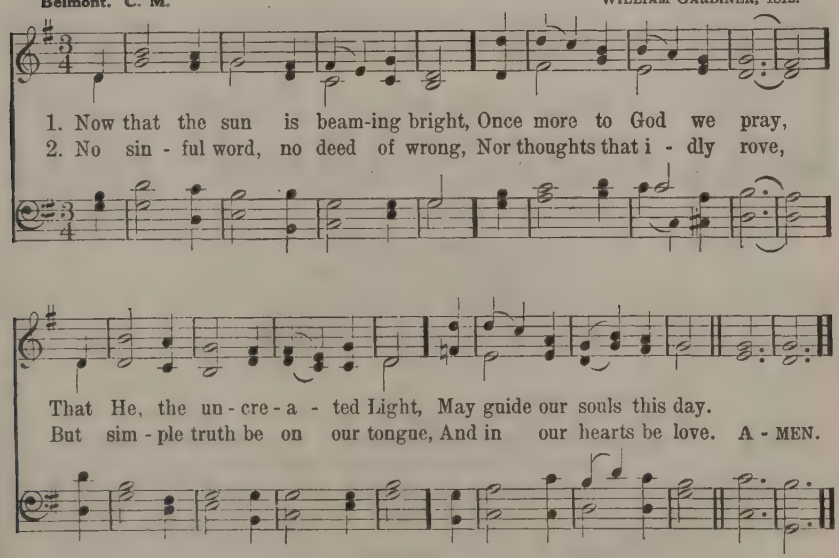
4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1695, a.

547. Now That the Sun Is Beaming Bright.

Belmont. C. M. WILLIAM GARDINER, 1812.


1. Now that the sun is beam-ing bright, Once more to God we pray,
2. No sin - ful word, no deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that i - dly rove,
That He, the un - cre - a - ted Light, May guide our souls this day.
But sim - ple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love. A - MEN.

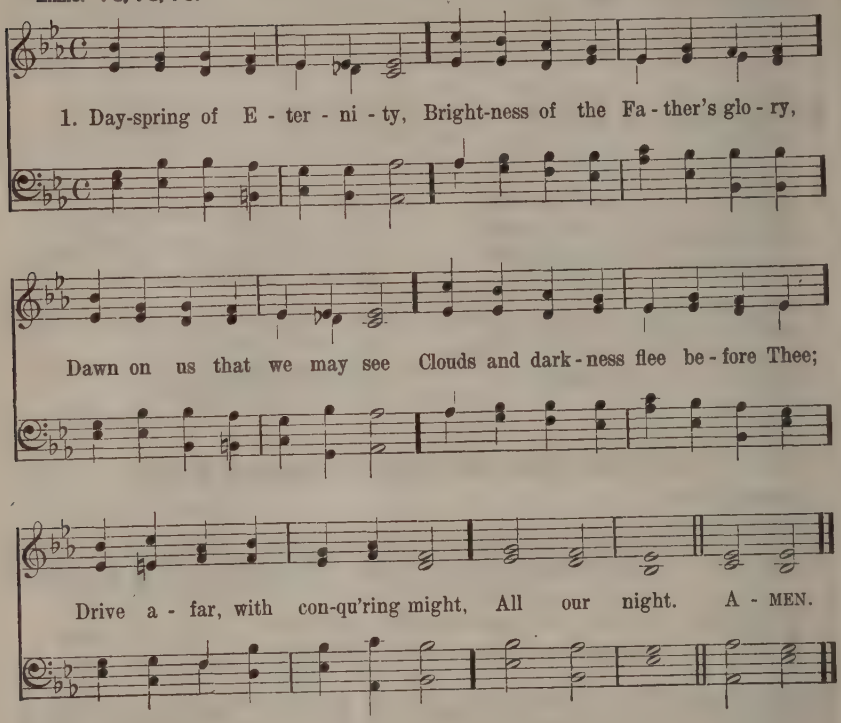
3 And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe,
The gate of every sense.

4 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend:
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end.

From the Latin.

548. Dayspring of Eternity.

Elmie. 7 8, 7 8, 7 3. RALPH ALVIN STROM, 1924.


1. Day-spring of E - ter - ni - ty, Bright-ness of the Fa - ther's glo - ry,
Dawn on us that we may see Clouds and dark - ness flee be - fore Thee;
Drive a - far, with con-qu'ring might, All our night. A - MEN.

2 As the soft, refreshing dew
Falls upon the drooping flower,
So our fainting hearts renew
By Thy Spirit's quickening power;
Ne'er Thy bounteous grace withhold
From Thy fold.

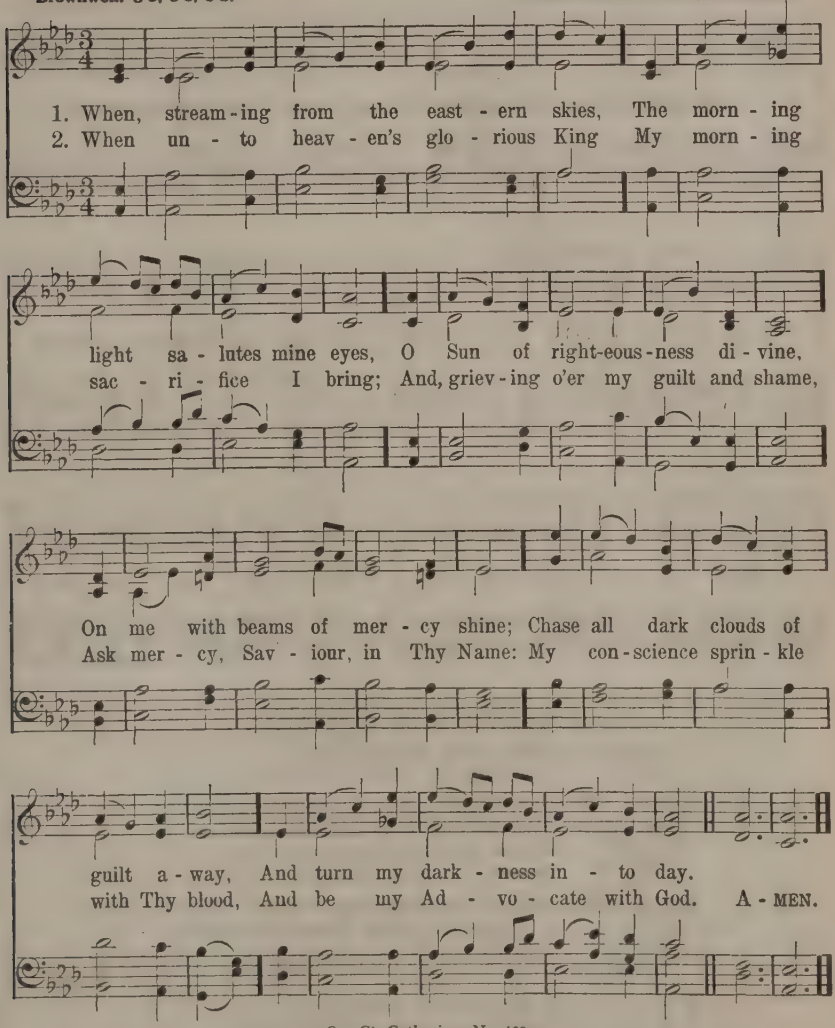
3 Let the glow of Thy pure love
All our icy coldness banish;
In the radiance from above
May our doubts and fears all vanish,
That ere dying we may be
Found in Thee.

4 Light us to the golden shore,
O Thou rising Sun of morning!
Lead where tears shall flow no more,
Where all sighs to songs are turning,
Where Thy glory sheds alway
Perfect day.

Christian Knorr von Rosenroth, 1684.

549. When, Streaming from the Eastern Skies.

Brownwell. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN, (1732–1809).


1. When, stream-ing from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing
2. When un-to heav-en's glo-rious King My morn-ing
light sa-lutes mine eyes, O Sun of right-eous-ness di-vine,
sac-ri-fice I bring; And, griev-ing o'er my guilt and shame,
On me with beams of mer-cy shine; Chase all dark clouds of
Ask mer-cy, Sav-iour, in Thy Name: My con-science sprin-kle
guilt a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day.
with Thy blood, And be my Ad-vo-cate with God. A-MEN.

Or: St. Catherine, No. 486.

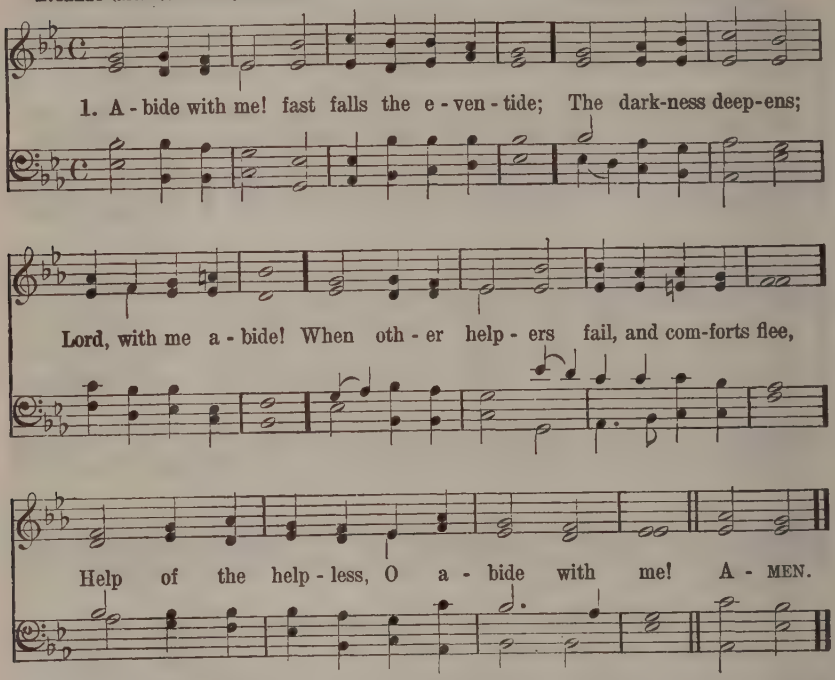
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose.
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And as each rising sun I see,
O draw me nearer unto Thee.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflict o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, 1813, a.

550. Abide with Me! Fast Falls the Eventide.

Eventide (Monk). 10 10, 10 10. WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me! A - MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word.
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

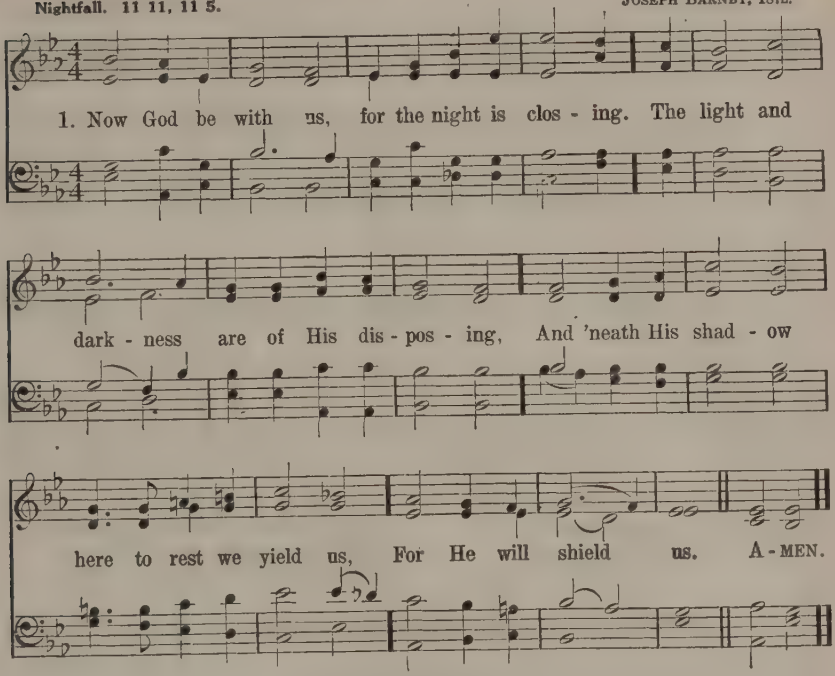
5 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

6 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes.
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1847.

551. Now God Be with Us, for the Night Is Closing.

Nightfall. 11 11, 11 5. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing. The light and
dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing, And 'neath His shad - ow
here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us. A - MEN.

Or: Integer Vitae, No. 460.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us,
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
Thee let us serve in all that we are doing,
Thy praise pursuing.

4 Through Thy Belovèd soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them;
Do Thou befriend them.

5 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek Thee only.

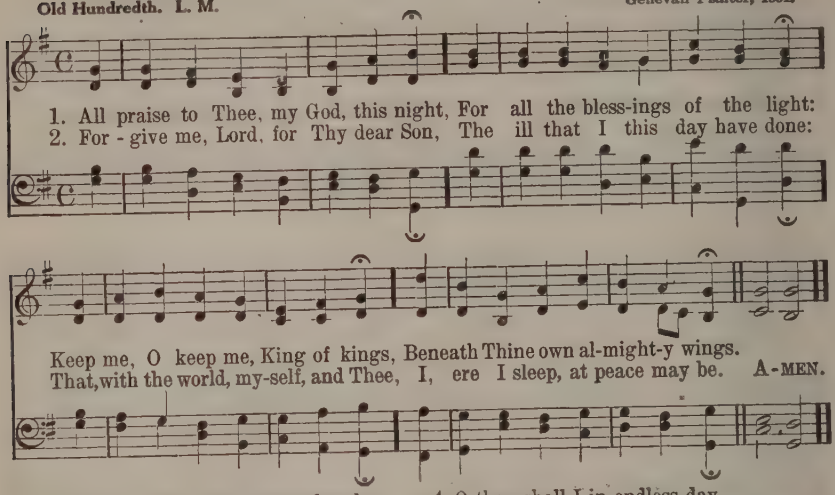
6 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven,
Give daily bread, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever.

Bohemian Brethren, 1566, a.

552. All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night.

Old Hundredth. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS, Genevan Psalter, 1551.


1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thine own al-might-y wings.
That, with the world, my-self, and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be. A-MEN.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

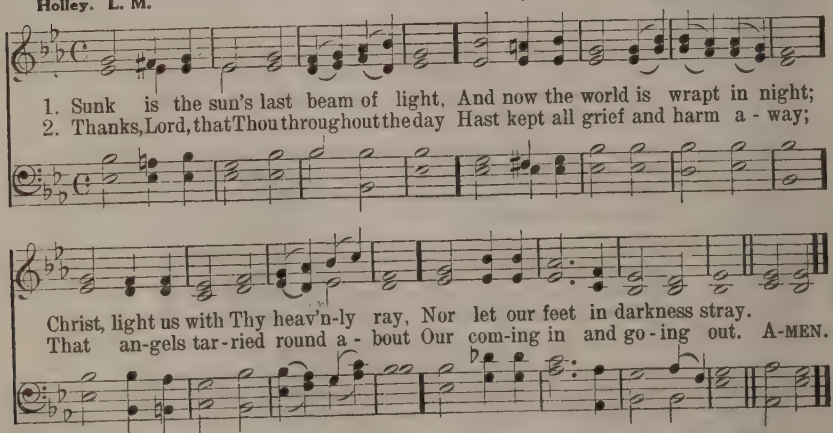
4 O then shall I in endless day,
When sleep and death have passed away,
With all Thy saints and angels sing
In endless praise to Thee, my King.

Thomas Ken, 1695. a.

553. Sunk Is the Sun's Last Beam of Light.

Holley. L. M.

GEORGE HEWS, 1835.


1. Sunk is the sun's last beam of light, And now the world is wrapt in night;
2. Thanks, Lord, that Thou throughout the day Hast kept all grief and harm a-way;
Christ, light us with Thy heav'n-ly ray, Nor let our feet in darkness stray.
That an-gels tar-ried round a-bout Our com-ing in and go-ing out. A-MEN.

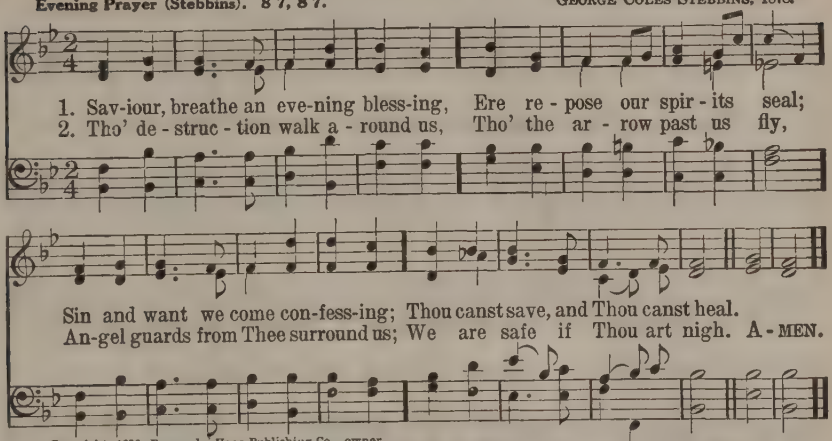
3 Whatever wrong we've done or said,
Let not the charge on us be laid;
That through Thy free forgiveness blest,
In peaceful slumber we may rest.

4 Thy guardian angels round us place,
All evil from our couch to chase;
Our soul and body, while we sleep,
In safety, gracious Father, keep.

Nicholas Hermann, 1560.

554. Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing.

Evening Prayer (Stebbins). 8 7, 8 7. GEORGE COLES STEBBINS, 1878.


1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - row past us fly,
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
An-gel guards from Thee surround us; We are safe if Thou art nigh. A - MEN.

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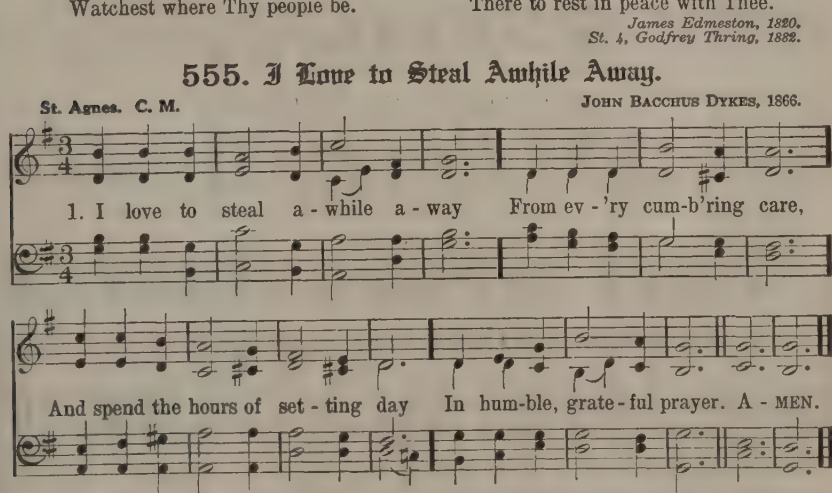
3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Be Thou nigh should death o'ertake us,
Jesus, then our Refuge be;
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee.

James Edmeston, 1820.
St. 4, Godfrey Thring, 1882.

555. I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

St. Agnes. C. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1866.



2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think of mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

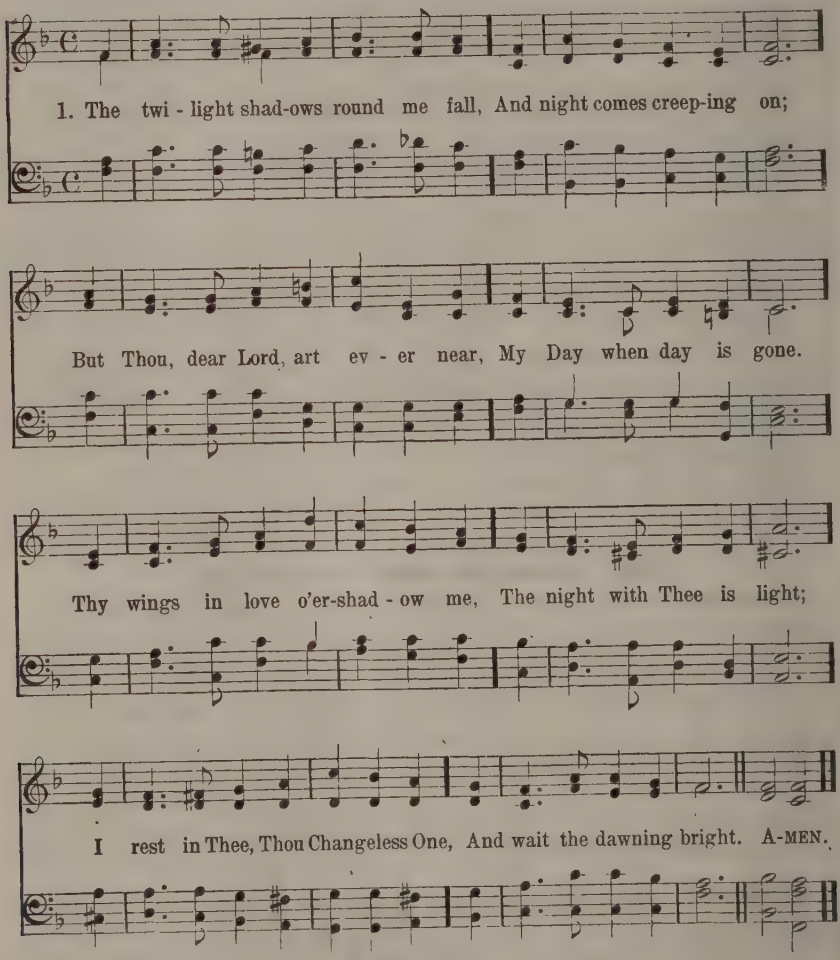
4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phoebe (Hinsdale) Brown, 1824.

556. The Twilight Shadows Round Me Fall.

Cecile. C. M. D. PETER JOHNSON, 1915.


1. The twi - light shad-ows round me fall, And night comes creep-ing on;
But Thou, dear Lord, art ev - er near, My Day when day is gone.
Thy wings in love o'er-shad - ow me, The night with Thee is light;
I rest in Thee, Thou Changeless One, And wait the dawning bright. A-MEN.

Or: Ishpeming, No. 557.

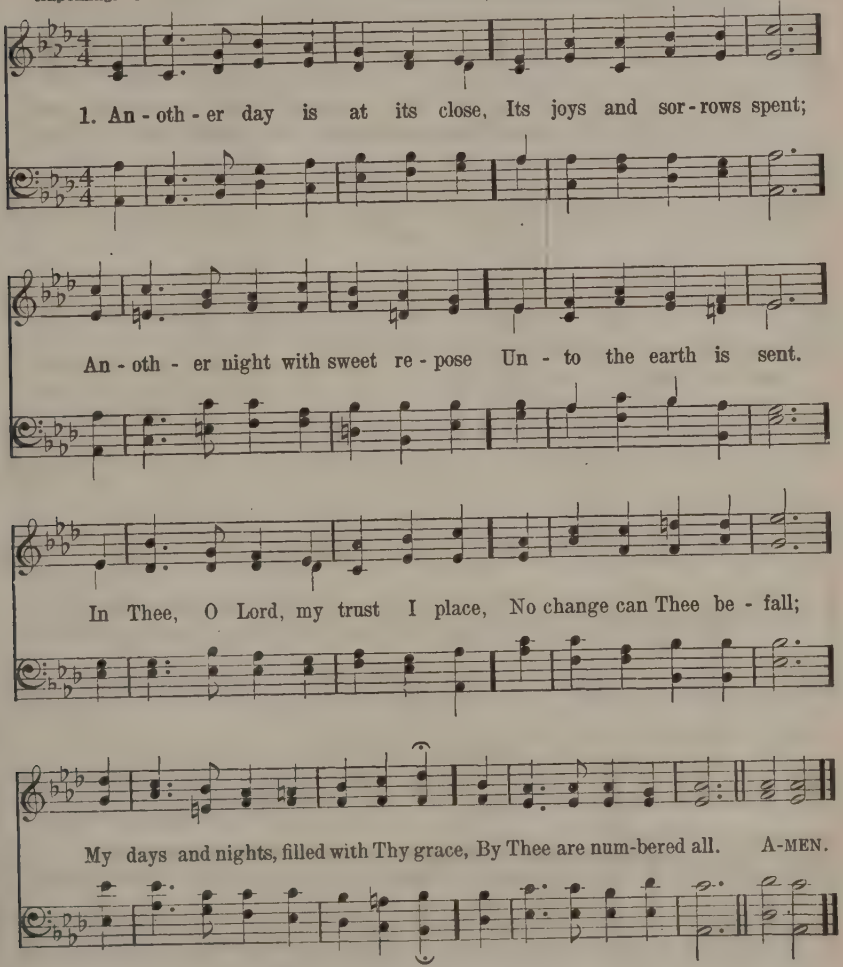
2 My life is but a fleeting day,
My race, how quickly run!
The dawn and noonday glory fade
Into the setting sun.
A stranger and a pilgrim here,
With faltering feet I roam;
Lord, let Thy glory light the way
That leads me to my home.

3 By faith I see the better land,
Where falls no earthly night,
Where Thou dost shine, a radiant Sun,
The Everlasting Light.
Then help me, Lord, to walk with Thee,
And keep me Thine alway,
That when I sleep, I may awake
Unto the perfect day.

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1924.

557. Another Day Is at Its Close.

Ishpeming. C. M. D. GERHARD THEODORE ALEXIS, 1924.

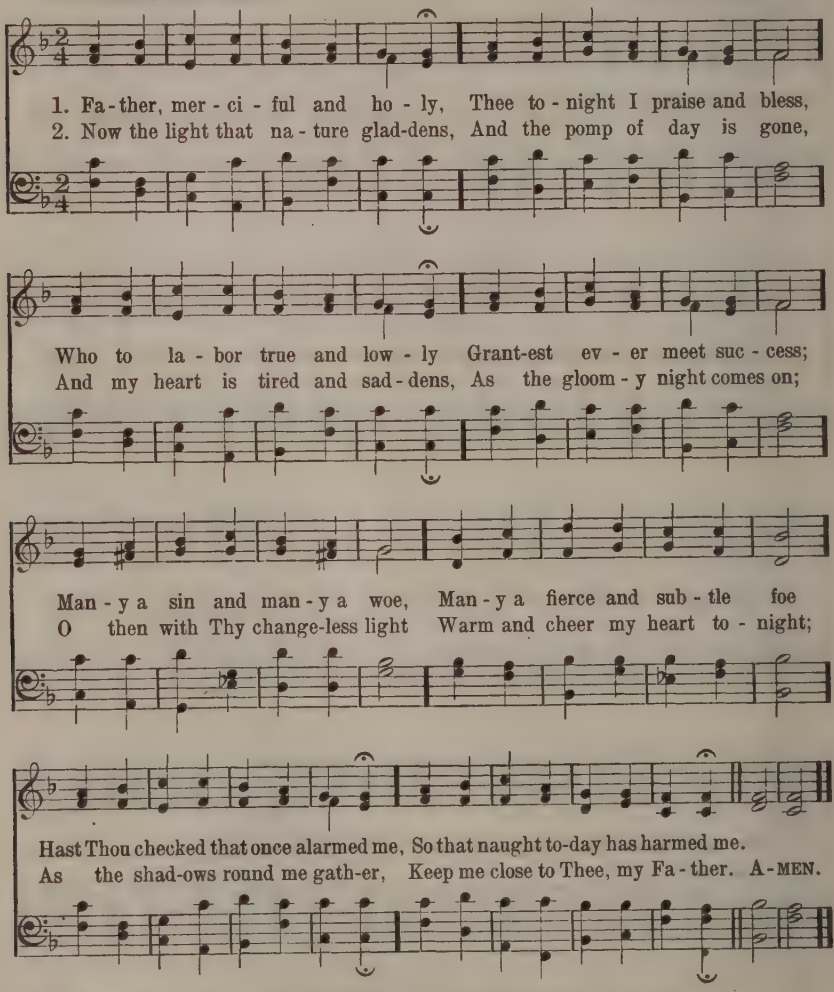

1. An - oth - er day is at its close, Its joys and sor - rows spent;
An - oth - er night with sweet re - pose Un - to the earth is sent.
In Thee, O Lord, my trust I place, No change can Thee be - fall;
My days and nights, filled with Thy grace, By Thee are num-bered all. A-MEN.

2 Safe in Thy keeping let me be
When daylight fades away;
And gladly will I worship Thee
When dawns another day.
If death this night should summon me,
O Jesus, be Thou nigh;
Grant that I rest secure in Thee
Whether I live or die.

Johann Friedrich Herzog, 1670.
Johan Olof Wallin, 1816.

558. Father, Merciful and Holy.

Werde munter, mein Gemüthe. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7, 8 8. JOHANN SCHOP, 1642.


1. Fa-ther, mer-ci-ful and ho-ly, Thee to-night I praise and bless,
2. Now the light that na-ture glad-dens, And the pomp of day is gone,
Who to la-bor true and low-ly Grant-est ev-er meet suc-cess;
And my heart is tired and sad-dens, As the gloom-y night comes on;
Man-y a sin and man-y a woe, Man-y a fierce and sub-tle foe
O then with Thy change-less light Warm and cheer my heart to-night;
Hast Thou checked that once alarmed me, So that naught to-day has harmed me.
As the shad-ows round me gath-er, Keep me close to Thee, my Fa-ther. A-MEN.

3 Lord, the daylight now has vanished,
Send Thy blessing on my sleep,
Every sin and terror banished.
Let my rest be calm and deep.
Soul and body, mind and health,
All my loved ones, house and wealth,
Friend and foe, the sick, the stranger,
Keep Thou safe from harm and danger.

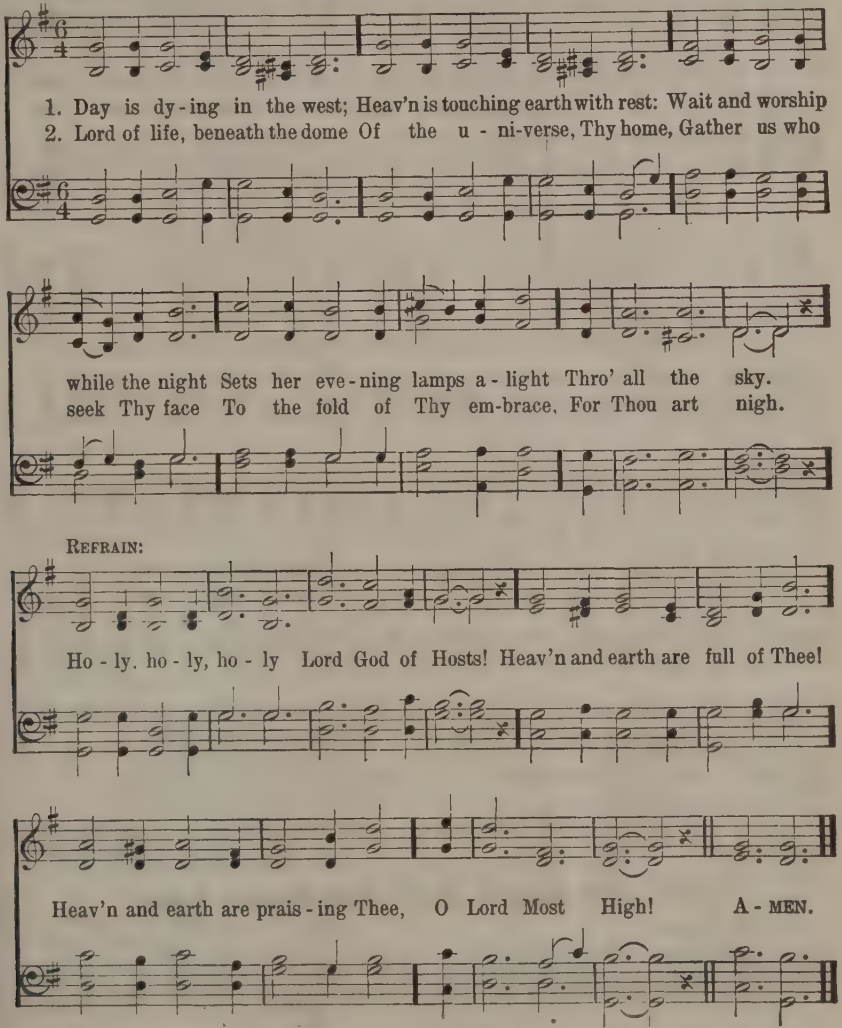
4 O Thou mighty God, now hearken
To the prayer Thy child hath made;
Jesus, while the night hours darken,
Be Thou still my hope, my aid;
Holy Ghost, on Thee I call,
Friend and Comforter of all,
Hear my earnest prayer, O hear me!
Yea, Thou hearest, Thou art near me.

Johann Rist, 1642.

559. Day Is Dying in the West.

(Written for the Chautauqua Vesper Hour.)

Evening Praise. 77, 774. With Refrain. WILLIAM FISK SHERWIN, 1877.


1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home, Gather us who
while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
REFRAIN:
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee!
Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High! A-MEN.

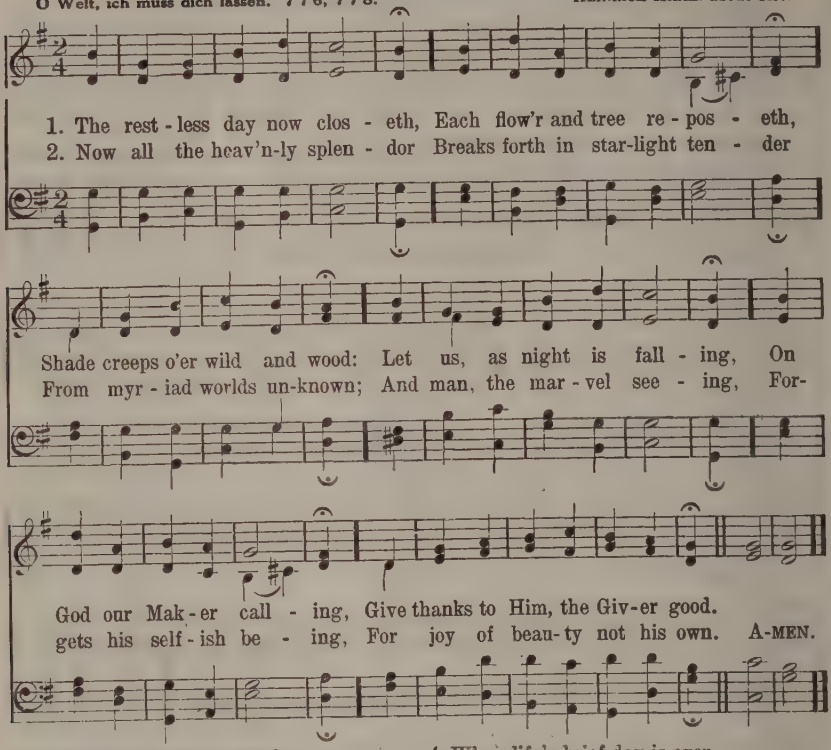
3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfold us all;
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

4 When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

Mary Artimisia Lathbury, 1877.

560. The Restless Day Now Closeth.

O Welt, ich muss dich lassen. 776, 778. HEINRICH ISAAK. about 1490.


1. The rest - less day now clos - eth, Each flow'r and tree re - pos - eth,
2. Now all the heav'n-ly splen - dor Breaks forth in star-light ten - der
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood: Let us, as night is fall - ing, On
From myr - iad worlds un-known; And man, the mar - vel see - ing, For-
God our Mak - er call - ing, Give thanks to Him, the Giv-er good.
gets his self - ish be - ing, For joy of beau-ty not his own. A-MEN.

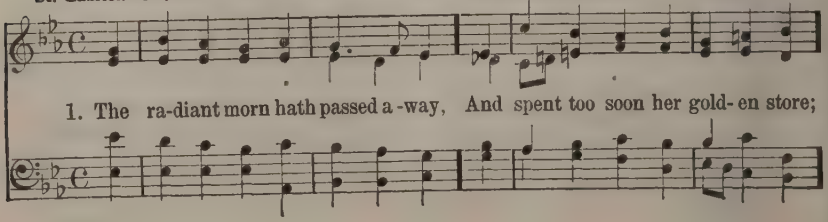
3 While all in peace reposeth,
And starry night discloseth
The glory of the Lord,
My prayers and yearnings wander
To realms of glory yonder,
Where saints of God have their reward.

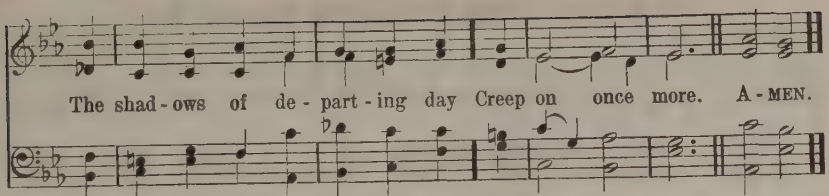
4 When life's brief day is over,
And twilight shadows cover
The last end of my way,
Dear Lord and blessed Saviour,
Forgive my heart's behavior,
And grant me Thou a brighter day.

Paul Gerhardt, stanzas 1 and 2.
Claus August Wendell, stanzas 3 and 4.

561. The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away.

St. Gabriel. 88, 84. FREDERICK ARTHUR GORE OUSELEY, 1868.





2 Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

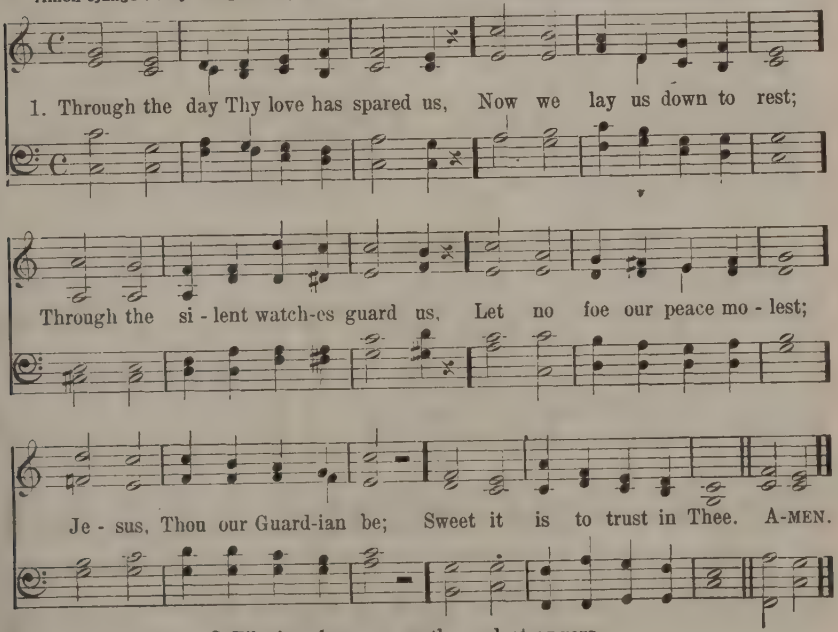
4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring, 1864, 1899.

562. Through the Day Thy Love Has Spared Us.

Amen sjunge hvarje tunga. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. ANTON PETER BERGGREN, (1801–1880).

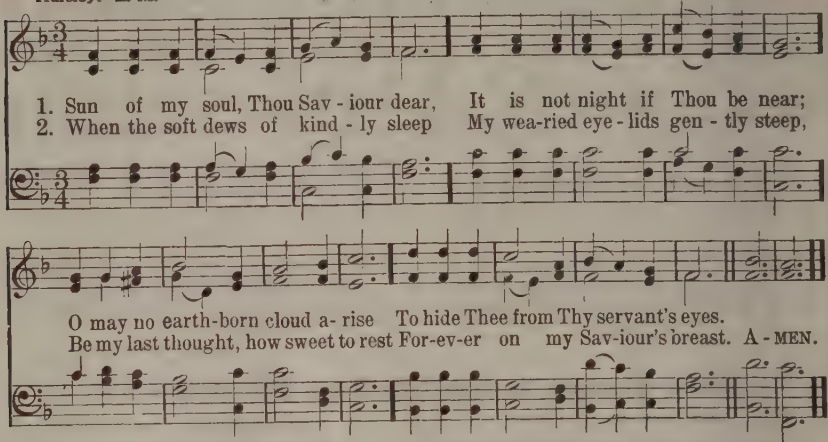

1. Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Je - sus, Thou our Guard-ian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-MEN.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

563. Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear.

Hursley. L. M. Attributed to PETER RITTER, 1792.


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
O may no earth-born cloud a- rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast. A - MEN.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

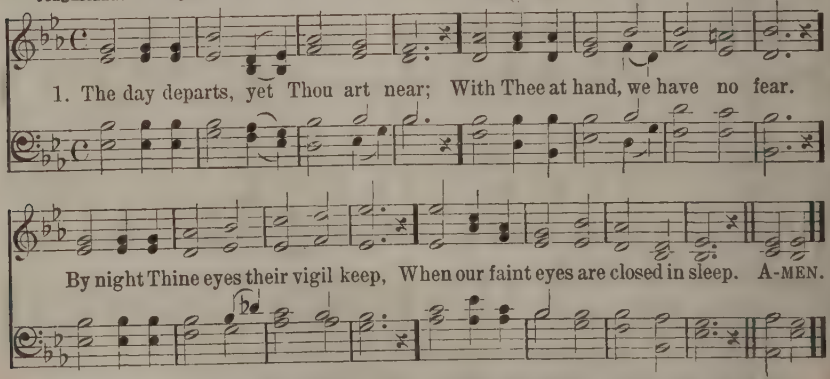
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumber, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827. a.

564. The Day Departs, Yet Thou Art Near.

Augustana. L. M. AUGUST NORRBOM, 1924.


1. The day departs, yet Thou art near; With Thee at hand, we have no fear.
By night Thine eyes their vigil keep, When our faint eyes are closed in sleep. A-MEN.

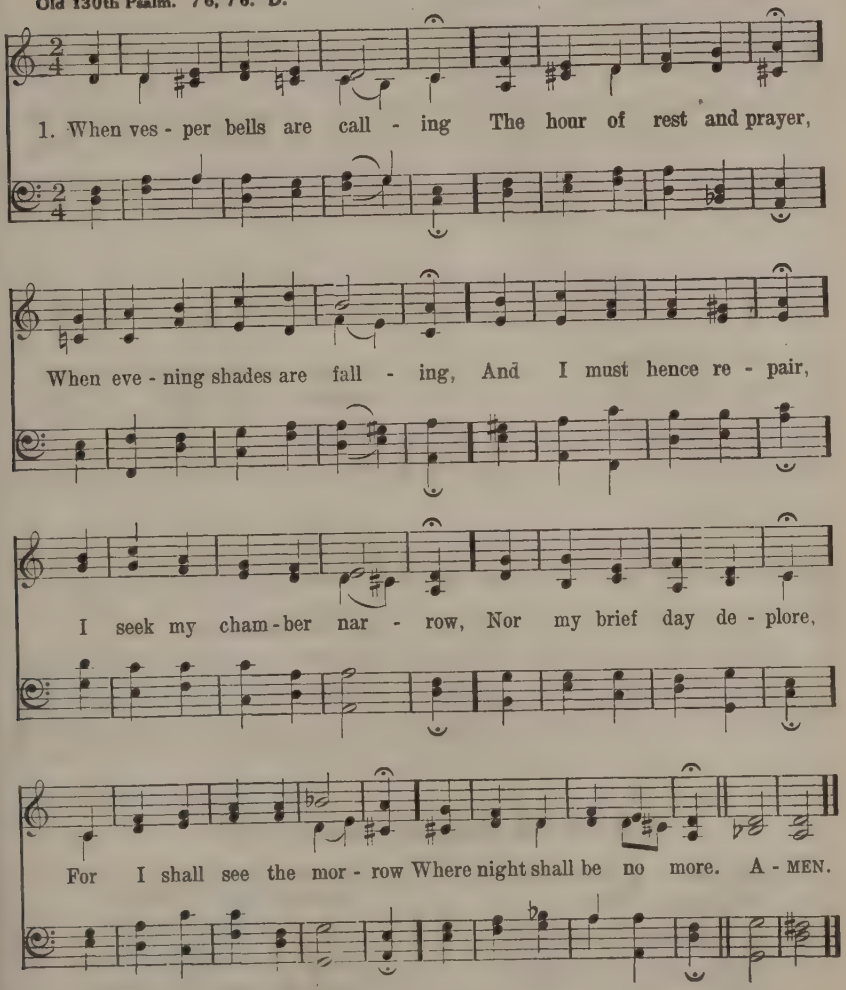
2 We rest secure beneath Thy hand,
Protector of our home and land.
To guard Thy children's peaceful rest,
Around them stand Thine angels blest.

3 They sweetly sleep who fear the Lord,
And walk obedient to His Word;
They wake again in joyous mood
To praise the Lord, their Father good.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1847.

565. When Vesper Bells Are Calling.

Old 130th Psalm. 76, 76. D. Genevan Psalter, 1556.

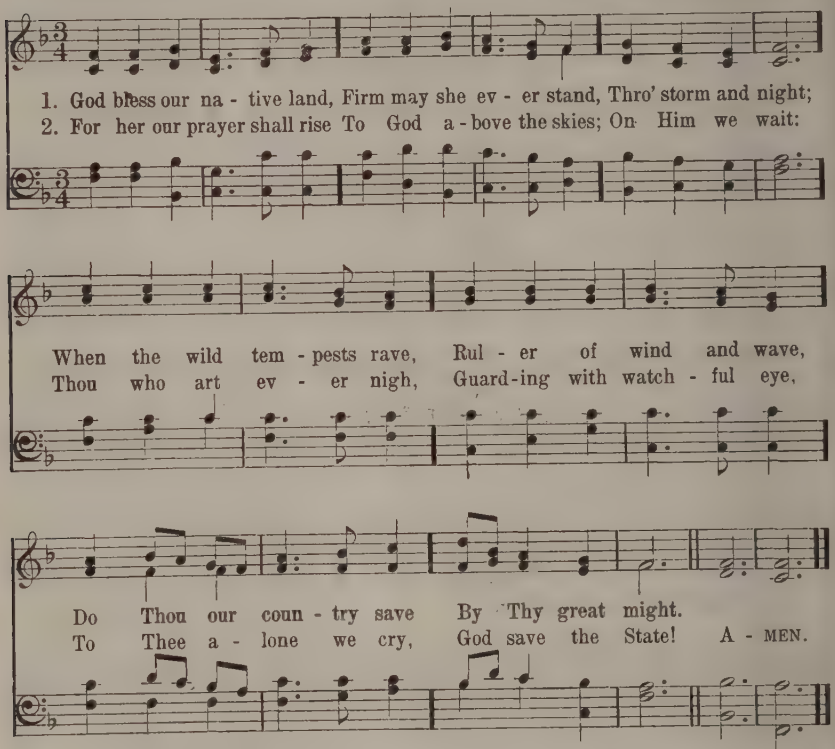

1. When ves - per bells are call - ing The hour of rest and prayer,
When eve - ning shades are fall - ing, And I must hence re - pair,
I seek my cham - ber nar - row, Nor my brief day de - plore,
For I shall see the mor - row Where night shall be no more. A - MEN.

2 O take me in Thy keeping,
Dear Father, good and just;
Let not my soul be sleeping
In sin, and pride, and lust.
If in my life Thou guide me
According to Thy will,
I may in death confide me
Into Thy keeping still.

Frans Mikael Franzén, 1814.

566. God Bless Our Native Land.

America. 6 6 4, 6 6, 6 4. Harmonia Anglicana, about 1742.


1. God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night;
2. For her our prayer shall rise To God a - bove the skies; On Him we wait:
When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave,
Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard-ing with watch - ful eye,
Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
To Thee a - lone we cry, God save the State! A - MEN.

John Sullivan Dwight, 1844.

567. My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

1 My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

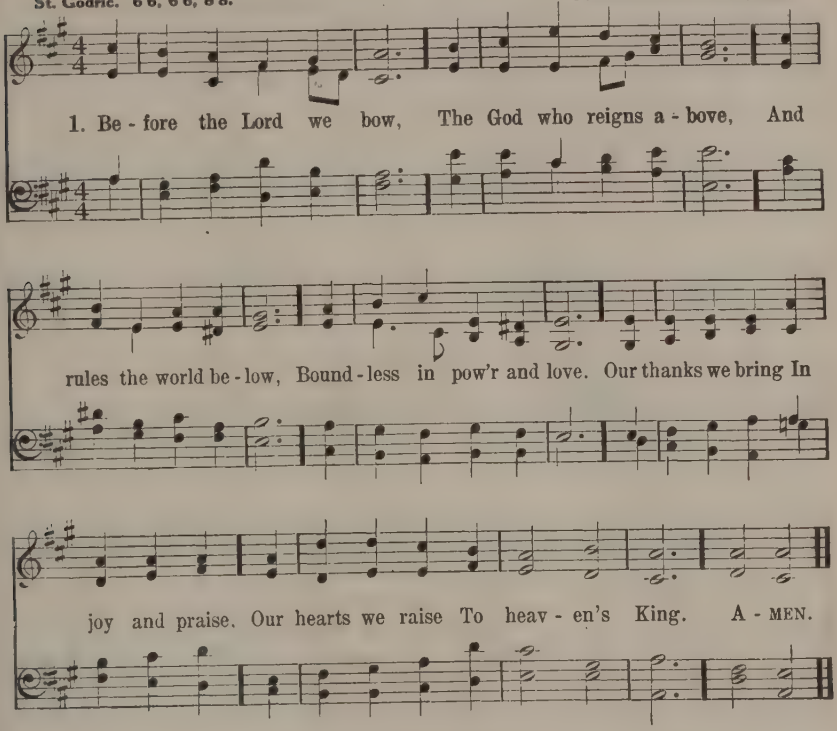
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832.

568. Before the Lord We Bow.

St. Godric. 6 6, 6 6, 8 8. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.


1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove, And
rules the world be - low, Bound - less in pow'r and love. Our thanks we bring In
joy and praise. Our hearts we raise To heav - en's King. A - MEN.

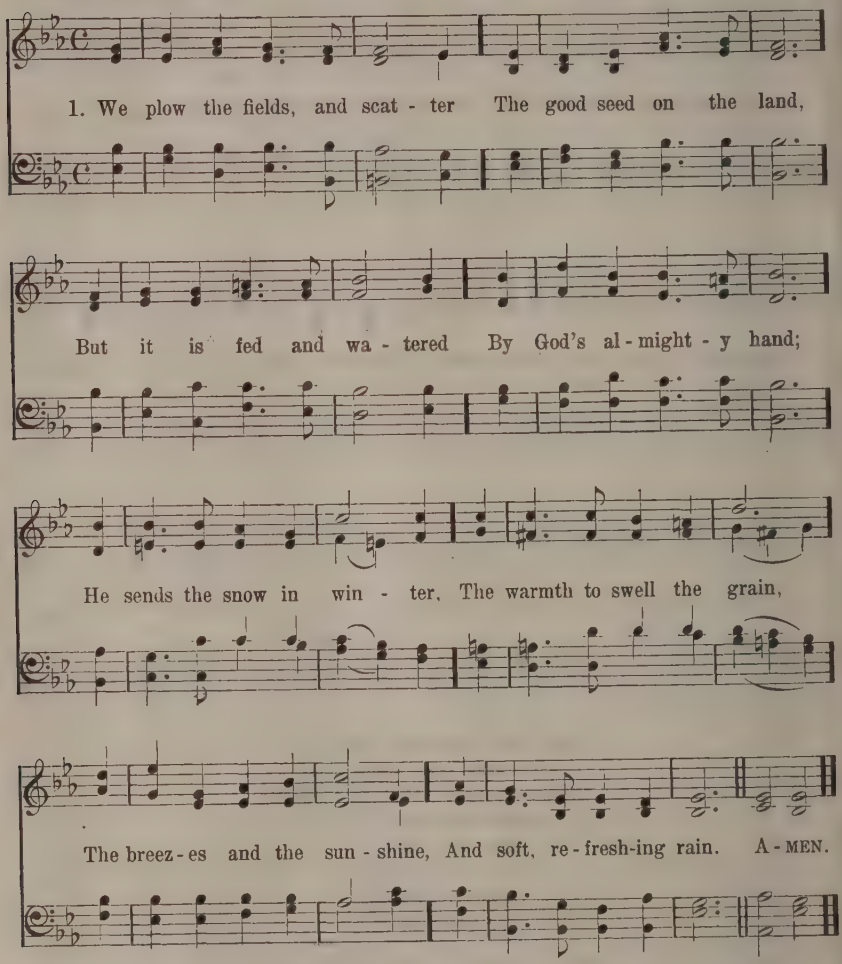
2 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green
Shine in Thy Word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen!
May every tongue
Be turned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

3 Earth! hear thy Maker's voice,
Thy great Redeemer own;
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship Him alone.
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.

Francis Scott Key, 1832. a.

569. We Plow the Fields, and Scatter.

Maria. 7 6, 7 6. D. GERHARD THEODORE ALEXIS, 1924.


1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand;
He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft, re - fresh-ing rain. A - MEN.

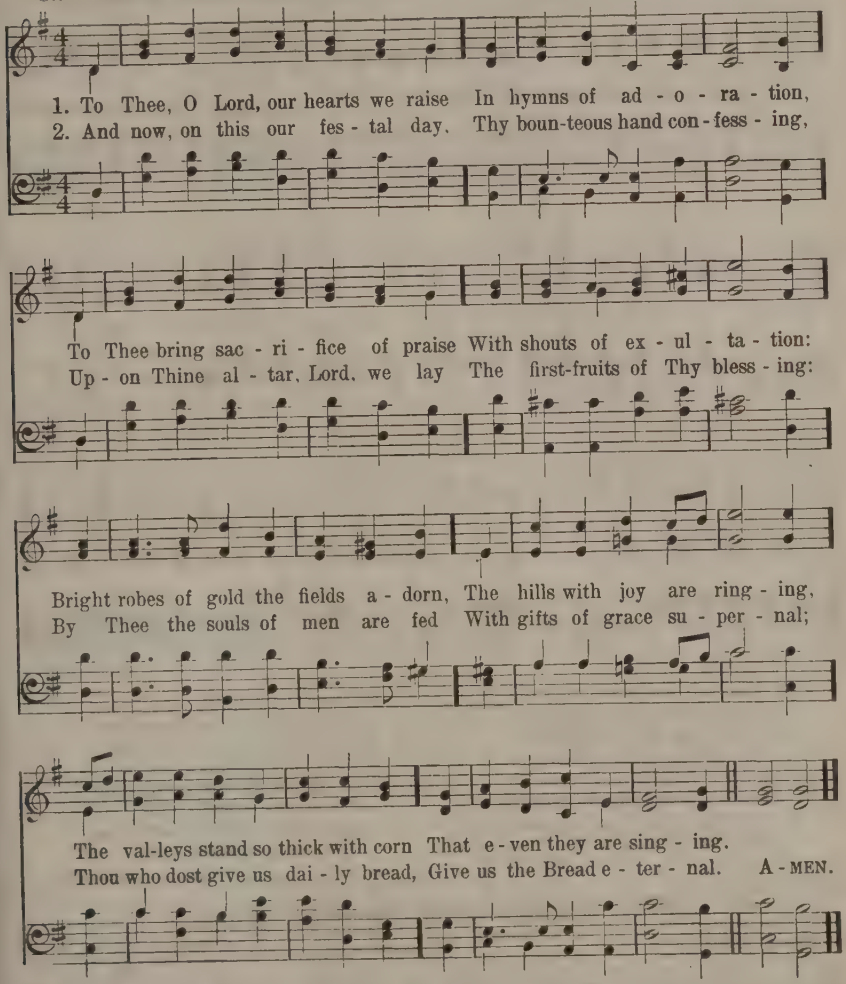
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seedtime and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
No gifts have we to offer
For all Thy love imparts,
But that which Thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, 1782.

570. To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts We Raise.

Golden Sheaves. 87, 87. D. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1874.


1. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion,
2. And now, on this our fes - tal day, Thy boun-teous hand con - fess - ing,
To Thee bring sac - ri - fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion:
Up - on Thine al - tar, Lord, we lay The first-fruits of Thy bless - ing:
Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The hills with joy are ring - ing,
By Thee the souls of men are fed With gifts of grace su - per - nal;
The val-leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing.
Thou who dost give us dai - ly bread, Give us the Bread e - ter - nal. A - MEN.

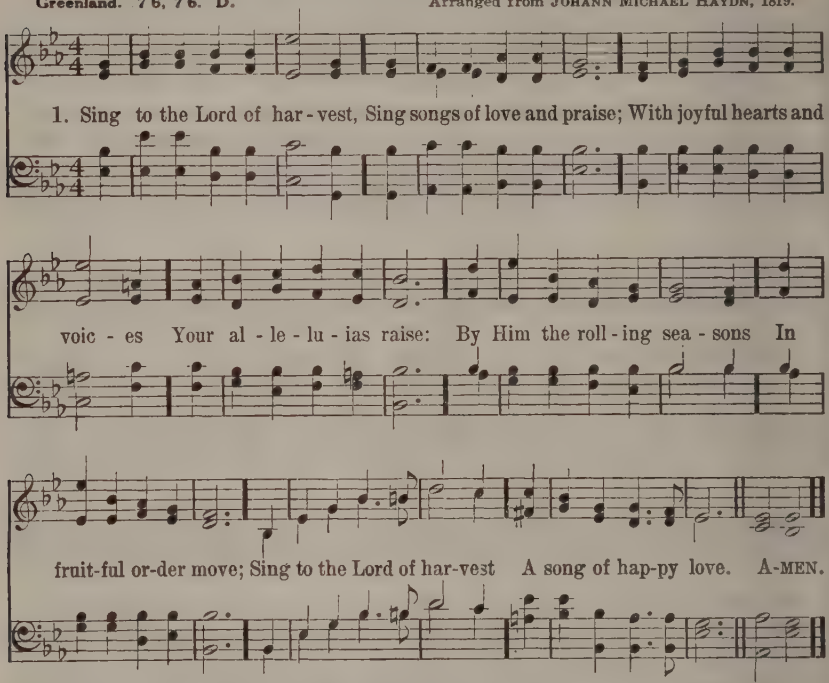
3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary;
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

4 O blessèd is that land of God
Where saints abide for ever,
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

William Chatterton Dix, 1864.

571. Sing to the Lord of Harvest.

Greenland. 7 6, 7 6. D. Arranged from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1819.


1. Sing to the Lord of har - vest, Sing songs of love and praise; With joyful hearts and
voic - es Your al - le - lu - ias raise: By Him the roll - ing sea - sons In
fruit-ful or-der move; Sing to the Lord of har-vest A song of hap-py love. A-MEN.

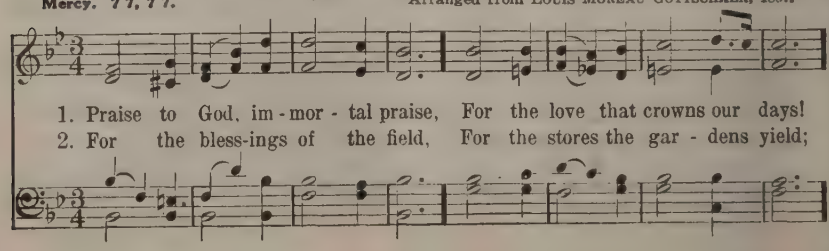
2 By Him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with His fullness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty, and with peace.

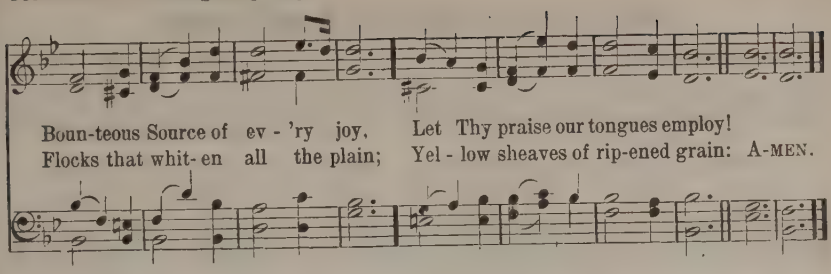
3 Heap on His sacred altar
The gifts His goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls He died to save:
Your hearts lay down before Him,
When at His feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore Him,
Who gave His life for all.

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, 1866.

572. Praise to God, Immortal Praise.

Mercy. 7 7, 7 7. Arranged from LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, 1867.


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. For the bless-ings of the field, For the stores the gar - dens yield;


Boun-teous Source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues employ!
Flocks that whit-en all the plain; Yel - low sheaves of rip-ened grain: A-MEN.

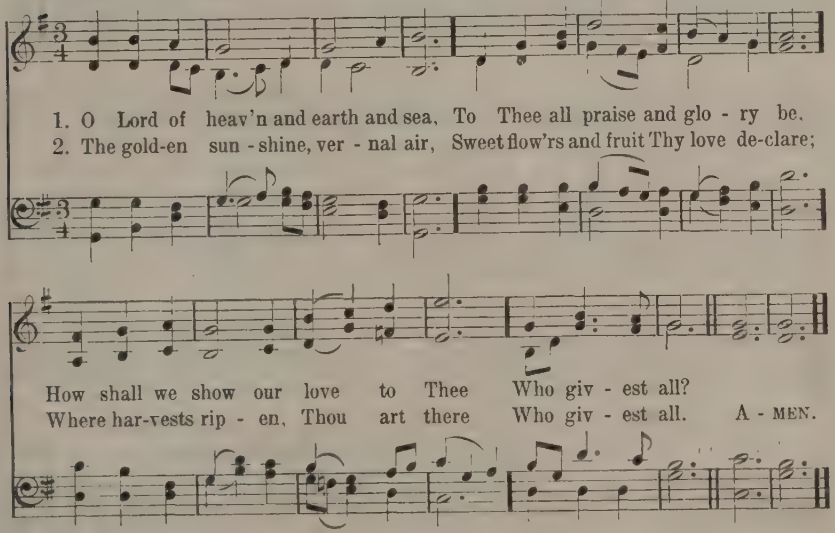
3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that autumn freely pours
From her overflowing stores:

4 These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Lætitia (Aikin) Barbauld, 1773.

573. O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea.

Almsgiving. 8 8, 8 4. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1865.


1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be.
2. The gold-en sun - shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruit Thy love de-clare;
How shall we show our love to Thee Who giv - est all?
Where har-vests rip - en, Thou art there Who giv - est all. A - MEN.

3 For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessèd One
Thou givest all.

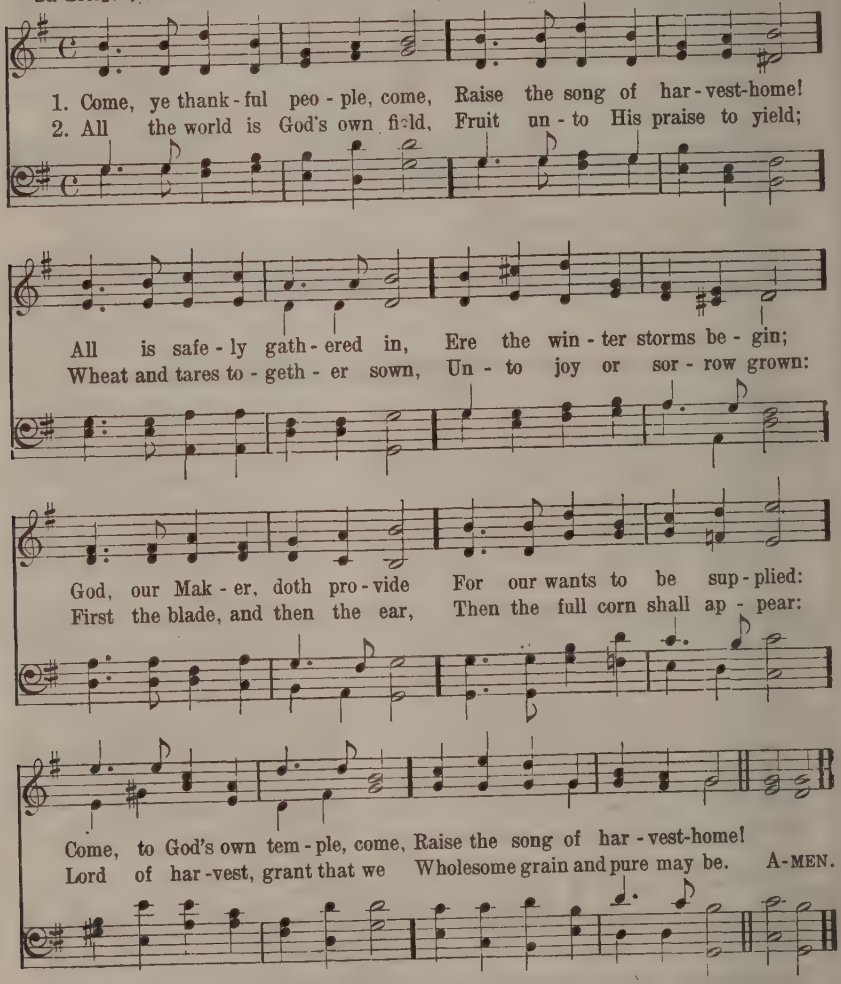
5 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given
Who givest all?

6 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863, a.

574. Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

St. George's, Windsor. 77, 77. D. GEORGE JOB ELVEY, 1858.


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home!
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;
Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown, Un-to joy or sor-row grown:
God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied:
First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
Come, to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home!
Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be. A-MEN.

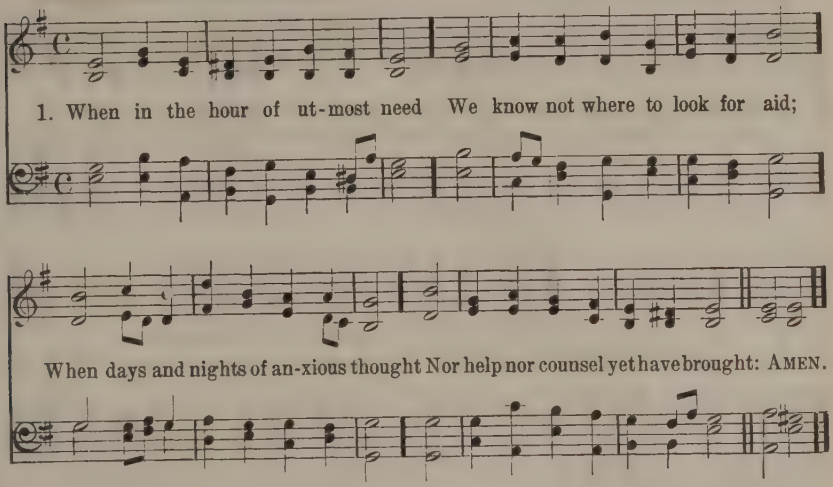
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offenses purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

Henry Alford, 1844.

575. When in the Hour of Utmost Need.

Erhalt uns, Herr, bei deinem Wort. L. M. JOSEPH KLUG'S Geistliche Lieder, 1543.


1. When in the hour of ut-most need We know not where to look for aid;
When days and nights of an-xious thought Nor help nor counsel yet have brought: AMEN.

2 Then this our comfort is alone,
That we may meet before Thy throne,
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee
For rescue from our misery:

3 To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,
Repenting sore with bitter sighs,
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,
And respite from our griefs within.

4 For Thou hast promised graciously
To hear all those who cry to Thee.
Through Him whose Name alone is great,
Our Saviour and our Advocate.

5 And thus we come, O God, to-day,
And all our woes before Thee lay;
For tried, afflicted, lo! we stand,
Peril and foes on every hand.

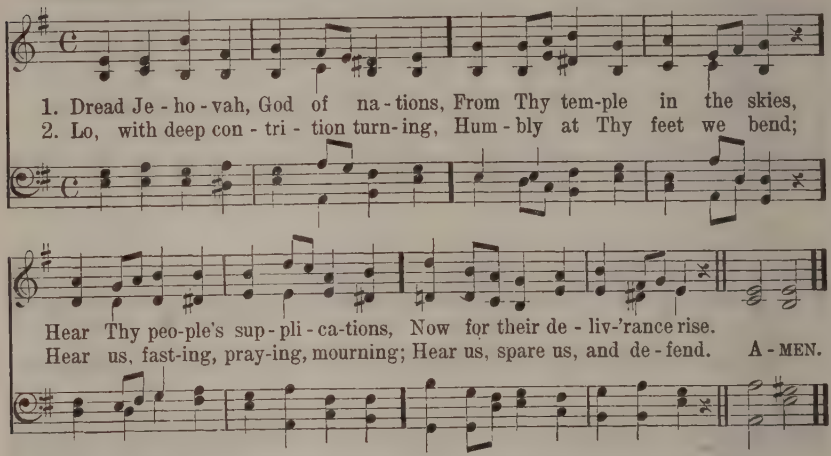
6 Ah, hide not for our sins Thy face;
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace;
Be with us in our anguish still,
Free us at last from every ill

7 That so with all our hearts we may
Once more our glad thanksgiving pay,
And walk obedient to Thy Word.
And now and ever praise Thee, Lord.

Paul Eber, 1560.

576. Dread Jehovah, God of Nations.

Böjd under korset. 8 7, 8 7. JOEL BLOMQVIST.


1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na - tions, From Thy tem-ple in the skies,
2. Lo, with deep con - tri - tion turn-ing, Hum - bly at Thy feet we bend;
Hear Thy peo-ple's sup - pli - ca-tions, Now for their de - liv-'rance rise.
Hear us, fast-ing, pray-ing, mourning; Hear us, spare us, and de - fend. A - MEN.

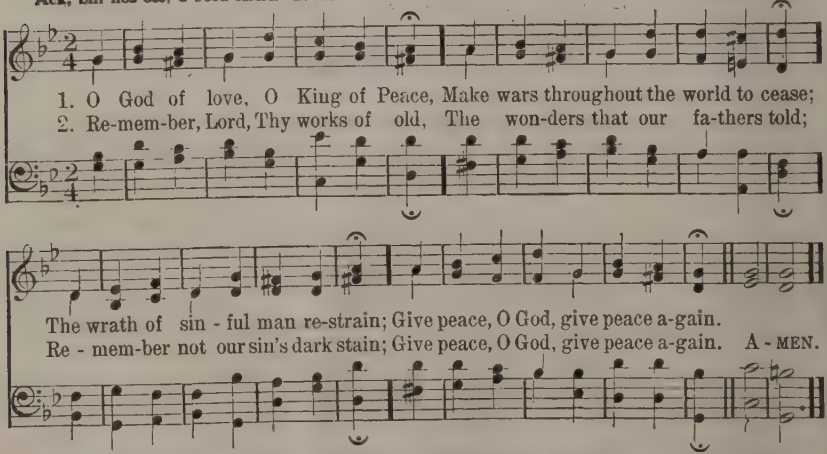
3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place.

Unknown, 1804.

577. O God of Love, O King of Peace.

Ack, blif hos oss, o Jesu Krist. L. M. Swedish, 1697.


1. O God of love, O King of Peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told;
The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
Re - mem-ber not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain. A - MEN.

3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

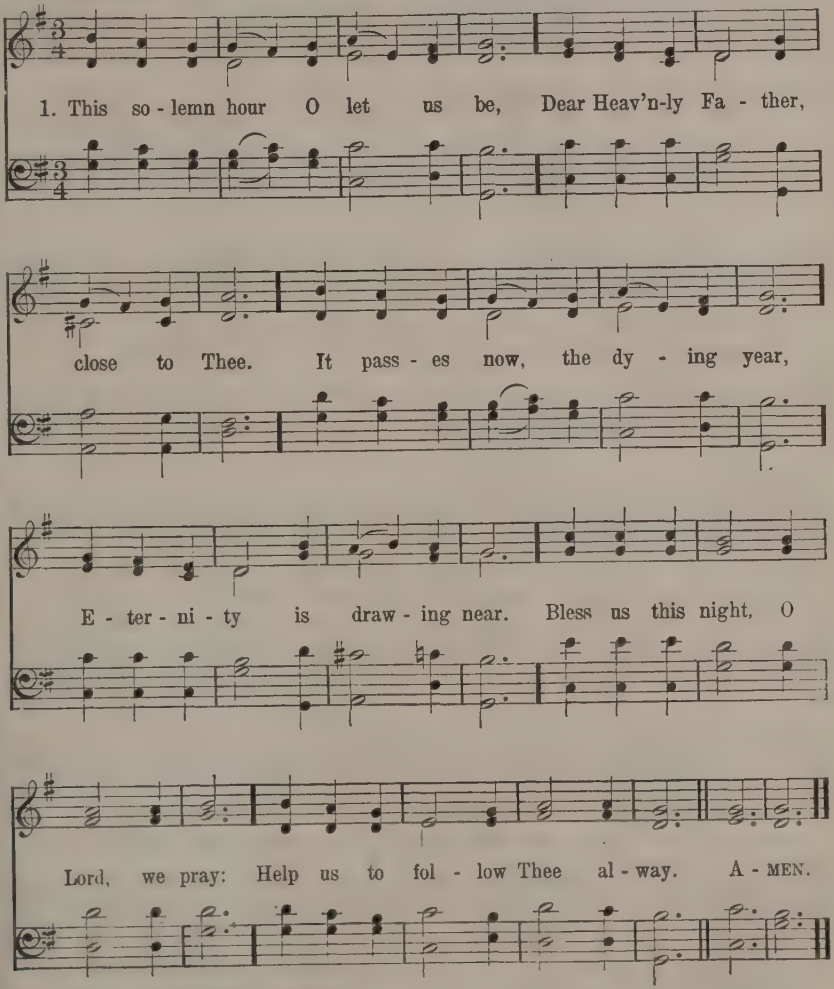
Henry Williams Baker, 1861.

See also Hymns of Repentance.

578. This Solemn Hour O Let Us Be.

St. Catherine. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8.

HENRI FREDRICK HEMY, 1865.
Altered by JAMES GEORGE WALTON, 1871.

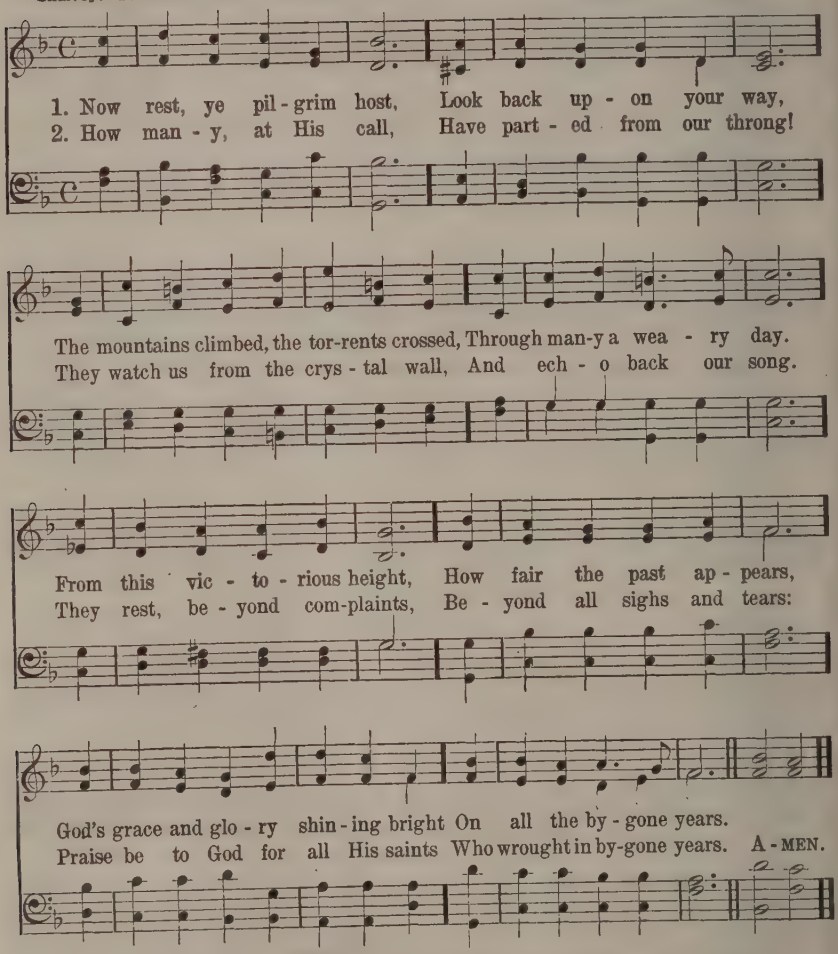

1. This so - lemn hour O let us be, Dear Heav'n-ly Fa - ther,
close to Thee. It pass - es now, the dy - ing year,
E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing near. Bless us this night, O
Lord, we pray: Help us to fol - low Thee al - way. A - MEN.

2 We pray to-night: O Saviour dear,
If we should live another year,
Give grace and faith that it may be
A year of service unto Thee.
Bless us this night, O Lord, we pray:
Help us to follow Thee alway.

Gustaf Erikson, 1923.

579. Now Rest, Ye Pilgrim Host.

Chalvey. S. M. D. LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1868.


1. Now rest, ye pil - grim host, Look back up - on your way,
2. How man - y, at His call, Have part - ed from our throng!
The mountains climbed, the tor-rents crossed, Through man-y a wea - ry day.
They watch us from the crys - tal wall, And ech - o back our song.
From this vic - to - rious height, How fair the past ap - pears,
They rest, be - yond com-plaints, Be - yond all sighs and tears:
God's grace and glo - ry shin - ing bright On all the by - gone years.
Praise be to God for all His saints Who wrought in by-gone years. A - MEN.

3 The banners they upbore
Our hands still lift on high;
The Lord they followed evermore
To us is also nigh.
Arise, arise, and tread
The future without fears;
He leadeth still Whose hand hath led
Through all the bygone years.

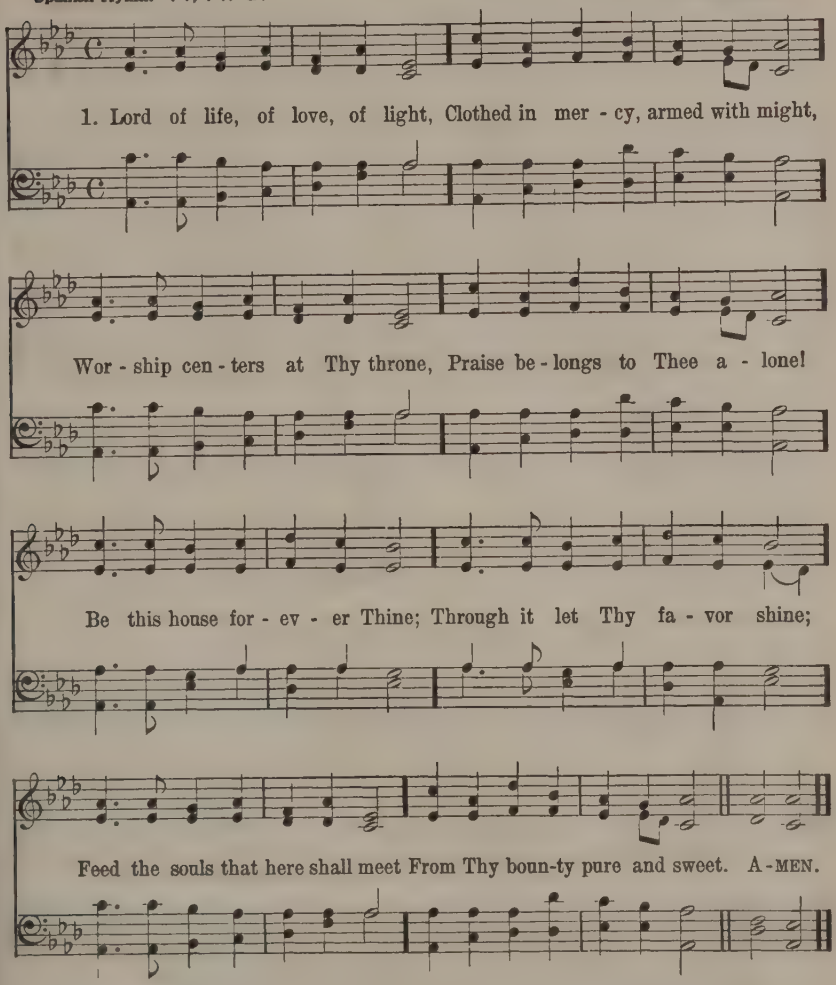
4 When we have reached the home
We seek with weary feet,
Our children's children still shall come
To keep these ranks complete;
And He Whose host is one
Throughout the countless spheres
Will guide His marching servants on
Through everlasting years.

Rossiter Worthington Raymond, 1879.

See also:
"Now thank we all our God."
"God is Love."

580. Lord of Life, of Love, of Light.

Spanish Hymn. 7 7, 7 7. D. Spanish Melody.


1. Lord of life, of love, of light, Clothed in mer - cy, armed with might,
Wor - ship cen - ters at Thy throne, Praise be - longs to Thee a - lone!
Be this house for - ev - er Thine; Through it let Thy fa - vor shine;
Feed the souls that here shall meet From Thy boun-ty pure and sweet. A - MEN.

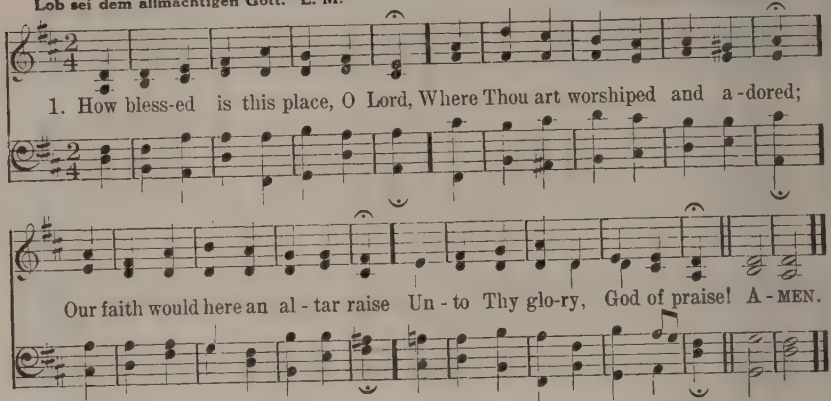
2 Write salvation on these walls;
Succor those whom sin enthralls;
Lightened with celestial rays,
Let these gates reflect Thy praise.
Thou who dwell'st where'er is sung
Praise to Thee by human tongue,
With the presence of Thy grace
Dwell henceforth within this place.

3 On Thine agèd servants pour
Richest mercies from Thy store,
And till life's brief hour shall end,
Be their Guardian, Saviour, Friend.
Father holy! Christ most blest!
Evermore within us rest!
Spirit pure, illume our ways
With Thy bright, celestial rays!

Benjamin H. Hall, 1881.

581. How Blessed Is This Place, O Lord.

Lob sei dem allmächtigen Gott. L. M. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1640.


1. How bless-ed is this place, O Lord, Where Thou art worshiped and a-dored;
Our faith would here an al-tar raise Un-to Thy glo-ry, God of praise! A-MEN.

2 Here let Thy sacred fire of old
Descend to kindle spirits cold;
And may our prayers, when here we bend,
Like incense sweet to Thee ascend.

3 Here let the weary one find rest,
The aching heart a comfort blest,
The guilty soul a sure retreat,
The sinner pardon at Thy feet.

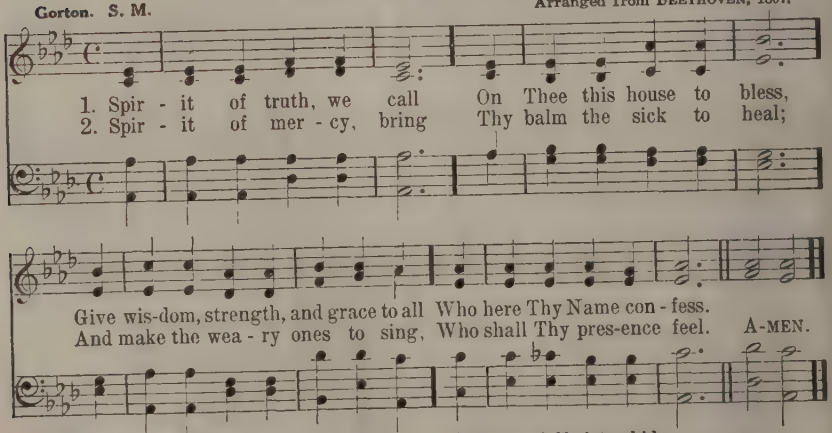
4 Here gather us around Thy board
To keep the feast with Thee, dear Lord,
And when in faith our souls draw near,
May we discern Thy presence here.

5 And when these earthly Sabbaths cease,
O may our souls depart in peace,
Around Thy glorious throne to meet,
And find it, Lord, a mercy-seat!

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1924.

582. Spirit of Truth, We Call.

Gorton. S. M. Arranged from BEETHOVEN, 1807.


1. Spir-it of truth, we call On Thee this house to bless,
2. Spir-it of mer-cy, bring Thy balm the sick to heal;
Give wis-dom, strength, and grace to all Who here Thy Name con-fess.
And make the wea-ry ones to sing, Who shall Thy pres-ence feel. A-MEN.

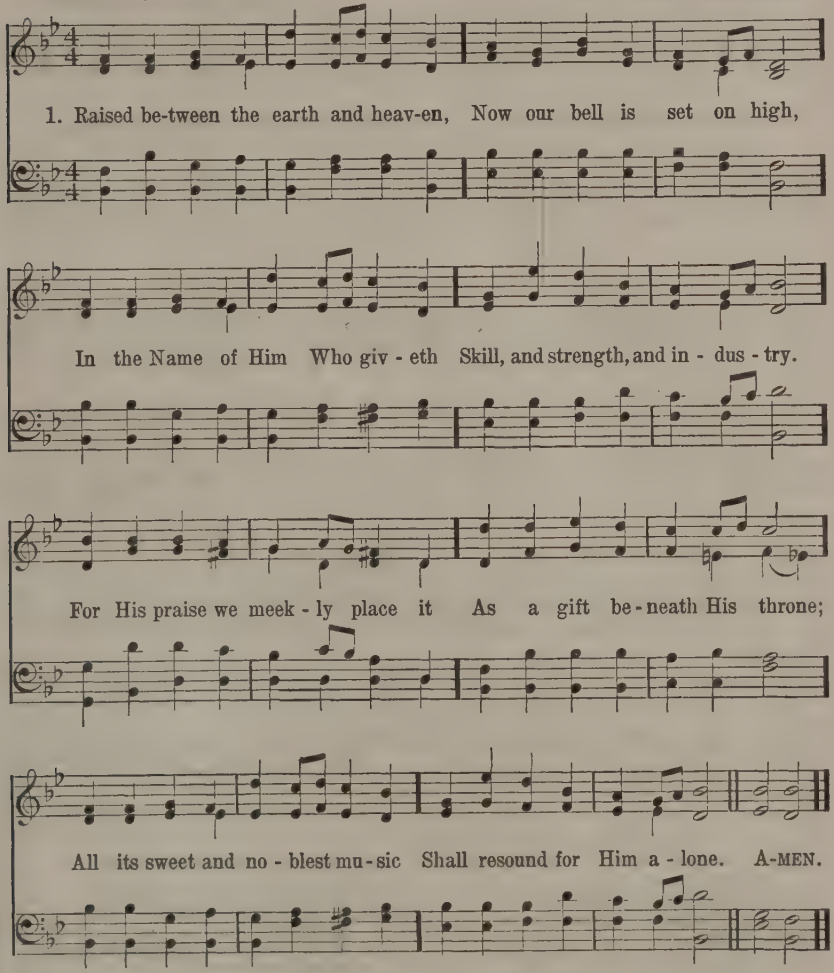
3 Spirit of peace, descend,
Thyself the heavenly Dove;
Let care for souls and bodies blend
In ministries of love.

4 Spirit of Christ, abide
In every heart alway;
And crown, O Jesus crucified,
The work begun to-day.

W. A. White, 1890.

583. Raised between the Earth and Heaven.

Beecher. 8 7, 8 7. D. JOHN ZUNDEL, 1870.


1. Raised be-tween the earth and heav-en, Now our bell is set on high,
In the Name of Him Who giv - eth Skill, and strength, and in - dus - try.
For His praise we meek - ly place it As a gift be - neath His throne;
All its sweet and no - blest mu - sic Shall resound for Him a - lone. A-MEN.

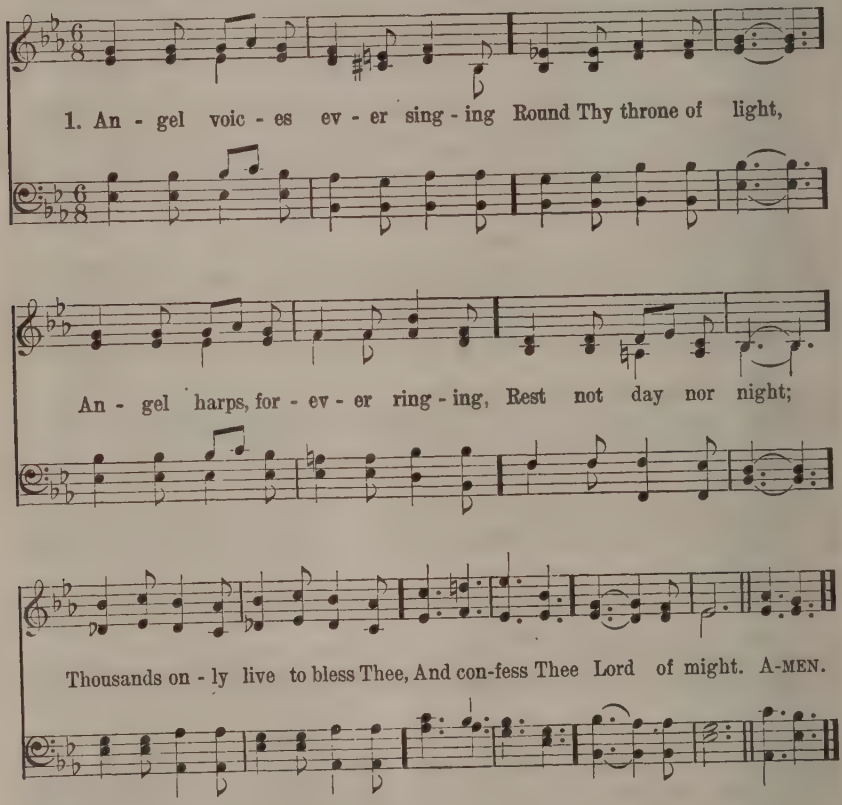
2 Faithful men afar shall listen,
'Mid their daily toil or rest,
While the melody shall bid them
Love the Church where all are blest.
They who languish, sick and lonely,
Shall be minded, as they sigh,
Of the Church's one communion,
God's true home and family.

3 When the spirits of the faithful
Pass away to light and peace;
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,
Soon our life and work must cease.
May these loud reverberations,
Pealing forth in grand accord,
Lift our hearts through joy and sorrow
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.

Wharton Buchanan Smith, 1882.

584. Angel Voices Ever Singing.

Angel Voices. 8 5, 8 5, 8 4 3. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.


1. An - gel voic - es ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee Lord of might. A-MEN.

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

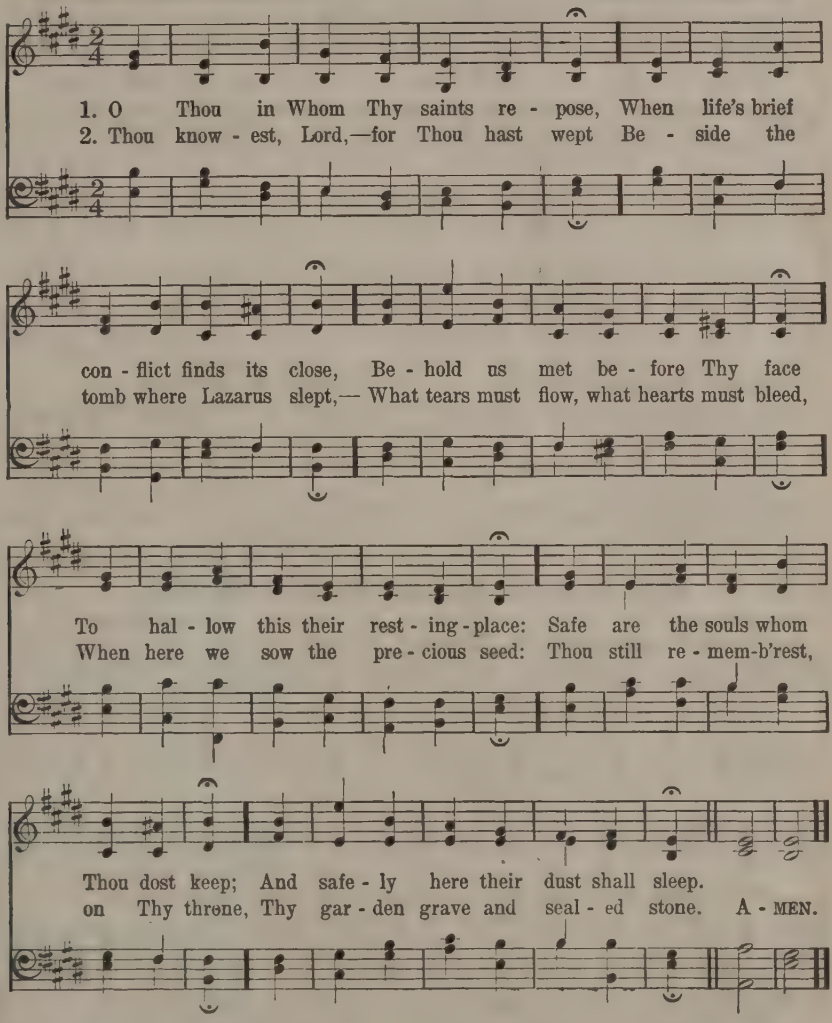
4 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee,
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity:
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Francis Pott, 1861.

585. O Thou in Whom Thy Saints Repose.

Han lefver! o min ande, känn. 8 8. 8 8. 8 8. HAEFFNER'S Koralbok, 1819.


1. O Thou in Whom Thy saints re - pose, When life's brief
2. Thou know - est, Lord,—for Thou hast wept Be - side the
con - flict finds its close, Be - hold us met be - fore Thy face
tomb where Lazarus slept,— What tears must flow, what hearts must bleed,
To hal - low this their rest - ing - place: Safe are the souls whom
When here we sow the pre - cious seed: Thou still re - mem-b'rest,
Thou dost keep; And safe - ly here their dust shall sleep.
on Thy throne, Thy gar - den grave and seal - ed stone. A - MEN.

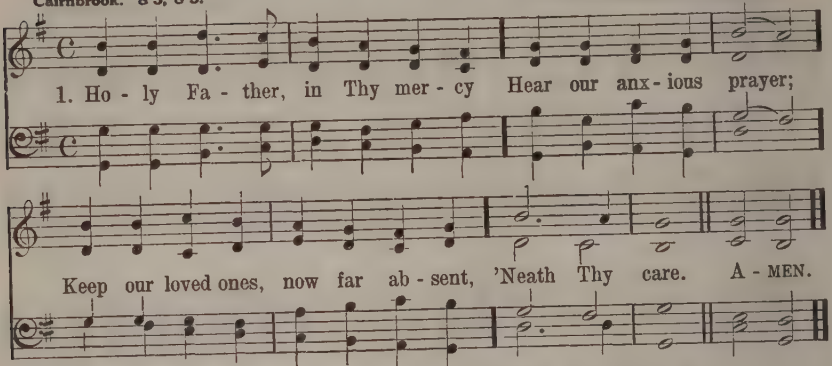
3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Let here calm hope with memory dwell,
And faith of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

4 When here Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

John Ellerton, 1870.

586. Holy Father, in Thy Mercy.

Cairnbrook. 8 5, 8 3. EBENEZER PROUT, 1887.



2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

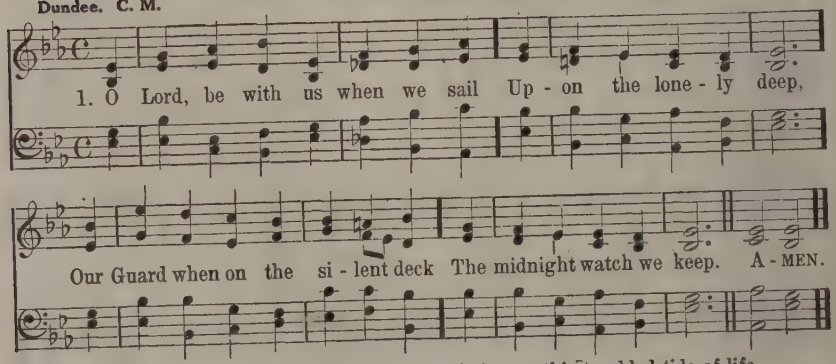
4 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

5 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three, [them
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep
Near to Thee.

Isabella S. Stephenson, 1889.

587. O Lord, Be with Us When We Sail.

Dundee. C. M. HART'S Psalter, 1615.



2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge,
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm
That pass from land to land,
All, all are Thine, are held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

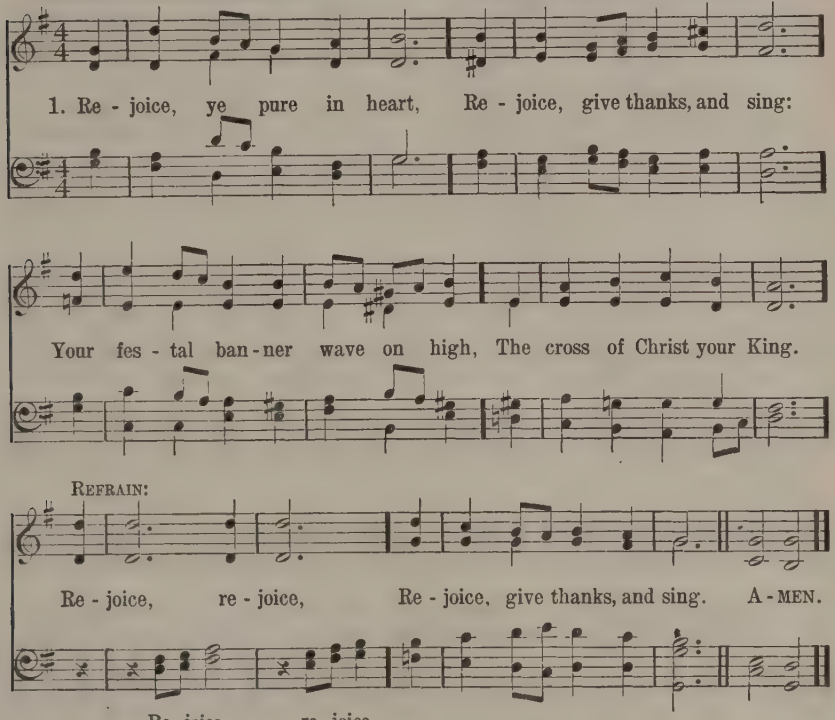
4 Across this troubled tide of life
Our Pilot Thou abide
Until we reach that better land
Beyond both time and tide.

5 To Thee the Father, Thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit, moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

Edward Arthur Dayman, 1865.

588. Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart.

Marion. S. M. with Refrain. ARTHUR HENRY MESSITER, 1885.


1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing:
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
REFRAIN:
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing. A - MEN.
Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 Yes, on through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

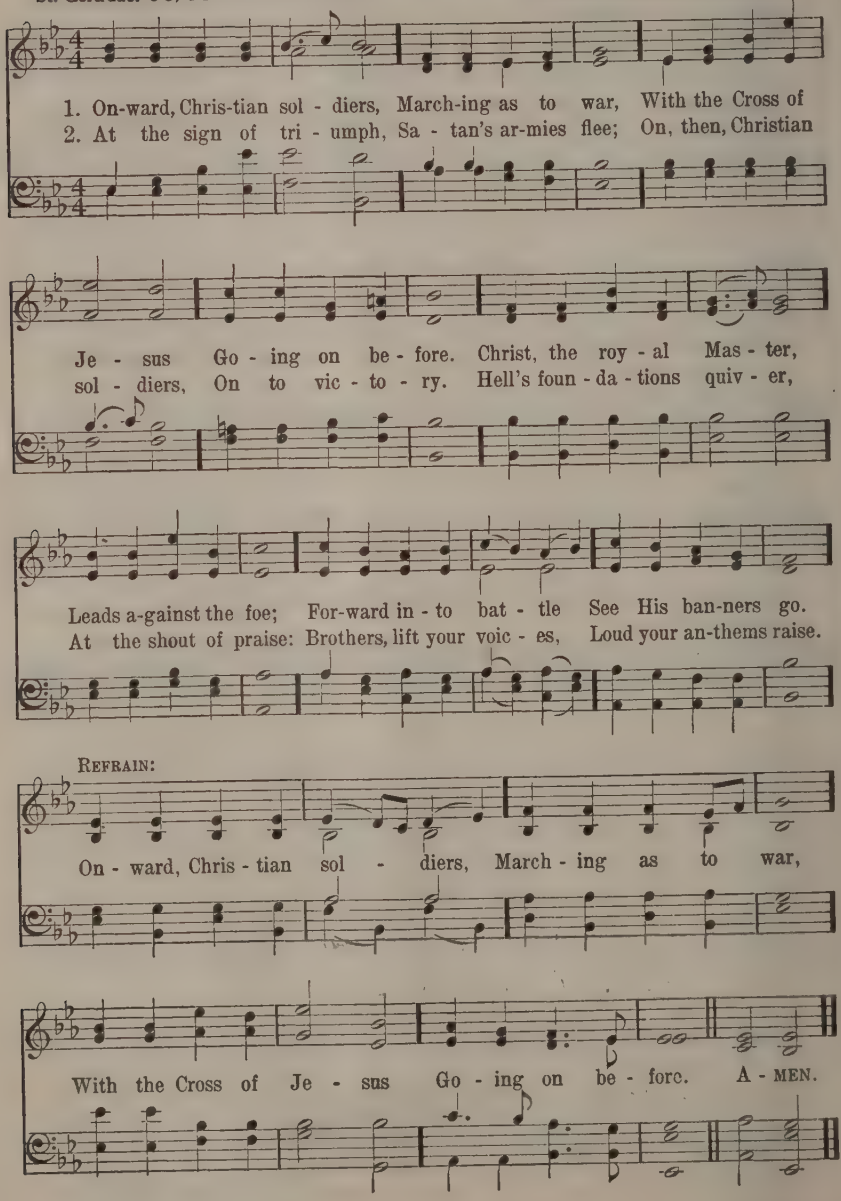
4 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

5 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing;
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1865.

589. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

St. Gertrude. 6 5, 6 5. D. With Refrain. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN, 1872.


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the Cross of
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Sa - tan's ar-mies flee; On, then, Christian
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
sol - diers, On to vic - to - ry. Hell's foun - da - tions quiv - er,
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle See His ban-ners go.
At the shout of praise: Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your an-thems raise.
REFRAIN:
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

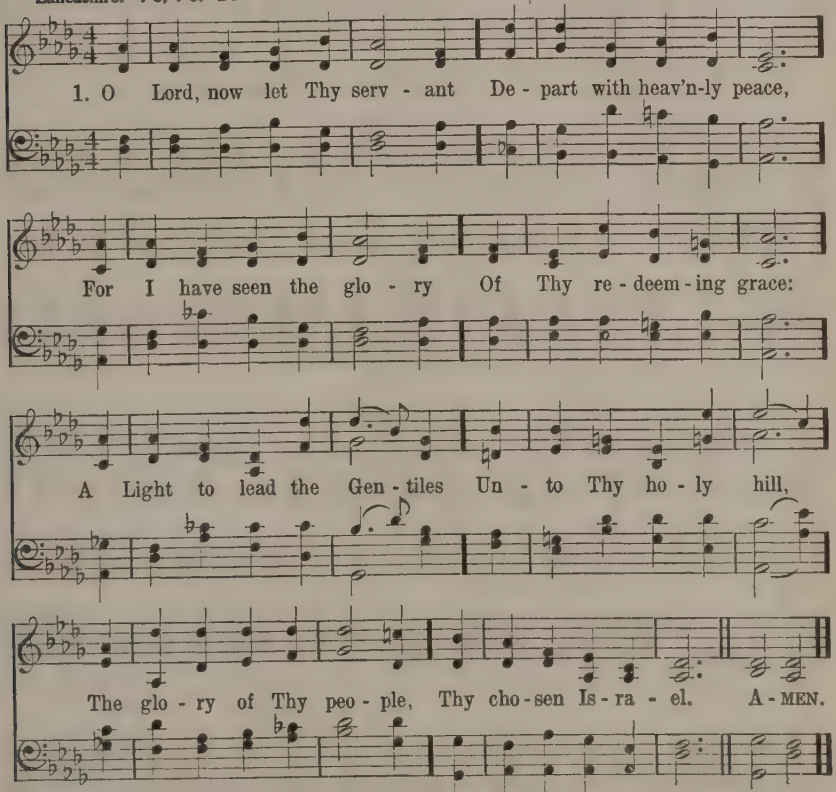
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant shall remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song:
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King:
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

590. O Lord, Now Let Thy Servant.

Lancashire. 7 6, 7 6. D. HENRY SMART, 1836.


1. O Lord, now let Thy serv - ant De - part with heav'n-ly peace,
For I have seen the glo - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing grace:
A Light to lead the Gen - tiles Un - to Thy ho - ly hill,
The glo - ry of Thy peo - ple, Thy cho - sen Is - ra - el. A - MEN.

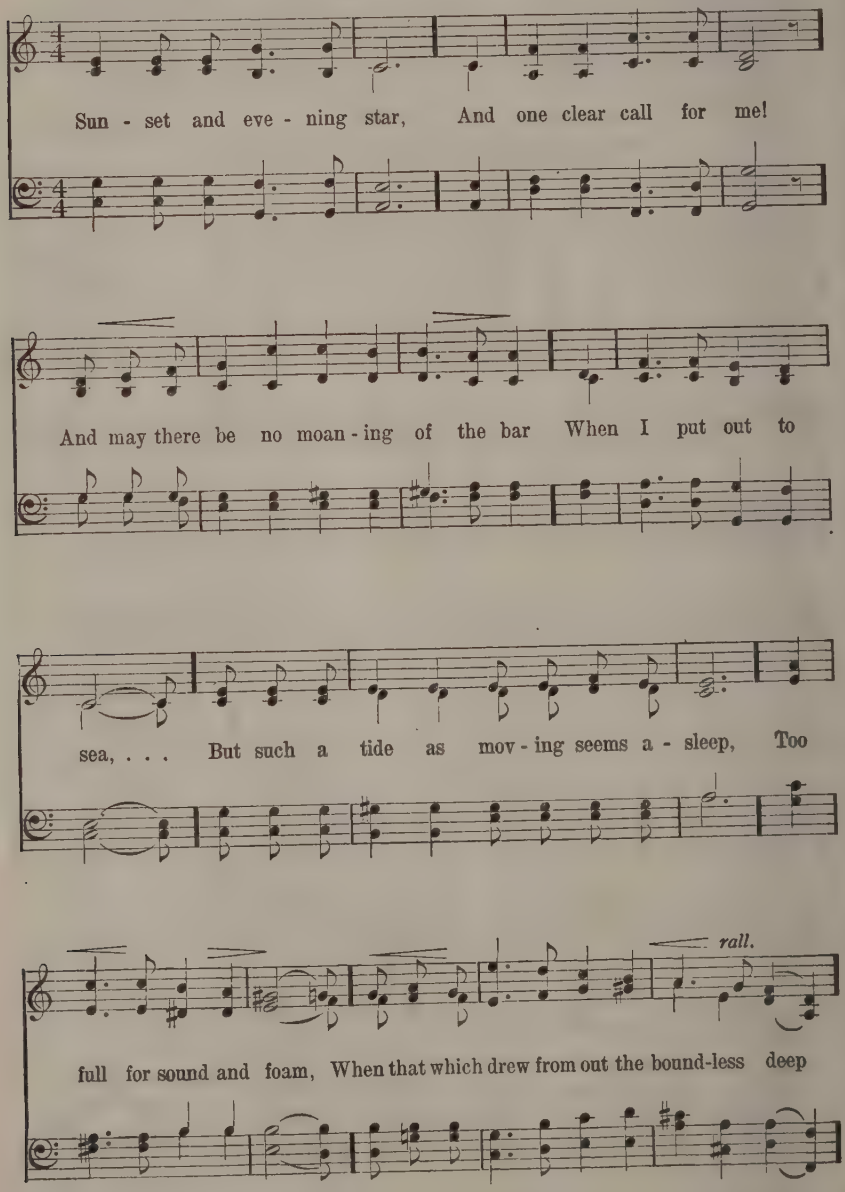
2 How blessèd is the vision
E'en here of Thy great love,
But still my spirit yearneth
To see Thy face above,
Where in Thy holy image
I, too, shall join the throng
Of ransomed souls in glory,
And sing the Lamb's new song.

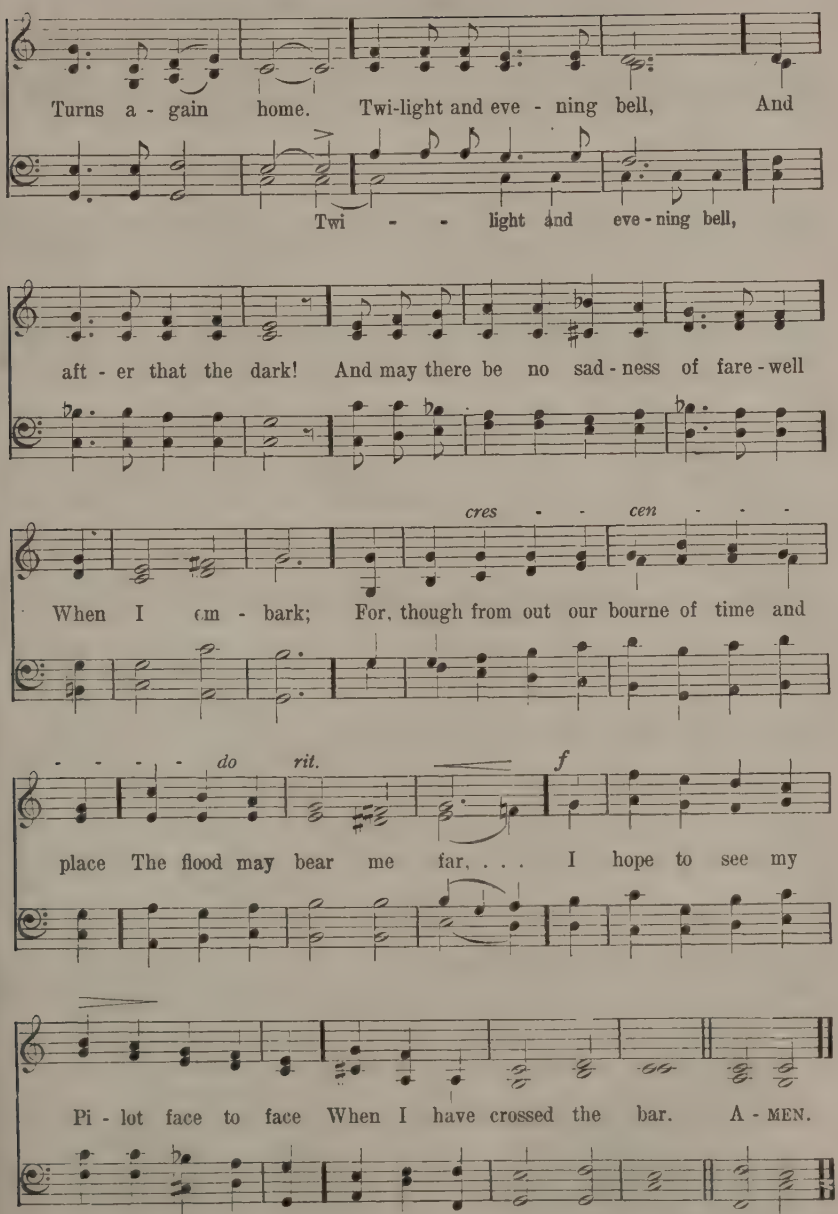
3 Then grant that I may follow
Thy gleam, O glorious Light,
Till earthly shadows scatter,
And faith is changed to sight;
Till raptured saints shall gather
Upon that shining shore,
Where Christ, the blessèd Daystar,
Shall light them evermore.

Ernest Edwin Ryden, 1924.

591. Sunset and Evening Star.

Crossing the bar. Irregular. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1892.


Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moan - ing of the bar When I put out to
sea, . . . But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too
rall.
full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the bound-less deep

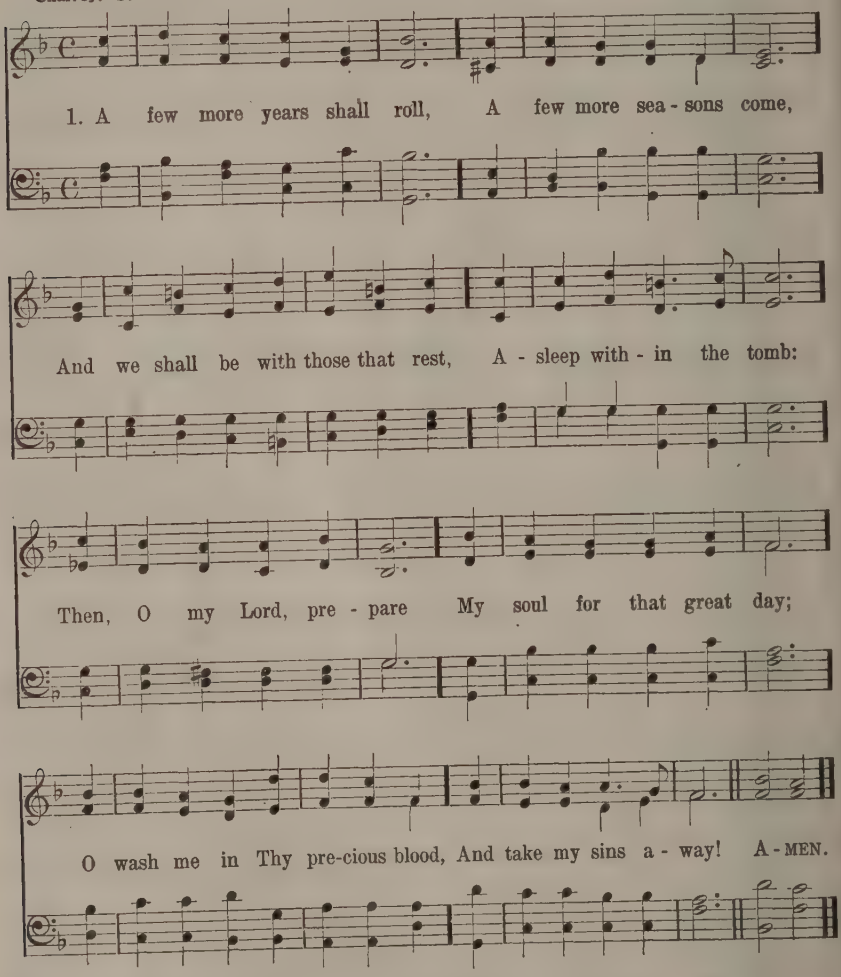

Turns a - gain home. Twi-light and eve - ning bell, And
Twi - - light and eve - ning bell,
aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of fare - well
cres - - cen
When I em - bark; For, though from out our bourne of time and
do rit.
f
place The flood may bear me far. . . . I hope to see my
Pi - lot face to face When I have crossed the bar. A - MEN.

For Choir or Quartette. Alfred Tennyson, 1889.

592. A Few More Years Shall Roll.

Chalvey. S. M. D.

LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1868.


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,
And we shall be with those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way! A - MEN.

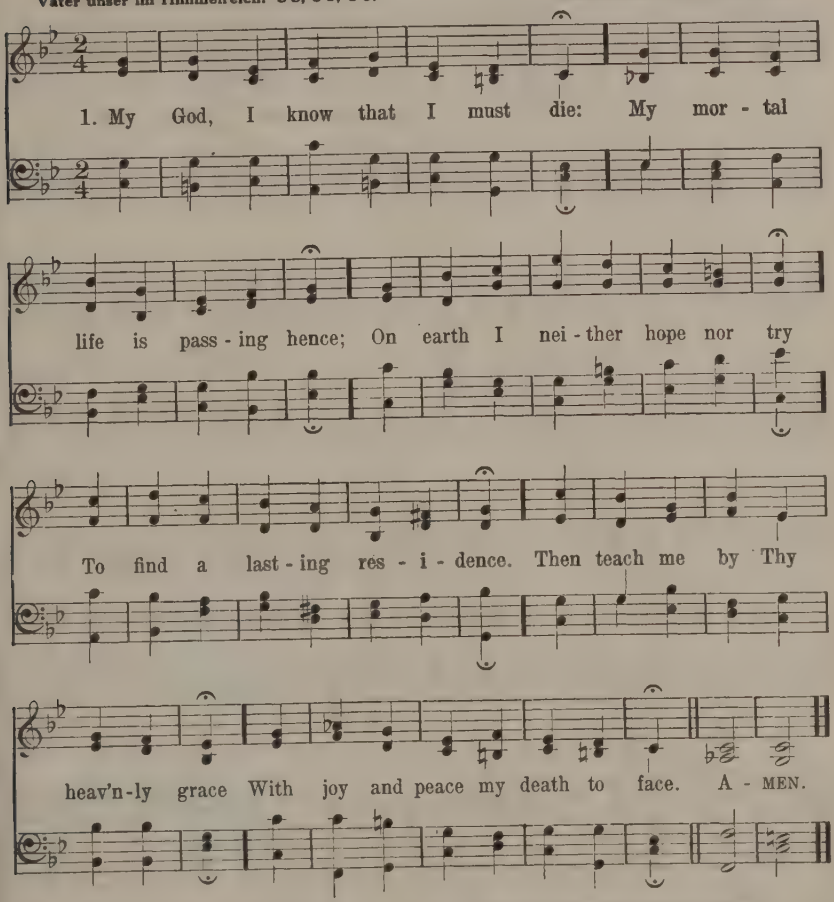
2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

3 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Horatius Bonar, 1844.

593. My God, I Know That I Must Die.

Vater unser im Himmelreich. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8. Strassburger Gesangbuch, 1537.


1. My God, I know that I must die: My mor - tal
life is pass - ing hence; On earth I nei - ther hope nor try
To find a last - ing res - i - dence. Then teach me by Thy
heav'n-ly grace With joy and peace my death to face. A - MEN.

2 My God, I know not when I die;
What is the moment or the hour,
How soon the clay may broken lie,
How quickly pass away the flower:
Then may Thy child prepared be
Through time to meet eternity.

3 My God, I know not how I die;
For death in many ways doth come,
In dark, mysterious agony,
Or gently as a sleep to some.
Just as Thou wilt, if but it be
To bring me, blessèd Lord, to Thee!

4 My God, I know not where I die,
Where is my grave, upon what strand;
Yet from its gloom I do rely
To be delivered by Thy hand.
Content, I take what spot is mine,
Since all the earth, my Lord, is Thine.

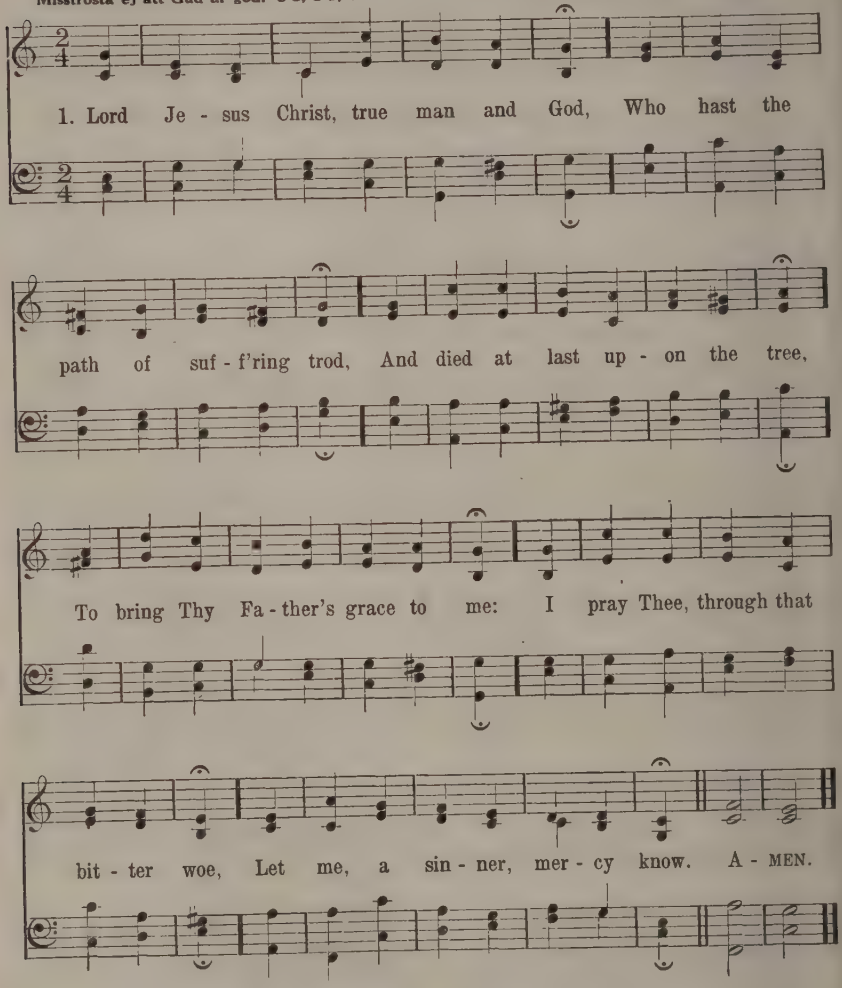
5 My gracious God, when I must die,
O bear my happy soul above,
With Christ, my Lord, eternally
To share Thy glory and Thy love:
Then all is right and well with me,
When, where, and how my death shall be.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1700.

594. Lord Jesus Christ, True Man and God.

Misströsta ej att Gud är god. 8 8, 8 8, 8 8.

Swedish, 1695.
Israel Kolmodin? (1643-1709).


1. Lord Je - sus Christ, true man and God, Who hast the
path of suf - f'ring trod, And died at last up - on the tree,
To bring Thy Fa - ther's grace to me: I pray Thee, through that
bit - ter woe, Let me, a sin - ner, mer - cy know. A - MEN.

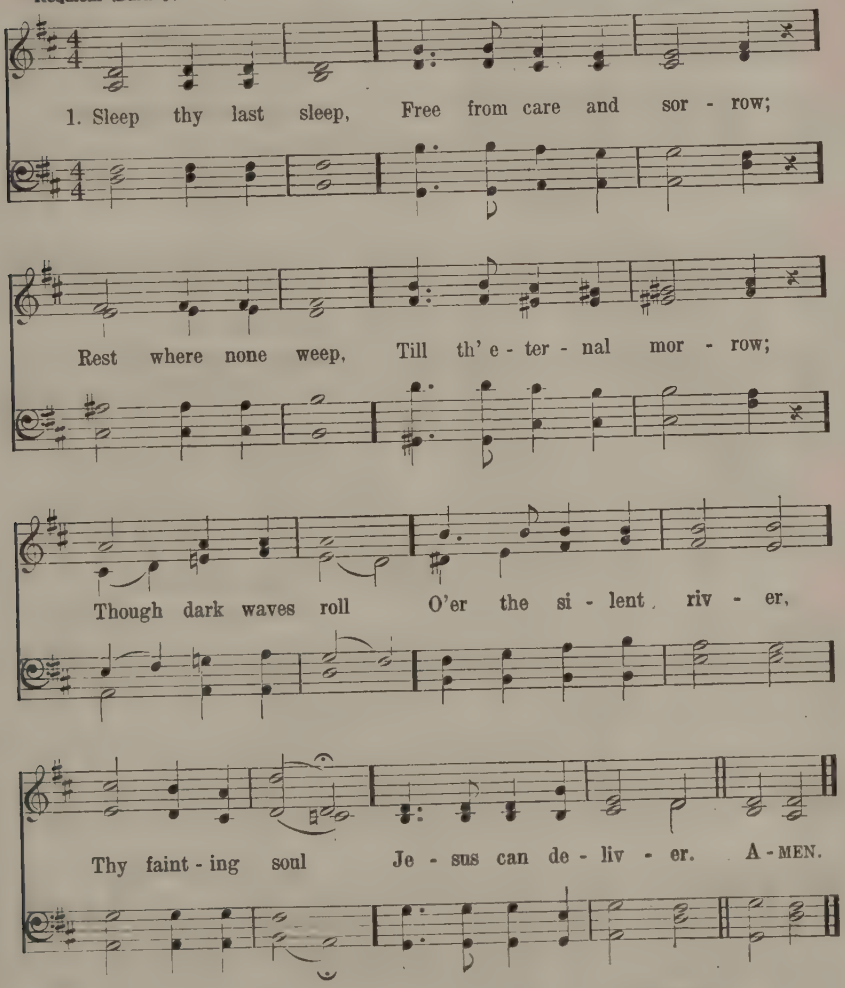
Or: "Vater unser im Himmelreich," No. 593.

2 When comes the hour of failing breath,
And I must wrestle, Lord, with death,
Then come, Lord Jesus, come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need;
Lead me from this dark vale beneath,
And shorten Thou the pangs of death.

Paul Eber, 1565.

595. Sleep Thy Last Sleep.

Requiem (Barnby). 4 6, 4 6. D. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.


1. Sleep thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row;
Rest where none weep, Till th' e - ter - nal mor - row;
Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent riv - er,
Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A - MEN.

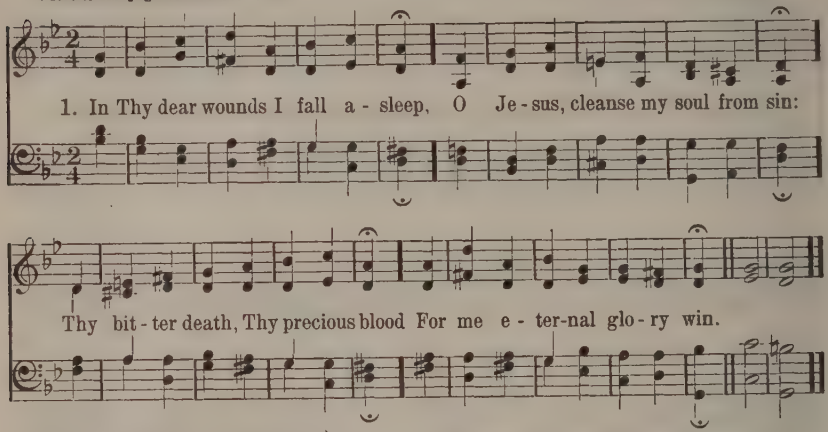
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness:
Under the sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when Thou appearest:
Soon shall Thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

Edward Arthur Dayman, 1868.

596. In Thy Dear Wounds I Fall Asleep.

I Kristi sår jag somnar in. L. M. Swedish, 1689.


1. In Thy dear wounds I fall a - sleep, O Je - sus, cleanse my soul from sin:
Thy bit - ter death, Thy precious blood For me e - ter-nal glo - ry win.

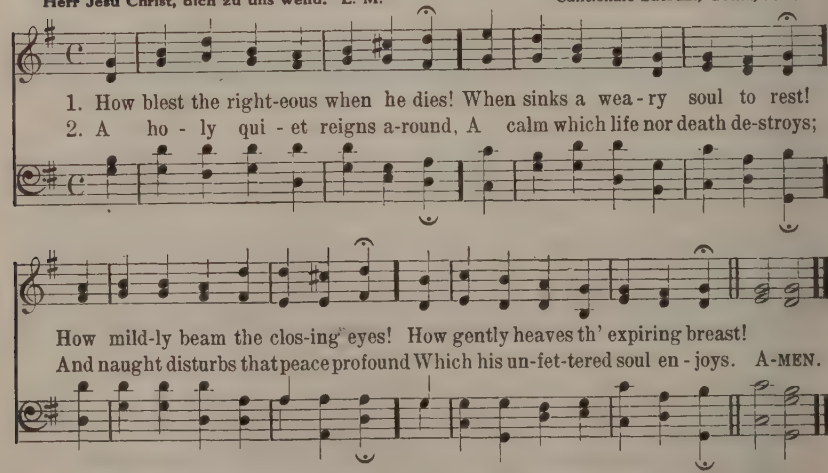
2 By Thee redeemed, I have no fear,
When now I leave this mortal clay,
With joy before Thy throne I come;
God's own must die, yet live alway.

3 Welcome, O death! thou bringest me
To dwell with God eternally;
Through Christ my soul from sin is free,
O take me now, dear Lord, to Thee!

Paul Eber, 1538.

597. How Blest the Righteous When He Dies!

Herr Jesu Christ, dich zu uns wend. L. M. Cantionale Sacrum, Gotha, 1651.


1. How blest the right-eous when he dies! When sinks a wea - ry soul to rest!
2. A ho - ly qui - et reigns a-round, A calm which life nor death de-stroys;
How mild-ly beam the clos-ing eyes! How gently heaves th' expiring breast!
And naught disturbs that peace profound Which his un-fet-tered soul en - joys. A-MEN.

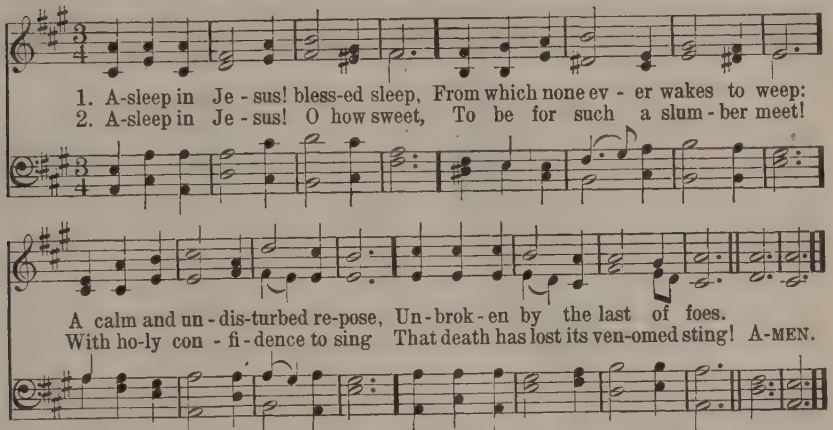
3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna Lætitia (Aikin) Barbauld, 1792.

598. Asleep in Jesus! Blessed Sleep.

Breslau. L. M. Hymnodus Sacer, Leipzig, 1625.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep:
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet, To be for such a slum - ber meet!
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes.
With ho-ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost its ven-omed sting! A-MEN.

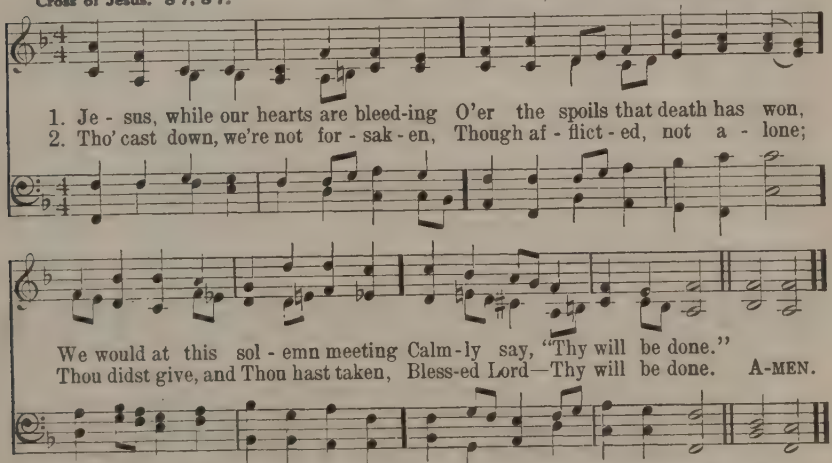
3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Margaret (MacKay) Mackay, 1832, a.

599. Jesus, While Our Hearts Are Bleeding.

Cross of Jesus. 8 7, 8 7. JOHN STAINER, 1887.


1. Je - sus, while our hearts are bleed-ing O'er the spoils that death has won,
2. Tho' cast down, we're not for - sak - en, Though af - flict - ed, not a - lone;
We would at this sol - emn meeting Calm-ly say, "Thy will be done."
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken, Bless-ed Lord—Thy will be done. A-MEN.

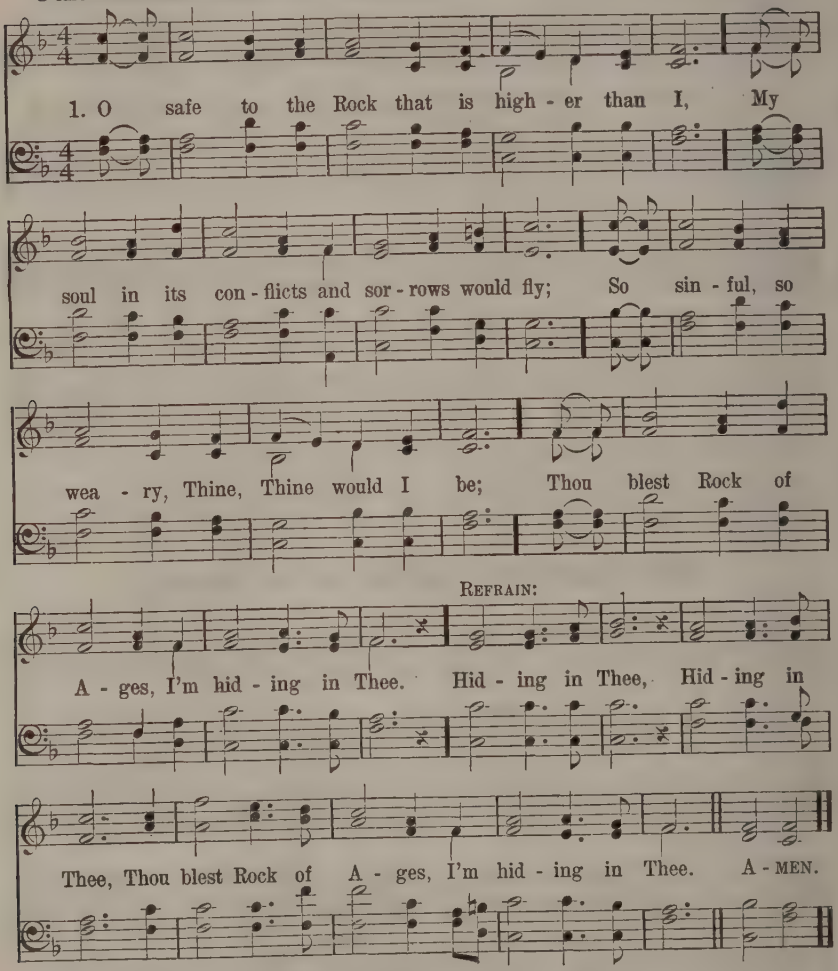
3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By Thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but Thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore Thy will be done.

Thomas Hastings, 1834.

600. O Safe to the Rock That Is Higher Than I.

O safe to the Rock. 11 11, 11 11. With Refrain. IRA DAVID SANKEY, (1840–1908).


1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My
soul in its con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so
wea - ry, Thine, Thine would I be; Thou blest Rock of
REFRAIN:
A - ges, I'm hid - ing in Thee. Hid - ing in Thee, Hid - ing in
Thee, Thou blest Rock of A - ges, I'm hid - ing in Thee. A - MEN.

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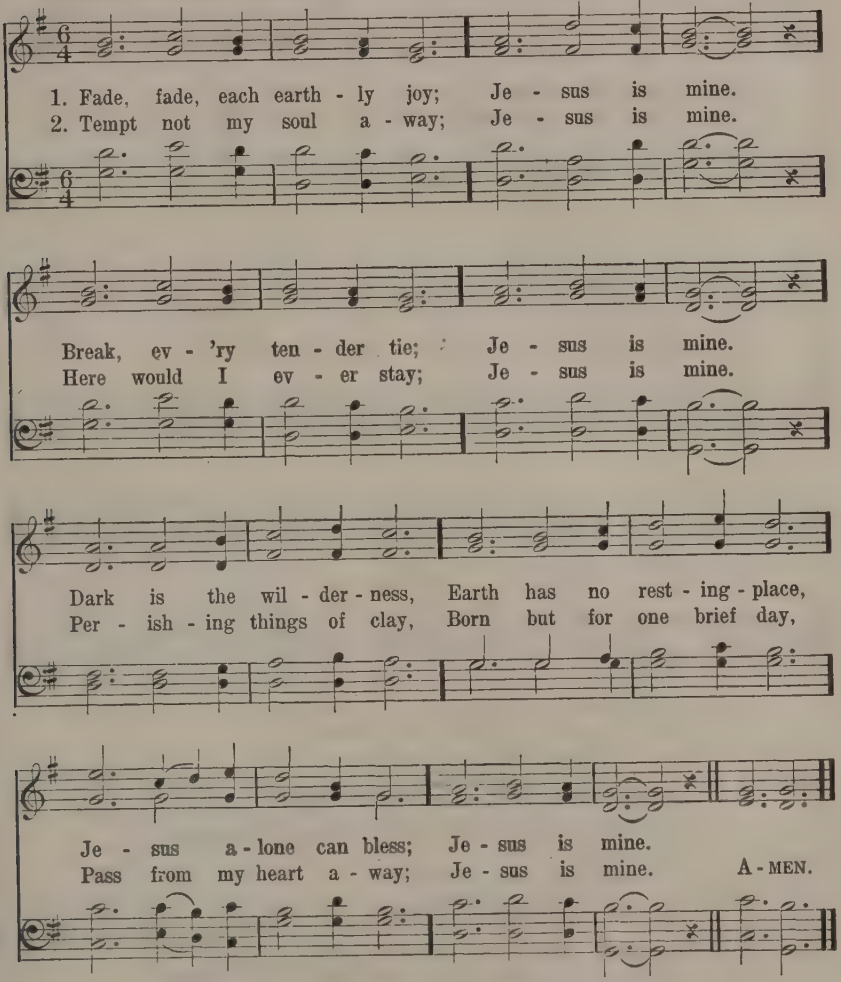
2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest Rock of Ages, I'm hiding in Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my woe;
How often, when trials like sea billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

William Orcutt Cushing, (1823—).

601. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Fade, fade, each earthly joy. 6 4, 6 4, 6 6 6 4. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY. (1816-1868).


1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy; Je - sus is mine.
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine.
Break, ev - 'ry ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine.
Here would I ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine.
Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing - place,
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.

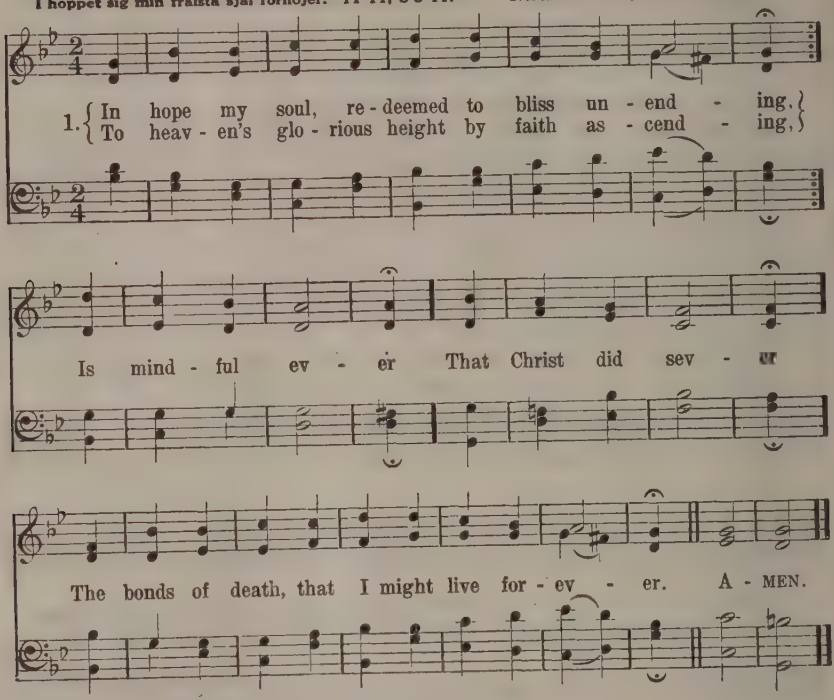
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night;
Jesus is mine.
Lost in this dawning bright
Jesus is mine.
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine.
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast:
Jesus is mine.

Jane Catharine (Lundie) Bonar, 1844.

602. In Hope My Soul, Redeemed to Bliss Unending.

I hoppet sig min frälsta själ förnöjer. 11 11, 5 5 11. Northern Melody from 16th Century.


1. In hope my soul, re-deemed to bliss un-end-ing,
To heav-en's glo-rious height by faith as-cend-ing,
Is mind-ful ev-er That Christ did sev-er
The bonds of death, that I might live for-ev-er. A-MEN.

2 In Him I have salvation's way discovered,
The heritage for me He hath recovered.
Though death o'ertakes me,
Christ ne'er forsakes me,
To everlasting life He surely wakes me.

3 More radiant there than sun e'er shone in brightness,
My soul shall shine before God's throne in whiteness.
My God, who knows me,
In glory clothes me,
As He declared when for His own He chose me.

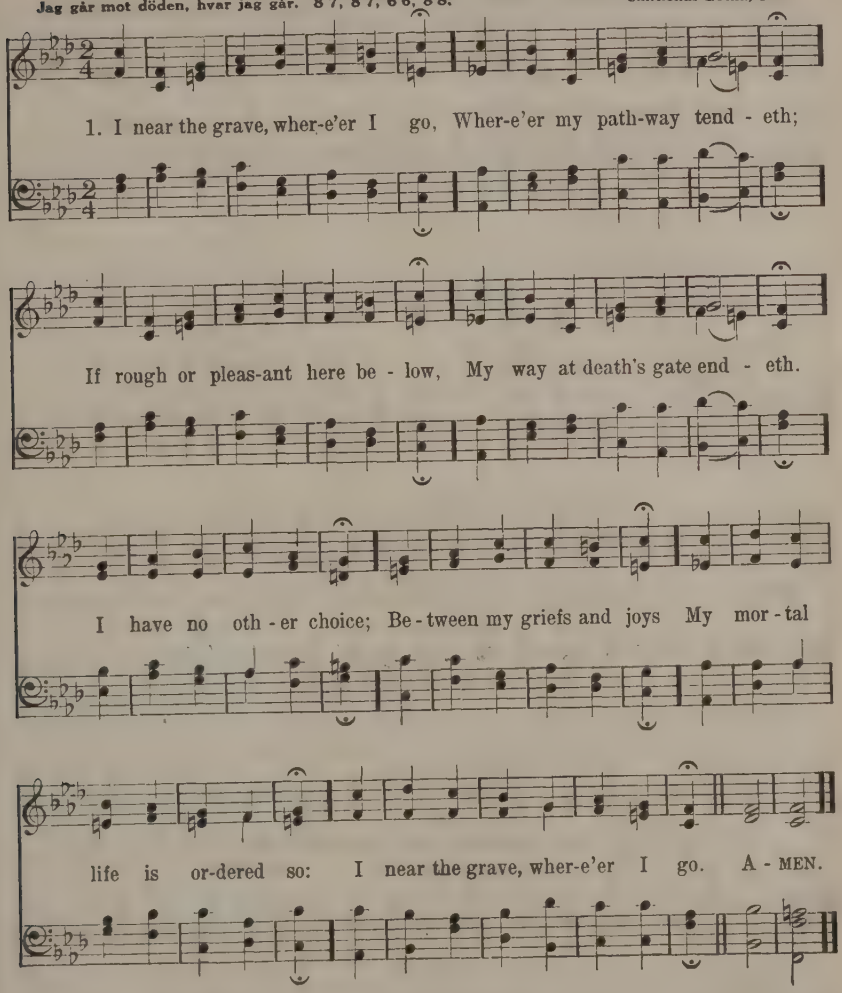
4 O may I come where strife and grief are ended,
Where all Thy saints shall meet, with peace attended!
Lord, grant Thy favor
And mercy ever,
And turn my sorrow into joy forever.

5 Lord Jesus Christ, keep me prepared and waking,
Till from the vale of tears Thy bride Thou'rt taking
To dwell in heaven,
Where joy is given,
And clouds of darkness are forever riven.

Elle Andersdatter, 1645?

603. I Near the Grave, Wherе'er I Go.

Jag går mot döden, hvar jag går. 8 7, 8 7, 6 6, 8 8. Cantional Gotha, 1726.

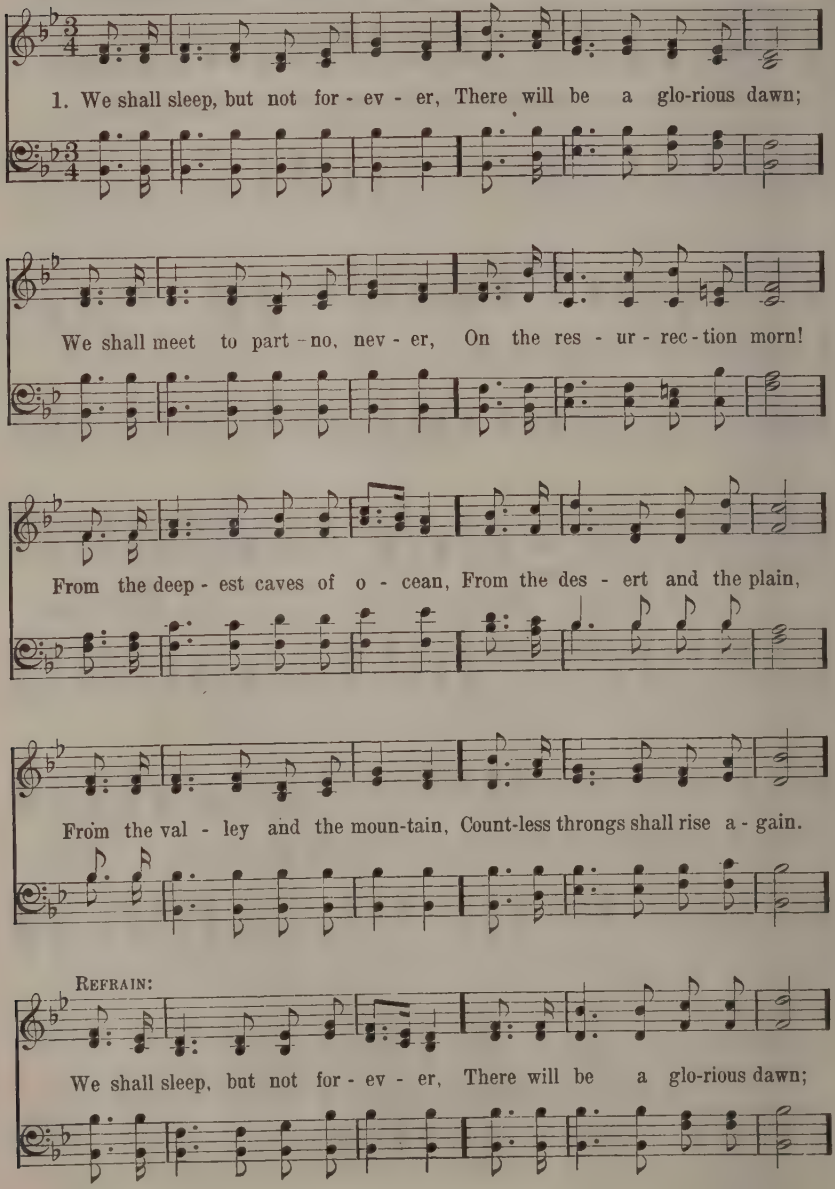

1. I near the grave, wher-e'er I go, Wher-e'er my path-way tend - eth;
If rough or pleas-ant here be - low, My way at death's gate end - eth.
I have no oth - er choice; Be - tween my griefs and joys My mor - tal
life is or-dered so: I near the grave, wher-e'er I go. A - MEN.

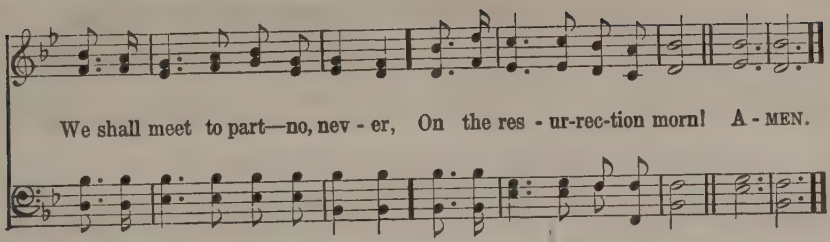
2 I go to heaven, where'er I go,
If Jesus' steps I follow;
The crown of life He will bestow,
When earth this frame shall swallow.
If through this tearful vale
I in that course prevail,
And walk with Jesus here below,
I go to heaven, where'er I go.

Hans Adolph Brorson, 1731.

604. We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever.

We shall sleep, but not forever. 8 7, 8 7. D. With Refrain. SILAS JONES VAIL, (1818–1883).


1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo-rious dawn;
We shall meet to part – no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!
From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
From the val - ley and the moun-tain, Count-less throngs shall rise a - gain.
REFRAIN:
We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo-rious dawn;



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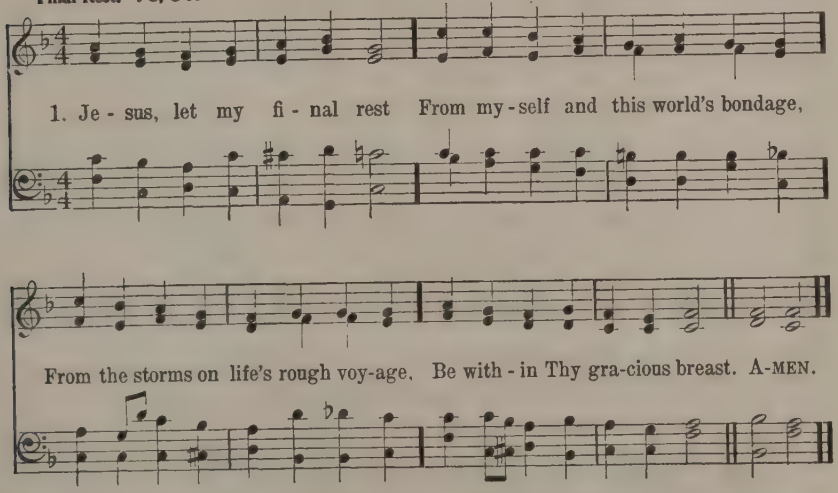
2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessèd be the Lord that taketh,
Blessèd be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to home, sweet home.

Mary Ann Kidder, 1878.

605. Jesus, Let My Final Rest.

Final Rest. 7 8, 8 7. JOHN VICTOR BERGQUIST, 1903.


1. Je - sus, let my fi - nal rest From my - self and this world's bondage,
From the storms on life's rough voy-age, Be with - in Thy gra-cious breast. A-MEN.

2 From a world of stress and strife
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me;
Through the narrow gateway guide me,
Leading to eternal life.

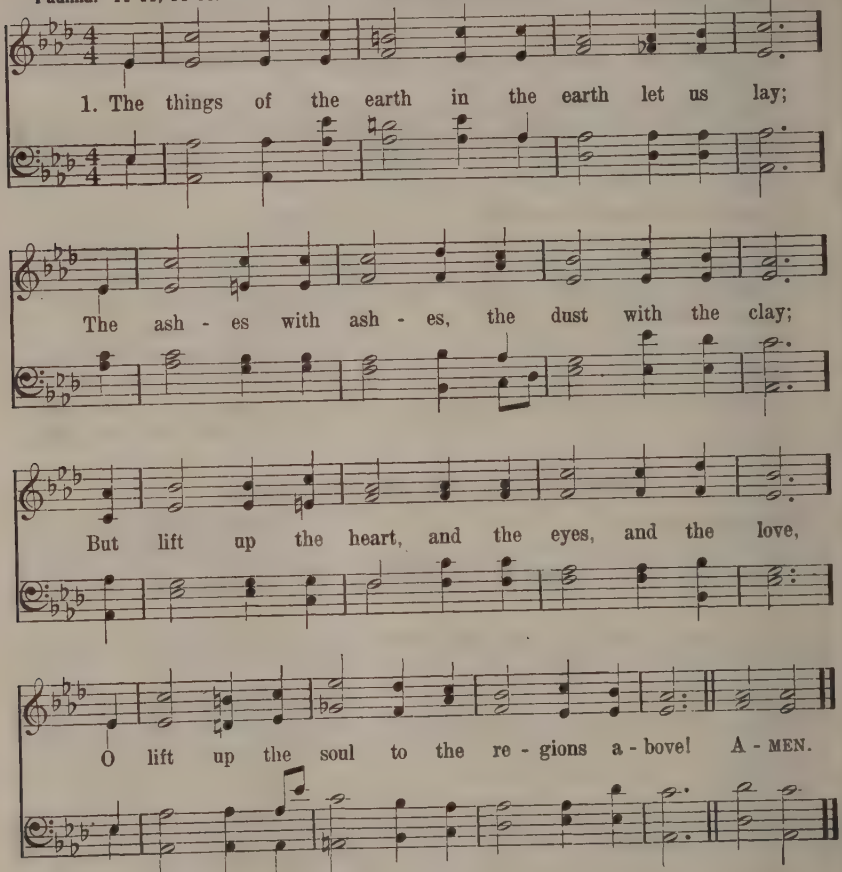
3 To Thy bosom gently prest,
I am ready when Thou take me,
So a humble place Thou make me
In the mansions of the blest.

Ernst William Olson, 1924.
Stanza 1, source unknown.

606. The Things of the Earth in the Earth Let Us Lay.

Paulina. 11 11, 11 11.

GAETANO DONIZETTI, (1797–1848).
Arranged by LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON, (1830–1907).


1. The things of the earth in the earth let us lay;
The ash - es with ash - es, the dust with the clay;
But lift up the heart, and the eyes, and the love,
O lift up the soul to the re - gions a - bove! A - MEN.

2 Since He, the Immortal, hath entered the gate,
So too shall we mortals, or sooner or late:
Then stand we with Christ; let us mark Him ascend,
For His is the glory and life without end.

3 On earth with His own once the Giver of good,
Bestowing His blessing, a little while stood;
Now nothing can part us, nor distance, nor foes,
For lo! He is with us, and who can oppose?

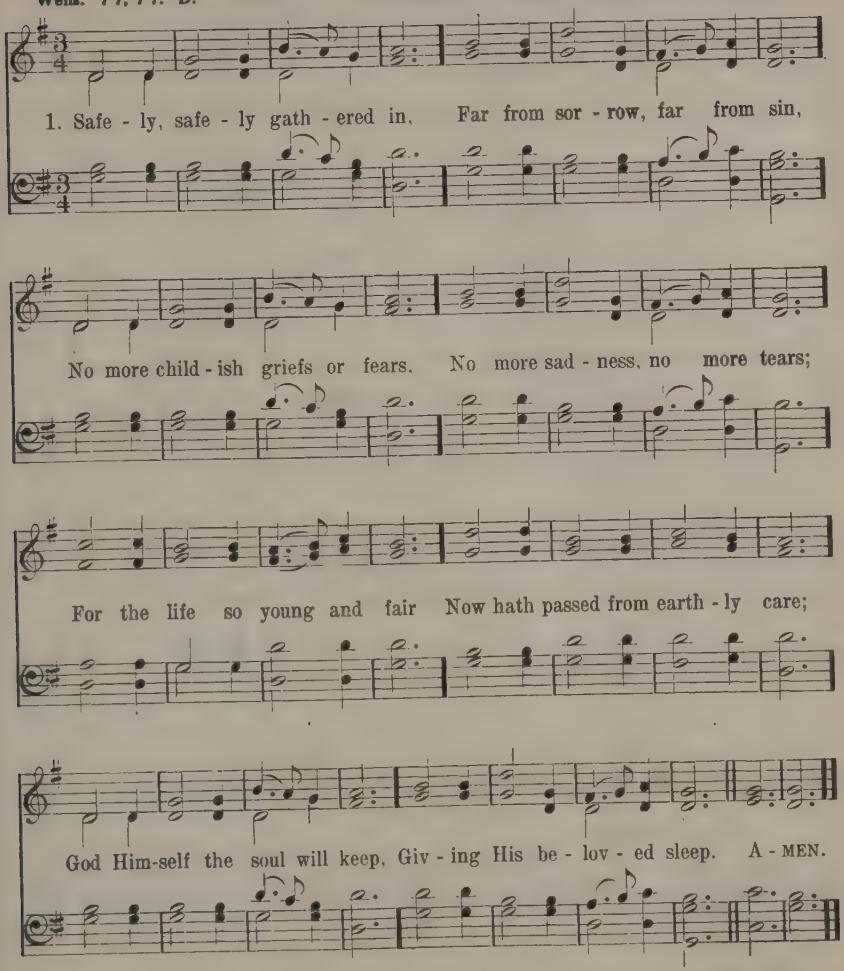
4 So, Lord, we commit this our loved one to Thee,
Whose body is dead, but whose spirit is free:
We know that through grace, when our life here is o'er,
In bliss we shall be with the Lord evermore.

From the Greek, by John Mason Neale, 1864, a.

607. Safely, Safely Gathered In.

Wells. 7 7, 7 7. D.

MARCUS MORRIS WELLS, (1815—).


1. Safe - ly, safe - ly gath - ered in, Far from sor - row, far from sin,
No more child - ish griefs or fears, No more sad - ness, no more tears;
For the life so young and fair Now hath passed from earth - ly care;
God Him-self the soul will keep, Giv - ing His be - lov - ed sleep. A - MEN.

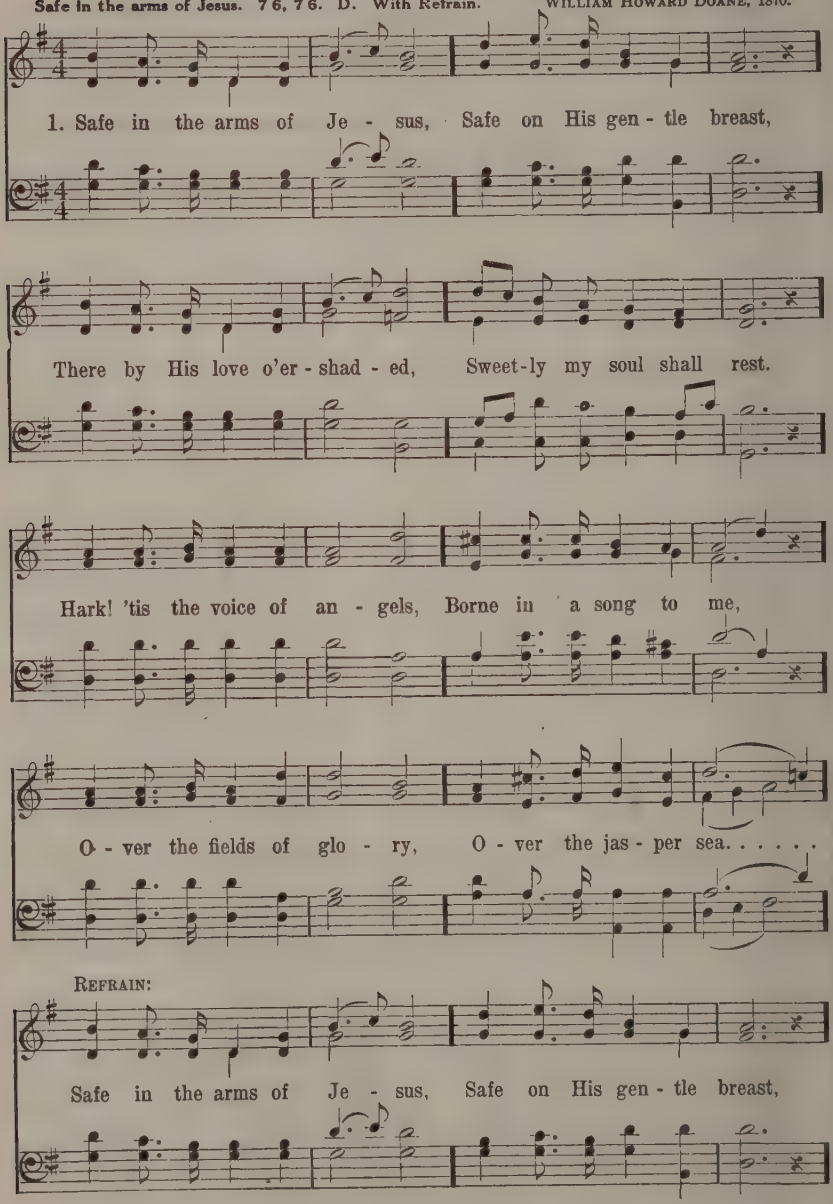
2 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
Passed beyond all grief and pain,
Death for thee is truest gain;
For our loss we may not weep,
Nor our loved ones long to keep
From the home of rest and peace,
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

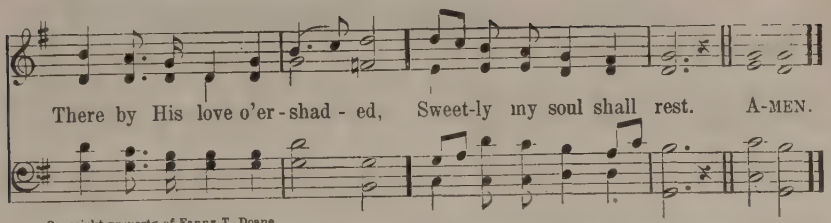
3 Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life;
Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Saviour's love;
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There, adoring, at Thy feet.

Henrietta O. de Lisle Döhree, 1887.

608. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Safe in the arms of Jesus. 7 6, 7 6. D. With Refrain. WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, 1870.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . . . .
REFRAIN:
Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,



Copyright property of Fanny T Doane.

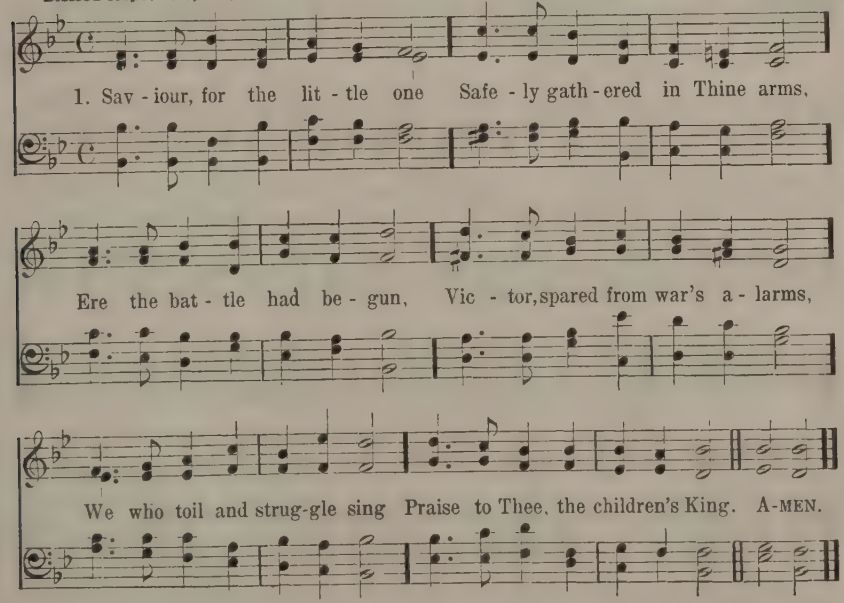
2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care.
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow.
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, 1869.

609. Saviour, for the Little One.

Blessed Hope. 77, 77, 77. GERHARD THEODORE ALEXIS, 1924.

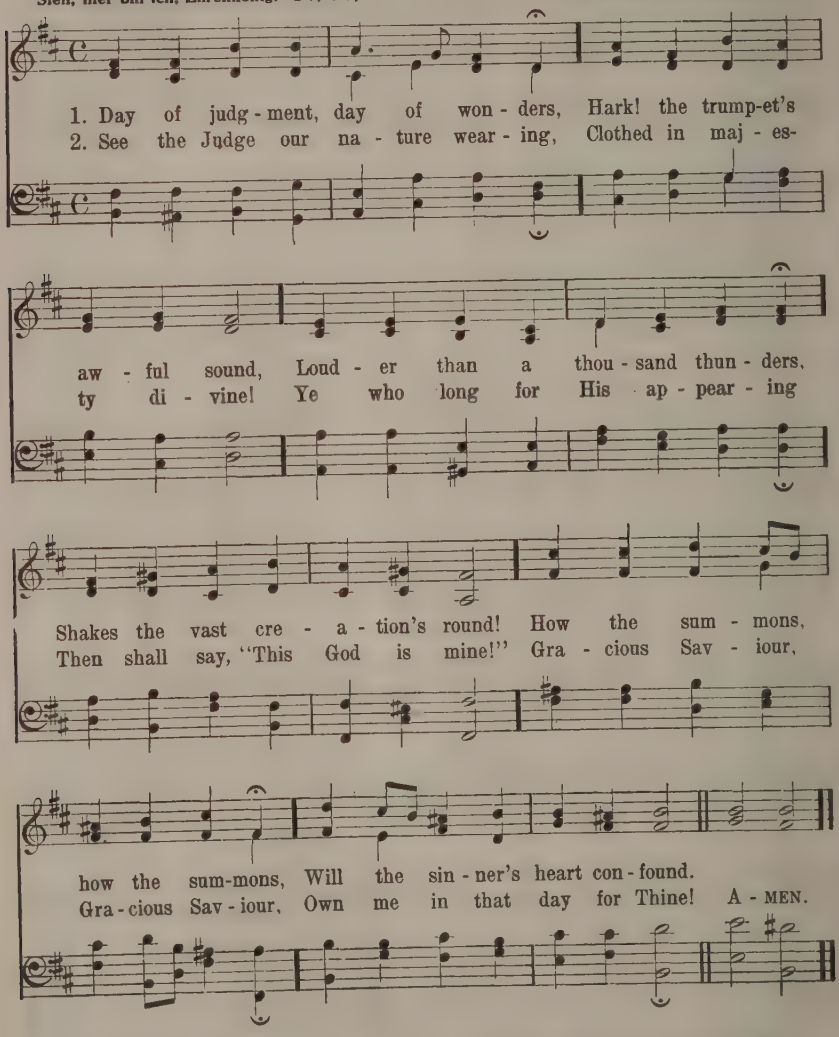

1. Sav-iour, for the lit-tle one Safe-ly gath-ered in Thine arms,
Ere the bat-tle had be-gun, Vic-tor, spared from war's a-larms,
We who toil and strug-gle sing Praise to Thee, the children's King. A-MEN.

2 Thou dost give and take away,
Full of love in all Thy ways:
Be each mourner's heart to-day
Full of loving trust and praise,
In the midst of grief to bring
Thanks to Thee, the children's King.

Mary Ann Thomson, 1872.

610. Day of Judgment, Day of Wonders.

Sieh, hier bin ich, Ehrenkönig. 8 7, 8 7, 4 4 7. Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698.


1. Day of judg-ment, day of won-ders, Hark! the trump-et's
2. See the Judge our na-ture wear-ing, Clothed in maj-es-
aw-ful sound, Loud-er than a thou-sand thun-ders,
ty di-vine! Ye who long for His ap-pear-ing
Shakes the vast cre-a-tion's round! How the sum-mons,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!" Gra-cious Sav-iour,
how the sum-mons, Will the sin-ner's heart con-found.
Gra-cious Sav-iour, Own me in that day for Thine! A-MEN.

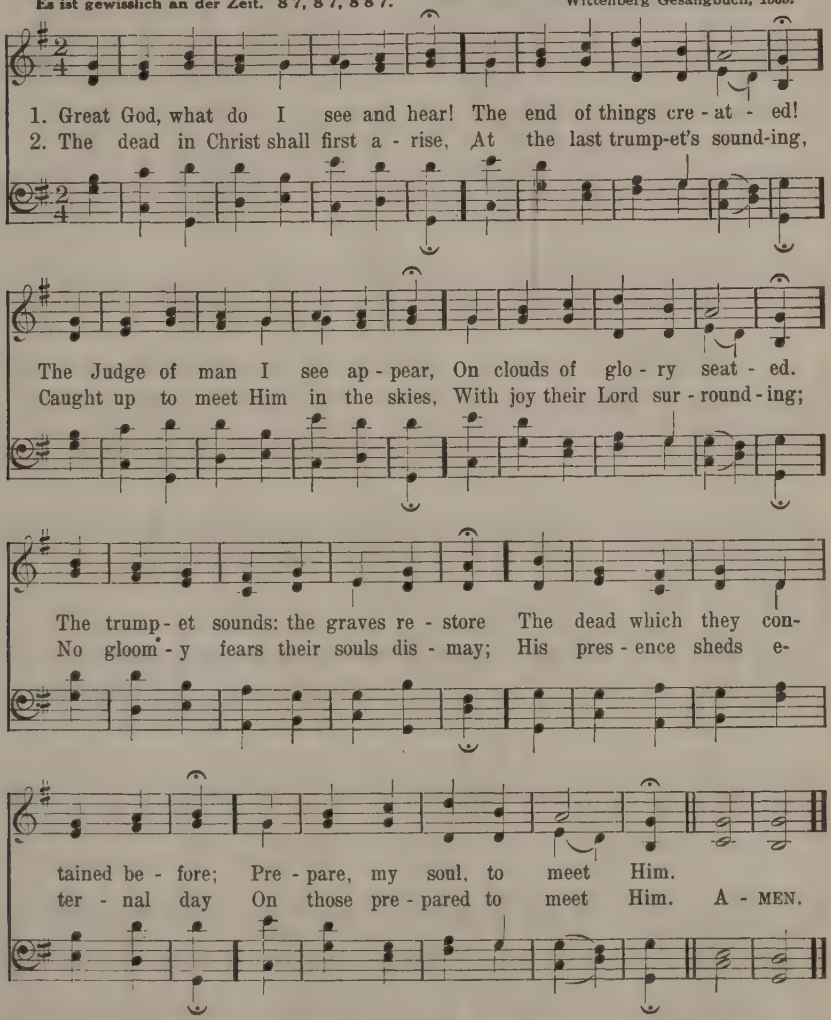
3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd!
See the kingdom I bestow!
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton, 1779.

611. Great God, What Do I See and Hear!

Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. Wittenberg Gesangbuch, 1535.


1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - at - ed!
2. The dead in Christ shall first a - rise, At the last trump-et's sound-ing,
The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed.
Caught up to meet Him in the skies, With joy their Lord sur - round - ing;
The trump - et sounds: the graves re - store The dead which they con-
No gloom - y fears their souls dis - may; His pres - ence sheds e-
tained be - fore; Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him.
ter - nal day On those pre - pared to meet Him. A - MEN.

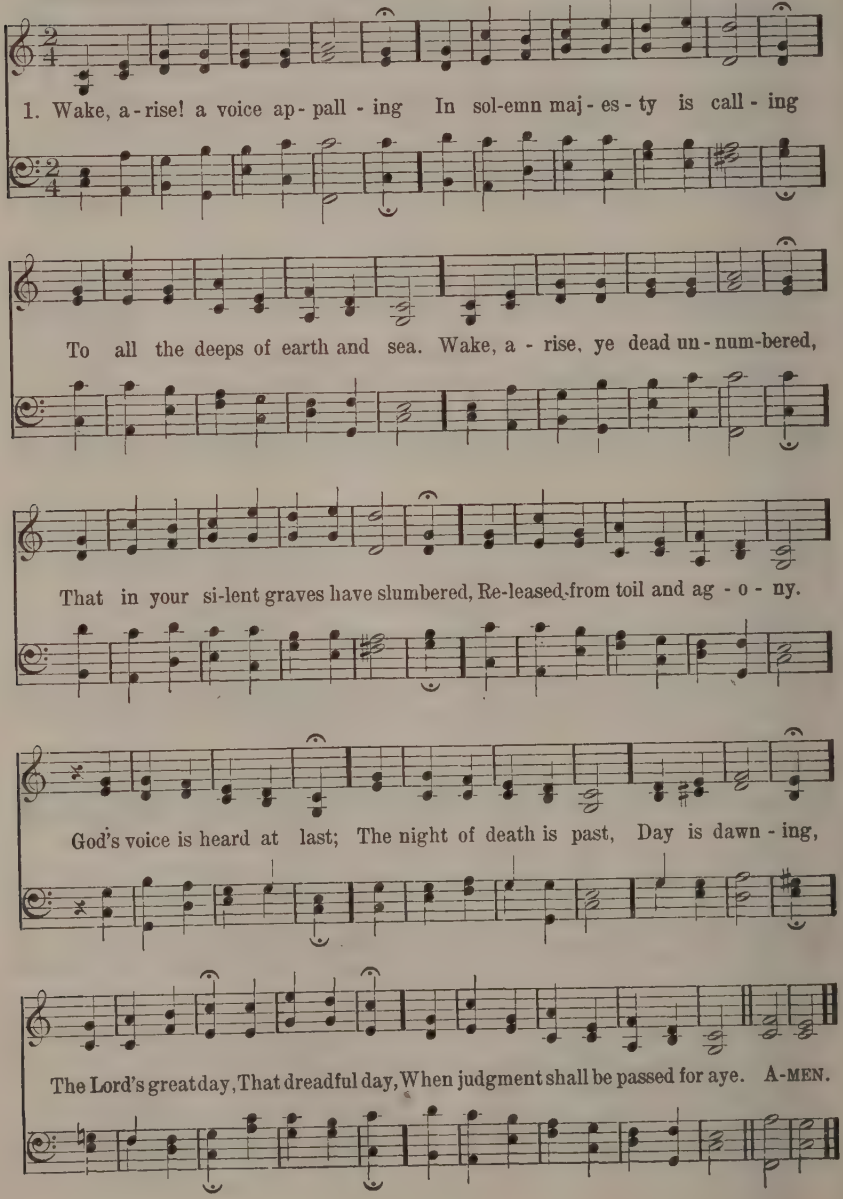
3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing,
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing;
The day of grace is past and gone;
They trembling stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Thou who hast died and yet dost live,
To me impart Thy merit;
My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
And cleanse me by Thy Spirit.
Beneath Thy cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

William Bengo Collyer, 1812.

612. Wake, Arise! a Voice Appalling.

Wachet auf. 898, 898, 664, 448. PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.


1. Wake, a-rise! a voice ap-pall-ing In sol-emn maj-es-ty is call-ing
To all the deeps of earth and sea. Wake, a-rise, ye dead un-num-bered,
That in your si-lent graves have slumbered, Re-leased from toil and ag-o-ny.
God's voice is heard at last; The night of death is past, Day is dawn-ing,
The Lord's great day, That dreadful day, When judgment shall be passed for aye. A-MEN.

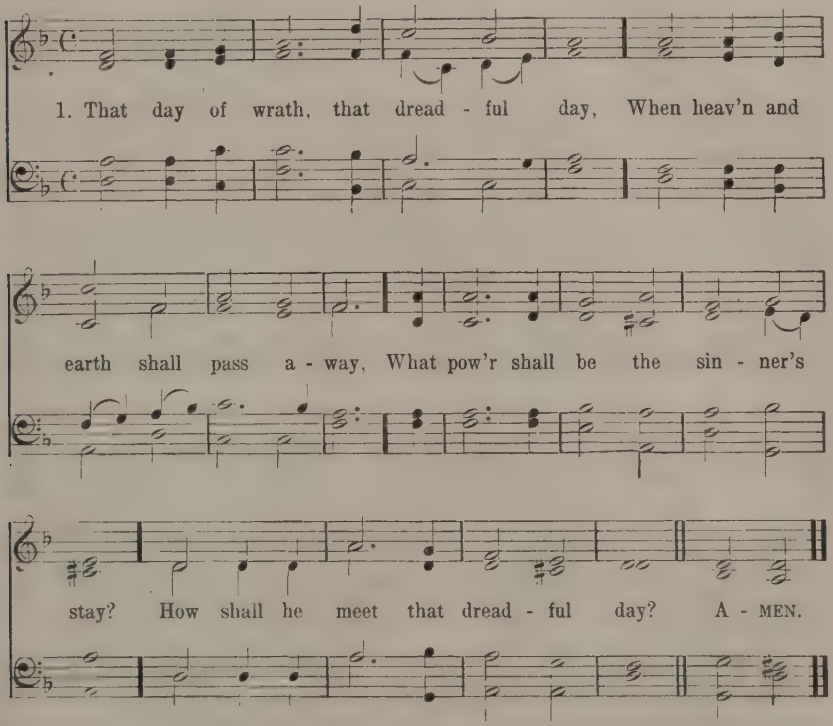
2 Earth and sea and sky shall tremble,
The angels of the Lord assemble,
When Christ in glory comes again.
Mountains fall, and deeps are yawning
When in eternity's dread dawning
He comes to judge the sons of men.
There shall be joy and tears,
And hope shall blend with fears,
But the faithful
Shall enter bold
The Shepherd's fold,
And all receive their crowns of gold.

3 Christ, Thy coming all shall gladden
Who in Thy footsteps here have trodden
Upon Thy thorny path below.
Palms for thorns shall then be given;
And, waiting for the joys of heaven,
Contented to my grave I go.
The little while I sleep,
Thy angels vigil keep,
Till Thou comest
My soul to wake
And, for Thy sake,
My spirit into bliss to take.

Philipp Nicolai, 1599.
Johan Olof Wallin, 1817.

613. That Day of Wrath, That Dreadful Day.

St. Cross. L. M. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, (1823–1876).


1. That day of wrath, that dread - ful day, When heav'n and
earth shall pass a - way, What pow'r shall be the sin - ner's
stay? How shall he meet that dread - ful day? A - MEN.

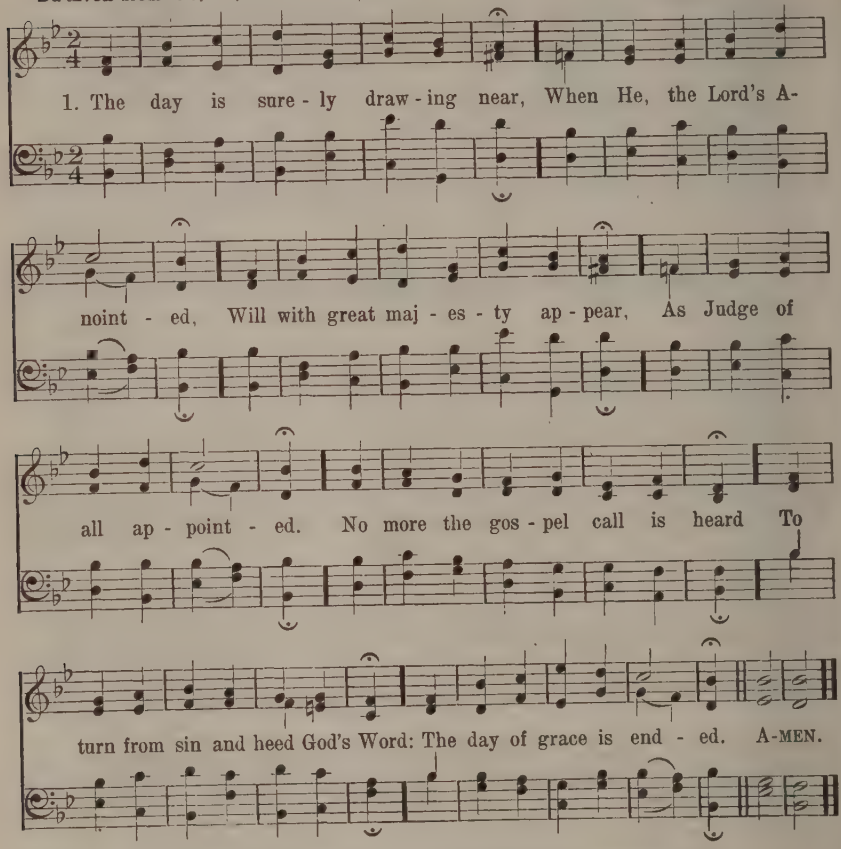
2 When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead:

3 Lord, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Thomas of Celano, 13th Century.

614. The Day Is Surely Drawing Near.

Du lifvets bröd. 8 7, 8 7, 8 8 7. PETER SOHREN, 1668.


1. The day is sure - ly draw - ing near, When He, the Lord's A-
noint - ed, Will with great maj - es - ty ap - pear, As Judge of
all ap - point - ed. No more the gos - pel call is heard To
turn from sin and heed God's Word: The day of grace is end - ed. A-MEN.

2 A trumpet loud shall then resound,
And all the earth be shaken;
Then all who in their graves are found
Shall from their sleep awaken.
But all that live shall in that hour,
By the Almighty's boundless power
And at His word be changèd.

3 Then woe to those who scorned the Lord,
And sought but carnal pleasures,
Who here despised His precious Word,
And loved their earthly treasures,
With shame and trembling they shall stand,
And at the Judge's stern command
Depart from Him forever.

4 O Christ, my Intercessor be,
And for Thy death and merit
Declare my name from judgment free,
With all who life inherit;
That with my brethren I may stand
With Thee in heaven, our fatherland,
Which Thou for us hast purchased.

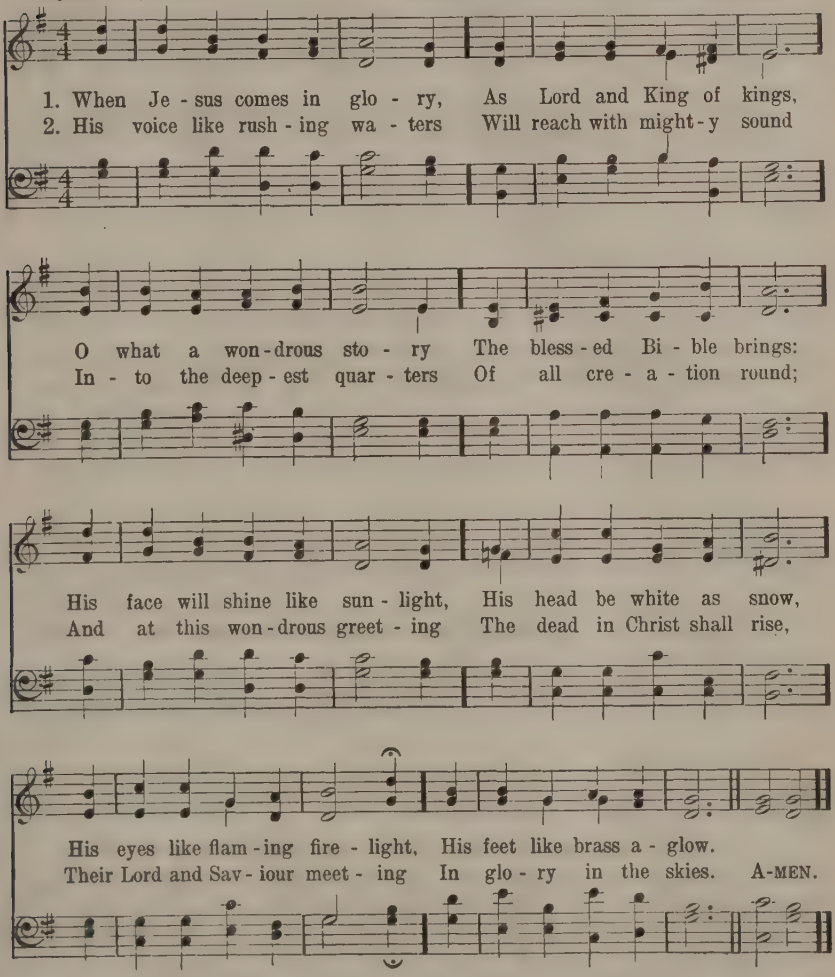
5 Lord Jesus Christ, do not delay,
O hasten our salvation!
We often tremble on our way,
In fear and tribulation.
Then hear us when we cry to Thee:
Come, mighty Judge, come, make us free
From every evil. Amen!

Bartholomäus Ringwaldt, about 1565, a.

615. When Jesus Comes in Glory.

Daystar. 7 6, 7 6. D.

SAMUEL MARTIN MILLER, 1922.
Harmonized by GERHARD THEODORE ALEXIS, 1925.


1. When Je - sus comes in glo - ry, As Lord and King of kings,
2. His voice like rush - ing wa - ters Will reach with might - y sound
O what a won - drous sto - ry The bless - ed Bi - ble brings:
In - to the deep - est quar - ters Of all cre - a - tion round;
His face will shine like sun - light, His head be white as snow,
And at this won - drous greet - ing The dead in Christ shall rise,
His eyes like flam - ing fire - light, His feet like brass a - glow.
Their Lord and Sav - iour meet - ing In glo - ry in the skies. A-MEN.

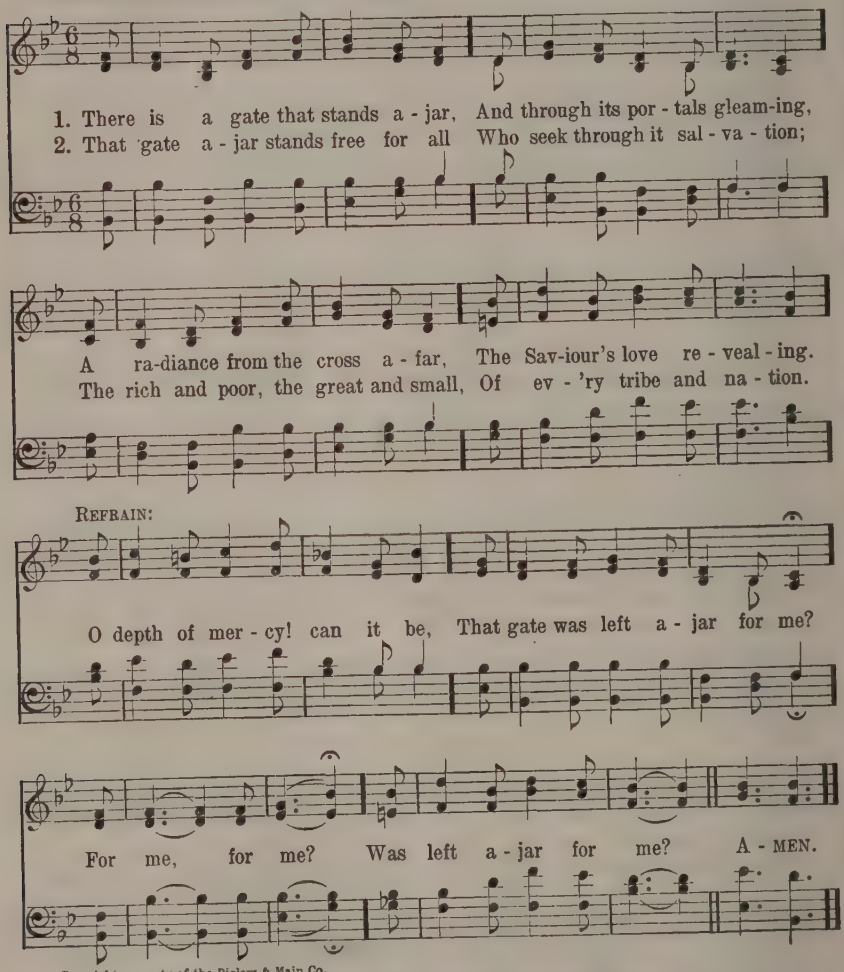
3 And we who are believing,
And His appearing love,
Shall know we are receiving
His glory from above;
His resurrection power
Will raise us to the place
Where we that wondrous hour
Shall see Him face to face.

4 O hasten Thine appearing,
Thou Bright and Morning Star!
Lord, may we soon be hearing
The trumpet sound afar;
Thy people all are yearning
To be Thy raptured bride,
And at Thine own returning
Be caught up to Thy side.

Samuel Martin Miller, 1922.

616. There Is a Gate That Stands Ajar.

Gates Ajar. 8 7, 8 7. With Refrain. SILAS JONES VAIL, (1818–1883).


1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por - tals gleam-ing,
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek through it sal - va - tion;
A ra-diance from the cross a - far, The Sav-iour's love re - veal - ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.
REFRAIN:
O depth of mer - cy! can it be, That gate was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me? Was left a - jar for me? A - MEN.

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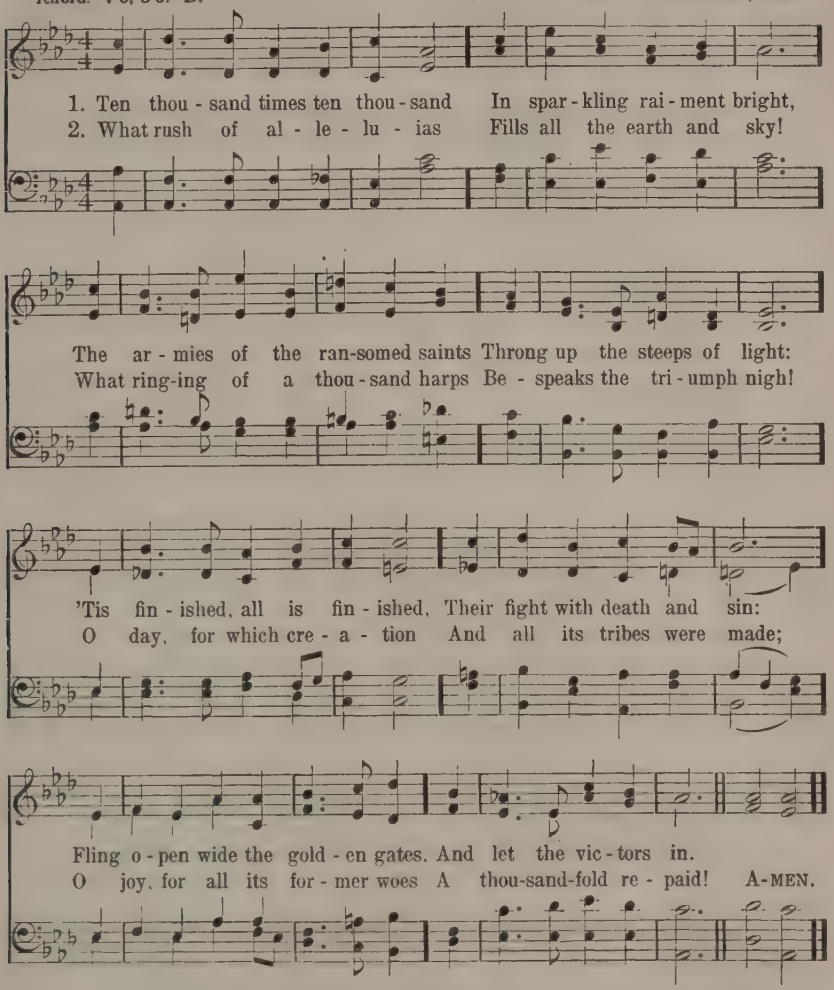
3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

Lydia Baxter, 1874.

617. Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

Alford. 7 6, 8 6. D. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1875.


1. Ten thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spar - kling rai - ment bright,
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky!
The ar - mies of the ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
What ring-ing of a thou - sand harps Be - speaks the tri - umph nigh!
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:
O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made;
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou-sand-fold re - paid! A-MEN.

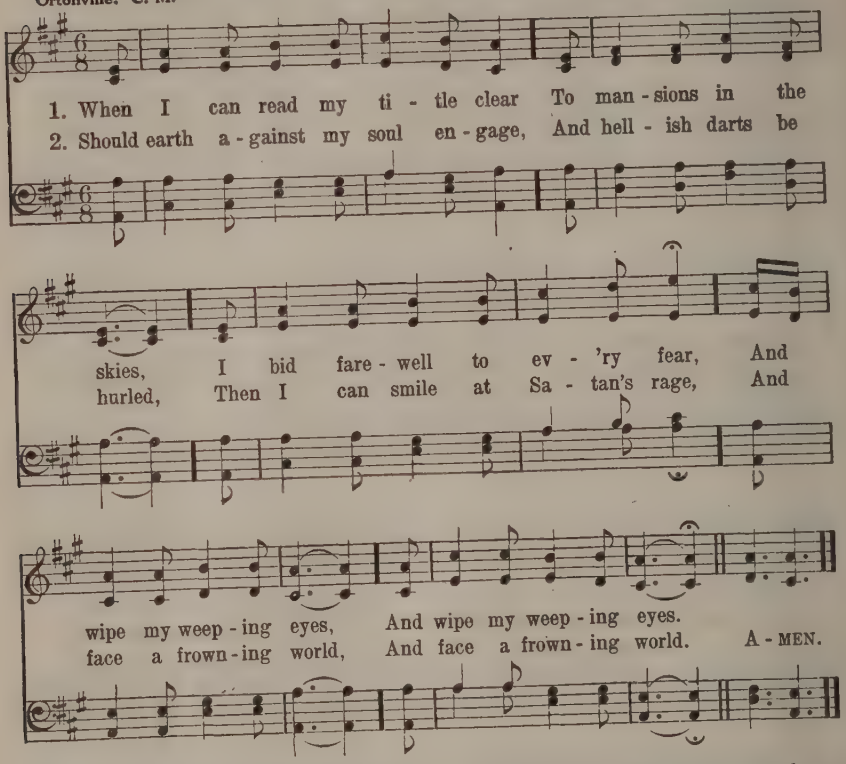
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Caanan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Henry Alford, 1867.

618. When I Can Read My Title Clear.

Ortonville. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man - sions in the
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And hell - ish darts be
skies, I bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And
hurled, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And
wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
face a frown - ing world, And face a frown - ing world. A - MEN.

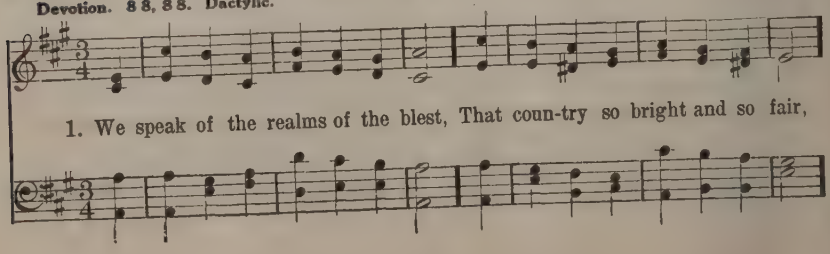
3 Let cares like some wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall.
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

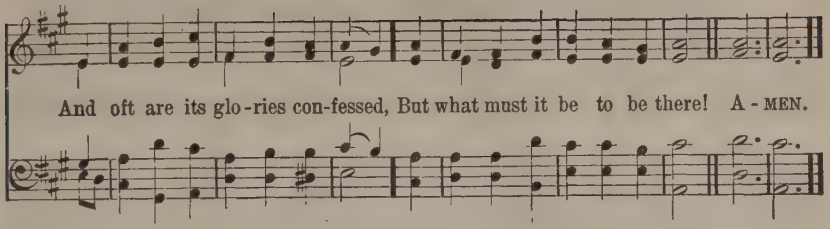
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

619. We Speak of the Realms of the Blest.

Devotion. 8 8, 8 8. Dactylic. J. A. JOHNSON, 1846.





2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there!

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there!

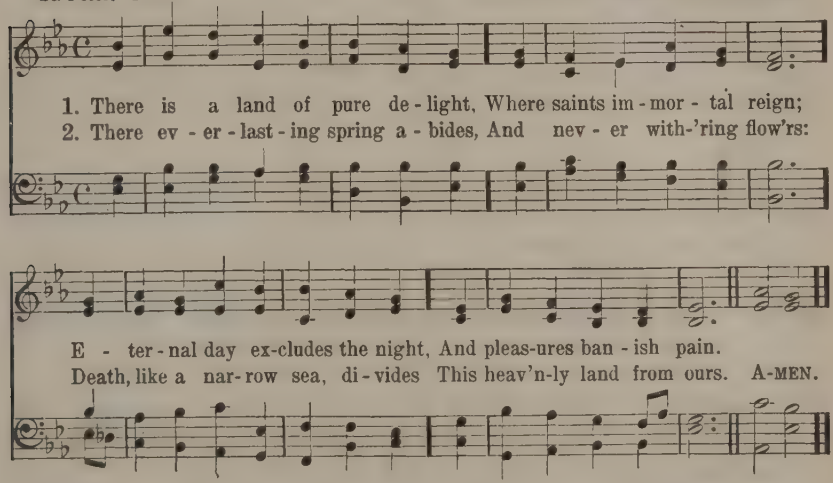
4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the first-born above,
But what must it be to be there!

5 Do Thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
For heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

Elizabeth (King) Mills, 1829.

620. There Is a Land of Pure Delight.

St. Peter. C. M. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, 1826.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er with-'ring flow'rs:
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides This heav'n-ly land from ours. A-MEN.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

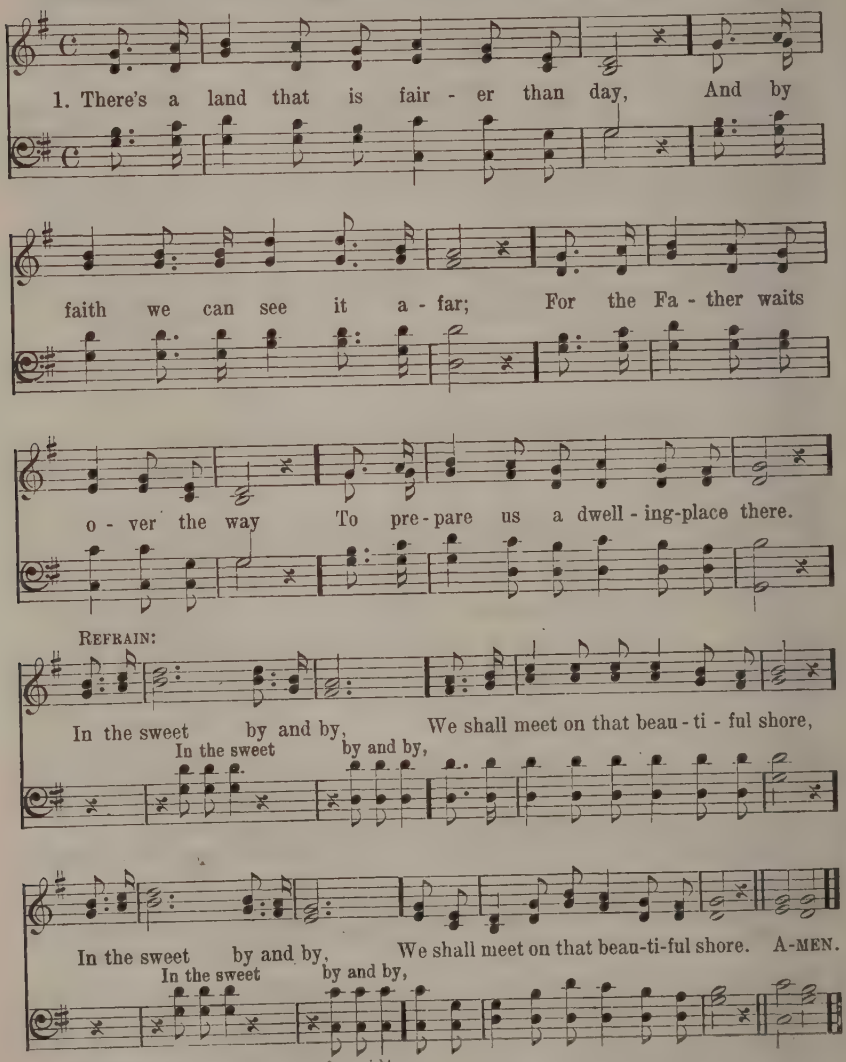
5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

621. There's a Land That Is Fairer Than Day.

Sweet by and by. 9 9, 9 9. With Refrain. JOSEPH PHILBRICK WEBSTER, 1868.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by
faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits
o - ver the way To pre - pare us a dwell - ing-place there.
REFRAIN:
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

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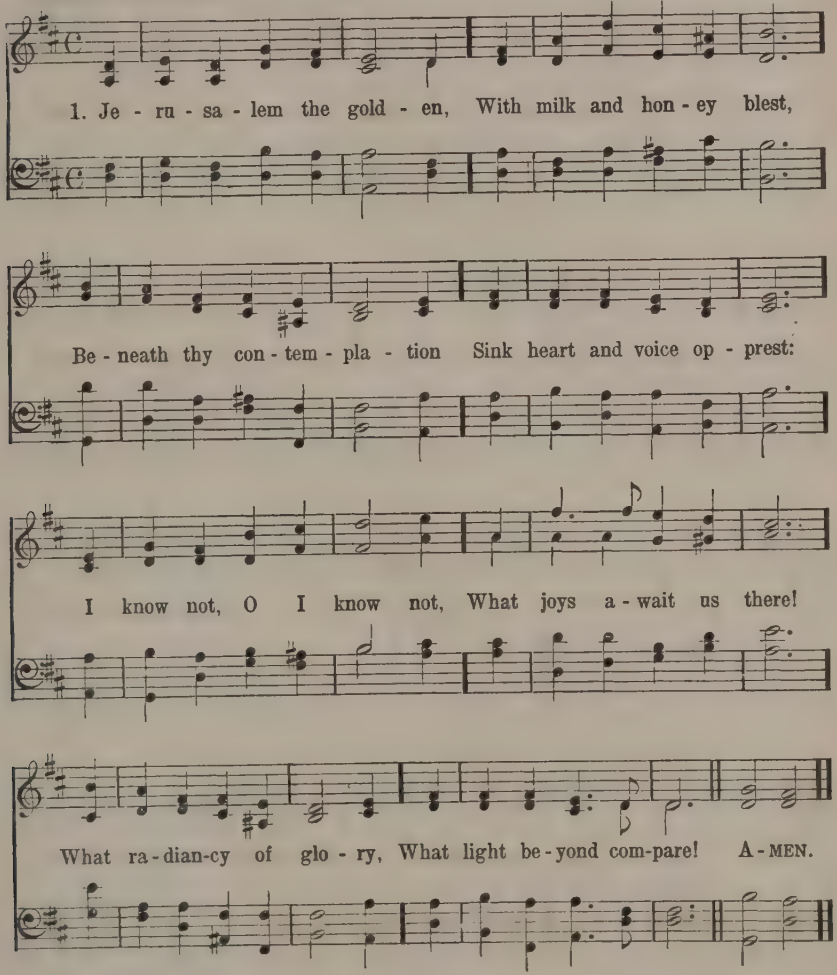
2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

622. Jerusalem the Golden.

Ewing. 76, 76. D. ALEXANDER EWING, 1853.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com-pare! A - MEN.

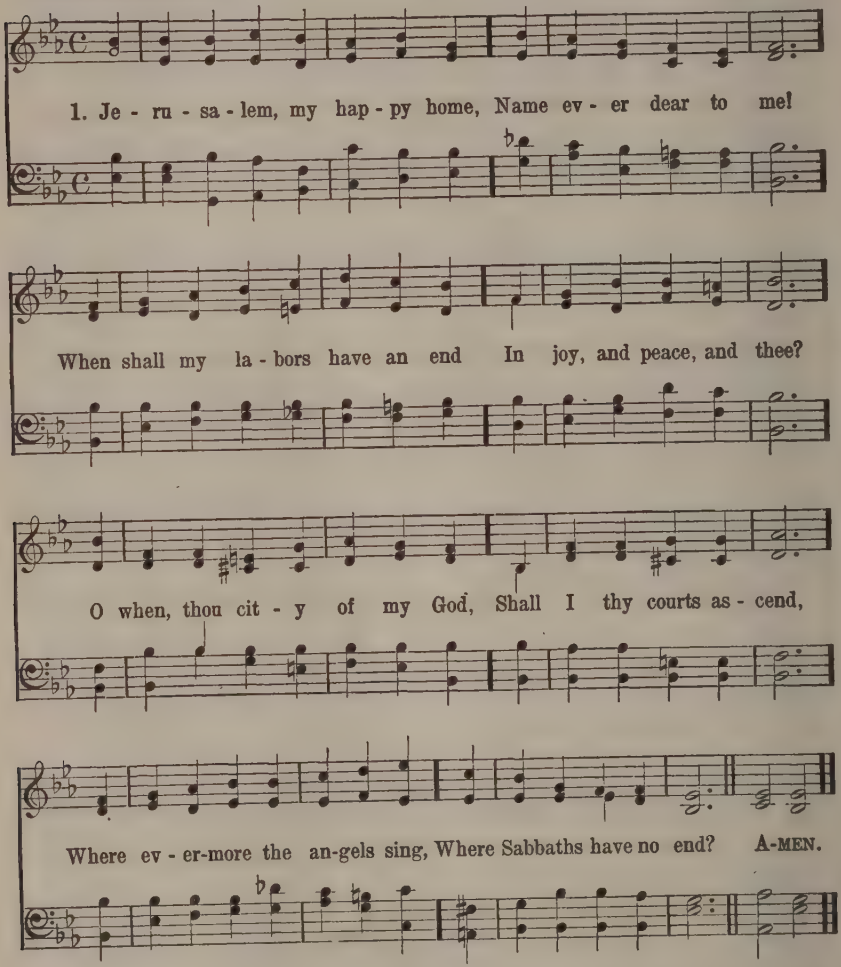
2 And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints,
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white!

Bernard de Morlaix, 12th Century.

623. Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

Mathilde. C. M. D. RALPH ALVIN STROM, 1924.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me!
When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?
O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,
Where ev - er-more the an-gels sing, Where Sabbaths have no end? A-MEN.

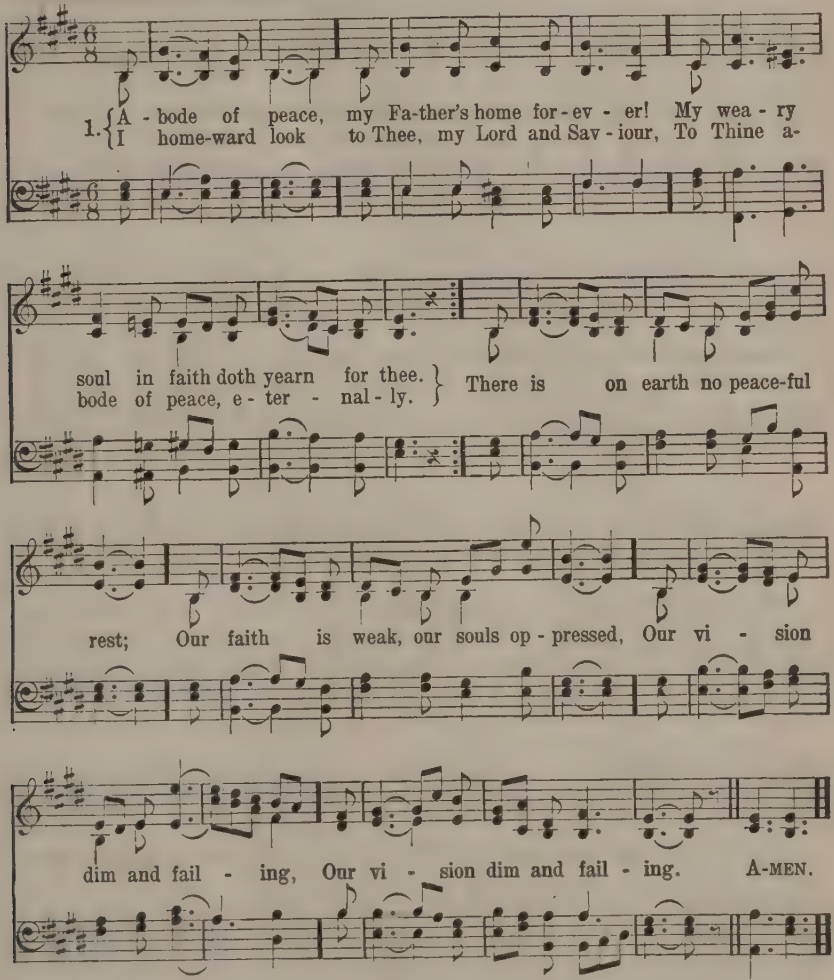
2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still longs for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

James Montgomery, (1771–1854).

624. Abode of Peace, My Father's Home Forever.

Till fridens hem. 11 10, 11 10, 8 8, 7 7. PRINCE GUSTAF, (1827-1852).


1. A - bode of peace, my Fa-ther's home for-ev - er! My wea - ry
I home-ward look to Thee, my Lord and Sav - iour, To Thine a-
soul in faith doth yearn for thee.
bode of peace, e - ter - nal - ly.
There is on earth no peace-ful
rest; Our faith is weak, our souls op - pressed, Our vi - sion
dim and fail - ing, Our vi - sion dim and fail - ing. A-MEN.

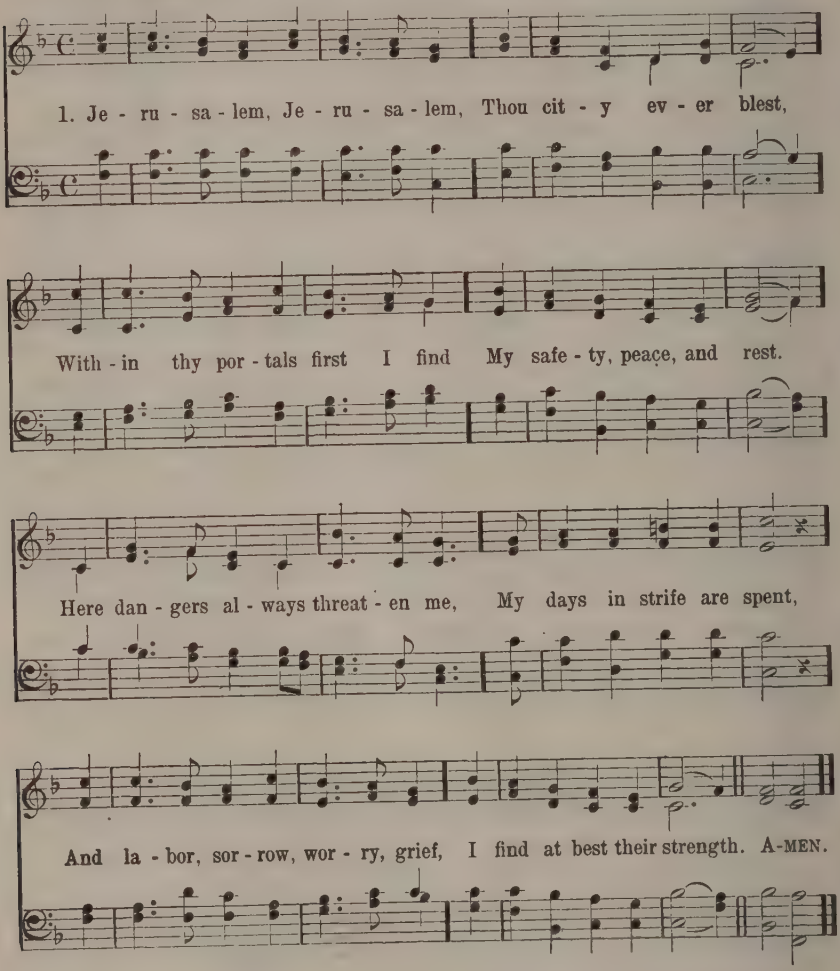
2 The Lord be praised that time so swiftly flieth;
God's promise is fulfilled for evermore.
Who on God's Word and promises relieth
Shall find at last the choicest wine in store.
Forgotten then is all distress,
Eternal peace and happiness
Shall then be ours forever.

3 Then, keep my heart forever, O my Saviour,
And let me never, Lord, from Thee depart.
In joy, in pain, in sorrow, now and ever,
Thou only givest solace to my heart.
For when, O Lord, I am with Thee,
All other comforts well may flee;
With Thee I'm blest forever.

Agata Rosenius.

625. Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

Jerusalem. C. M. D. CHARLES HENRY PURDAY, (1799–1885).


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, Thou cit - y ev - er blest,
With - in thy por - tals first I find My safe - ty, peace, and rest.
Here dan - gers al - ways threat - en me, My days in strife are spent,
And la - bor, sor - row, wor - ry, grief, I find at best their strength. A-MEN.

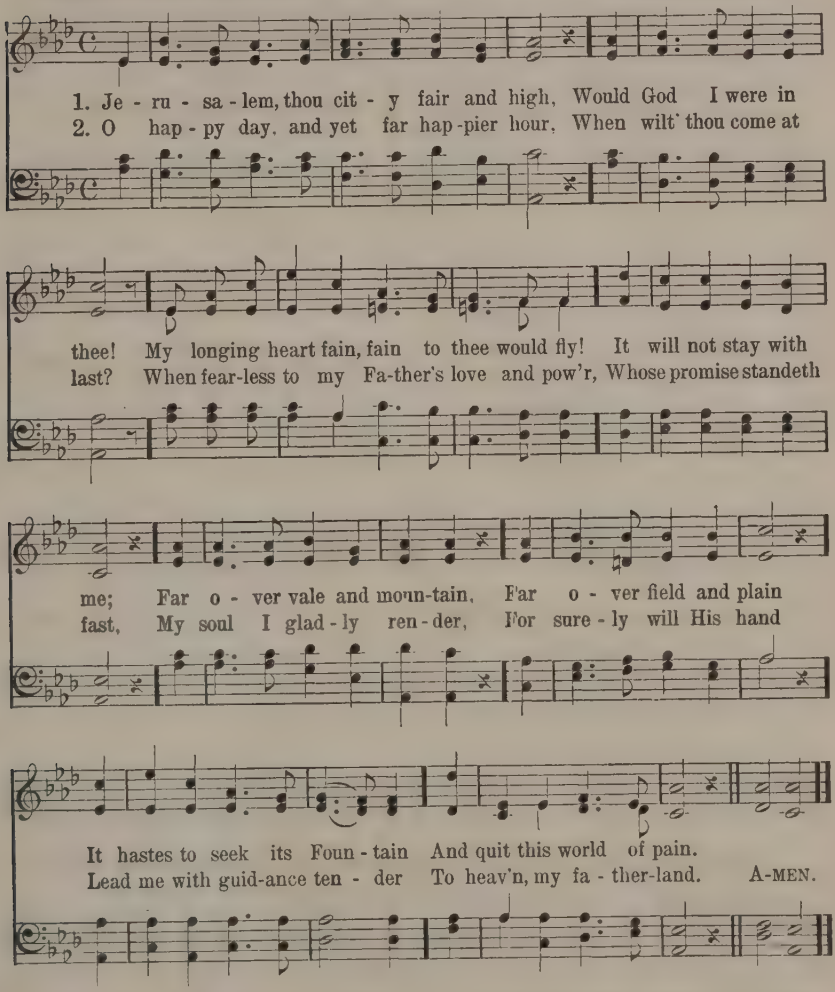
2 No wonder, then, that I do long,
O blessèd home, for thee,
Where I shall find a resting-place,
From sin and sorrow free;
Where tears and weeping are no more,
Nor death, nor pain, nor night,
For former things are passed away,
And darkness turned to light.

3 Now all for me has lost its charm
Which by the world is praised,
Since on the cross, through faith, I saw
My Saviour Jesus raised;
My goal is fixed, one thing I ask,
Whate'er the cost may be,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Soon to arrive in thee.

Carolina Vilhelmina (Sandell) Berg, (1832-1903).

626. Jerusalem, Thou City Fair and High.

Jerusalem, du Herrens nya stad. 10 6, 10 6, 7 6, 7 6. English Melody.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, thou cit - y fair and high, Would God I were in
2. O hap - py day, and yet far hap - pier hour, When wilt thou come at
thee! My longing heart fain, fain to thee would fly! It will not stay with
last? When fear-less to my Fa-ther's love and pow'r, Whose promise standeth
me; Far o - ver vale and moun-tain, Far o - ver field and plain
fast, My soul I glad - ly ren - der, For sure - ly will His hand
It hastes to seek its Foun - tain And quit this world of pain.
Lead me with guid-ance ten - der To heav'n, my fa - ther-land. A-MEN.

3 O Zion, hail! bright city, now unfold
The gates of grace to me
How many a time I longed for thee of old,
Ere yet I was set free
From yon dark life of sadness,
Yon world of shadowy naught,
And God had given the gladness,
The heritage I sought.

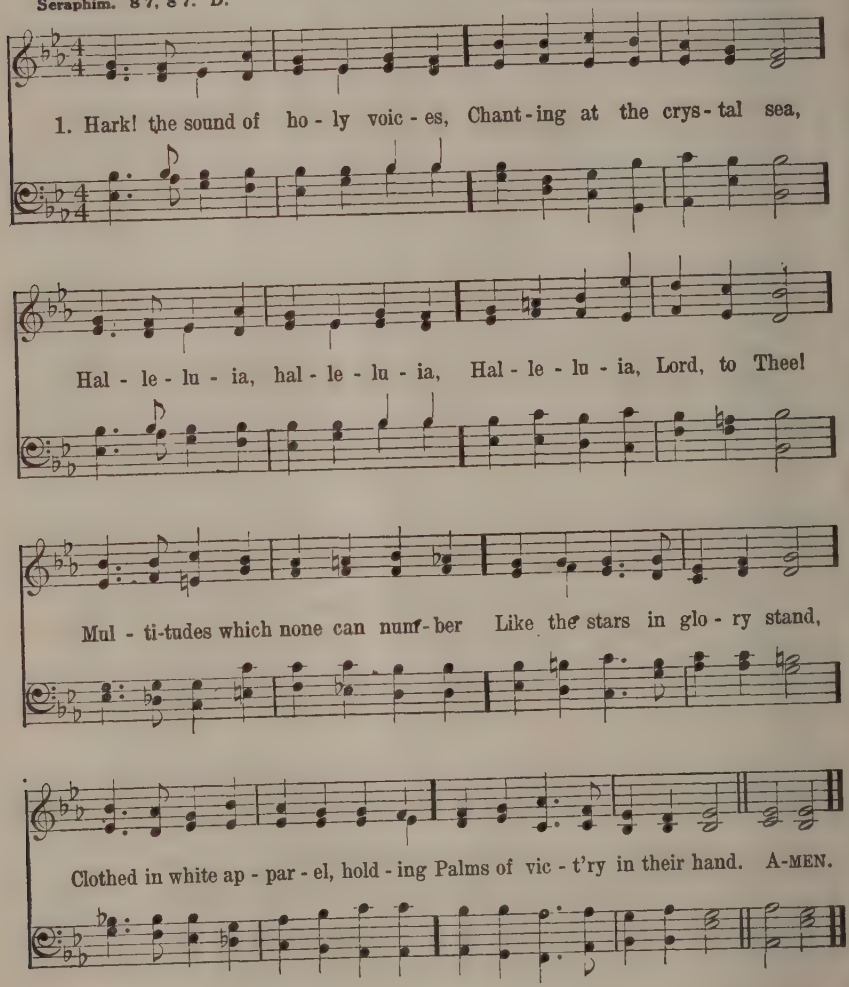
4 Unnumbered choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems raise,
The heavenly halls re-echo with the tone
Of that great hymn of praise,
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blessèd throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

Johann Matthäus Meyfart, 1626.

627. Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

Seraphim. 8 7, 8 7. D.

GERHARD THEODORE ALEXIS, 1923.


1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant - ing at the crys - tal sea,
Hal - le - lu - ia, hal - le - lu - ia, Hal - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee!
Mul - ti-tudes which none can numb - ber Like the stars in glo - ry stand,
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold - ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hand. A-MEN.

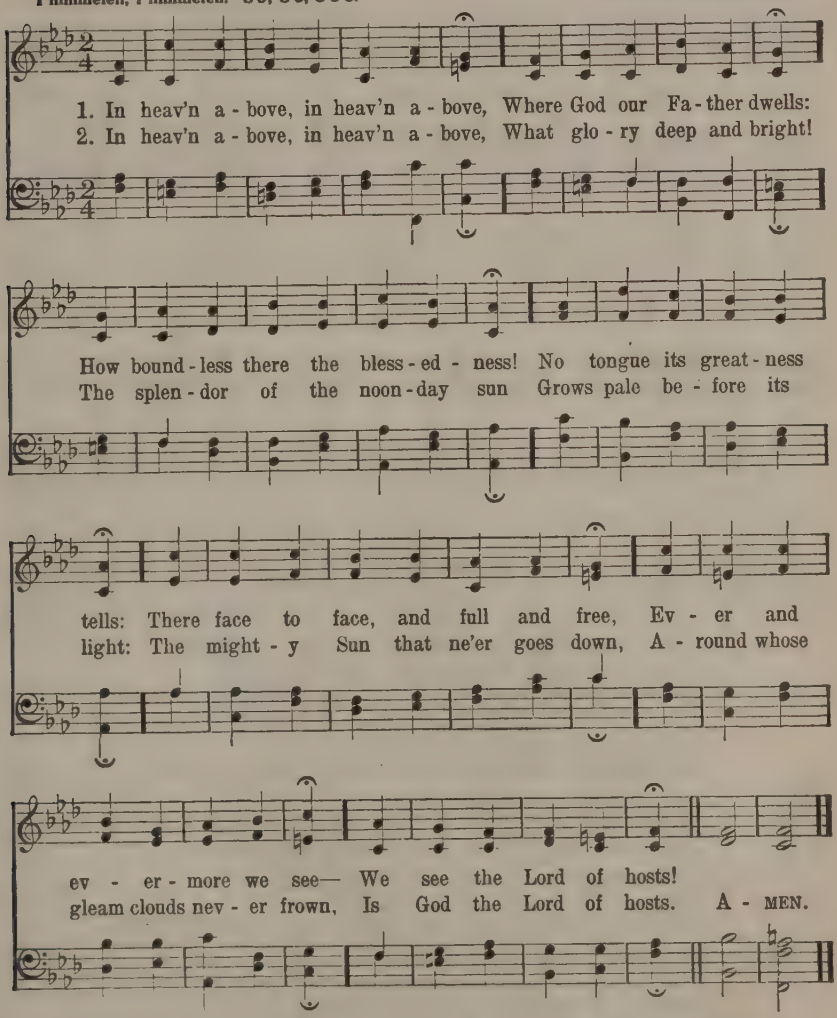
2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste forever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862, a.

628. In Heaven Above, in Heaven Above.

I himmelen, i himmelen. 8 6, 8 6, 8 8 6. Koralbok, 1697.


1. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, Where God our Fa - ther dwells:
2. In heav'n a - bove, in heav'n a - bove, What glo - ry deep and bright!
How bound - less there the bless - ed - ness! No tongue its great - ness
The splen - dor of the noon - day sun Grows pale be - fore its
tells: There face to face, and full and free, Ev - er and
light: The might - y Sun that ne'er goes down, A - round whose
ev - er - more we see— We see the Lord of hosts!
gleam clouds nev - er frown, Is God the Lord of hosts. A - MEN.

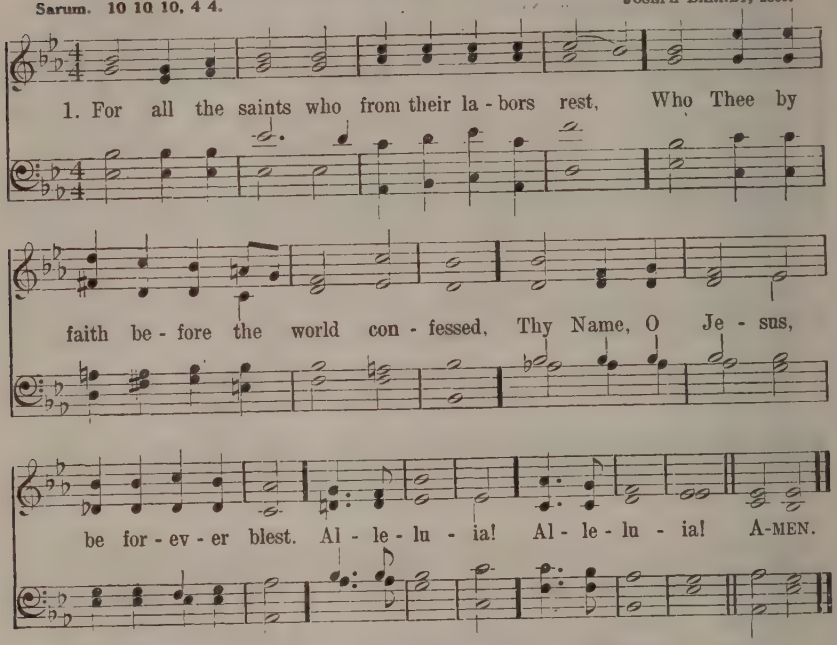
3 In heaven above, in heaven above,
No tears of pain are shed:
There nothing e'er shall fade or die;
Life's fullness round is spread.
And, like an ocean, joy o'erflows,
And with immortal mercy glows
Our God the Lord of hosts.

4 In heaven above, in heaven above,
God hath a joy prepared,
Which mortal ear hath never heard,
Nor mortal vision shared,
Which never entered mortal breast,
By mortal lips was ne'er expressed,
O God the Lord of hosts!

Johan Åström, 1819.

629. For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest.

Sarum. 10 10 10, 4 4. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.


1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,
be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

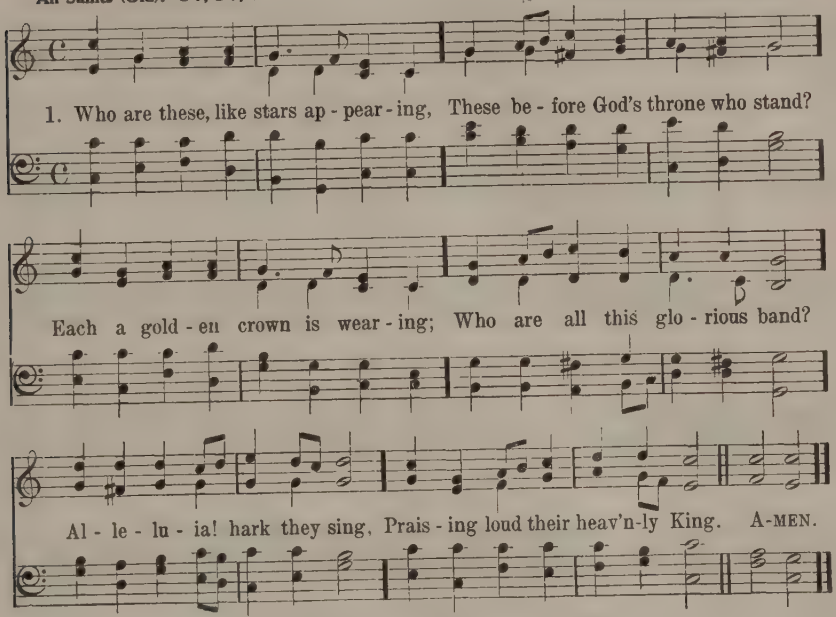
7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way. Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

William Walsham How, 1864, (Text of 1875).

630. Who Are These, Like Stars Appearing?

All Saints (Old). 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698.


1. Who are these, like stars ap - pear - ing, These be - fore God's throne who stand?
Each a gold - en crown is wear - ing; Who are all this glo - rious band?
Al - le - lu - ia! hark they sing, Prais - ing loud their heav'n-ly King. A-MEN.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose luster ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

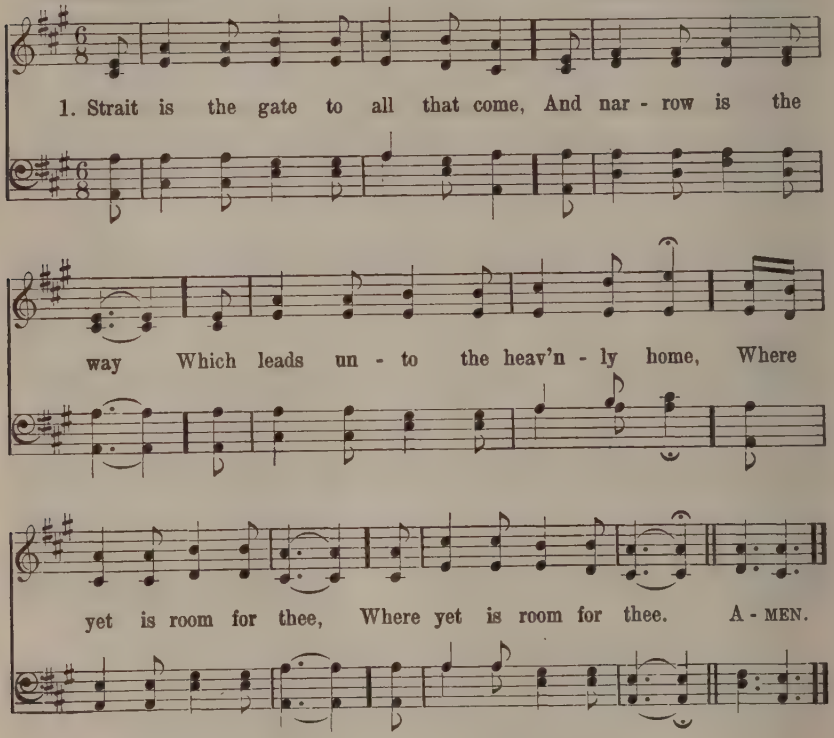
4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.

Heinrich Theobald Schenk, 1719.

631. Strait Is the Gate to All That Come.

Ortonville. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.


1. Strait is the gate to all that come, And nar - row is the
way Which leads un - to the heav'n - ly home, Where
yet is room for thee, Where yet is room for thee. A - MEN.

2 In heaven, where God His own shall take,
There's also room for thee.
In Jesus' Name, for Jesus' sake,
The gates shall opened be.

3 Where thousands stand arrayed in white,
Whom God His own declared,
There yet is room and life and light,
By grace for thee prepared.

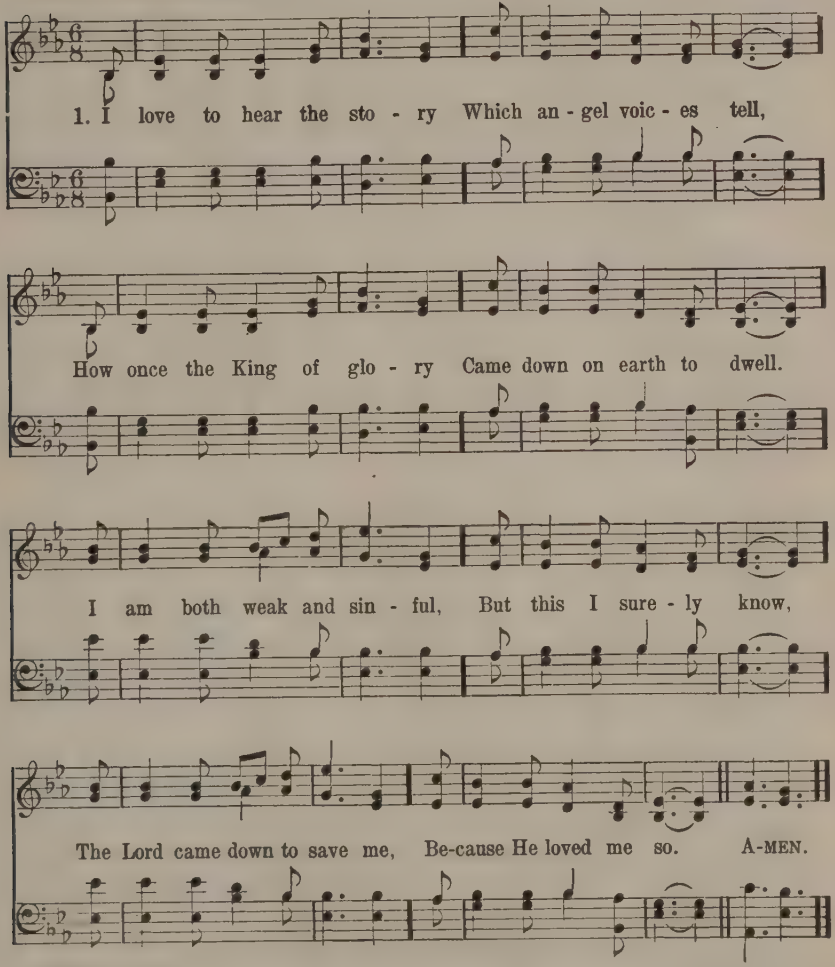
4 In Jesus' heart there's room, I know,
And in His heaven of bliss.
He in His gospel tells me so,
Thanks be to God for this!

5 Thanks be to God, that even I
May in that city dwell,
Where peace shall reign eternally,
And all with me be well!

Carolina Vilhelmina (Sandell) Berg, (1832–1903).

632. I Love to Hear the Story.

Hos Gud är idel glädje. 7 6, 7 6. D. AHNFELTS Sånger.


1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voic - es tell,
How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,
The Lord came down to save me, Be-cause He loved me so. A-MEN.

Christmas.

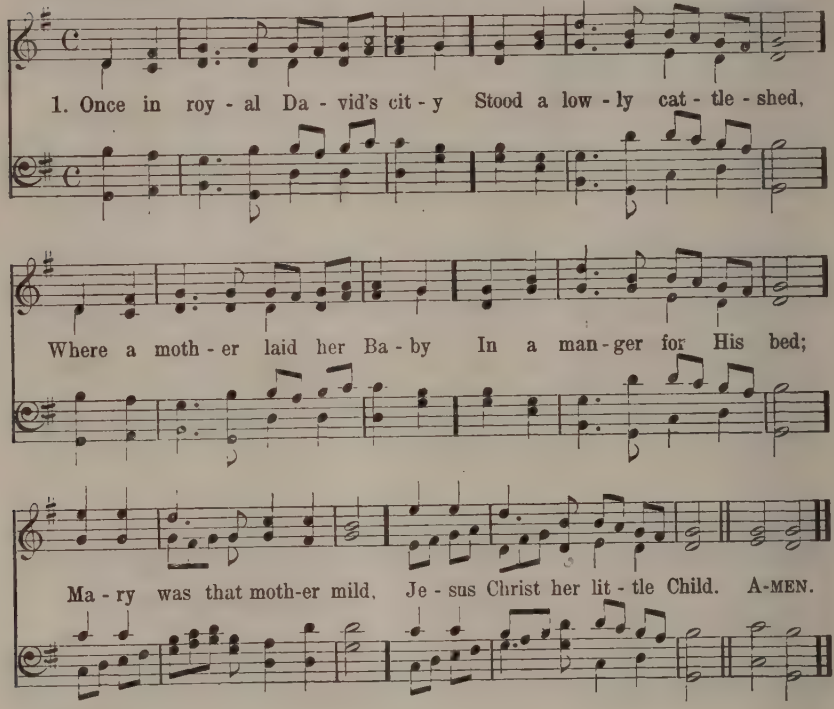
2 I'm glad my blessèd Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones should be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because He loves me so.

3 To sing His love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And though I cannot see Him,
I know He hears my praise;
For He has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among His angels,
Because He loves me so.

Emily (Huntington) Miller, 1867.

633. Once in Royal David's City.

Irby. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, 1849.


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed,
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed;
Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-MEN.

Christmas.

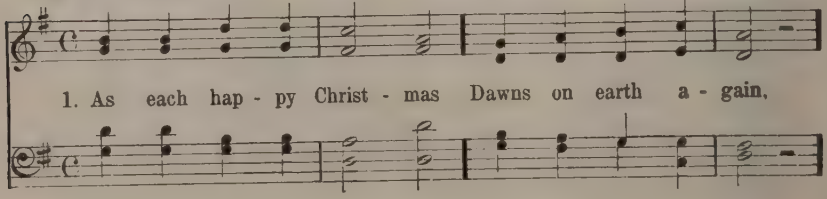
2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poorest of the earth
Was our holy Saviour's birth.

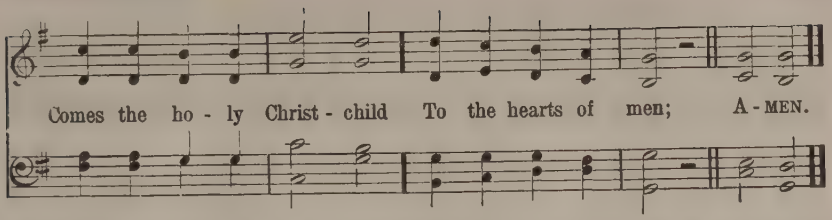
3 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children, crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, 1848, a.

634. As Each Happy Christmas.

Alle Jahre wieder. 6 5, 6 5. JOHANN CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK, (1770-1846).





Christmas.

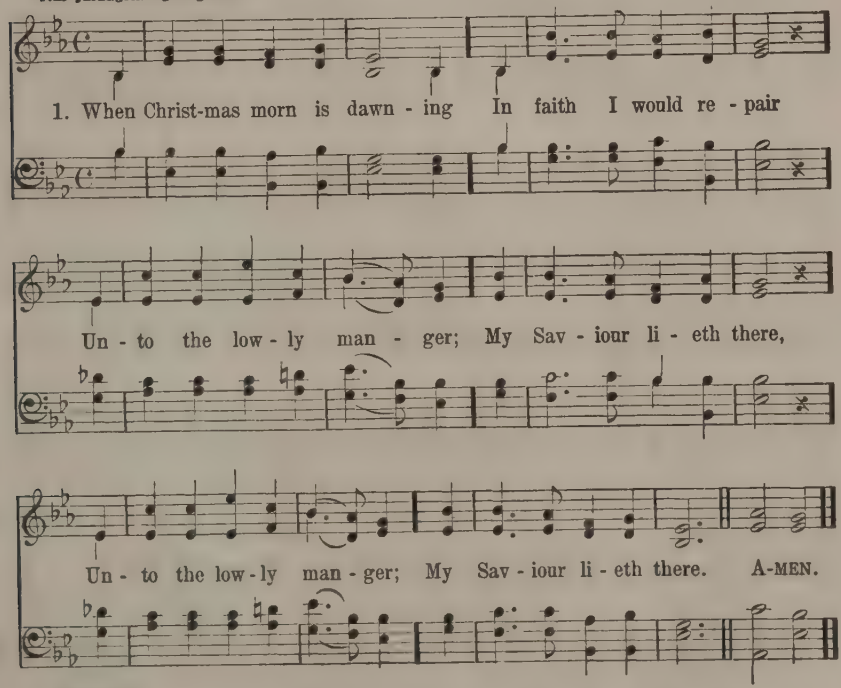
2 Enters with His blessing
Into every home,
Guides and guards our footsteps,
As we go and come.

3 All unknown, beside me
He will ever stand,
And will safely lead me
With His own right hand.

Johann Wilhelm Hey, 1837.

635. When Christmas Morn Is Dawning.

När juldagsmorgon glimmar. 7 6, 7 6. German Folksong.


1. When Christ-mas morn is dawn - ing In faith I would re - pair
Un - to the low - ly man - ger; My Sav - iour li - eth there,
Un - to the low - ly man - ger; My Sav - iour li - eth there. A-MEN.

Christmas.

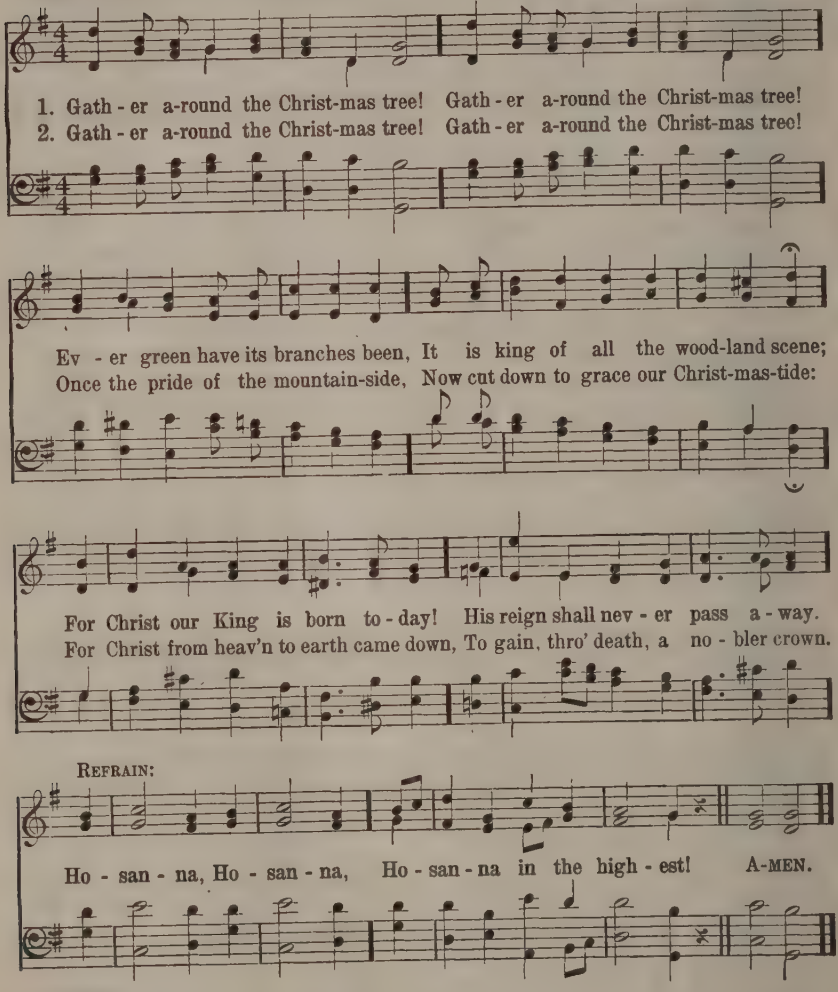
2 How kind, O loving Saviour,
To come from heaven above!
From sin and evil save us,
And keep us in Thy love.

3 We need Thee, blessèd Jesus,
Our dearest friend Thou art;
Forbid that we by sinning
Should grieve Thy loving heart.

Hemlandssånger.

636. Gather around the Christmas Tree.

Evergreen. 8 8, 8 9, 8 8. With Refrain. Composer Unknown.


1. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree!
2. Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree! Gath - er a-round the Christ-mas tree!
Ev - er green have its branches been, It is king of all the wood-land scene;
Once the pride of the mountain-side, Now cut down to grace our Christ-mas-tide:
For Christ our King is born to - day! His reign shall nev - er pass a - way.
For Christ from heav'n to earth came down, To gain, thro' death, a no - bler crown.
REFRAIN:
Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est! A-MEN.

Christmas.

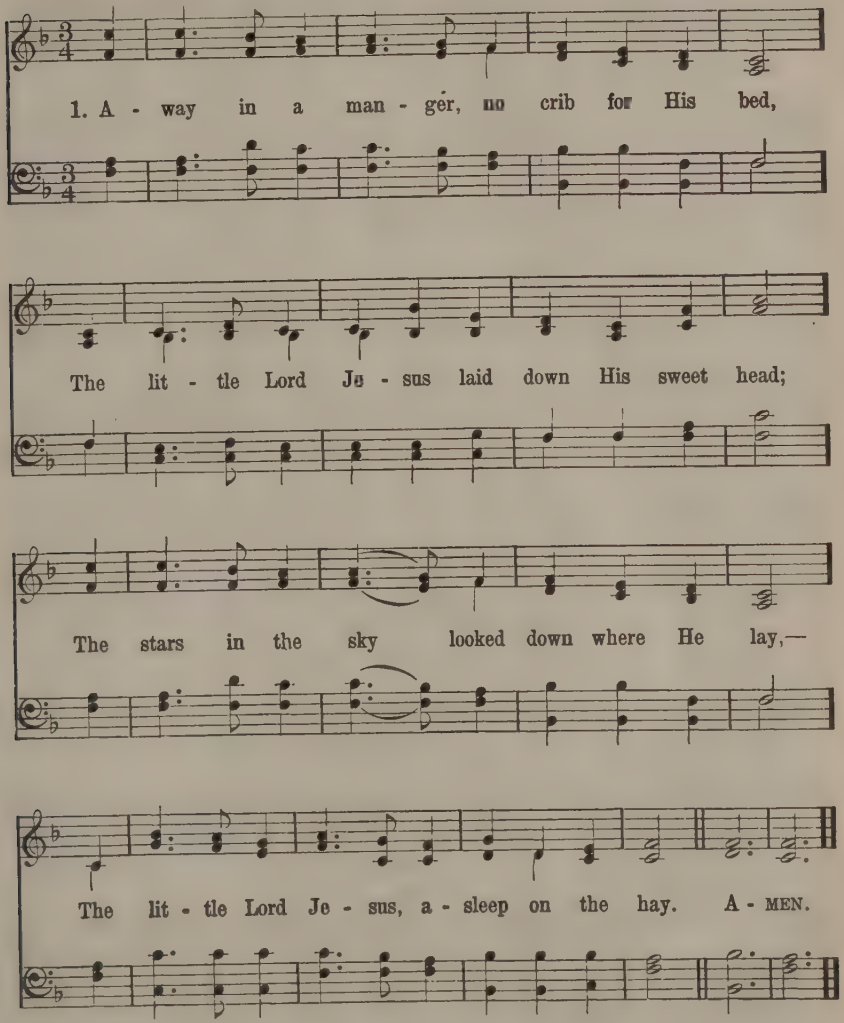
3 Gather around the Christmas tree!
Gather around the Christmas tree!
Every bough bears a burden now,—
They are gifts of love for us, we trow;
For Christ is born, His love to show,
And give good gifts to men below.

4 Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!
Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree!
Twelve months o'er, we shall meet once more,
Merry welcome singing, as of yore:
For Christ now reigns, our Saviour dear,
And gives us Christmas every year!

Unknown.

637. Away in a Manger, No Crib for His Bed.

Away in a manger. 11 11, 11 11. Composer Unknown.


1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for His bed,
The lit - tle Lord Je - sus laid down His sweet head;
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,—
The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay. A - MEN.

Christmas.

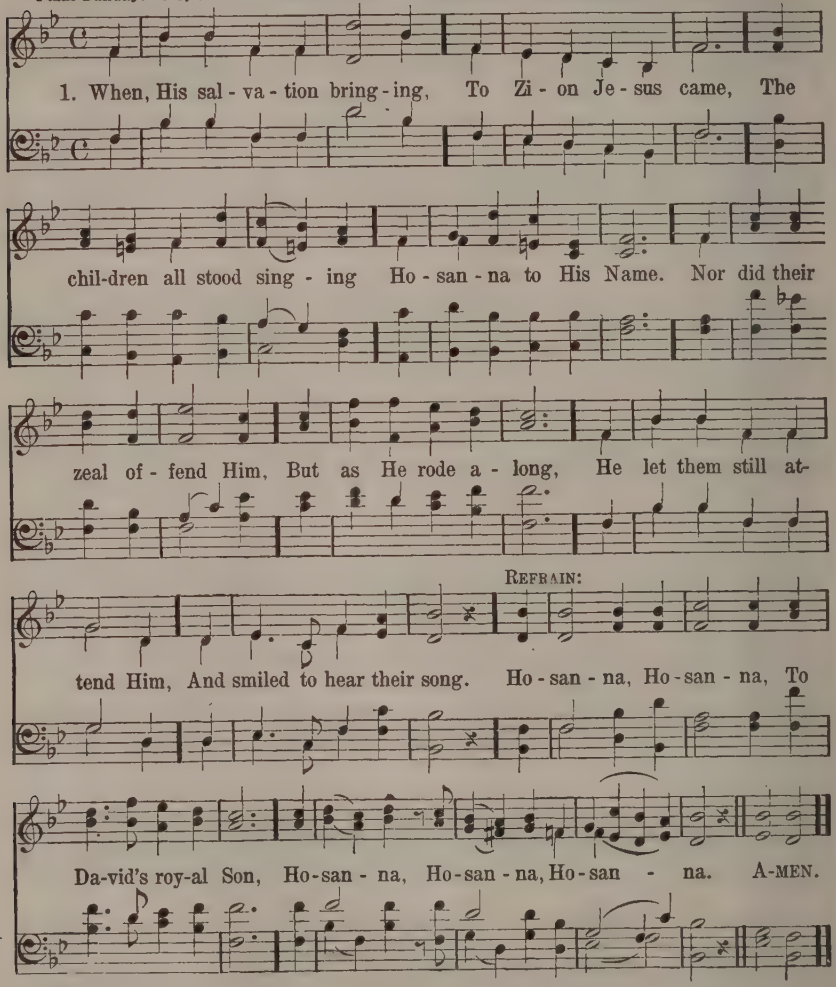
2 The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying He makes;
I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Unknown.

638. When, His Salvation Bringing.

Palm Sunday. 76, 76. D. With Refrain.

JOHAN ABRAHAM PETER SCHULZ, (1747-1800).
Adapted by HARRIET REYNOLDS SPAETH, (1845—).


1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The
chil-dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name. Nor did their
zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long, He let them still at-
REFRAIN:
tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. Ho - san - na, Ho - san - na, To
Da-vid's roy-al Son, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na, Ho-san - na. A-MEN.

Palm Sunday.

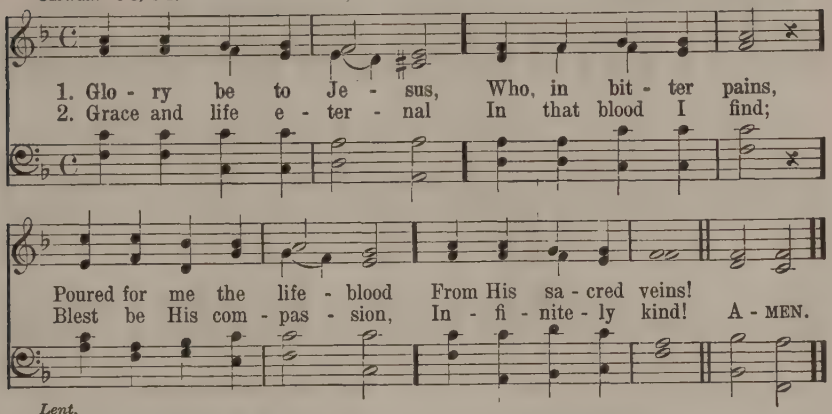
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still.
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, hosanna
To David's royal Son.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Joshua King, 1830.

639. Glory Be to Jesus.

Caswall. 6 5, 6 5. FRIEDRICH FILITZ, 1847.


1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains,
2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins!
Blest be His com - pas - sion, In - fi - nite - ly kind! A - MEN.

Lent.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Doth the world redeem!

4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries!

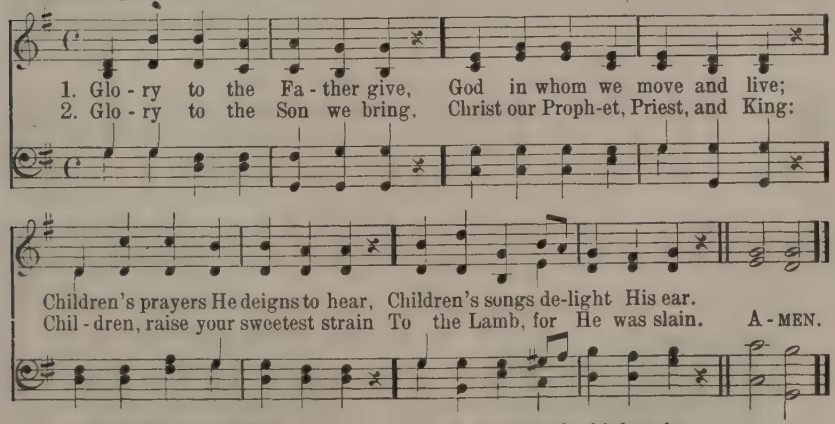
5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts rejoicing
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift we then our voices,
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still, and louder
Praise the precious blood!

From the Italian.

640. Glory to the Father Give.

Sabbatsdag, hur skön du är. 7 7, 7 7. JOEL BLOMQVIST.


1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live;
2. Glo - ry to the Son we bring, Christ our Proph-et, Priest, and King:
Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs de-light His ear.
Chil - dren, raise your sweetest strain To the Lamb, for He was slain. A - MEN.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

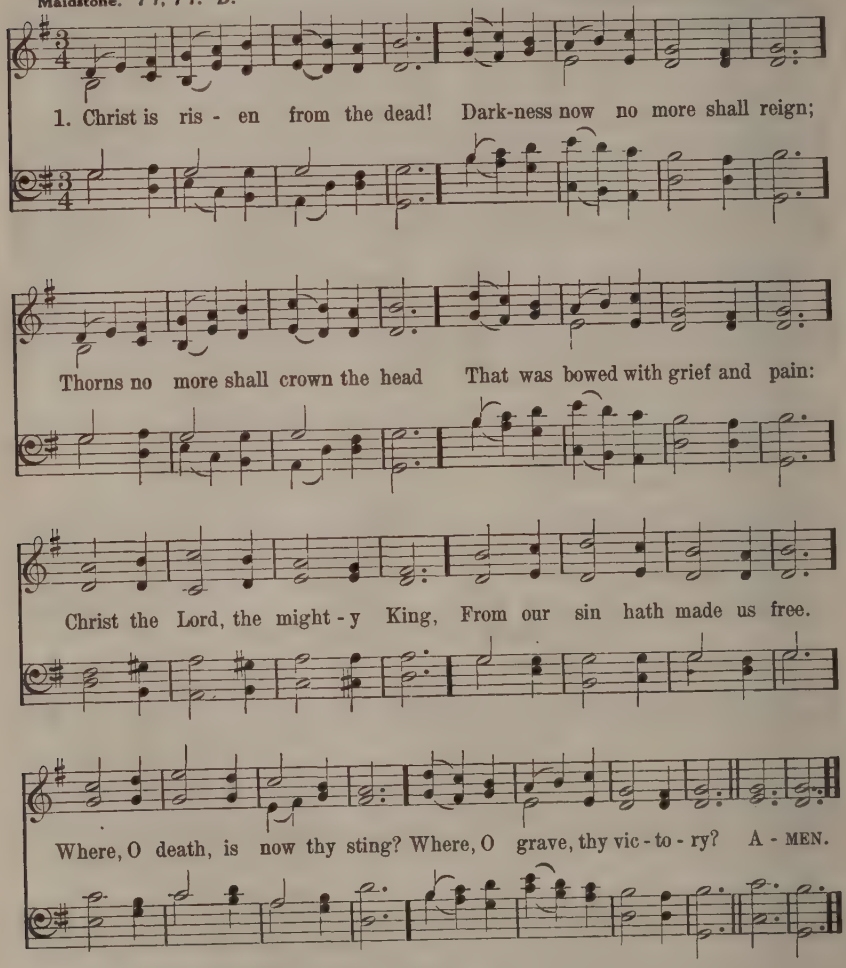
4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessèd Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that God is love.

James Montgomery, 1825.

641. Christ Is Risen from the Dead.

Maidstone. 7 7, 7 7. D.

WALTER BOND GILBERT, 1862.


1. Christ is ris - en from the dead! Dark-ness now no more shall reign;
Thorns no more shall crown the head That was bowed with grief and pain:
Christ the Lord, the might - y King, From our sin hath made us free.
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Where, O grave, thy vic - to - ry? A - MEN.

Easter.

Or: O Liebe meiner Liebe, No. 287.

2 Scoffers now no more will say:
If Thou be the Christ, come down
From the cross, and prove to-day
That to Thee belongs the crown!
For our risen Lord and King
From our sin hath made us free.
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where, O grave, thy victory?

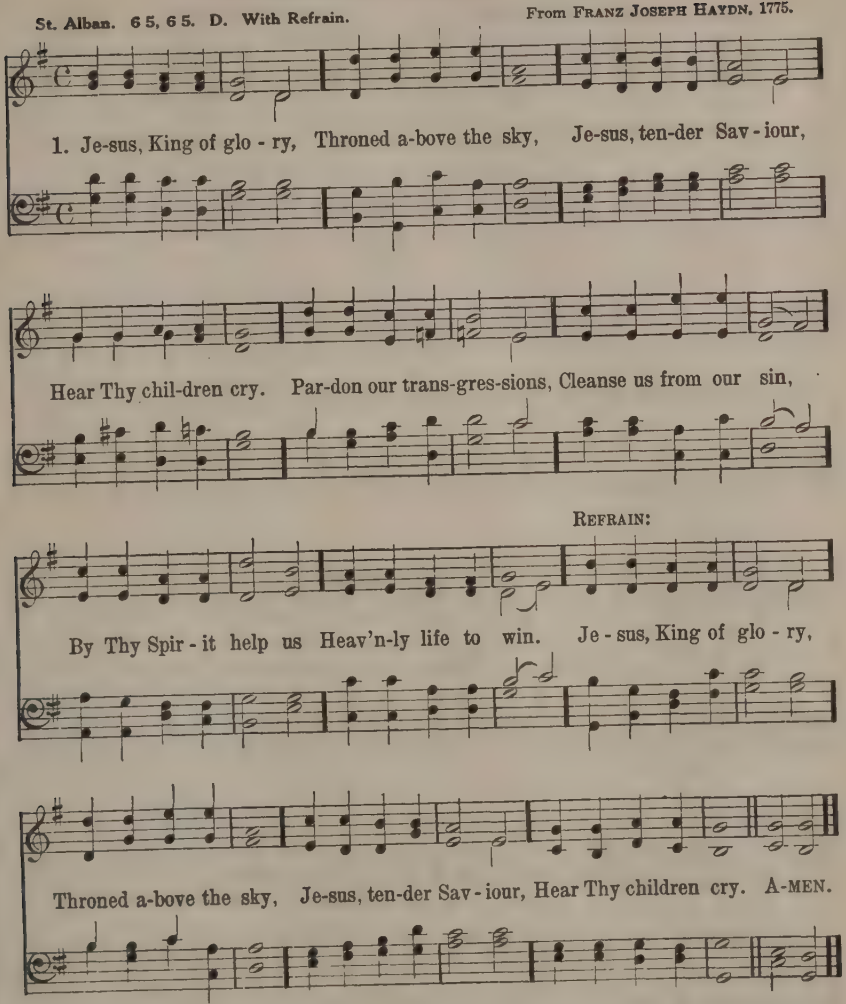
3 Faith now knows He is the Lord,
Gives assent to His decree,
Trusts the promise in His Word,
And is crowned with victory,
Shouting praises to the King,
Who from sin hath made us free.
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where, O grave, thy victory?

Henry Albert Becker, 1880.

642. Jesus, King of Glory.

St. Alban. 6 5, 6 5. D. With Refrain.

From Franz Joseph Haydn, 1775.


1. Je-sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a-bove the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav - iour,
Hear Thy chil-dren cry. Par-don our trans-gres-sions, Cleanse us from our sin,
Refrain:
By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n-ly life to win. Je - sus, King of glo - ry,
Throned a-bove the sky, Je-sus, ten-der Sav - iour, Hear Thy children cry. A-men.

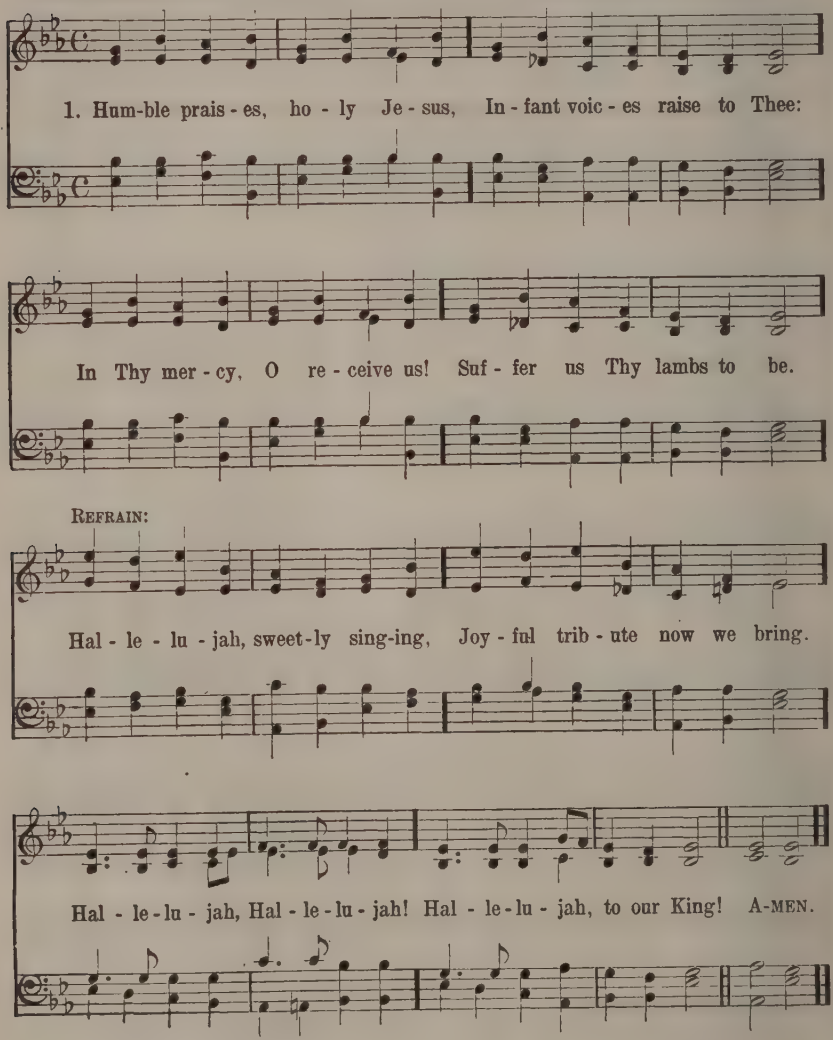
2 Help us ever steadfast
In the faith to be:
In Thy Church's conflicts
Fighting valiantly.
Loving Saviour, strengthen
These weak hearts of ours,
Through Thy cross to conquer
Crafty evil powers.

3 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day;
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us, with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.

W. Hope Davison, 1887.

643. Humble Praises, Holy Jesus.

Vesper Hymn. 8 7, 8 7. With Refrain. DIMITRI BORTNIANSKY, (1752–1828).

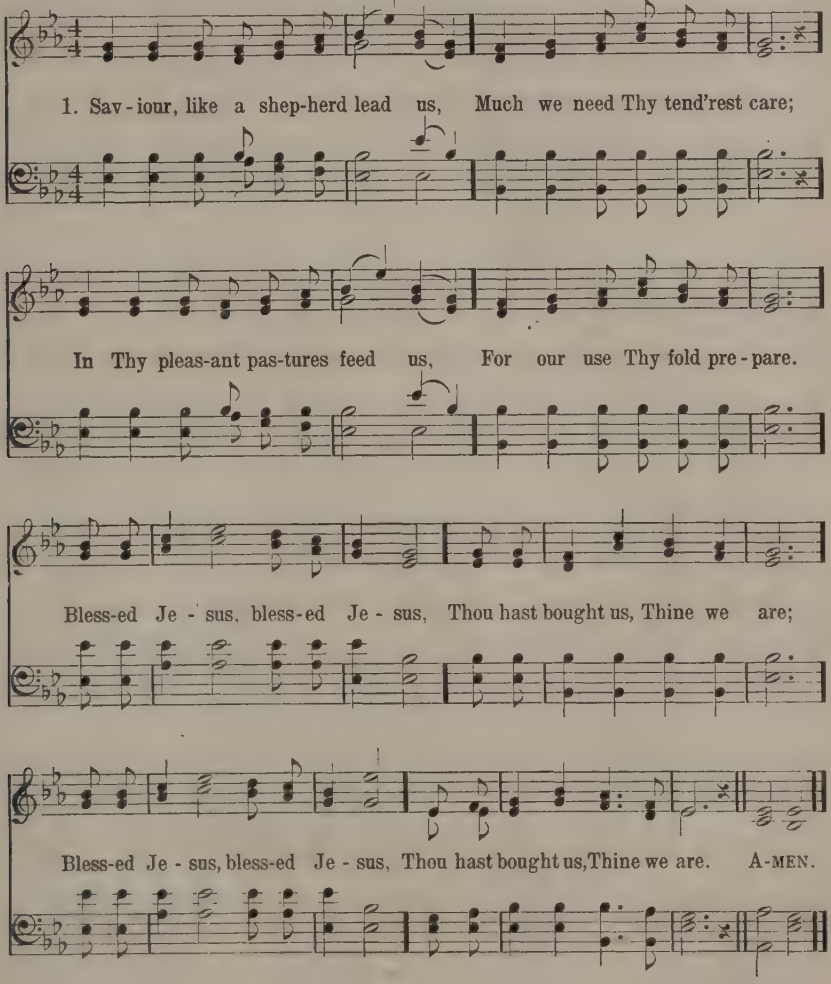

1. Hum-ble prais - es, ho - ly Je - sus, In - fant voic - es raise to Thee:
In Thy mer - cy, O re - ceive us! Suf - fer us Thy lambs to be.
REFRAIN:
Hal - le - lu - jah, sweet-ly sing-ing, Joy - ful trib - ute now we bring.
Hal - le-lu - jah, Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal - le-lu - jah, to our King! A-MEN.

2 Gracious Saviour, be Thou with us;
Let Thy mercy richly flow:
Give Thy Spirit, blessèd Jesus.
Light and life on us bestow

Composite.

644. Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Shepherd. 8 7, 8 7. D. WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY, (1816-1868).


1. Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy fold pre - pare.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-MEN.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

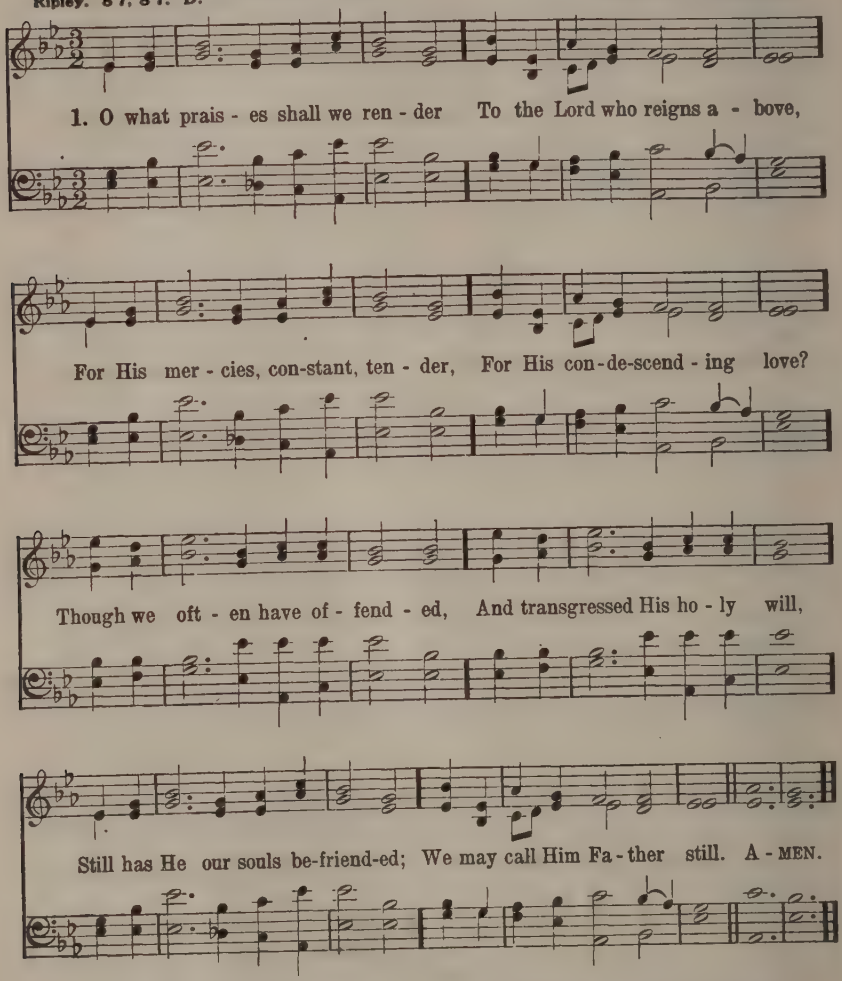
3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosom fill.
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Unknown.

645. O What Praises Shall We Render?

Ripley. 8 7, 8 7. D.

From a Gregorian Chant, by LOWELL MASON, 1839.


1. O what prais - es shall we ren - der To the Lord who reigns a - bove,
For His mer - cies, con-stant, ten - der, For His con-de-scend - ing love?
Though we oft - en have of - fend - ed, And transgressed His ho - ly will,
Still has He our souls be-friend-ed; We may call Him Fa - ther still. A - MEN.

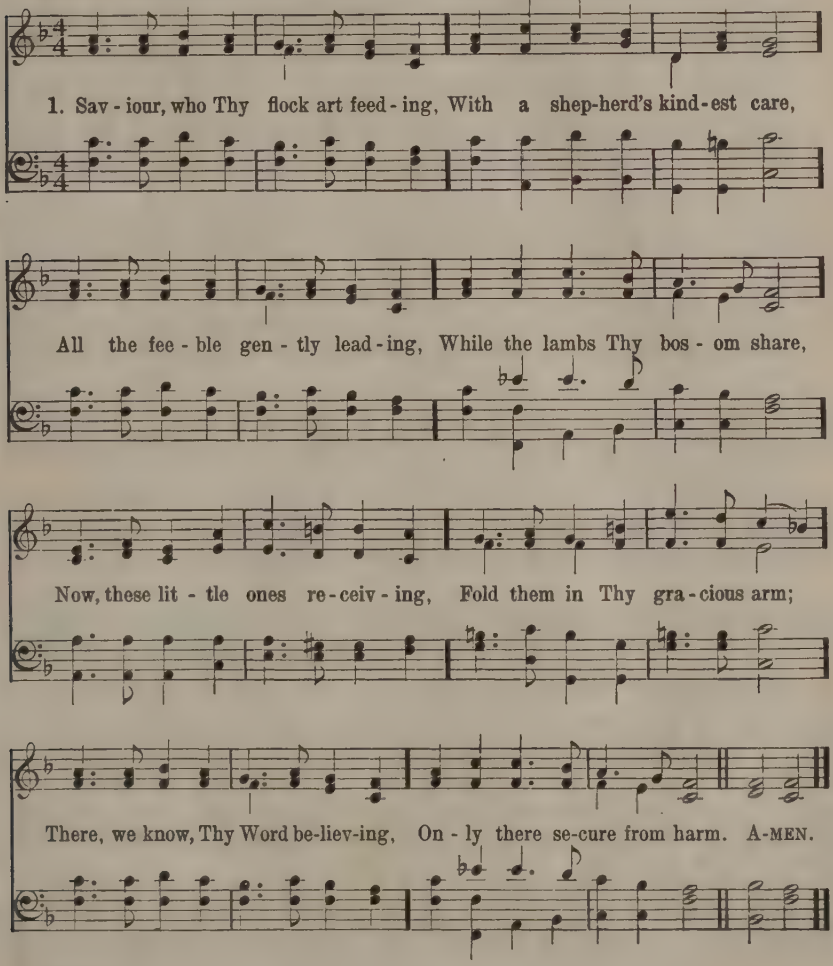
2 Heavenly Father, Thou hast taught us
Thus to seek Thee in our youth;
Hitherto Thy grace hath brought us,
Lead us onward in Thy truth.
We are weak, do Thou uphold us,
And from every snare defend;
Let Thy mighty arms enfold us,
Save us, keep us, to the end.

3 O our Father, great and glorious!
Draw our youthful hearts to Thee;
Let Thy grace be there victorious,
Let Thy love our portion be.
May we know Thy great salvation,
Serve and love Thee all our days;
Then in heaven, Thy habitation,
Join to sing Thine endless praise.

John Burton, Jr., (1803–1877).

646. Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding.

Weston. 8 7, 8 7. D. JOHN EDWARD ROE, (1838-1871).


1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing, With a shep-herd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bos - om share,
Now, these lit - tle ones re - ceiv - ing, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm;
There, we know, Thy Word be-liev-ing, On - ly there se-cure from harm. A-MEN.

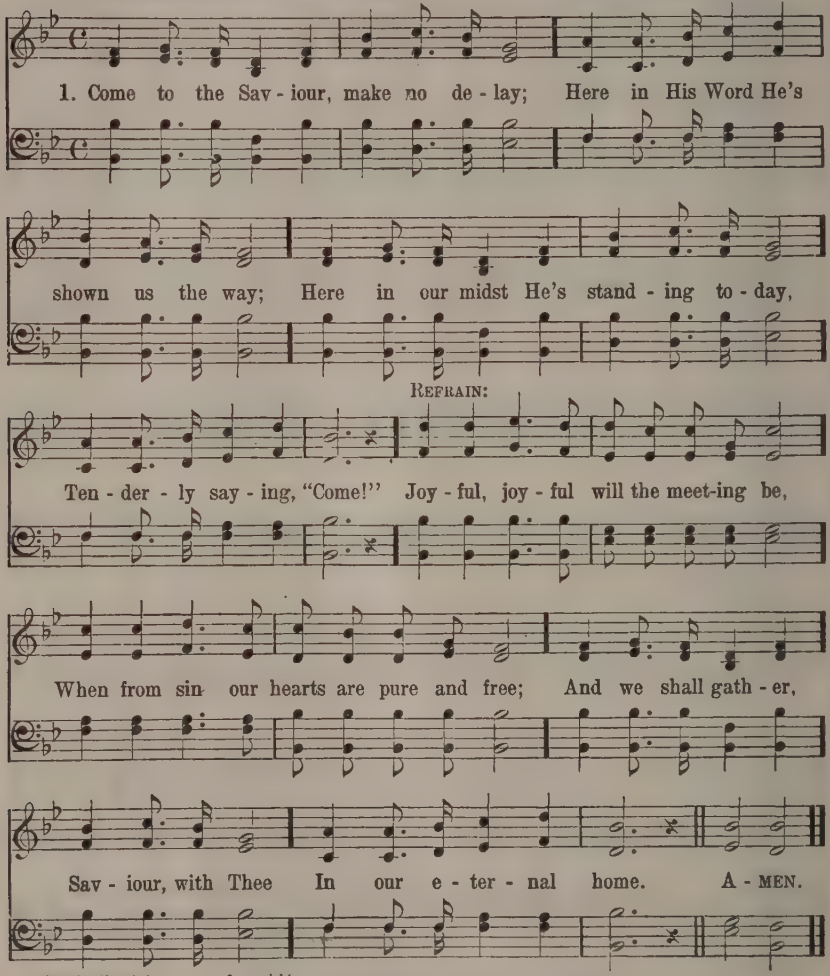
Baptism.

2 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.
Then within Thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place:
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, 1826.

647. Come to the Saviour, Make No Delay.

Come to the Saviour. 99, 96. With Refrain. GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT, 1870.


1. Come to the Sav - iour, make no de - lay; Here in His Word He's
shown us the way; Here in our midst He's stand - ing to - day,
REFRAIN:
Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!" Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meet-ing be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free; And we shall gath - er,
Sav - iour, with Thee In our e - ter - nal home. A - MEN.

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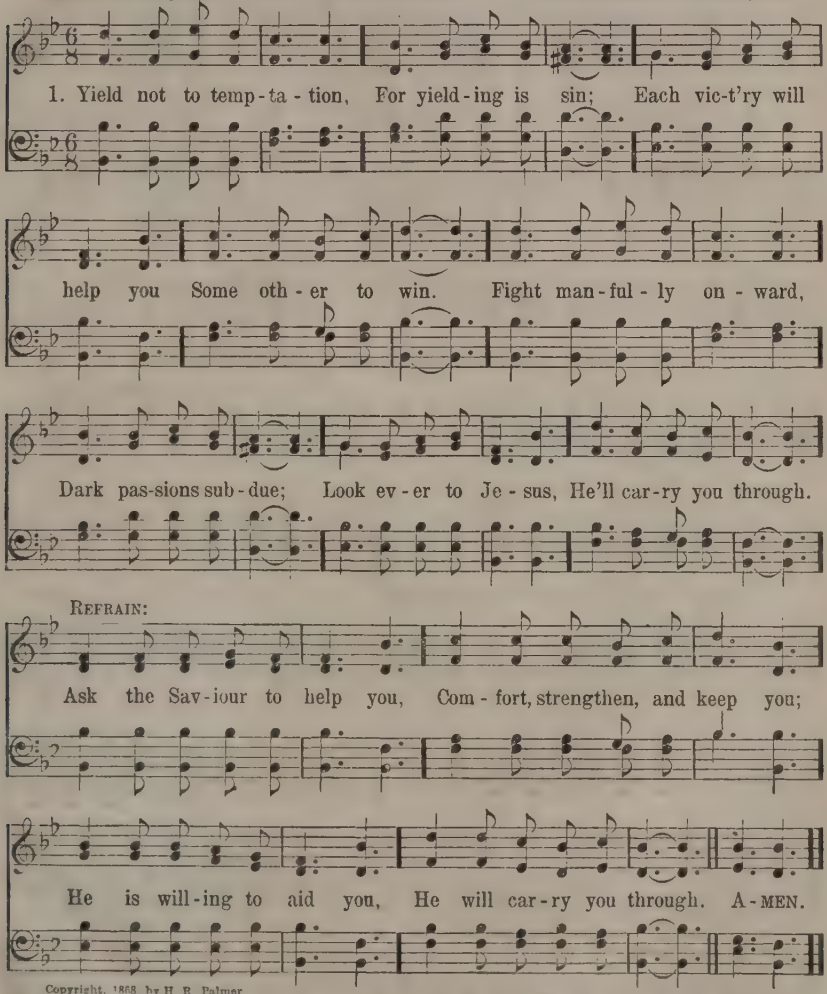
2 "Suffer the children!" O hear His voice,
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come!

3 Think once again He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, My children, come?"

George Frederick Root, 1870.

648. Yield Not to Temptation.

Yield not to temptation. 6 5, 6 5. D. With Refrain. HORATIO RICHMOND PALMER, 1868.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
help you Some oth-er to win. Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
Dark pas-sions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
REFRAIN:
Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1868, by H. R. Palmer

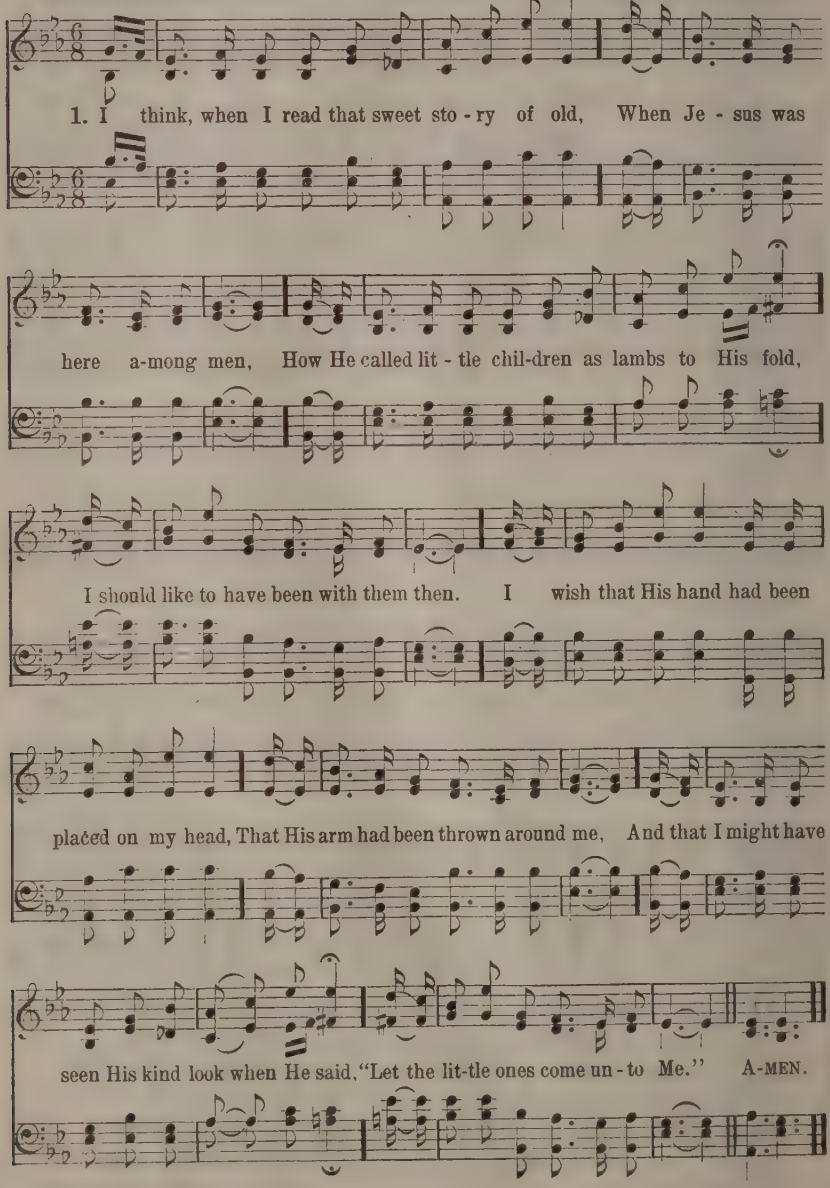
2 Shun evil companions;
Bad language disdain;
God's Name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down.
He who is our Saviour
Our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

Horatio Richmond Palmer, 1868.

649. I Think, When I Read That Sweet Story of Old.

Sweet Story. 12 10, 12 10. D. English Melody.


1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was
here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then. I wish that His hand had been
placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have
seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit-tle ones come un - to Me." A-MEN.

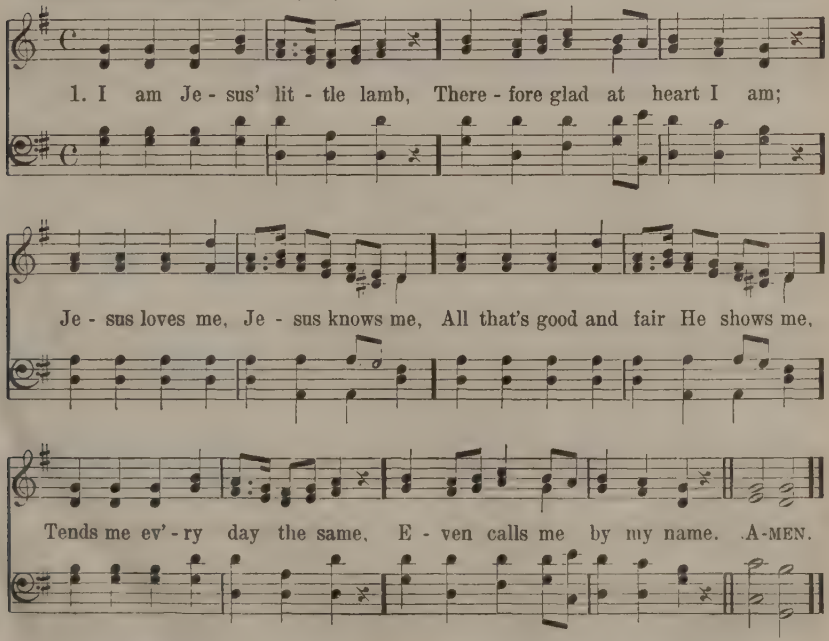
2 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if only I earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
Full many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

3 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home:
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
And O how I long for that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest!

Jemima Thompson Luke, 1853.

650. I Am Jesus' Little Lamb.

Weil ich Jesu Schäflein bin. 7 7, 8 8, 7 7. German.


1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle lamb, There - fore glad at heart I am;
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus knows me, All that's good and fair He shows me,
Tends me ev' - ry day the same, E - ven calls me by my name. A-MEN.

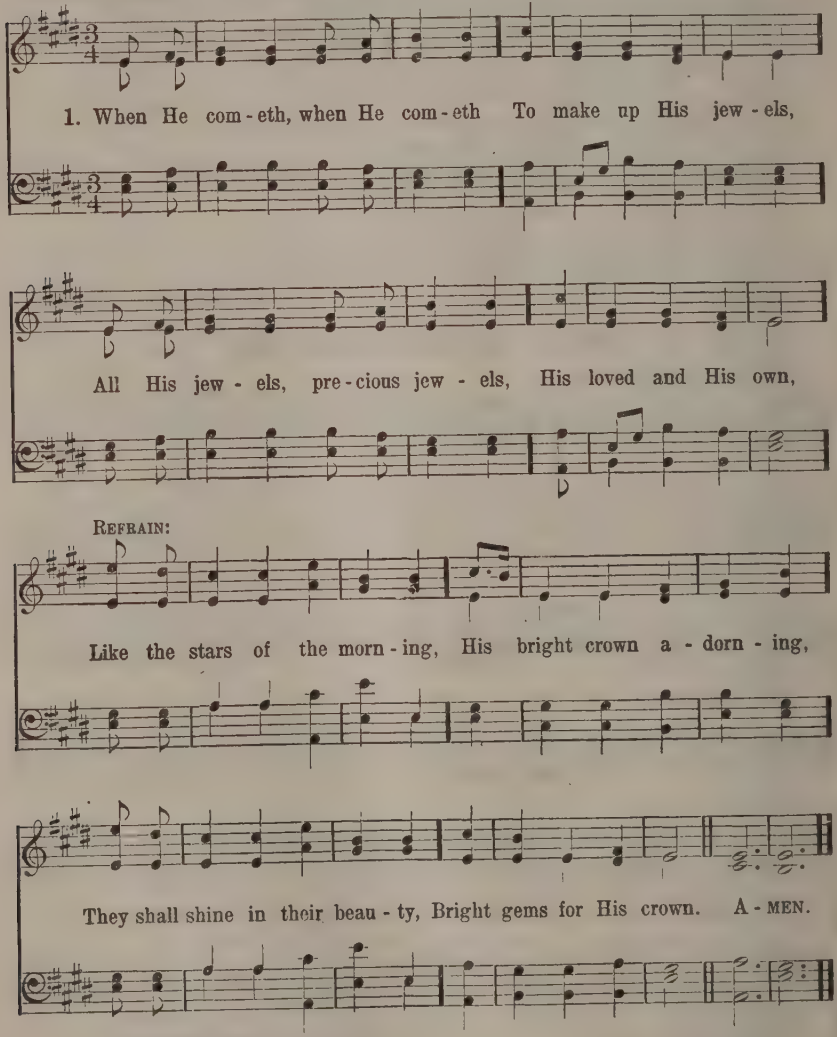
2 Out and in I safely go,
Want and hunger never know;
Soft green pastures He discloseth,
Where His happy flock reposeth;
When I faint or thirsty be,
To the brook He leadeth me.

3 Should not I be glad all day
In this blessèd fold to stay,
By this holy Shepherd tended,
Whose kind arms, when life is ended,
Bear me to the world of light?
Yes, O yes, my lot is bright.

Henrietta Louise von Hayn, 1778.

651. When He Cometh, When He Cometh.

When He cometh. 8 6, 8 5. With Refrain. GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT, 1866.


1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own,
REFRAIN:
Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,
They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown. A - MEN.

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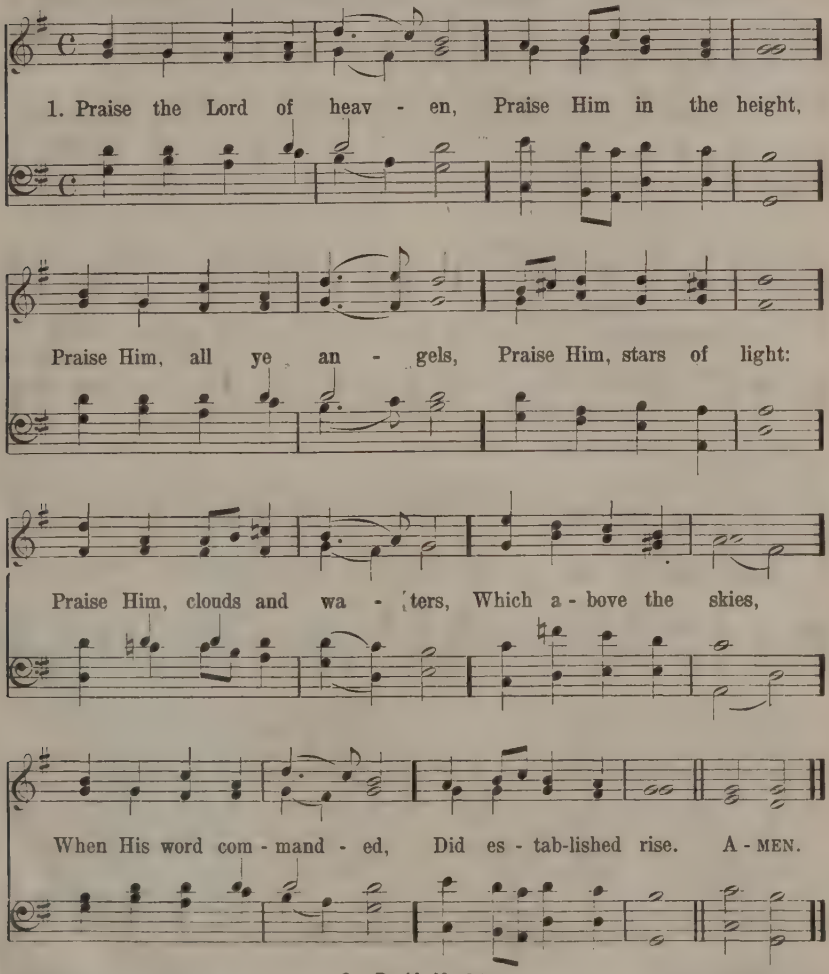
2 He will gather, He will gather
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

William Orcutt Cushing, (1823—).

652. Praise the Lord of Heaven.

Pitts. 6 5, 6 5. D. Composer Unknown.


1. Praise the Lord of heav - en, Praise Him in the height,
Praise Him, all ye an - gels, Praise Him, stars of light:
Praise Him, clouds and wa - ters, Which a - bove the skies,
When His word com - mand - ed, Did es - tab-lished rise. A - MEN.

Or: David, No. 507.

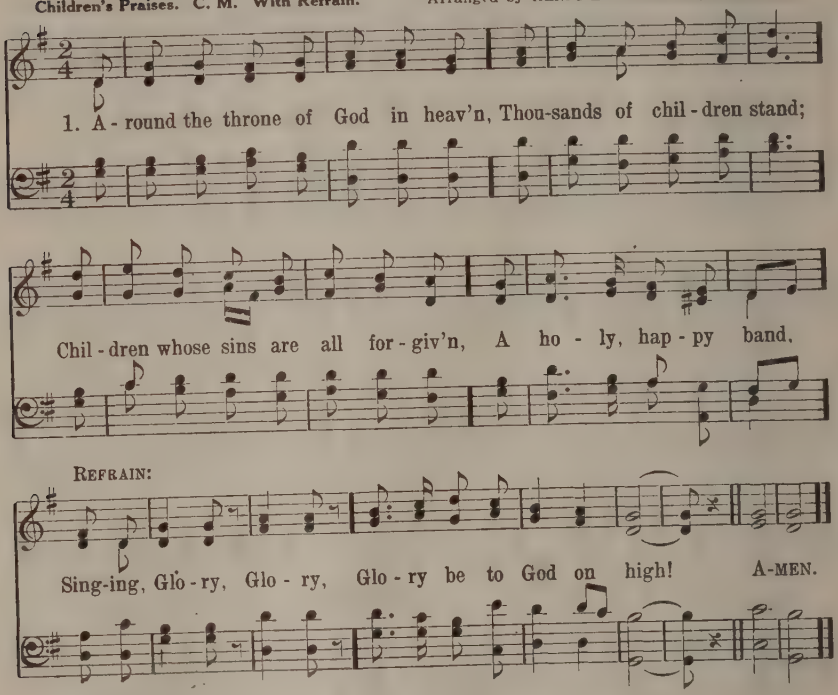
2 Praise the Lord, ye fountains
Of the deeps and seas,
Rocks, and hills, and mountains,
Cedars, and all trees;
Praise Him, clouds and vapors,
Snow and hail, and fire,
Stormy wind, fulfilling
Only His desire.

3 Birds and beasts, O praise Him,
Princes and all kings:
Praise Him, men and maidens,
All created things:
For the Name of God is
Excellent alone,
Over earth His footstool,
Over heaven His throne.

Thomas Briarly Browne, 1844.

653. Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Children's Praises. C. M. With Refrain. Arranged by HENRY E. MATTHEWS, about 1853.


1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n, Thou-sands of chil - dren stand;
Chil - dren whose sins are all for - giv'n, A ho - ly, hap - py band,
REFRAIN:
Sing-ing, Glo - ry, Glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high! A-MEN.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love;
How came those children there?

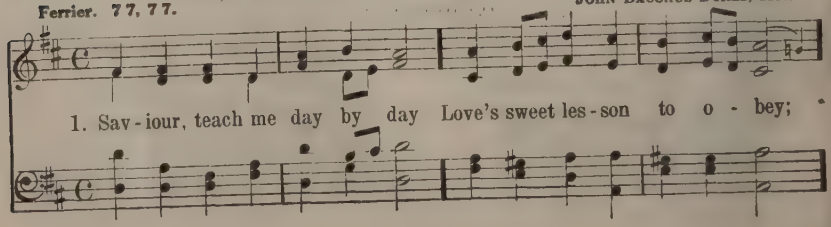
4 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

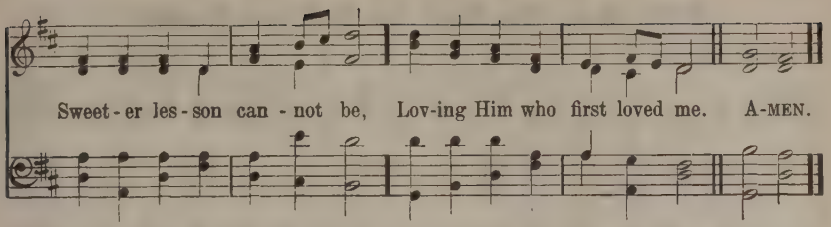
5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His Name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Anne Houlditch Shepherd, 1842.

654. Saviour, Teach Me Day by Day.

Ferrier. 7 7. 7 7. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, 1862.





2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

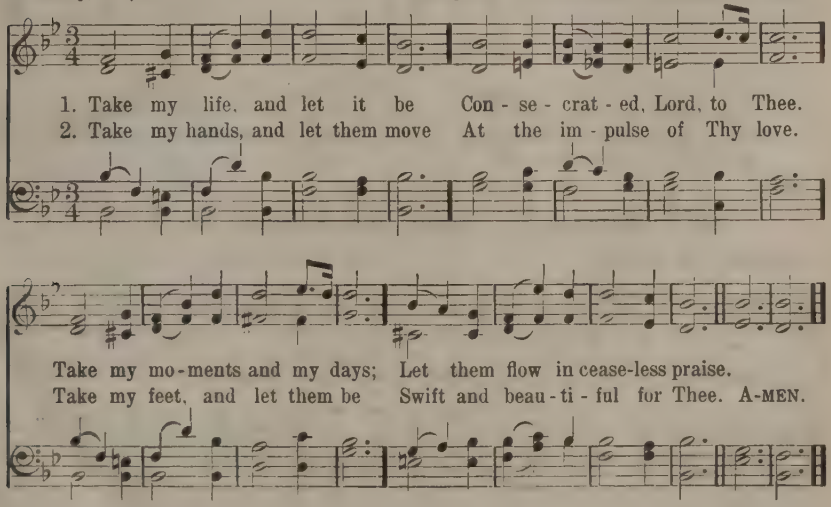
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane Elizabeth Leeson, 1842. a.

655. Take My Life, and Let It Be.

Mercy. 7 7, 7 7. Arranged from LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, 1867.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee.
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee. A-MEN.

3 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

4 Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

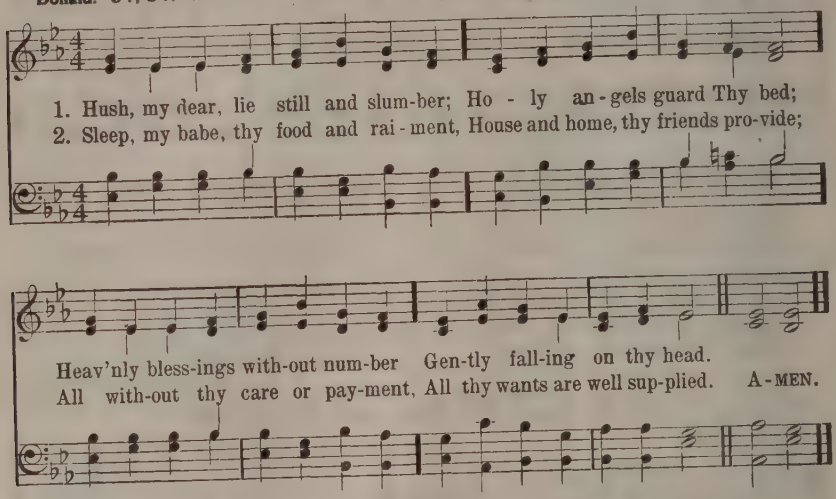
5 Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1874.

656. Hush, My Dear, Lie Still and Slumber.

Donald. 8 7, 8 7. JOHN VICTOR BERGQUIST, 1924.


1. Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber; Ho - ly an-gels guard Thy bed;
2. Sleep, my babe, thy food and rai-ment, House and home, thy friends pro-vide;
Heav'nly bless-ings with-out num-ber Gen-tly fall-ing on thy head.
All with-out thy care or pay-ment, All thy wants are well sup-plied. A-MEN.

Or: Greenville, No. 365.

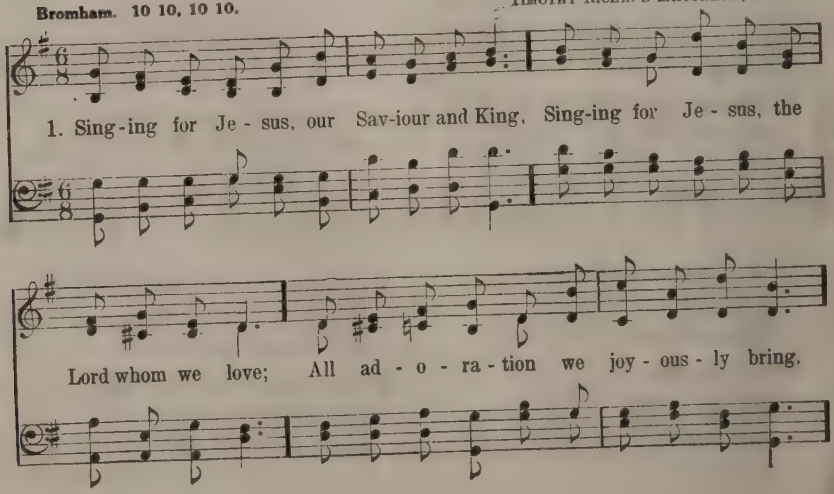
3 How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.

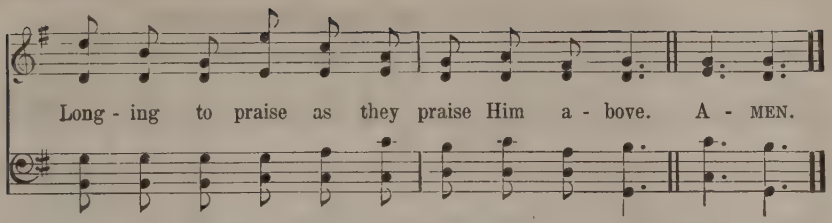
4 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed the hay.

Isaac Watts, (1674-1748).

657. Singing for Jesus, Our Saviour and King.

Bromham. 10 10, 10 10. TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, 1886.





2 Singing for Jesus, and trying to win
Many to love Him, and join in the song;
Calling the weary and wandering in,
Rolling the chorus of gladness along.

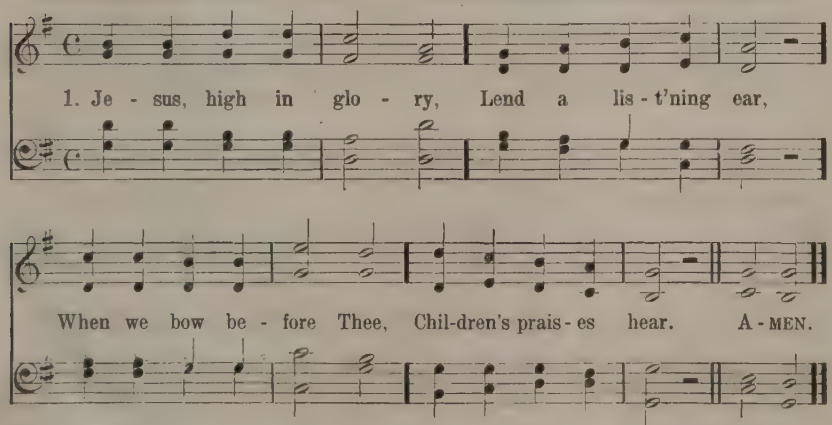
3 Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide,
Singing for gladness of heart that He gives;
Singing for wonder and praise that He died,
Singing for blessing and joy that He lives.

4 Singing for Jesus—yes, singing for joy;
Thus will we praise Him, and tell out His love,
Till He shall call us to brighter employ,
Singing for Jesus, forever above.

Frances Ridley Havergal, (1836–1879).

658. Jesus, High in Glory.

Alle Jahre wieder. 6 5, 6 5. JOHANN CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK, (1770 1846).



2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

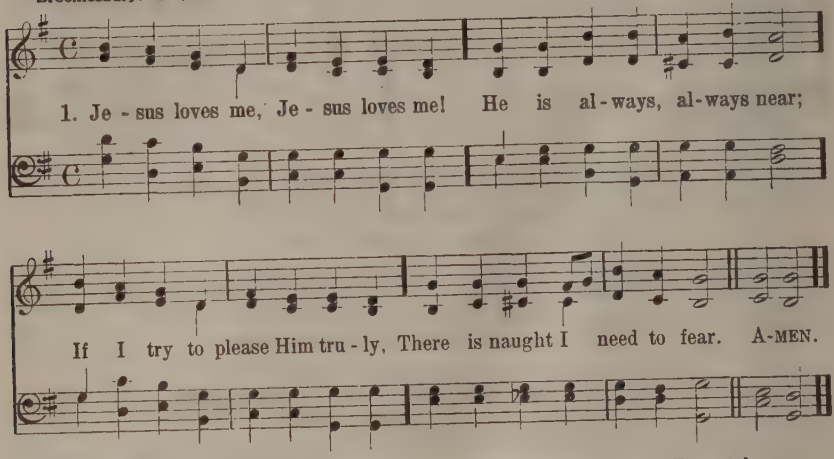
4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

Harriet Burn MacKeever, 1847.

659. Jesus Loves Me, Jesus Loves Me!

Brocklesbury. 8 7, 8 7. CHARLOTTE ALINGTON BARNARD, 1868.



2 Jesus loves me; well I know it,
For to save my soul He died;
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailèd hands and piercèd side.

3 Jesus loves me; night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray;
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

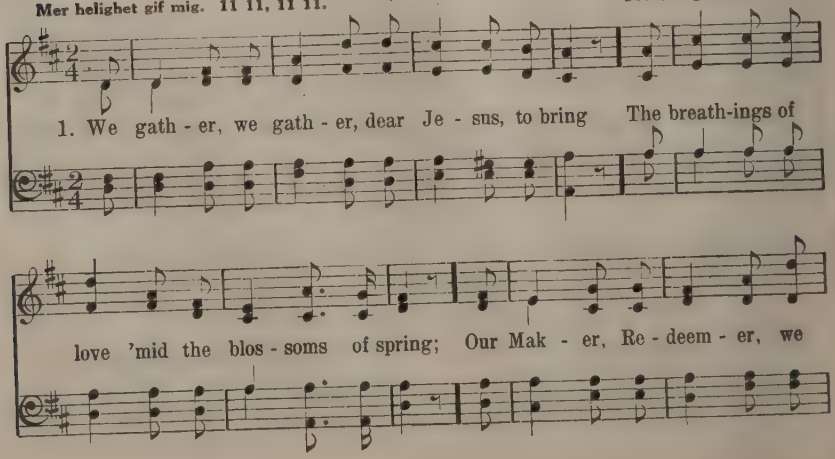
4 Jesus loves me; and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His holy angels
Safe to keep me till I die.

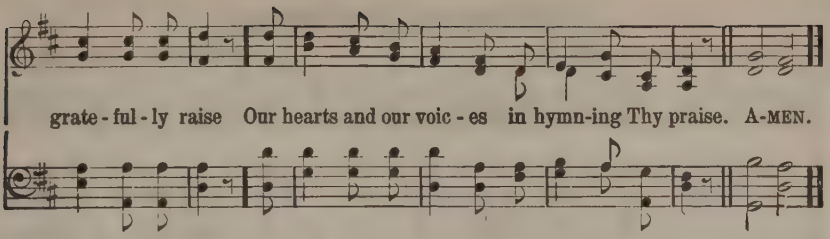
5 Jesus loves me;—O Lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee, by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy,
Till I come to Thee above!

Unknown.

660. We Gather, We Gather, Dear Jesus, to Bring.

Mer helighet gif mig. 11 11, 11 11. From Pilgrimsharpan.





2 When stooping to earth from the brightness of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given,
Thou deignedst to listen while children adored,
With joyful hosannas, the Blest of the Lord.

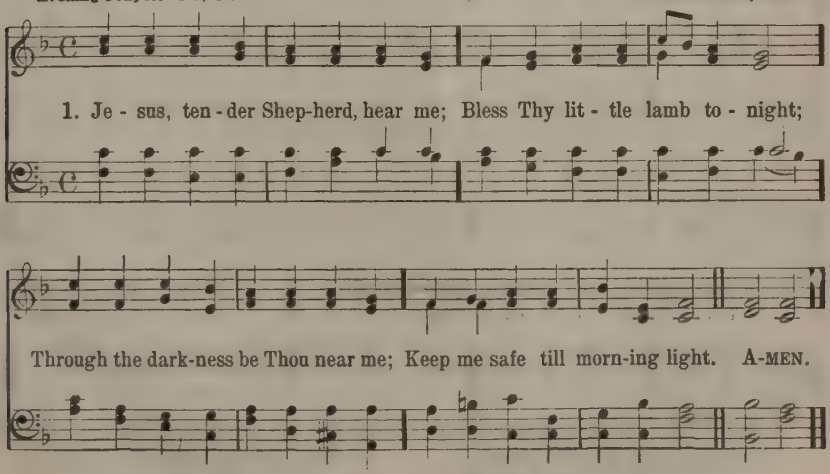
3 Those arms which embraced little children of old
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace which inviteth the wandering home
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.

4 Hosanna! Hosanna! Great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in hymning Thy praise
For precept and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth, and for glories of heaven.

J. N. Van Harlingen.

661. Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

Evening Prayer. 8 7, 8 7. JOHN STAINER, 1898.


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Through the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A-MEN.

Or: Brocklesbury, No. 659.

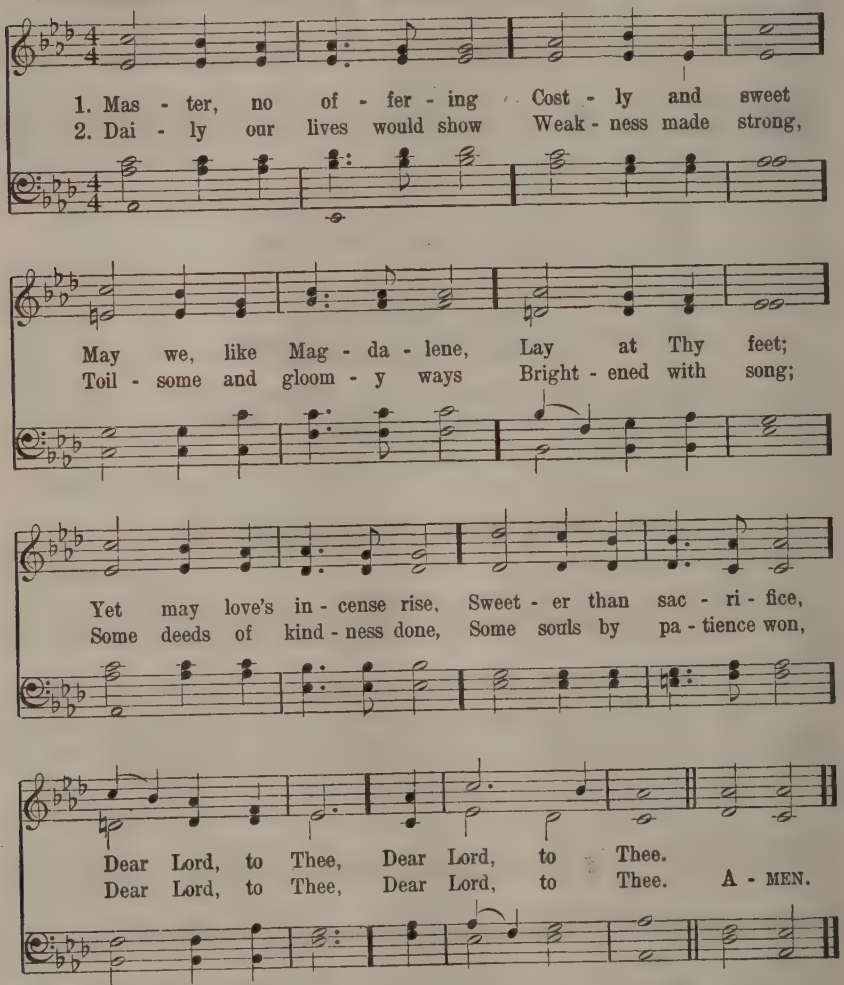
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take me, Lord, at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Maru (Lundie) Duncan 1839.

662. Master, No Offering.

Love's Offering. 6 4, 6 4, 6 6 4 4. EDWIN POND PARKER, 1888.


1. Mas - ter, no of - fer - ing Cost - ly and sweet
2. Dai - ly our lives would show Weak - ness made strong,
May we, like Mag - da - lene, Lay at Thy feet;
Toil - some and gloom - y ways Bright - ened with song;
Yet may love's in - cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri - fice,
Some deeds of kind - ness done, Some souls by pa - tience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee.
Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.

By permission of Edwin P. Parker.

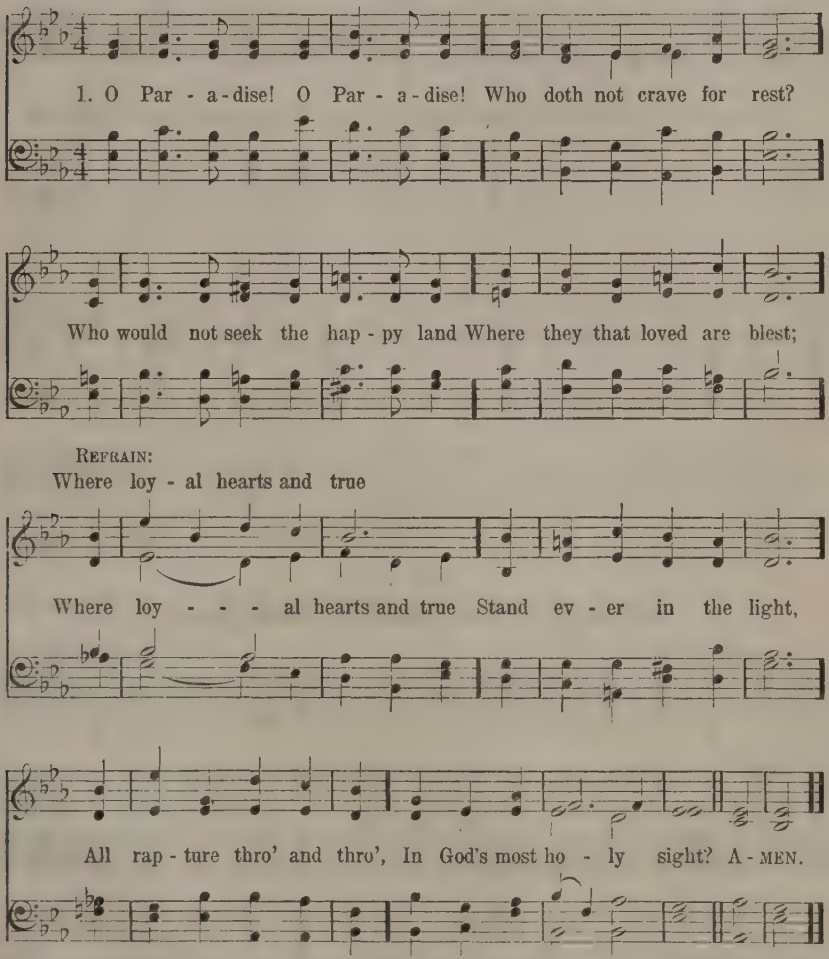
3 Some word of hope for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace for eyes
Blinded with tears;
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footsteps led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Edwin Pond Parker, 1888.

663. O Paradise! O Paradise!

Paradise. 8 6, 8 6, 6 6, 6 6. JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.


1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
REFRAIN:
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - MEN.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.

4 O Paradise! O Paradise!
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song.

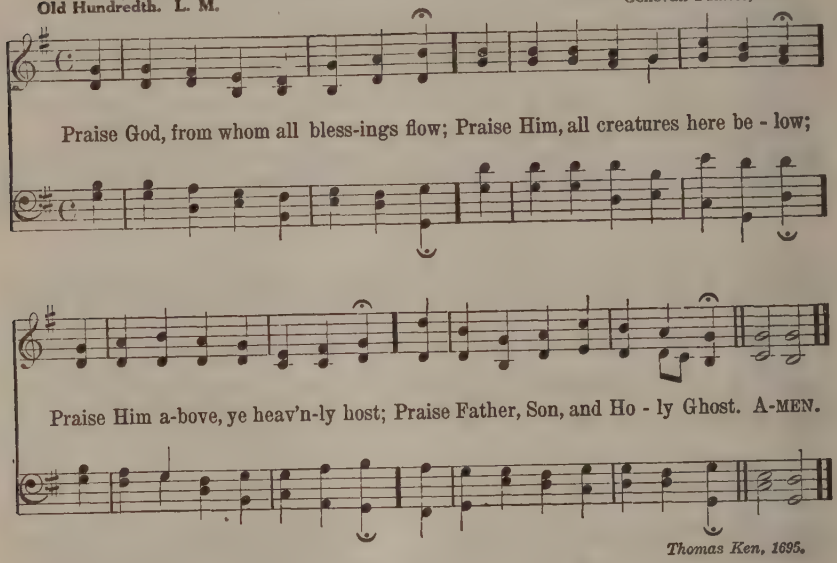
5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.

Frederick William Faber, 1862, a.

664. Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.

Old Hundredth. L. M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.
Genevan Psalter, 1551.

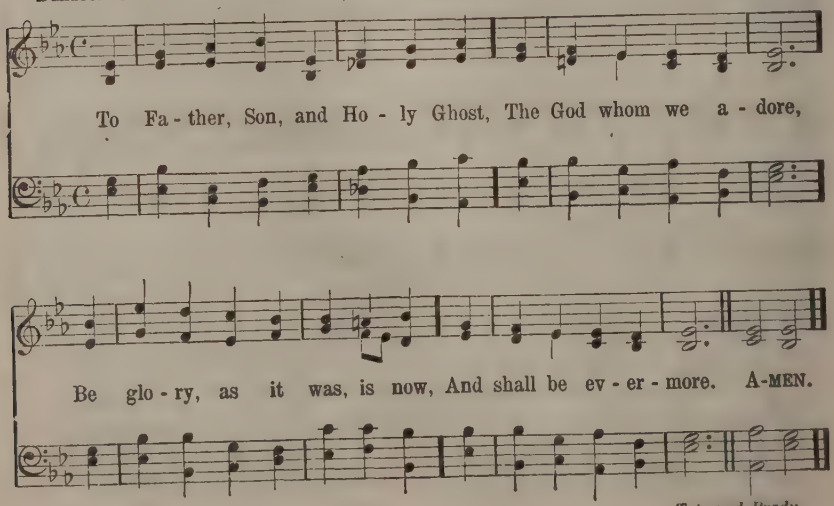

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-MEN.

Thomas Ken, 1695.

665. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Dundee. C. M.

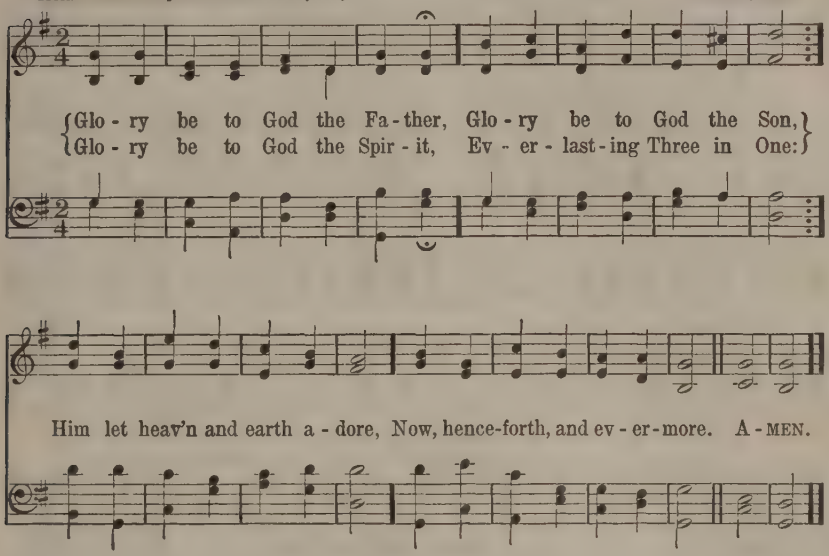
HART'S Psalter, 1615.



Tate and Brady.

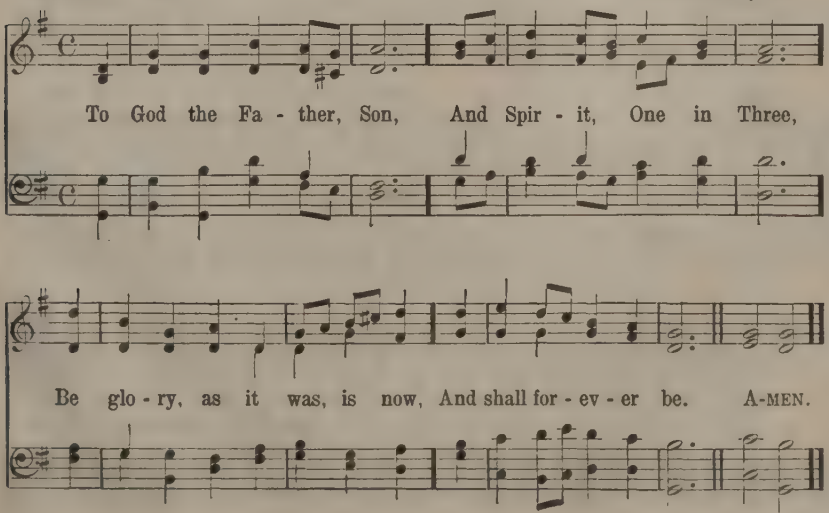
666. Glory Be to God the Father.

Hela världen fröjdes Herran. 8 7, 8 7, 7 7. Swedish, 1689.


Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,
Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Ev - er - last - ing Three in One:
Him let heav'n and earth a - dore, Now, hence-forth, and ev - er - more. A - MEN.

667. To God the Father, Son.

St. Thomas. S. M. Aaron Williams, 1770.

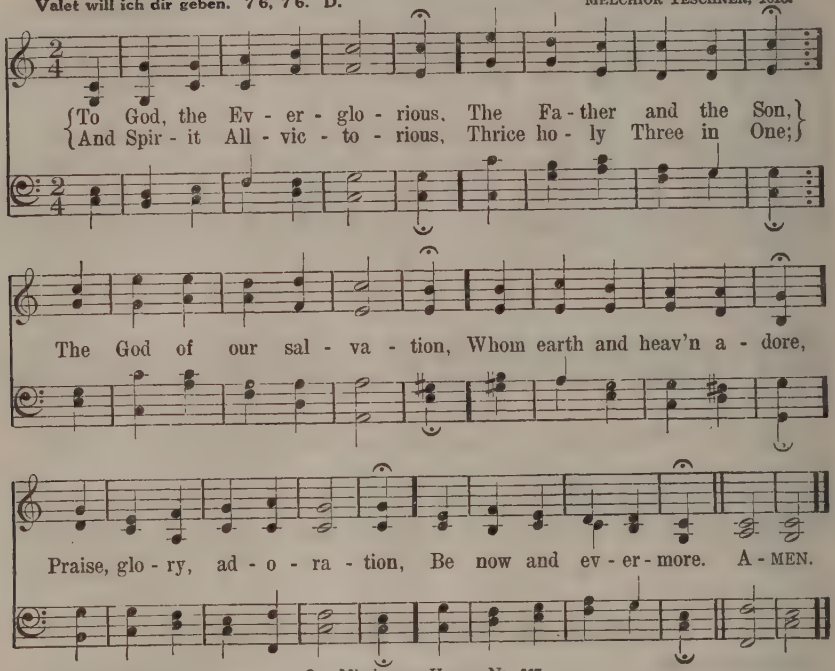


John Wesley.

668. To God, the Ever-glorious.

Valet will ich dir geben. 76, 76. D.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1613.

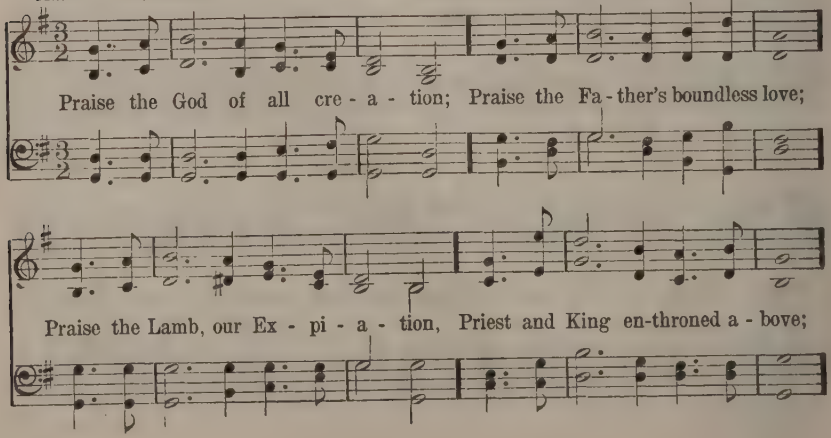

To God, the Ev - er - glo - rious, The Fa - ther and the Son,
And Spir - it All - vic - to - rious, Thrice ho - ly Three in One;
The God of our sal - va - tion, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore,
Praise, glo - ry, ad - o - ra - tion, Be now and ev - er - more. A - MEN.

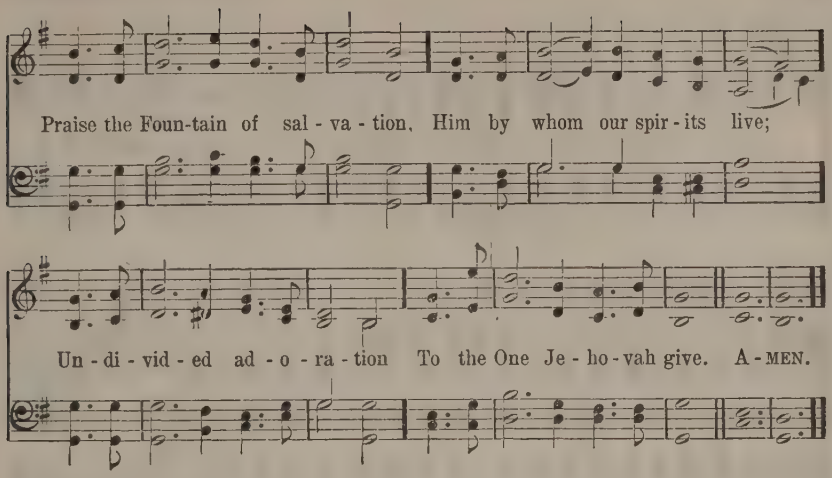
Or: Missionary Hymn, No. 367.

669. Praise the God of All Creation.

Autumn. 87, 87. D.

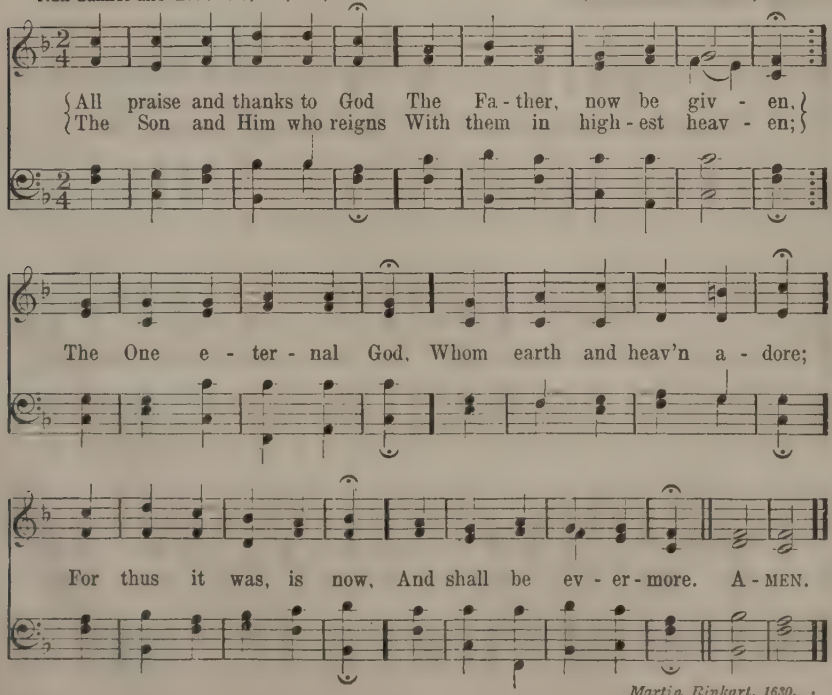
Spanish Melody.
FRANCOIS HIPPOLITE BARTHELEMON? (1741-1808).


Praise the God of all cre - a - tion; Praise the Fa - ther's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Ex - pi - a - tion, Priest and King en-throned a - bove;



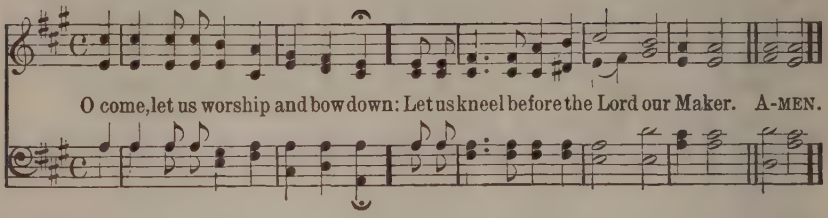
670. All Praise and Thanks to God.

Nun danket alle Gott. 6 7, 6 7, 6 6, 6 6. JOHANN CRÜGER, 1648.

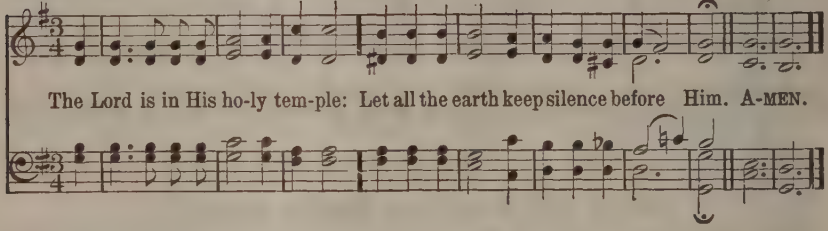

{All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - en,
{The Son and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en;
The One e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heav'n a - dore;
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. A - MEN.

Martin Rinkart, 1630.

671. Invitatory.

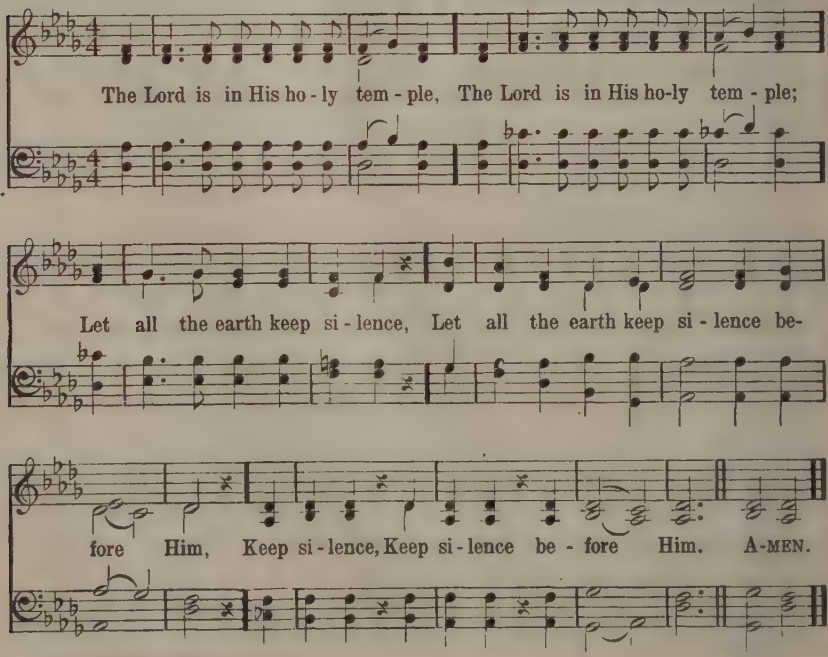


672. Opening Sentence.



673. Opening Sentence.

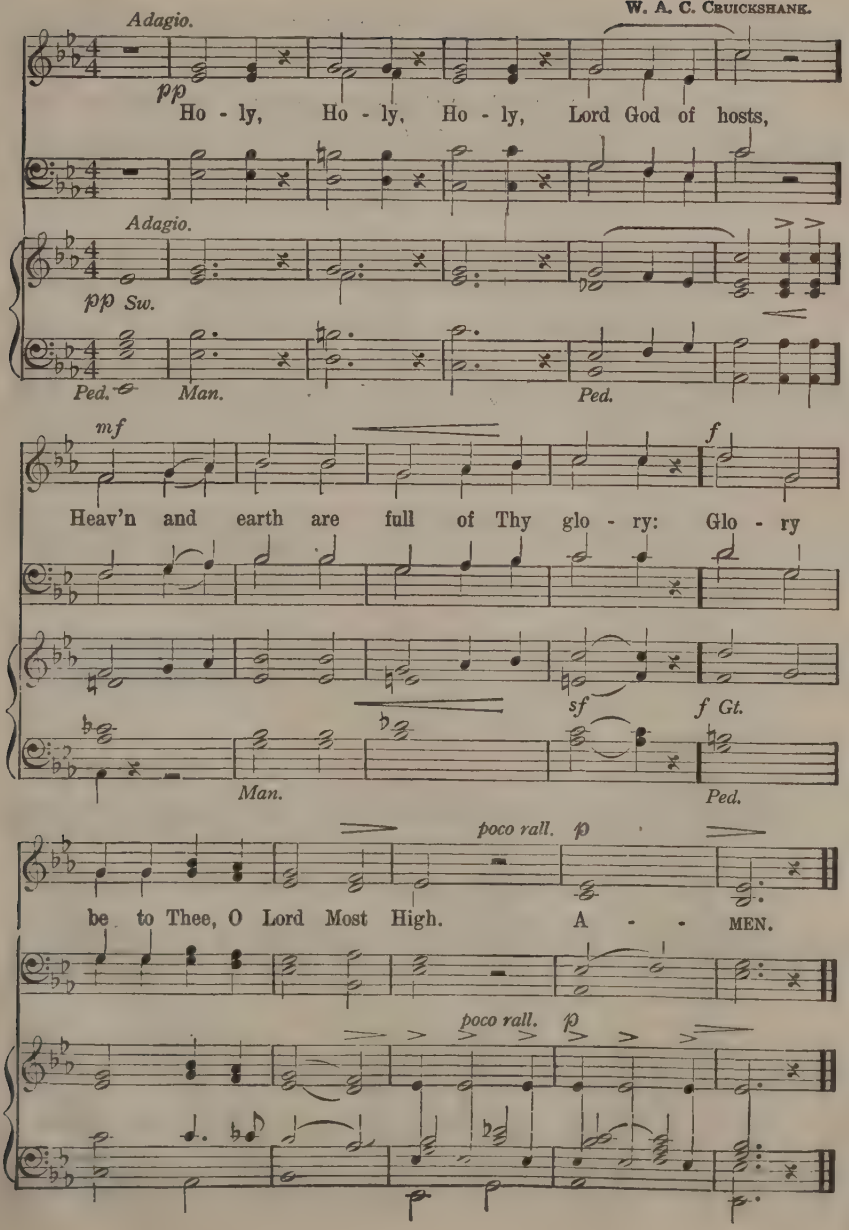
GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT, (1820–1895).


The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, The Lord is in His ho-ly tem - ple;
Let all the earth keep si - lence, Let all the earth keep si - lence be-
fore Him, Keep si - lence, Keep si - lence be - fore Him. A-MEN.

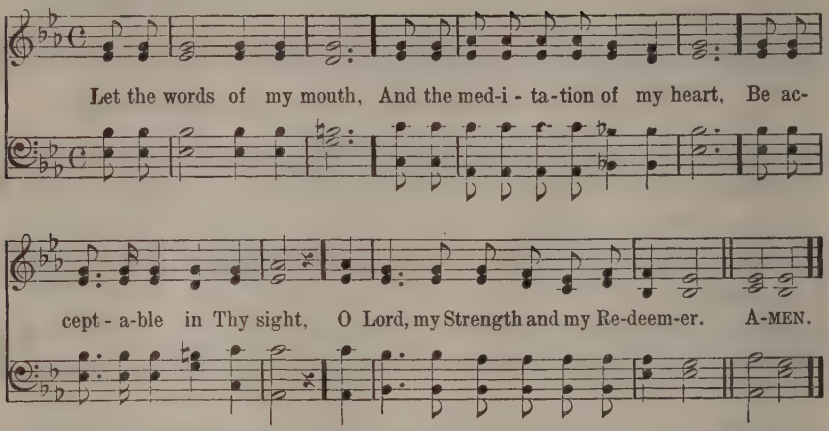
* Used by permission of the John Church Co

674. Opening Sentence.

W. A. C. CRUICKSHANK.

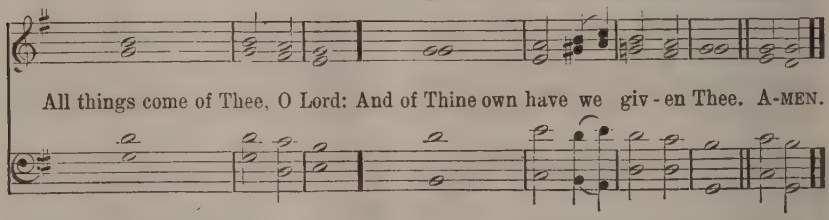


675. Invocation.



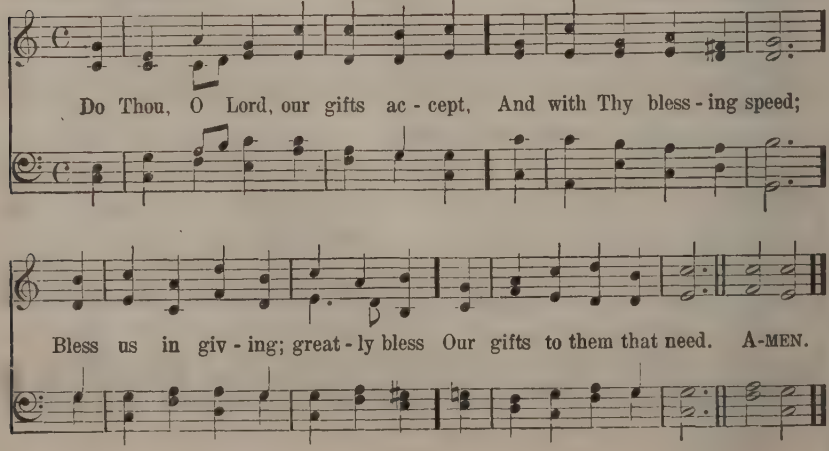
676. Offertory.

Arranged from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, (1770–1823).

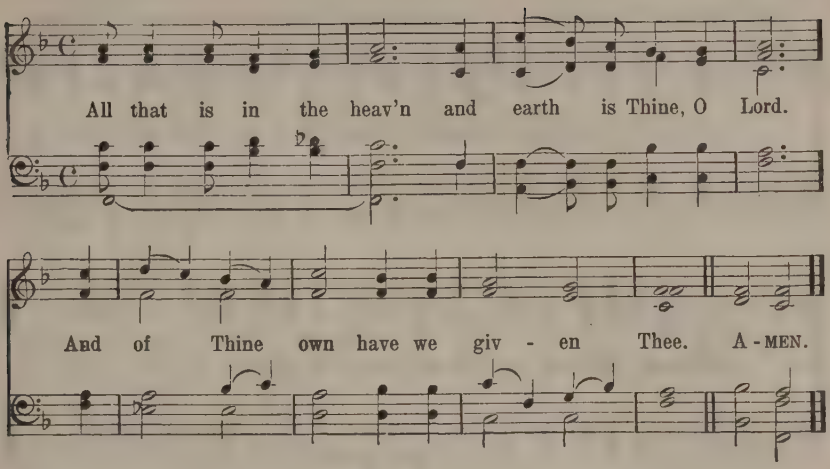


677. Offertory.

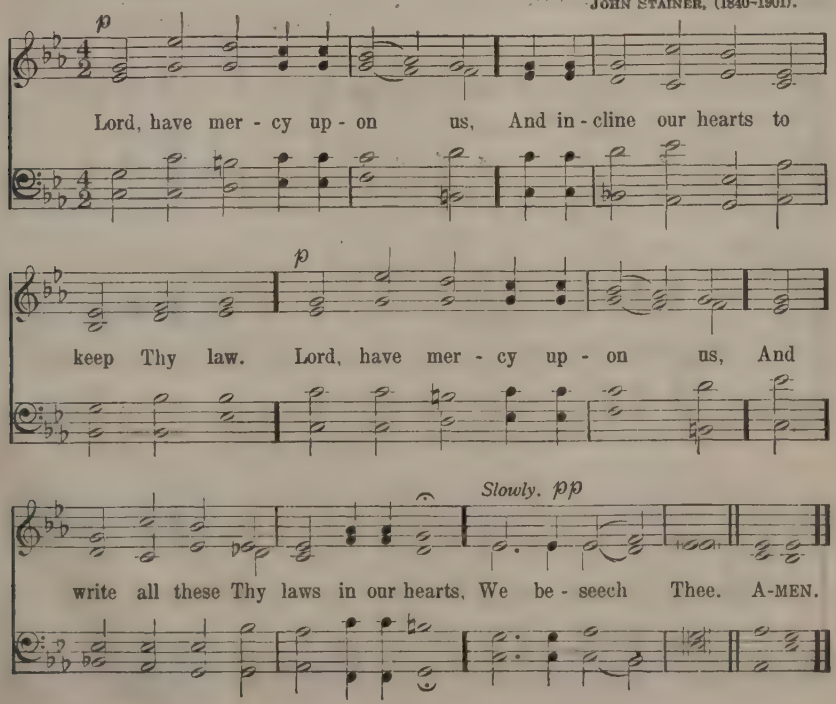
EDWARD OSLER, 1836. WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.


Do Thou, O Lord, our gifts ac-cept, And with Thy bless-ing speed;
Bless us in giv-ing; great-ly bless Our gifts to them that need. A-MEN.

678. Offertory.

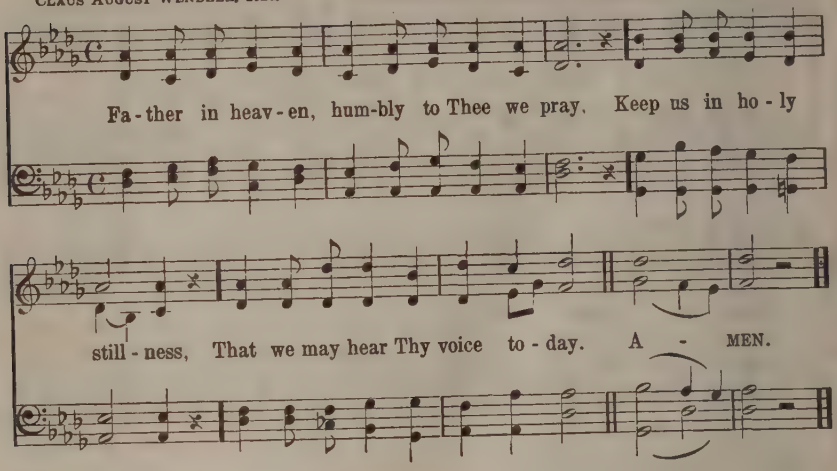


679. Response.


JOHN STAINER, (1840-1901).
p
Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, And in - cline our hearts to
p
keep Thy law. Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, And
Slowly. pp
write all these Thy laws in our hearts, We be - seech Thee. A-MEN.

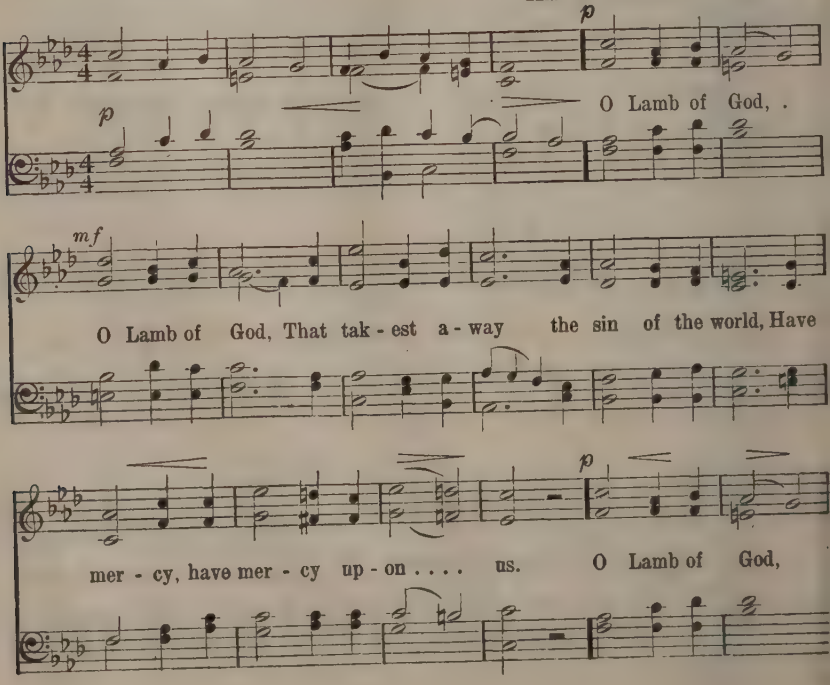
680. Response.

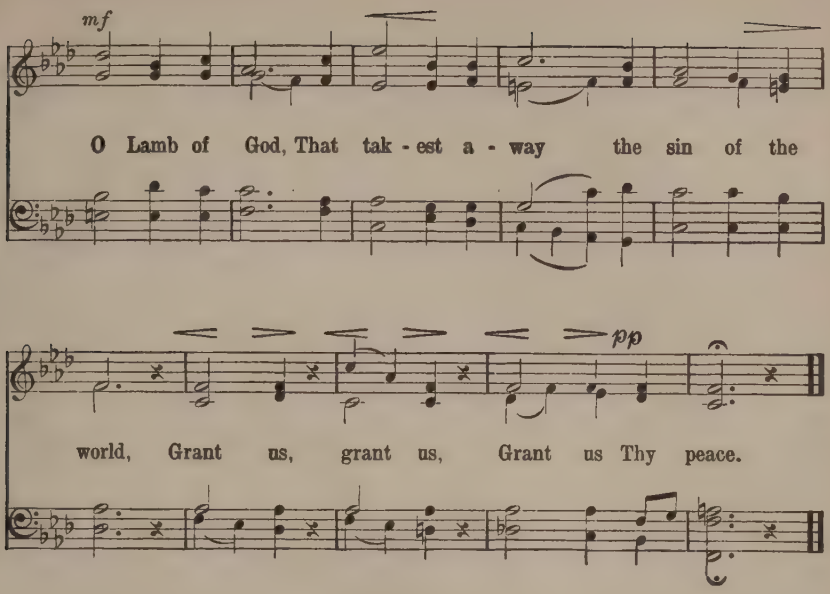
CLAUS AUGUST WENDELL, 1924. Arranged from CHARLES FRANCOIS GOUNOD, (1818-1893).



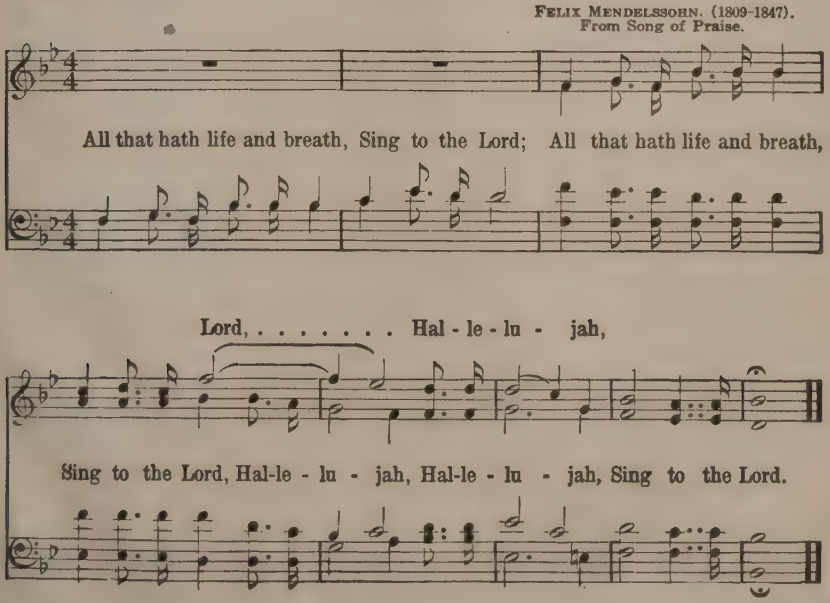
681. Communion Response.

GERHARD THEODORE ALEXIS, 1924.





682. Response.


Felix Mendelssohn. (1809-1847). From Song of Praise.
All that hath life and breath, Sing to the Lord; All that hath life and breath,
Lord, ... Hal - le - lu - jah,
Sing to the Lord, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Sing to the Lord.